

David John Oates is the discoverer of Reverse Speech, and a certified hypnotherapist and trainer. He currently attends to his therapy and corporate consulting business using Reverse Speech techniques. David is also an accomplished public speaker, maintaining an active international speaking and training schedule, as well as being a popular guest on many international radio and TV programs.

David has been compared to Thomas Edison, Alexander Graham Bell and Nicola Tesla, and his work described as being of Nobel calibre, with far-reaching ramifications in such fields as law enforcement, business and psychology.

He currently resides in Adelaide, South Australia.



IT'S ONLY A METAPHOR  
the story of Reverse Speech

David John Oates

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Reverse Speech Pty Ltd  
PO Box 2148  
Hackham SA 5163  
Australia  
61 8 8382-4372  
backwards@reversespeech.com  
<http://www.reversespeech.com>

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Edit & typeset by J. L. Spencer  
junespencer@internode.on.net

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Reverse Speech™ is the term used to describe the phenomenon of Glossolantics: the analysis of an unconsciously acquired verbal language built into the sounds of human speech. Reverse Speech is a registered trademark owned by David John Oates.

Some names have been changed to protect the identity of the people involved.

Dedicated to my sister, Annie.  
Without her, this book would never have been written.



## FOREWORD

THE NIGHT CREPT up on us and it began to grow dim that fateful September evening in 1997. We had journeyed into the great virgin timbers of the Mount Hood National Forest of Oregon for our regular monthly cookout/campfire, something we always looked forward to. The respite was great for relieving the tension of living in a vast city environment. My friends, Brad and Doug, and I were enjoying the end of a full-course T-bone steak meal, cooked over the campfire just right, and relaxing around a warm campfire surrounded by towering Douglas Fir, with the soothing sounds of a babbling brook in the background. We were content for the moment.

These evenings of unwinding around the campfire would often, unfortunately, break down into conversations and those conversations would inevitably drift into topics of deeper meanings and experiences of life. Topics of a spiritual

nature, topics of philosophy, things invisible, from physics to whether or not we are being visited by extraterrestrials. To this day I have no recollection of what we were chatting about, but Brad suddenly burst out in his gentle yet forceful nature, 'Jeff, you have got to hear this guy who plays tapes backwards and hears voices!' Doug chimed in right behind him with, 'Yes, you have got to hear him, it is the most amazing thing I have ever heard!' A big smile came to face, the kind of smile you get from a sudden revelation or a divine epiphany and I declared, 'You guys have been listening to that nutcase Art Bell again, haven't you.'

Brad and Doug continued on about how amazing this new discovery is, about how people talk both forwards and backwards, about how the backwards always told the truth, by some guy named something, something Oates. To say I was sceptical, well, I don't believe in Bigfoot but that's because I have spent a lot of time in the forests of Oregon and never seen one or any signs of one. Then Doug mentioned that the Art Bell show had started a little bit ago and we should see if we could get the show out here in the 'boonies'. So I got the old BayGen crank radio out, gave it about a thousand cranks to get it going and we were tuning the dial. Bam! There's that unmistakable voice of Art Bell droning on in the night, reaching even into the deep recesses of this primordial forest. After tuning Art in clearly, it didn't take us but a second or two and all three of us bolted to our feet, our mouths hanging open in shock.

As we stood there, dumbfounded by the realisation, slowly the amazing coincidence and synchronicity before us began to sink into our consciousness. There was the man, David John Oates, playing tapes backwards on Art's show, the



man that Brad and Doug had just been talking about. The one who had purportedly made this amazing discovery. I listened intently. This Oates guy was playing some recordings of children in reverse and I could clearly hear short, grammatically correct sentences in the reverse. Was this a trick? Was it some form of electronic manipulation? This had to be hogwash. I had pretty much written off Bell's guest as such in the past. But I listened on.

Now, I don't know whether it was because of a lifelong interest in religion, studying all the great religions and their deeper meanings — Hinduism, Buddhism, Taoism, Catholicism, Christendom, and even the Jewish religion and the Kabbalah. I especially liked Taoism because it is a way of life you live every minute of every day instead of an hour on Sundays. I don't know if it had something to do with me just completing a three-year-long training program to be a psychic minister, but ... what I heard astounded me and shook me like an earthquake. On hearing these reverse recordings of children I instantly had a loud thought and saw an image in my head that said this is the unmistakable voice of these children's spirits speaking. In the reverse of the forwards speech? I was aghast. The questions overwhelmed me. Was this real? Is it really spirit speaking? Could you communicate with your own spirit? The questions hit me as fast as my neurons could fire and I had to know. I had to find out for myself.

The very next morning I phoned the Reverse Speech office in Bonsall, CA. We were still using phones as phones back in those days, and I ordered a Reversing Machine and the Home Study Course. A Reversing Machine was a cassette player that had been modified to play tapes in reverse, along with an external rheostat that allowed one to slow down the

speed of the tape. The wait for my package to arrive was infuriating, but, fortunately, I was directed to the Reverse Speech website and that kept me busy, reading and listening to everything presented there until my materials arrived.

When my package arrived I tore it open and went through the Home Study Course in a flash to get a basic understanding of the nuts and bolts of Reverse Speech. Then I began to record everything and play it in reverse. What I found was even more fascinating than I had hoped. I was finding these speech reversals everywhere. I went through my music collection, I recorded the news and other TV shows, and Brad and I recorded ourselves, for an hour every night. We had conversations, then spent two or three hours analysing them in reverse. We even began recording in restaurants, out in public, and were finding that conversations were going on that we were not even slightly aware of. In fact, one night we made a recording in a restaurant and found that Brad and I were having a conversation with some people two tables back and we couldn't even tell you what they looked like. We were amazed to find that conversation and even more amazed that it was not a nice conversation either. Wow!

Having been trained in electronic engineering, and lots of maths, I knew that the probabilities of finding a clear grammatically correct sentence in the reverse gibberish was probably not out of the question, but finding them every ten, fifteen, or twenty seconds throughout an entire recording was not within the realm of conceivable numbers. And then to have each of those sentences relate to the same topic that was in the forwards speech, well, even the 'thousand monkey theory' won't do it here. There was definitely something to this

Reverse Speech and I began to ponder the implications and ramifications of what this all meant. So, I checked in with the sceptics. What were they saying about Reverse Speech? I had to know that too.

The sceptics were levelling some good arguments – well, two or three – and were perhaps the same arguments I would have made had I not investigated what this Reverse Speech technology was all about. As I read their arguments it became very clear that none that I could find had looked at any of the evidence before forming an opinion. Some were confused as to whether they were talking about Reverse Speech or a different technology called Backmasking. Backmasking is, you may remember, when something is inserted in a recording backwards while the music is being recorded forwards. And that sent many to their music collections in the 1970s and '80s to spin their records backwards to find what the bands had put in their music in reverse. The most famous of course is the 'Paul is dead' controversy with the Beatles.

After reading about a dozen negative websites and what they had to say, I tossed their opinions aside as the garbage it was and decided to make up my own mind. I am still amazed at how someone who has no idea of what they are talking about can form an opinion on a topic. Brings to mind the PhD Professor in linguistic studies who told me, in his own words, 'Reverse Speech cannot exist ... because I have never heard of it before'.

So, after about three weeks of listening to tapes in reverse I had decided there was definitely something to Reverse Speech and the best part of it was its capability for personal development. I needed to know right now what my own

speech reversals would tell me. I was driven by a life that has had its share of more bad events than good events and I wanted to know why and what I could do about it. I was sure Reverse Speech could tell me that and I am happy to report that I was not wrong. I also knew that I was not trained well enough to decipher the metaphors myself so I needed an expert. I called the Reverse Speech office again, this time to set up an appointment for session work with David Oates. I have always gone to the source when checking into new and different technologies and ideologies, and David was the source.

I started session work in October 1997, flying in from Portland, Oregon, every two weeks. Since I was not occupied the whole time I was in Bonsall with session work, I helped out around the office as I had some experience there, and was just beginning to learn how to repair computer software and hardware, which was one area that was in need of attention. That is what I was doing late in December that year after completing my first round of session work, helping around the office, sitting in front of a computer, when the office manager walked in, explained that she was leaving, wouldn't be back, and told me that I was now in charge.

Thus began my nineteen-year association with Reverse Speech and David John Oates.

Moving on, because that story is about my own journey into Reverse Speech, but this story, this book, *It's Only a Metaphor*, is about David's story, his journey from discovery to researcher, to analyst, to therapist, to a whole new successful arm of linguistic science. The first part of the book is written about the early years of David's journey of discovery and was completed in 1998. I read the first part right after David fin-

ished it and I can remember that it affected me for two weeks after that. I really had a difficult time keeping internally balanced and centred, but that soon passed as my own metaphorical structures rebalanced and completed their changes. It was a healing experience for me. Part two of this book is about David's journey from the end of 1997 to the present day. Now, I was not present in David's life during the first part of the book, except maybe the very end of 1997. I had no knowledge of David or Reverse Speech at that time. But I have been present for all of part two of the book. I can say this, the path as chronicled in this book, part one and part two of David's journey, is not something anyone would choose, knowing in advance what was in store.

When I first met David in Bonsall, CA, I thought right off that he seemed a bit rough around the edges. I chuckled under my breath as I recalled how many times I had read that God never sends the heads of religious orders, heads of state, successful businessmen, or the educated as His messengers. He always sends the wild man from the desert or the complete unknown out of left field. David pretty much fit one or the other of those descriptions, maybe both. But I liked him right off and I think we struck a mutual cord within. David is down to earth and didn't act like some egotistical maniac over Reverse Speech. He is definitely genuine, the what you see is what you get type. He is not perfect but he is a human being just like the rest of us. In all the years with David I have seen so many people come to 'David the Master' with hero worship in their eyes and when he didn't fit their behavioural expectations they would become angry and go away.

People are going to have to realise that Reverse Speech is

not about the messenger. Reverse Speech is about all of us. It was with us aeons before David, probably aeons before forward speech, and will always be with us into the future. One of the many aspects of Reverse Speech that was a deciding factor in my belief and trust of it was the way many reacted so badly. If David's work was all a con or just pareidolia then why were people getting so upset and angry over Reverse Speech? A lot of this book consists of chronicles of how people have reacted to the messenger while completely forgetting the message. Some badly, some insanely, but many have reacted with miraculous changes within themselves. Some have cured their diseases, such as cancer. Reverse Speech is truly the way to salvation for yourself and for those around you. It is too bad that so many are afraid of themselves.

Now, as for the title of this book, *It's Only a Metaphor*, it is somewhat of a witticism. Don't kid yourself. The metaphors are everything. Some make the mistake of thinking that a metaphor is just a simple word with a simple definition, but that is so far off the mark. Metaphors are everything. They are the reason you behave the way you do, the reason why you are who you are, and they are the answer to all your questions. A metaphor can destroy your life or make you full of joyfulness. It can ruin you financially or make you successful. It can make you healthy or make you live with disease. This I am dead serious about. If you have a metaphor within you that is damaged, it will cause you problems. And there is no blame and no fault as to where they come from or who caused them. We all have them. It really doesn't matter. What matters is that you are now able to get the metaphors repaired to function as they were designed to originally. So, you have to ask yourself, with access to a tool that can fix

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those metaphors, why are you not using that tool? Reverse Speech is the future, I am sure. This world certainly needs something to bring it into congruity. We all need Reverse Speech to bring ourselves into congruity with our higher selves.

I have many hopes for the future in Reverse Speech. Starting with, I hope you enjoy this book about David's perilous and daunting journey from discovery to present day as much as I have. I hope reading this book brings great healing changes within yourself. David has built a strong sturdy foundation for Reverse Speech and I hope that he is recognised for the service to all of mankind he has done in our lifetimes. And I hope that one day we can all move into a new world of honesty, congruent with our higher selves and in direct communication with our own spirits and God.

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Jeffrey Toth

## notes

This book details the events and theories that led to the discovery of Reverse Speech and its associated technologies. These technologies, including theoretical developments, were discovered, designed and developed by Australian researcher David John Oates who claims ownership of all rights pertaining to these technologies. These ownership rights include but are not limited to, all intellectual property rights and copyrights and trademarks, including the registered trademarks Reverse Speech<sup>®</sup> and Metawalk<sup>®</sup>.

All historical events detailed in this book are true and accurate, and the lectures presented are based on actual lectures. The dialogue is fictional, although it has been based on recollections of actual conversations that occurred over the years.

All reversed dialogue is shown indicated in text with **bold type** and has been quoted exactly as it occurred. Many of the examples quoted in this book can be found on the website: <<http://www.reversespeech.com>>. This includes an extensive audio library covering audio analysed since 1983, together with transcripts prepared. Specific references include written documentation, academic endorsements, personal correspondence, videos and tapes of media interviews and private conferences since 1987.



# P R E F A C E

## **warning**

THIS BOOK IS A trance. I am a hypnotherapist. The purpose of this trance is for you to see who you are. I want there to be no deception or misunderstandings about this fact. If you do not want to experience this trance do not read this book. Close it now and continue no further.

Already there have been some very unusual happenings in the lives of those few people who have read the first drafts of this book.

If, however, you want to experience this trance to the fullest, you may choose to put on some headphones and listen to any music you wish. Then you might like to find a comfortable place and continue reading. Read from the beginning to end straight through first then go back and start

again. It will take you several readings to digest all the information and it will take you several months after that to experience and process it all.

I wrote part one of this book in 1996 in a little more than two months. During this time I continued working in my busy practice and raised my two daughters with the help of my sister Annie and office manager George. Part Two was written twenty years later in 2016. You will see the progression in my thinking between the two parts.

I want to give you a couple more warnings before you *decide to continue reading*. That was the first one. It was obvious. Many of the others are not.

Next warning. Some of the language and a couple of the scenes are unsettling. If you are offended easily do not read on because the unconscious mind is not a fairytale and I would not want my kids to read this book yet. However I have been compelled to write in this manner because this is the language and metaphor that the phenomenon I am trying to present uses.

In many ways this book affected me as much when I read it for the first time as it will affect you now. I still cannot put it down and I examine some sections with magnified eyes. I believe this book contains a most important message that our planet must hear. The time is right.

Welcome to the world of Reverse Speech.

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David John Oates  
Founder and Developer of the  
Reverse Speech Technologies

# INTRODUCTION

THROUGH MY RESEARCH I claim to have made a discovery and developed a technology that has the potential to change the whole face of society. This discovery is so profound, its implications so vast, that at first glance it may seem to be preposterous, almost too good to be true, certainly too fantastic to be taken seriously. With these caveats I ask that you open your mind as you read this book and remember some of the other great discoveries in history. Remember how they at first seemed strange – unbelievable almost. Then remember how these discoveries changed civilisation. Discoveries like electricity, magical forces transferred across wires. Or radio waves, even more magical, speaking to people across the planet without the use of wires. Then there is the horseless carriage, the airplane and now we have technologies that can take us to the moon and beyond.

These discoveries and inventions permanently changed the course of history when they were first made, yet we take them for granted now because many of us grew up with them. They seem normal because they are a part of our everyday lives. Yet many of them had very rocky beginnings, were born in ridicule and repression, and sometimes even labelled as 'the work of the devil'.

So it is with the discovery I made in 1984. Like other discoveries in history, this discovery may also have a significant impact on civilisation. Its implications are likewise vast and may seem threatening. Once taken seriously, I expect that the ideas I am presenting will challenge society's concepts of language, psychology, and maybe even our concepts of the soul itself. My discovery goes to the very core of who we are as people, our personalities, our internal behavioural structures and why we do the things that we do. Then it offers a tangible, realistic method to alter these structures and to permanently rewrite dysfunctional behavioural patterns that exist within humans, both individually and collectively.

I make these claims with great confidence. They have been researched and proven many times during my 33-year career. My research has led me to believe that I have discovered the covert voice of the unconscious mind. Or, to be more accurate, I have uncovered a hidden method, existing outside of conscious control and awareness, that the human psyche uses to communicate verbally on all levels of consciousness. This hidden voice will speak of things that were not spoken of consciously. For example, if a person speaks a lie, the hidden voice may correct that lie. If a person leaves facts out of a statement made, the hidden voice may add those facts. The voice may also communicate unspoken agen-

da and motives. Additionally, it will describe, in metaphor, the precise reason and cause for any person's behaviour. With prompting, it can also detail methods that will alter that behaviour according to desired outcomes.

This discovery significantly affects the state of civilisation because it means that the human mind is no longer inaccessible. We now have an accurate way to go in and shift things about. With this discovery any hidden secret can be revealed, any part or function of the mind exposed.

I am about to present you with a set of 'keys' that will unlock the mind, lay the human soul bare, and open up a doorway to the infinite. What religion and psychology has been seeking for centuries has now been found. A reliable and concise method to access, to hear and to alter, the blueprints of mankind, and to gain conscious control of our evolution, possibly for the very first time.

This is my discovery and this is how you can avail yourself of its many benefits.



# PART ONE





# 1

## **making the discovery**

THE WHOLE THING really began as an accident. It was October 1983 and I was living in Los Angeles at the time. It was my 28th birthday and I had just come off a two-week spiritual fast, to find my life's mission and purpose. I was in the bathroom preparing to go out for the evening. I had a portable Walkman attached to my belt and I was listening to music at full volume. Suddenly I tripped and my Walkman fell straight into the toilet bowl. Somewhat upset, I retrieved my waterlogged Walkman and tried to repair it. However, my electronic skills were not as good as I thought and I somehow managed to wire up the unit so that it only played back-

wards. Attempts to return it to normal failed and I was left with a somewhat useless portable tape player.

I returned to my home country of Australia a few weeks later after hitchhiking through Europe for a short time. I had thrown all my belongings away in London to lighten my load and for some strange reason I took my backwards playing Walkman with me. I also carried a sleeping bag, a thick brown sheepskin jacket and ugg boots. These kept me warm as I slept in the snow. After many adventures the reversed Walkman ended up back in Australia in my junk drawer, gathering dust.

A few months later in April 1984 I was codirector, along with my good mate Greg Albrecht, of a halfway house for teenagers in Berri, a small South Australian country town. This town was the central hub of the Riverland, a major wine manufacturing region, and was totally surrounded by grapevines. The halfway house was situated on the banks of a large river that flowed through the centre of the town. The river was called the River Murray and the halfway house was called The Abode.

While running this halfway house I heard rumours, perpetuated by American evangelists, that rock and roll was the devil's music. Someone gave me a recording of one of their sermons and I listened with bemusement. The evangelist claimed that if certain records were played backwards, subliminally suggestive and occult-like messages could be heard. My mind immediately raced back to my teenage years and I remembered that some of the Beatles' records were supposed to contain backward messages. These messages reportedly gave clues that hinted Paul McCartney had died.

There seemed to be nothing too sinister in that, just a

marketing exercise. However, the evangelist's claims went further, stating that many of these backward messages had not been placed on the record intentionally, but rather seemed to 'appear out of nowhere', mixed in with the gibberish. He further claimed they had been placed on the record by the forces of Satan himself with the sole intent of brainwashing the youth of the world.

I was somewhat intrigued and remembered my broken Walkman that only played backwards so I decided to use this opportunity and investigate these claims further. I retrieved my Walkman from the junk drawer, somewhat amazed that I had actually kept it, and began my project by playing tape-recordings of music backwards. I fully expected to hear nothing but meaningless sounds that had probably excited someone's overactive imagination.

I was wrong.

The very first song I looked at was 'Stairway to Heaven' by Led Zeppelin. I listened forwards to the end of the song then played it backwards. Much to my amazement and shock, I heard the very clear phrase, **Play backwards, hear words sung**. I ripped off my earphones and threw them against the wall. I was really freaked out!

After I had sufficiently recovered I played the track again and there it was as clear as day, **Play backwards, hear words sung**. I played it forwards and the line was, 'She's buying a stairway to heaven'. How did that reverse to say 'play backwards, hear words sung'? I played the rest of the song backwards and found two other very clear sentences that seemed to talk about Satan.

My first thoughts were that they were merely random sounds or the product of my own overactive imagination. I

checked my hearing by asking friends and associates to listen to what I had heard. In nearly all situations, people could hear 'something', if not close to the exact words that I also was hearing. My mate Greg Albrecht played a significant part in these early days by listening to what I had found, and in many cases validating it.

I spent the next three months playing my entire music collection backwards, finding backward messages in approximately fifty percent of all songs I looked at. These messages weren't just satanic, as the evangelists had claimed, but I was finding backward messages covering numerous topics, from religion to social justice to love and sex, to name just a few.

Then came one fateful day when I reversed a section of my own speech. I had just written a science fiction novel and I had put key sections of it to music while I narrated. I played my tape backwards and was dismayed to find backward messages on me that talked about my own life, giving me instructions and guidance. I was horrified! I thought I must be demon possessed. I hurriedly prepared a transcript of what I had found and drove to a local pastor's house.

I parked across the road from his house, grabbed my transcript, and ran across the road, right into the path of an oncoming car. I flew over the bonnet and under the wheels of the car. The front wheels ran over my leg, leaving a nice black tyre imprint on my white pants, and the back wheels were going right for my head. My life flashed before my eyes. Then suddenly someone grabbed me and pulled me out of the way. The car screeched to a halt and I looked around to see who had saved me. There was no one there.

Next thing I knew I was rushed to hospital by ambulance, but I didn't have a scratch on me. No bruises, no broken

bones, nothing, just a tyre mark over my new white pants.

I left backward messages alone after that for a while and moved to Sydney for a year, where I worked part-time as a youth pastor for one of the churches there. Full-time I worked for a company that sold language courses, using eight cassette tapes and a tape recorder. This was quite ironic in light of the direction my future career would take me. I wrote novels in my spare time and occasionally pondered over backward messages, wondering what on earth they were.

Two years later, in the beginning of 1987, I was married and back living in Adelaide, the capital city of South Australia. Greg Albrecht was living with us; well rather in a huge converted double-decker bus parked in our driveway. He suggested to me that we start a serious research project into these backward messages with the intent of writing a book about it. Maybe this book would sell. I was getting rejection slips from my other books.

I wasn't working at the time and thought it was a great idea. Greg was working during the day as a school teacher so I'd analyse tapes backwards in the day and show my findings to Greg at night when he came home from work. Originally I continued with music as I had done three years earlier in Berri and noted several interesting things.

For a start, the phrases were often long and eloquent, sometimes with rich, poetic language and metaphor, consisting of several words that made complete grammatical sense. Additionally, their occurrence appeared to have intelligence and design. Sometimes I would find several backward sentences in one song, each sentence relating to each other. Then there was the sheer volume of these sentences. Backward phrases were being found in approximately fifty percent of all

the songs I looked at. It seemed to me that the chances of these phrases occurring all by themselves was almost incalculable, similar to throwing letters of the alphabet randomly onto the floor and expecting the 'Lord's Prayer' to magically appear.

For the most part Greg and I discounted random chance, along with imagination, early in the research. This is not to deny the effect of these two factors and when I eventually began to teach this process to others they became formidable enemies. Yet it was still obvious to both of us that something separate and distinct was occurring in addition to incidences of random chance and imagination

Another explanation we pursued in the early days was that the musical tracks had been altered and some recording technician had cleverly placed these messages backwards into the soundtracks. This explanation turned out to be true for only a small percentage of songs. Using a recording technique known as Backward Masking, it is possible to place backward messages onto recording tracks. It is very easy to recognise when this has occurred. The superimposed track can be heard as gibberish if the tape is played forwards and recognised as an intelligent statement when the tape is played backwards.

However, this explanation did not explain the vast majority of backward phrases that I was finding. Most of them were obviously not occurring by technical tricks. There were no superimposed soundtracks and they simply appeared like beacons of light in the midst of a sea of gibberish. Their occurrence was determined solely by the unique way that the forward speech sounds were sung at the time of recording. In other words, the backward phrases were a reversal of the phonetic sounds and structure of the forward speech sounds

There is one other explanation for these backward phrases that bears mentioning, and it is one that we seriously considered in the early stages of research: satanic manipulation. I must admit that in the first few weeks of research I did get eerie feelings walking into my house late at night and my emotions became somewhat edgy. But fortunately all the fears faded in time and the phenomenon itself disproved this fundamentalist explanation.

For a start, not all the messages were occult-like in nature as had often been claimed. It depended on the song. If the song was about the occult, then the backward message would also be about the occult. Love songs contained backward messages about love, political songs contained backward political messages and so forth. Even gospel songs had their own messages, and they were usually about God but not always.

I found myself growing increasingly angry at the fundamentalist preachers as the research continued, for they had either misrepresented the phenomenon or jumped to hasty conclusions based upon only minimal findings. These were not backward messages about the occult, they were backward messages about anything! And the content of these messages seemed to be determined, not by demons, but, in part, by what was on the forward soundtrack.

### **formulating the theory**

We thus come to the first of many observations about this phenomenon that Greg and I noted in the first stages of research. There were intricate relationships between the forward and reversed phrases as well as a definite structure and

form to the reversed phrases. The most significant of these relationships was the fact that the forward and reverse would usually relate to each other. The subject matter of the forward would be the subject matter of the reverse.

We called this simple observation the Principle of Complementarity. It eventually grew to become the corner foundation stone of future theoretical development.

Greg and I spent the early part of 1987 researching a wide cross-section of music ranging from classical to hard rock. I remember being amazed that the 'Hallelujah Chorus' from Handel's *Messiah* was almost exactly the same backwards as it was forwards. We began to keep an organised filing system of all our tapes and research notes as we prepared to write our book on Backward Masking. We researched libraries and bookshops, trying to find any information we could (this was before the days of the internet). We were convinced that with something as significant as this, there must be some work or research being conducted somewhere else. But we searched almost in vain, finding only the odd book by religious fundamentalists and the early work of Californian researcher, William H. Yarroll II.

Yarroll worked primarily in the area of rock music and its effects on the brain, from 1980 to 1983. It was his initial scientific research that unwittingly prompted much of the religious hysteria of the 1980s. William Yarroll was also responsible for backward messages being discussed in the Californian state assembly and also in Arkansas. Both cases occurred in 1983 and the Arkansas case resulted in Governor Bill Clinton signing a bill requiring all rock and roll records that were suspected of containing backward messages to be labelled with the following warning:



*Warning, this record contains backward masking that makes a verbal statement which is audible when this record is played backwards and which may be perceptible at subliminal level when this record is played forward.*

The bill did not proceed to become law but the questions persisted. Other than the aforementioned cases, we could find no other work on the subject. This seemed to be a new area of research and we felt a renewed sense of excitement. We were like pioneers exploring a new frontier.

Then in early 1987 our work took a significant turn. We decided to research the history of backward phrases in the broadcast media since its inception to see if any further trends could be unravelled. I find it difficult to believe, looking back now, that up until that time I had researched only music and hadn't seriously considered looking at normal speech. I had found those backward messages on me earlier in my narrated tape but never made the connection. All that was about to change.

I obtained a recording of the history of radio from the 1920s to the present and began to play it backwards. One of the very first things I heard backwards was, **Man will space-walk**. This was a remarkably clear phrase that seemed to jump out at me from the gibberish. I immediately played the tape forwards and heard Neil Armstrong's famous first words on the moon, 'That's one small step for man, one giant leap for mankind'.

I was stunned both at the clarity of the backward phrase and at its direct connection with the forward phrase. Later that day I was to be stunned again when I heard the clear words backwards, **He's shot bad. Hold it. Try and look up.**

I played the tape forwards and heard a live commentary of

the 1963 assassination of President John F. Kennedy in Dallas, Texas. I isolated the precise forward words responsible for the backward phrase. They were, ‘... Parkland hospital, there has been a shooting ...’ They occurred at the precise moment that the radio commentator realised that a shooting had occurred.

This was amazing to me. It was a live commentary and the backward phrase occurred as the reporter spoke in the field, not in a recording studio. There was no way this could have been orchestrated, and the phrase seemed to be a logical reflection of the thoughts this man might have had at the time. That is, horror at the realisation of an assassination (**He’s shot bad**) and a frantic search for the source of the gunshots (**Hold it. Try and look up**).

The moon walk was similar. It was a live commentary with the backward phrase communicating what I assumed would have been Neil Armstrong’s logical thoughts at the time. That is, an expression of hope for the future of mankind in space (**Man will spacewalk**).

I continued to find significant backward phrases. There was the backward phrase found on JFKs inauguration. His famous words, ‘Ask not what your country can do for you, but what can you do for your country,’ contained the backward message, **Give Jack all your food**.

Other famous historical events contained similarly amusing or poignant backward messages that completely related to what was being spoken forwards, including one reversal on Lee Harvey Oswald that said, **Hear them. The wish to kill President**. This reversal was found on a radio broadcast recorded three months prior to the assassination of JFK when Oswald was talking about the Fair Play for Cuba Committee.

One particularly amusing example was found on Australia's Prime Minister at the time, Bob Hawke. After he won the 1987 Federal election he was asked how he planned to celebrate. He replied with the comment, 'Ah, several cups of tea.' Backwards this said, **Used to smoke the best marijuana.** This example was later played repeatedly on Australian television as news of my research began to surface.

I should point out here that the moment of discovery of these phrases was particularly exciting for me because I usually had no idea what was on the forward tape. I would do my research by only playing my tapes backwards. I did this deliberately to try and reduce my own bias. Thus, a tremendous excitement was created simply by the process of hearing a backward phrase and then discovering its incredible relationship, or Complementarity, with the forward soundtrack.

It was then that Greg and I ceased researching music and concentrated our efforts solely on speech. This added an entirely different dimension to our work. We started to record normal room conversations and found backward messages to be occurring constantly, often as frequently as every ten or fifteen seconds of speech. These backwards phrases were nearly always complementary. I started to find hidden secrets of my friends. Things like lies they were telling, facts they were hiding, an affair someone was having, including the name of the person involved.

Backward phrases would often discuss topics such as thoughts and feelings people had about each other. Then we started to find reversed conversations. Questions were being asked, answers were being given, and it was all occurring backwards.

My entire world was turned upside down at that point.

Any doubts I still had about random sound or imagination vanished. This was something very real and tangible, something very significant. This was the voice of truth, the real self speaking. It all seemed to fall into place in the early months of 1987.

We had discovered something. We had to give it a name, write a theory, tell people about it. I pondered my research notes. I thought and theorised. Then in April 1987, at three o'clock in the morning, I awoke with two words etched on my brain. The words were 'reverse speech'. That is what I called the phenomenon from that day onwards and the backward phrases became known as 'speech reversals'.

I had answered my original questions. I had determined to my satisfaction what these backward messages, or speech reversals, actually were and I had some plausible theories concerning their source. I theorised they were another form of communication, possibly an undiscovered human sense. There was nothing occult-like or bizarre about it. Those were merely sentiments people expressed when faced with the unknown or unexplained. The actual truth was far simpler and far more logical. The phenomenon was a natural function of the human mind.

I wrote the theory of Reverse Speech on that morning in April 1987 while I pondered these thoughts. The theory initially contained two points. Implicit in these points, but not specifically stated, is the assumption that the human brain automatically creates, hears and responds to both speech modes. A third point was added at a later stage. Here are the first two with some minor editing over the years.

I entitled it: 'The Theory of Reverse Speech and Speech Complementarity.'

1. Human speech has at least two separate yet complementary functions and modes. One mode occurs overtly, is spoken forwards, and is under conscious control. The other mode occurs covertly, is spoken backwards, and is not under conscious control. The backward mode of speech occurs simultaneously with the forward mode and is a reversal of the forward speech sounds.

2. These two modes of speech complement and depend upon each other. One mode cannot be fully understood without the other mode. In the dynamics of interpersonal communication both modes of speech combined communicate the total psyche of a person, conscious and unconscious.

That morning, when Greg woke up, we made some minor refinements to the theory, but it remained pretty much the same as I had written it at that time at 3 am in the morning.

This was truly a revolutionary discovery. We knew that if the theory could be proven the implications would be staggering. It could certainly be the ultimate truth detector. It might help explain aspects of human intuition, possibly even provide an explanation for some forms of ESP. Maybe it could help us understand the human mind and discover the causes of behaviour and personality. In my wildest musings I pondered the religious possibilities. Could Reverse Speech help us discover the nature of the soul? What indeed was speaking backwards? Was it the unconscious mind, or something deeper? Maybe even the spirit of the person. And what did those terms mean anyway?

At that point I knew the research was not over but had only just begun. I had opened a Pandora's Box. I needed to tell others of this discovery and obtain help from people who I assumed would have far more knowledge than me. After

all, I was only a moderately educated youth worker from the outback, the son of a simple Methodist preacher. I was actually aspiring to be a writer at the time I started my research despite a few rejection slips already.

Who was I to be putting forward new theories about the nature of language and the unconscious mind? The entire concept was overwhelming. The task daunting. Where should I start?

# 2

## **documenting structures and trends**

I CONTACTED ACADEMIC institutions but was met with rejection and sometimes open hostility. An example of this was a series of correspondence I had with Manfred Clyne of the Melbourne University who was quite forceful and opinionated in his letters:

‘These are nothing more than illusions of the mind ... For the sake of humanity and your family I implore you to cease this endeavour and put your energies into something more useful ... The road of research is long and tough and few survive it.’

Letters like these only spurred me onto new heights, for I

knew the phenomenon to be real. At the very least, I had sufficient documentation and enough evidence to warrant more consideration than I was receiving.

So Greg and I wrote our book to document our findings and present them to others. We entitled the book *Beyond Backward Masking: Reverse Speech and the Voice of the Inner Mind*.

It was a significant step in the research because during the time of manuscript preparation other trends and linguistic structures of the phenomenon began to emerge.

The first of these observations grew out of the principle of speech complementarity. I knew that the forward and reverse would usually relate to each other, yet I also knew that these relationships were not necessarily congruent. For example, the reverse phrase could sometimes contradict the forward phrase or it might say the same thing. I divided the different types into several separate categories of complementary relationships. I later called these The Categories of Reverse Speech, and covered them extensively in my second book released in 1991, *Hidden Messages in Human Communication*.

### **electroencephalograph testing**

Greg left the research at the end of 1987 and threw himself into his schoolwork. I, on the other hand, continued on with Reverse Speech. I finished preparing the book manuscript towards the end of 1987 and eagerly sent it off to several publishers, fully expecting to receive the first advance royalty check by return mail. Maybe I could be a writer after all. Instead all I received were rejection slips. I was getting used to them.



Not one to be discouraged easily, I decided to publish the book myself. I did the typesetting on an old Commodore 64 computer, printed off the pages at a cheap copy shop and had a team of friends collate them. I purchased a heat binding machine and personally bound each and every book in front of the TV at night. One month later I had 5,000 copies of my brand new book ready for distribution.

I pounded the beat of the bookstores in my hometown of Adelaide and managed to place about 500 copies on consignment. I hired a publicity agent, sent out press releases and within a week I had several bites. One television station ran a story on my work, calling it 'the discovery of the seventh sense'. This spurred me onto more television and I appeared on several popular talk shows. Two years later I had sold nearly all 5,000 books, which in Australia at the time was a very acceptable sales figure, especially for a self-published, self-distributed book about a rather bizarre topic by an unknown author.

With the release of my book doors began to open. The first came in February 1988 when I was approached by Adelaide psychologist, Dr Marcus Tomlian. Dr Tomlian worked with electroencephalograph (EEG) machines and proposed to test my hypothesis that the brain received and responded to speech reversals. He asked me to prepare an audio tape that contained ten separate soundtracks from different sources. Each of these tracks was thirty seconds in length and played forwards only. Six of them contained speech reversals and four of them contained no reversals.

With no knowledge of which tracks contained the reversals and which tracks did not, Dr Tomlian set up a test situation and played the tape forward to thirty independent sub-

jects. He monitored their brain functions with electroencephalograph machines and analysed the results using his own specially developed computer program.

When we later compared his computer analysis with the reversal transcripts the connections were obvious. Whenever a speech reversal occurred the results showed an increase in activity between the left and right brain hemispheres during the precise time that the reversal was formed. Also, different parts of the brain were stimulated, depending on the subject matter of the reversal. A sexual reversal would stimulate a sexual response in the brain and a reversal about anger would similarly show mental stimulation of anger.

These results were exciting because it gave me my first independent verification that there was indeed something going on. The brain was receiving and responding to the reversed messages and now I had more evidence to help prove it.

### **practical interest begins**

The next major series of events to occur began when I was invited to attend a conference in Sydney, held by the Australian Neuro-Linguistic Programming society (NLP). Its American founder, Dr John Grinder, had heard of my work and expressed a desire to meet me. I was extremely excited by this opportunity and spent a week in Sydney networking with a variety of professionals. Dr Grinder introduced me at the conference:

‘The notion that language can carry extra secondary and tertiary messages as well as the overt manifest content is well known ... The fact that you can learn to hear the reversed

form and extract the message from it is quite a revolutionary concept.'

Finally I had some acceptance and genuine interest in what I was doing and Dr Grinder took my work back to the states. I was later dismayed to discover that he subsequently presented my findings at the 1989 San Francisco convention with no mention of me and I had my first lesson in integrity and the protection of intellectual property rights. However, my contact with him was not in vain because it resulted in my work being published in an American NLP journal in December 1988.

Another significant door to open as a result of the Sydney NLP conference came from my meetings with Brisbane psychotherapist, Dr Caroline Meade. Dr Meade invited me to lecture in Brisbane, the capital city of the state of Queensland, and she started to use Reverse Speech analysis with her patients. This was so successful that I moved with my family to Brisbane in October 1988. We lived in the inner city suburb of Morningside and I set up practice using Reverse Speech as a diagnostic tool in therapeutic situations. I subsequently enrolled in classes to learn both hypnosis and Neuro-Linguistic Programming.

At the same time I began to make contact with the Australian police force. It was in the law enforcement area that I obtained the most stunning results yet experienced the most frustration. On one case that I worked on with the Sydney police, speech reversals revealed that another gun had been used in the crime, an automatic .22, and it pinpointed the name of an extra person involved. This was information that police already knew but had not been released to the public. My findings immediately impressed them, and other leads

my analysis uncovered helped them significantly in their investigations.

Another case I worked on was in Brisbane when I provided information to federal authorities on a major corruption scandal. This involved the suspected corruption of the state's police commissioner. Speech reversals revealed the name of a bank and branch where he had secret funds, as well as the location of real estate he had earlier denied owning. The information proved to be correct and, as a result of this case, the Queensland government was swept out of office after more than forty years in power.

My frustrations came when the authorities would not confirm that I had worked with them and they would also give me no progress reports on the cases. In Australia this manifested itself in the form of simple avoidance. However, when I moved to America it became open aggression and I was warned on more than one occasion to keep quiet or I could get into trouble. This essentially meant that I had no way to effectively validate my findings or refine my techniques. Eventually, though, a reporter for the *Dallas Times Herald* managed to get confirmation of the case in Sydney and I obtained confirmation of the Brisbane case from a criminal reporter involved. Yet the letter was a little vague:

'Your interpretations of the Reverse Speech found on a high ranking corruption suspect have paid off. Armed with this information and other leads gathered, the investigation team was able to identify a geographical location to investigate. They found substantial real estate property belonging to the suspect which he had earlier denied owning ... Congratulations David, it works.'

I remained convinced that Reverse Speech could be a ma-

jour tool in law enforcement even though I received no official cooperation from them. Although, when I eventually began to conduct training classes in the United States, I saw the occasional police officer and private investigator unofficially take training and discretely use the technology successfully in the field. One of these officers used to get her suspects to confess by taping them, doing the reversals, and then confronting them with the information. She would tell them that she had received this information from an anonymous source. It would be so accurate that the suspect would frequently break down and confess.

### **reversals in children**

By January 1989 I was well on the road. I was flirting with the police force, Reverse Speech was being used experimentally as a therapeutic tool and was generating some income. Media interest in my work was growing and I had an article published in the United States. The research was making major advances and my first book was starting to look painfully out of date so I therefore started my second book. I entitled it, *Reverse Speech: Hidden Message in Human Communication*.

This book was more comprehensive than the first, with greater understandings of the phenomenon, particularly metaphors. This resulted from my first year of work in the therapeutic setting. There were also several important additions, one of them being reversals on children.

After I had theorised that Reverse Speech was another form of human communication, my next question had been, when does it start? Are we born with it? Is it genetically en-

coded or is it a learned process like forward speech? Then as fate would have it, on 7 July 1987, just three months after I had written the theory, I became the proud father of fraternal twin girls and a brand new research project was born. I began taping my daughters from the moment they arrived home. For the first three months I found nothing but gibberish in reverse but at four months of age I began to find isolated words.

The first words were, **Mummy, Daddy, hungry, help.** Then at seven months of age the single words became small sentences such as, **What's that, Daddy loves Mom, I now come here.** I was amazed at the clarity of their reversals, crystal clear with little room for doubt. I was touched by their innocence and their awareness. I remember an occasion one Sunday night when they were eighteen months old. I had left the tape running while they fell asleep. One of my twins, Symone, muttered softly to herself just before she drifted off. The mutter was indecipherable forwards but reversed to clearly say, **Monday come.**

I found that reversals became more frequent as my children grew older. They began with one reversal every ten or fifteen minutes at four months of age and increased to several reversals every minute at eighteen months of age. When forward speech began at thirteen months of age their reverse language was already well advanced and the first signs of speech complementarity were beginning. This was initially in the form of simple sentence building reversals such as 'David' (fwd) / **is my Dad** (rev), 'Mummy' (fwd) / **loves me** (rev).

I also saw instances of communication where I would unknowingly respond to my children's reversals. Once while I

was recording, Symone was trying to pick up a cup in the bath. She was having difficulty so I reached down and picked it up for her. Her speech reversals were later found to say, **Cup up / David help me**. On another occasion when I gave the other twin, Jaye, a spontaneous hug, a reversal was later found to say, **I want a cuddle**.

These observations caused me to wonder whether Reverse Speech may help explain many of the intuitive feelings parents experience with their children. Why does one cry concern us whereas another cry does not? Reverse Speech has also taught me that we cannot hide anything from our children. I learned this lesson the hard way on my twins' second birthday.

My wife and I were divorcing and I was moving to America to live. We had not told our daughters yet and assumed they were blissfully unaware of the disaster about to befall our family. This was not the case. Their reversals were full of anger and resentment towards me for leaving and they were attempting to offer support to each other. All of this was an unconscious undercurrent in the happiness of a second birthday party. The transcript is reprinted in my second book.

As a result of the above findings I wrote a third point to the theory of Reverse Speech and Speech Complementarity, and added it to my new book:

3. Covert speech begins before overt speech. Children speak backwards before they do forwards. Then, as forward speech begins, the two modes gradually combine into one, forming an overall bi-levelled communication process.

### **the primary mode of communication**

My discovery of Reverse Speech in children led me to new questions. The prime one being: what came first, forward or reverse speech? My research indicated that Reverse Speech was the first or primary mode and I was beginning to find instances where a speech reversal would precede the forward dialogue sometimes by as often as several minutes.

For example, someone might say backwards that they are hungry. A short while later they begin to feel hungry and then ask for something to eat. Or even stranger still, they deliver a reversal saying they are hungry, then before they can actually say this forwards, someone else in the room unconsciously hears the reversal, responds to it and offers them something to eat. The entire process takes place backwards and the person's hunger is relieved without it ever entering the conscious realm.

It seemed to me that Reverse Speech was the main or true form of communication and forward speech was only a shadowy reflection of what lay below. Reverse Speech was certainly more honest and gave far more information than forward speech. It would often reveal a person's thoughts before they ever entered consciousness.

This simple observation was destined to significantly alter the entire focus of my work.

### **the categories of reverse speech**

Also in my second book I introduced the concept of Reverse Speech Categories. This was an extension of the principle of Speech Complementarity that Greg and I had noted earlier.



I noted the following categories, or complementary relationships.

Sometimes reversals would confirm what was being said forwards, saying the same thing with different words. I called these congruent reversals. On rare occasions I would find reversals that said the same thing in exactly the same words! I found these examples fascinating, especially when they were six or seven words long.

Then there were Contradictory Reversals. These reversals were incongruent and contradicted what was said forwards. In time I began to understand that it was the reverse statement that was the correct, or true, statement.

Expansive Reversals were reversals that added additional information and expanded upon the forward speech. They would insert facts that were left out either wittingly or unwittingly from the forward dialogue. They also showed hidden motive and agenda behind the things that were said.

Internal Dialogue reversals showed actual thoughts the person was having at the time of speaking. Sometimes these reversals would show internal conversations that someone was having with themselves. For example, if part of you wanted to go out for the evening but another part of you wanted to stay at home, the entire struggle might appear backwards as a dialogue with self.

External Dialogue speech reversals were specifically directed out to others in the form of requests, commands, questions and conversations. Have you ever thought something else was going on underneath the conversation? For example, boy meets girl and they talk about the weather but we all know what they were really talking about. Sometimes I would find an entirely different conversation backwards than

what was happening forwards.

Lead and Trail reversals would occur that said something several seconds or even minutes before or after the same thing was said forwards. Have you ever had the feeling that you have said something before? Or, you know that someone is just not letting something go? You were probably quite right. It was just all happening backwards. Or maybe you have been about to say something but someone else said it first. Possibly you thought, 'Gee, I was just about to say that.' You were probably experiencing the action of Trail and Lead reversals, starting a conversation before it started and continuing it after it had finished.

Eventually, I found a category of speech reversals that initially had me puzzled. I called these Comparative Reversals. I had originally called them non-related because they seemed to have no relationship whatsoever with what was being said forwards. They annoyed me because they were the only hole in my theory of Speech Complementarity. It wasn't until a couple of years later that I finally saw the relationship. It was emotional. These reversals talked about events in someone's life, or detailed statements that had exactly the same emotion as that being expressed forwards. Someone might say they had a bad day at work and then say backwards they had a flat tyre last week, or even talk about Fred Jones who they didn't like at the supermarket two years ago. The complementarity was not in the words, it was in the emotions. I breathed a sigh of relief. Not only was my theory intact but it added an even greater dimension to complementarity.

The next observation was one relating to grammar and linguistic structure. I noticed that many reversals had a standard structure, usually between two and five consecutive

words in a single sentence. However, there were those reversals that obviously deviated from this. I noted all these different forms and called them the Structures of Reverse Speech.

There were long sentences. Not very often, but sometimes I would find reversals of staggering length. There were perfectly formed, long, flowing sentences that could be up to fifteen or twenty words long, sometimes with two or three sentences in the one reversal.

Then there were single words. I was very suspicious of single words backwards. They could easily be explained by random occurrence. In time, though, I began to feel safe about documenting certain types of single words, such as the expression of an emotion or an external command.

Cause and Effect Reversals had a unique grammatical structure that was very common to find backwards. They usually consisted of two sentences that related to each other. They would frequently make a statement a fact and then suggest a course of action. For example, **Book. Please read it or Pain. Let it go.**

Sentence Building Reversals were amazing and helped dispel any lingering doubts I still had about all this. The forward and reverse would combine to form a complete sentence. For example, '... I think they should eradicate all the crime in [Washington DC].' Reverse, **Is the capitol of America.** The words 'Washington DC' represents the actual forward words where the reversal might occur. They would thus expand upon complementarity yet again by reversing to create another sentence altogether. 'Washington DC **is the capitol of America.**'

Mirror Image Reversals similarly defied the imagination. The forward and reverse would be a mirror image of each

other. For example, 'I love my husband very much.' Reverse, **I love my husband very much.**

Finally came Semi-Formed Reversals. Nearly all reversals I was documenting were well defined. They were separated from the gibberish and it was very obvious where they began and finished. However, some reversals disappeared into the gibberish. They would always begin very clearly but the last word simply vanished. This was frustrating, especially when it said something like **The plans are in the ...**

As I formulated categories and structures I noted that certain people tended to run the same type of reversal structures. For example, someone may have a majority of long sentences or sentence building reversals. Then came other significant findings.

### **it takes time to find reversals**

I was comparing the transcripts I had compiled over the last year and noted that many more reversals were being documented in normal conversation compared to public media broadcasts. So I started to do a time and reversal count on all my transcripts using a stop watch to see exactly how often reversals occurred under different circumstances. I then prepared charts that compared the average rate of reversal occurrence in any given conversational setting. This was a task that yielded tremendous results but one which significantly added to my already overloaded research time.

It takes an incredible amount of time to analyse tapes for speech reversals. At that early stage in the late 1980s, one thirty-minute tape would take me three or four days to analyse thoroughly. Consequently, I would spend hundreds of hours

at my desk with headphones on, listening to tapes, making notes. This process would include the following steps.

1. First I would do an initial run through of the tape backwards only and prepare a preliminary transcript of the reverse phrases.

2. This was followed by a second run through of the tape from beginning to end, checking for reversals as I went, rapidly switching between forward and reverse directions.

3. A more detailed transcript was then prepared, initial reversals checked, more reversals found, and sections of the forward dialogue transcribed.

4. Then I did a third and final run through and checked all my results.

5. The transcripts were then analysed and complementary relationships were determined.

6. Finally I began to conduct a precise time count of all reversals from the beginning of the tape to the end.

### **the right brain speaks**

Within a few months I had sufficient cross-section of transcripts from different settings to make some preliminary observations. In normal relaxed room settings, speech reversals occurred on an average of one reversal every ten seconds of conversation. If you were to add some emotion such as a heated argument the reversal rate would go up rapidly, sometimes as often as one reversal every second, or almost continuously. On the other end of the scale, in structured settings such as lectures, the rate of reversal occurrence would drop to an average of one reversal every thirty to sixty seconds. Sometimes it would drop to as low as one reversal every two

or five minutes if someone was reading from a prepared script, and showing no emotion.

So consistent were these observations that I used to test myself by randomly picking up tapes and playing them backwards only. I could usually tell what type of conversation it was simply by the number of reversals that were occurring in any given minute of tape time. Soon I began to recognise other differences, such as differing tonality and expression in speech reversals. These differences were determined not only by the type of conversation but also by the topic being discussed at the time.

Thus another hypothesis was formed. This hypothesis stated that the amount of reversals occurring in any given conversation would be directly determined by the amount of emotion involved and the free-flowing, spontaneous nature of this conversation.

The similarities of my observation compared to the functions of the right brain hemisphere are striking. The right brain is considered to be highly emotional and creative. It is also believed to be responsible for the tonal inflections of speech, or the emotional content. The left brain hemisphere, on the other hand, is considered to be logical and ordered, responsible for the actual verbal content of speech.

Given these comparisons, I theorised that forward speech was coming from the left brain hemisphere and Reverse Speech was coming from the right brain hemisphere. I noted further similarities with other similar mental phenomenon, such as dyslexia. I found it fascinating that vision was reversed before being processed by the brain and I wondered if there might be a connection between these phenomenon and Reverse Speech.

### The metaphor mystery

Probably the most significant observation that was made as the book manuscript was being prepared was that concerning metaphors. Ever since I had begun research in 1984 I had noted the appearance of many unusual words and mythological motives in backward phrases. These included references to the *Garden of Eden*, *Camelot* and *Merlin*, *Satan* and *Lucifer*, *Wolves* and *Eagles*, *Whirlwinds* and *Saucers*, even *Hitler* and *Nazis*, to name just a few.

In music they had been easy to explain by the imagery of song and my main concern at the time had been to validate their actual existence without getting too concerned about possible meanings. Yet, as I now reviewed the transcripts of speech, it became strikingly obvious that these metaphors were just as frequent as those found in music and I realised I needed to understand what they meant.

My first clue came from my historical research of music and radio broadcasts since the 1920s. Reversals that I found here had indicated that these metaphors were not constant over the years but rather they seemed to ebb and flow with the changing tides of history. For example, I frequently found the words *Jesus* or *Lucifer* in the 1920s and '30s and *Nazi* or *Hitler* in popular recordings from the 1940s and '50s. Then in the '60s, '70s and early '80s a new theme began to appear with words like *Satan* and *Whirlwind*. I assumed it was these references that prompted some of the early religious hysteria.

I was faced with a new problem. What did these words mean? I began my research with religious writings and was

eventually led to the works of Carl Jung who extensively explored mythology and metaphor in the early twentieth century. I was particularly attracted to his work because of the many similarities between his findings and that of my own. The metaphors I was finding in Reverse Speech were also present in other phenomenon, such as dreams. Jung theorised that these words were archetypes of the mind. Although I didn't really know what that meant at the time, it put me on a new direction and I went back to the transcripts, seeking answers with a fresh approach.



# 3

## **the three levels of reverse speech**

BY 1989 I HAD almost three years of Reverse Speech transcripts to work with, including a year of practical therapeutic work. I was making some headway, seeing further trends, and beginning to feel not so much in the dark about these strange new words that constituted Reverse Speech vocabulary.

I should point out here that my entire approach to this work has always been that of not knowing anything, which is actually quite true. I have had no formal education, other than high school, and have always considered myself to be a complete novice when it comes to matters of the mind and

psychology. I didn't even know there was a left and right brain hemisphere until I began my work.

So my attitude has always been, 'I don't have the answers. The answers lie in Reverse Speech.' With enough transcripts and time, the answers to any question can be found in speech reversals. So this entire technology has grown not so much out of my own ideas but rather out of what I have seen in Reverse Speech. In many respects I have been a student, learning what the unconscious mind has to teach me with its very own voice.

Therefore I used Reverse Speech itself to teach me what these metaphors meant. The key lay in the principle of speech complementarity. One of the biggest advantages Reverse Speech has over any other discipline in understanding metaphors is the fact that we have a reference point to go back to. The reference point is the forward speech and it was the observations of forward speech and speech complementarity that helped me unravel the mystery.

As I reviewed transcripts I began to notice that certain reversed words appeared time and time again in certain situations. Take, for example, the very common metaphor, *Wolf*. Here it is, appearing in three different situations.

1. 'I decide what my outcomes will be, what I want to do. I can keep going forward providing I stay focussed.' Reverse: **The *wolf* now speaks with power.**

2. 'I can actually see it work. I can see it happening. I've got my new direction and I will achieve my goal.' Reverse: **I've got a new *wolf* within me.**

3. 'I don't know what's wrong. I can't get up in the morning. There's no excitement anymore. I just can't do it.' Reverse: **My *wolf* is sick.**

As I reviewed examples such as these, the connections were often obvious. In the previous instances, as people were talking about motivation, they were talking backwards about the metaphor, *Wolf*. This appeared in the form of congruent reversals that said the same thing backwards with metaphor as had been said forwards with plain English. From this I wondered if *Wolf* might have something to do with personal motivation, or survival instincts.

Here is another example, using the metaphor, *Sword*.

1. 'I want to get my ideas across better. I mean, it's in my head but it just won't come out right.' Reverse: **I must find my *sword*.**

2. 'He opened his mouth and I melted. No one has said I love you to me the way he said it.' Reverse: **His *sword* touched my heart.**

3. 'I was totally pumping, man. He couldn't deny my logic. He agreed with everything I said and bought it on the spot.' Reverse: **The big *sword* in my hand.**

In all of these cases the conversations centred on communication and the ability to make an impact. The metaphor, *Sword*, appeared in reverse. From this I theorised that the metaphor *Sword* was the word that the unconscious mind used for communication. I later wondered if the common biblical image of the sharp two-edged sword that proceeded out of the mouth of the Lord might actually refer to the two-fold nature of communication, forwards and backwards.

Thus I determined the meaning of metaphors by going back to the transcripts, examining the complementarity, asking questions, gathering initial impressions and beginning to paint a picture. I started to write a Reverse Speech dictionary, which I regularly updated as I discovered new metaphors

and refined the meanings of existing entries. This dictionary is now extensive, referencing over one thousand Reverse Speech metaphors.

As time went on I started to get a greater feel for metaphors. I began to understand them to be like footnotes from the unconscious that described in metaphor what the unconscious was thinking and planning at the time of speaking. I saw the unconscious mind as being alive and dynamic, highly intelligent and full of life, often operating independently from the conscious mind. I started to approach my Reverse Speech transcripts almost like ancient manuscripts that needed to be translated. Initially it was a bit like finding one's way through a maze, with the instructions in a foreign language, but I was persistent.

If I saw the reversal, **My wolf has no sword**, I would translate that to mean, 'I have lost the motivation to communicate effectively'. Or the reversal, **The goddess has the helm**, would mean 'I have hope for the future and that hope is guiding my direction'. These translations could become quite complex at times, especially when there were multiple metaphors running at once and the forward dialogue was also included. However, I tried to remain calm and objective, used the constantly expanding dictionary as my guide, and ever so slowly amazing insights began to surface. The interpretations that I began to acquire proved to be stunningly revealing, often bypassing months of therapy time by going right to the root cause of a problem. I was onto something here. What was it? A road map for the unconscious maybe? I wasn't too sure but I kept on researching.

I decided to create a model that may help me understand all of this a little easier. I had already noticed that there were

three main language styles in reverse, so I began to categorise these different styles. I called them the Three Levels of Reverse Speech.

The first level was easy. All reversals that were not metaphoric in nature I categorised as First Level Speech Reversals. These reversals spoke in normal, everyday English using phrases such as, **I like this book, I ate fish last night, I am feeling happy.** I was surprised to note that less than 25% of all speech reversals in session transcripts were solely First Level, or spoke in everyday English. These were usually conscious in nature. In other words, they spoke of thoughts and feelings that the person was actually aware of thinking at the time of speaking. First level reversals would reveal things like the truth if a lie was spoken, or facts that person was trying to hide, or maybe the name of someone's friends and lovers. Conscious thoughts and feelings usually appeared in the form of first level speech reversals.

Second and third level reversals were not as easy because there were so many different types of metaphors. Over 75% of all speech reversals I was documenting contained some form of metaphor, most of which were a complete mystery to me. I had noticed that metaphors occurred in two main forms: words of action and experiences of living, and words that were constant and appeared to be the source of actions.

I initially classified the first form, verbs and emotional expressions, as Second Level Speech Reversals. I classified the second form, nouns, as Third Level Speech Reversals. I theorised that Second and Third Level Reversals came from areas of the mind that were below consciousness. They described the functions of behaviour. Here are some examples with the actual metaphors in italics.

1. **His friend *raped* me** (second level, verb – *rape*: to forcibly intrude, invade space).

2. **My *wolf* helped me** (third level, noun – *wolf*: motivation, hunter and protector).

3. **I am *surfing* in this job** (second level, verb – *surf*: the motion of life).

4. **My *ship* has struck a *reef***(third level, noun – *ship*: us travelling life, *reef*: obstacle).

5. **I *shot* his heart** (second level, verb – *shot*: to deliver intense emotions).

6. **I am near the *Garden of Eden*** (third level, noun – *garden*: the place of birth).

As time went on I defined these initial categorisations even further. I called second level reversals Operational Metaphors and third level reversals Structural Metaphors. I theorised that operational metaphors described operations of the mind, or how behaviour played itself out, and I theorised that structural metaphors described the structures of the mind, or the actual source of that behaviour.

I then compared these three levels of Reverse Speech with the *Three Levels of Consciousness* as described by Carl Jung whose work was still continuing to inspire me. According to Jung the human psyche was comprised of three separate levels.

1. Consciousness: or that area of the mind which is in conscious awareness. I connected this area of the mind to first level speech reversals.

2. Personal unconsciousness: or that area of the mind that was once conscious but is now no longer. I connected this area to second level speech reversals. I theorised that the

personal unconscious was responsible for processing the signals that create behaviour and personality, essentially acting as a buffer, or conduit, for information received from the structures of the collective unconscious.

3. Collective Unconsciousness: or that area of the mind that is infinite. Jung theorised that it contained a storehouse of knowledge and information from the collective history of humanity. This area contained the deepest metaphors of all – or third level speech reversals. I theorised that this part of the mind was the actual source of behaviour and personality. I believed that it also touched upon the spirit or soul.

The above comparisons with the works of Carl Jung were not absolute and the actual truth was not as precise as I would have liked it to be. However, I reasoned that until better models could be obtained the models of the Three Levels of Reverse Speech and the Three Levels of Consciousness would suffice. In 1996, as I wrote this, I still used the same models, with minor variations. I had tried many other versions over the years but I still came back to these same basic structures. They were not perfect but they worked well.

So, to summarise, I devised the three levels of Reverse Speech as a way to categorise and understand the unique vocabulary of Reverse Speech and also as a way of understanding the mental functions they may represent. First level is conscious, detailing our experiences in the world in which we live. Second level is unconscious, describing the processing and operations of behaviour and also detailing some of our experiences of the internal world within. The third level is the collective unconscious or the infinite. I later discovered this realm was capable of touching heaven itself.

It was third level reversals that described the source or causes of behaviour, or the structures of the mind that actually create behaviour and personality. I theorised that these signals from the collective unconscious, described in metaphor, combined and mixed in the world of the unconscious or second level, and created behaviour that was acted out in the conscious world, or first level.

I theorised that metaphors described in pictures the many functions of the human mind. All I had to do was to find the key with complementarity and its secrets would be unlocked. This was an effective approach and in time it led me to discover even greater wonders in the mysterious world of Reverse Speech metaphors.

### **the intricacies of speech**

Throughout all of the mental contortions I was going through, trying to determine theory and metaphors and write another book and make a living and keep my family happy (and the list continued ad infinitum), something else was happening in the background as a matter of course. I was still listening to tapes backwards and had been doing so on and off for five years at that stage. Thousands of hours of playing tapes forwards and backwards and backwards and forwards. I would often go over the same section of tape many times. Therefore I was becoming very familiar with the many varied sounds of both forwards and Reverse Speech and was starting to recognise other audible factors of this phenomenon.

For a start, there were the unique sounds of Reverse Speech. Speech reversals sounded totally different to normal



speech, often having a singsong musical tone. This tone usually varied significantly from that of the surrounding gibberish. I could often recognise that a speech reversal was occurring simply by a dramatic shift in the tonality of backward sounds. Then the tone of the reversal itself would vary, depending on the context. Reversals in normal conversations tended to be very singsong, whereas those in contrived situations had a distinct mechanical sound. There were also variations in between. These ranged from the most melodious reversals in the most unplanned conversations to the most mechanical sounding in prepared conversations.

Eventually I was able to determine the degree of preparedness of speech simply by the way the reversal sounded. I was also able to determine if a reversal was genuine simply by the way it sounded. Reversals had a characteristic tonal signature that is impossible to explain in print. This simple observation alone has helped me immensely in teaching new students how to distinguish genuine speech reversals from imagined phrases and random sounds.

There were also predictable factors in speech where reversals would occur; for example, in pauses and stutters. Speech slowly began to take on a whole new dimension. I began to recognise all the idiosyncrasies that I used to take for granted and I realised it was these very idiosyncrasies that were responsible for the formulation of speech reversals. I categorised all these factors and an even more intricate web began to form. I started to recognise where speech reversals were occurring just by listening to someone speak. In time my intuition became increasingly sharper.

### **the first experiments with hypnosis**

In 1989 I began my first tentative experiments with hypnosis. Reverse Speech was proving itself to be almost miraculous as a therapeutic tool. Through the language of metaphor I found that Reverse Speech was able to accurately pinpoint the precise unconscious reasons and causes for any person's behaviour. A half hour recording and subsequent analysis could sometimes short-circuit traditional therapy work by months if not years.

This left me with an entirely new problem. How could dysfunctional behavioural patterns be repaired? Could unconscious structures be rewired and would that alter behaviour? This rapidly became a problem I had to solve because Reverse Speech analysis was proving itself to be almost too effective. Sometimes it would leave people in more despair after they saw their reversals than they were when they first came in to see me.

I knew I needed additional training in therapeutic disciplines in order to take my technology further, so I enrolled in hypnosis and NLP training courses. The extra knowledge was invaluable and I began to experiment with hypnosis and simple forms of visualisations. I found that speech reversals were clearer and more precise with clients under hypnosis. I also found that substantial results could be obtained if I read a person's reversals back to them while they were under trance. This practice later became known as Reversal Feedback.

I found that it would make the induction of trance smoother even for so-called difficult subjects. It created a far richer state of hypnosis that only enhanced other hypnotic

suggestions for change. I later realised that reversals obtained from my clients following Reversal Feedback came from a deeper area of the mind and gave even greater unconscious information. If I asked a client under trance what a particular reversal meant, the reversals obtained from their answers would often answer the question. Thus, I used the unconscious mind and speech reversals themselves to explain to me how the unconscious functioned and what the reversals meant.

My experiments with visualisation were just as effective as reversal feedback. I would ask someone to create a picture of their Reverse Speech metaphor and describe it to me. If someone had the metaphor *Wolf* in their reversals I would place them under trance and ask them to picture a wolf. I found that the pictures my clients saw were often similar. Most people would picture a wolf as being brownish-grey and waist high, or *Ship* as being an old Spanish galleon with large broad sails. The exceptions to this would be if the reversals said there was an exception.

The *Wolf* might be sick, for example, or the *Ship* might have a hole in it. I frequently found that people would see the images exactly as their speech reversals described, even if they had no conscious knowledge of the reversals. I knew this because I would sometimes conduct my trances without telling people what I had found in reverse.

From this observation, and my experiences with session work, I theorised that metaphors were universal in nature. They meant the same thing and conjured up the same mental pictures for everyone. This observation led me to try some simple forms of image shifting as an attempt to get the metaphor to look right. If the wolf was small I would ask the per-

son to make the wolf bigger and I found that this simple practice had some effect on behaviour. The person who increased the size of their wolf, for example, would tend to become stronger and more motivated. This encouraged me to pursue this new area of research further.

Other experiments with hypnosis included the development of a technique called Reversal Control. I found that I could gain temporary control over my reversals. The unconscious could be convinced to deliver reversals of a particular type for a short period of time. It could not lie, however it could reduce the reversals of truth. In one experiment I tried to turn the speech reversals off. Very few reversals occurred and the ones that did appear said things like **Do not listen to my reversals**. On another occasion I programmed a salesman to deliver only encouraging and sales-oriented reversals. His sales went up dramatically.

### hearing reversals consciously

I also experimented with hearing reversals consciously. I established verbal communication with that part of the mind responsible for the formulation of speech reversals and I instructed that part to tell the conscious mind what it was hearing. After six trances I had some success. It was a bizarre experience, similar to fading out of consciousness for one or two seconds. I would hear a clear voice in my mind then return back to normal, often not realising what had taken place until after it was over. I would then check the tape and always found the reversal that I thought I had heard.

This experiment turned sour when it began to happen all the time with no warning. I would have the experience in a

supermarket or in the middle of a conversation. It was very disturbing and distracting, to say the least, and my emotions became somewhat edgy. I therefore ceased these experiments after a few months and the experiences slowly faded. I have done no further work in this area but the possibilities are intriguing. It essentially means that mind-reading is possible. The ability to hear what someone is thinking while they are speaking is simply a matter of rewiring the brain so that speech reversals can be heard consciously.

This experiment caused me to wonder if many so-called mental diseases or voices in the head are actually a cross-wiring somewhere in the brain and people are hearing or responding to speech reversals. I intend to pursue this area again when I have a significant amount of spare time and a solid emotional safety net.

# 4

## **moving to the United States**

JUNE 1989 WAS a very significant month for me. I finished work on the initial draft of my second book and was invited to the United States on a lecture tour. I flew out, armed with literature and dreams of golden lights. Upon my arrival in Los Angeles I immediately made a nostalgic visit to my old house in the southern suburbs where I had dropped the Walkman into the toilet bowl six years earlier. I marvelled at the irony of events in one's life. Who could have possibly guessed back then what that simple accident would have led to? That Walkman still exists today, framed and hanging on my office wall.

I then flew on to Dallas Texas, where the reception I received was overwhelming. The *Dallas Morning News* ran a two-page colour spread on Reverse Speech. I was approached with two publishing contracts and the local law enforcement television station (LETN) filmed a half-hour TV documentary on my work with the intention of syndicating it to every police station across the country.

The only sour note to occur was the night before my very first lecture. My wife rang from Australia and said she wanted a divorce. I moaned internally, but on my return packed my belongings and moved to the United States to live, for the second time, in July 1989, leaving my former life and children behind.

I formed a partnership with two Dallas businesspeople and began to market Reverse Speech. I should have seen the writing on the wall but I was a naive Aussie from the outback, blinded by the bright lights of the States. Even our speech reversals said there would be a disaster, yet I took no notice and went ahead with the deal anyway. The first thing they did was cancel my publishing contract and the documentary with LETN. They told me I had no tangible product to sell and it was pointless to proceed with further publicity, or even academic acceptance, until I was better organised. It seemed to make sense to me and we began to develop a four-tape home study training course, plus other products.

However, I had major ethical problems with the package being prepared, and indeed the whole approach. I was told it was American marketing techniques but I thought it cheapened the phenomenon and made it look simply like a fun toy. I used the analogy of a frisbee.

'I'm not selling a bloody frisbee,' I used to say. 'This is a

technology that accesses the human mind at its deepest levels. It must be treated with respect.’

My concerns were ignored and my temper exploded when they later told me to go back to Australia because they didn’t need me. They said they could do it all by themselves. I contacted an attorney and several thousand dollars later I had regained all my trademarks and property rights. I continued on my own, determined to never again give up control of my technology and to always take note of speech reversals before entering any business transaction.

From that moment on, financial concerns became secondary, and I became like a Wolf protecting the integrity of the technology. I resolved that Reverse Speech would be presented in the right manner or not presented at all. It was an attitude that only strengthened as I began to mix more and more in the jungles of the United States. I rejected many offers of small fortunes over the years, simply because the deals would not have preserved the integrity of Reverse Speech. I became very much aware of the enormous task I had before me and resolved to do it right.

### **training classes begin**

I finally decided that my initial mistake had been that I was trying to shoot for the stars. I should go back to the basics of my research. That is, step by step and inch by inch. Build the foundation first and the house will gradually take shape. It was a bit ridiculous to tell everyone about the technology when I was the only person in the world who knew how to use it. So I decided to conduct training classes while I continued with my research and private session work.



My first major class began in Dallas, January 1990, with 25 students. I obtained these students as a result of media I received when I first arrived. They came from a cross-section of society, ranging from therapists to private investigators. The course was initially six months long, one weekend a month, and I wrote the first version of the Reverse Speech Training Manual as I conducted the class. I now had a new challenge. I needed to learn how to teach the process to others.

I first devised a set of factors that students could use to determine whether a reversal was genuine. I called these the Seven Reversal Checkpoints, and every speech reversal documented had to fulfil most of these factors:

1. Is the syllable count of the entire phrase correct?
2. Are the vowel sounds in each syllable clear and precise?
3. Are the beginnings and endings of words clearly defined and distinguishable?
4. Is the spacing sufficient between each word?
5. Is the reversal distinct from the surrounding gibberish?
6. Does the reversal have a continuous, melodious tonal flow, from beginning to end?
7. Does the reversal have a definite, constant beat or tempo from beginning to end?

I further devised a set of criteria to rate the reversal for clarity, or validity, based on how many of the above checkpoints were met. Reversals were then rated on a scale of one to five. I adopted the attitude that students had to be totally sure of each reversal. No best guesses. I would rather they documented twenty reversals that were accurate than one hundred reversals, half of which were dubious.

I found that some students had a natural talent and learned Reverse Speech very quickly. Most students, however, had to work hard at it. I found that if they spent fifteen or twenty hours a week analysing tapes, they could expect to reach an acceptable level of proficiency in about a year. This fact alone eventually caused me to increase the time of my basic class from six to twelve months.

The interpretation skills, however, were substantially more difficult and many students used to get lost in a sea of metaphor and backward statements. Also, the ability to remain objective and keep one's own opinions out of the analysis proved to be harder than I first anticipated. I therefore devised a step by step approach to assist with interpretation. This included assigning categories, structures and metaphor levels to each reversal. It also included isolating the exact forward words responsible for the reversal so that complementarity could be clearly established.

The students would then prepare a time count of the conversation, followed by individual reversal analysis and a session overview. This meant that the eventual analysis time was enormous, anywhere between twenty and thirty hours for a thirty-minute tape. However, if this procedure was followed religiously, the final overview would be stunningly accurate. Additionally, the conclusions would be identical even though the same tape was analysed independently with no collusion between students.

I also began to teach prompting techniques, or how to elicit specific types of speech reversals. Over the years, and especially since my NLP and hypnosis training, I had developed questioning styles that would encourage certain types of reversals to occur. If the conversation was kept casual and

relaxed I knew there would be far more reversals than if it was ordered and controlled.

If I asked someone to tell me about their day and what had happened I would tend to get first level reversals. However, if I asked how they felt about the day, or why they did the things they did, then I would tend to get second and third level reversals that detailed unconscious reasons for their behaviour. I found in time that I could conduct a conversation in such a way that specific information was encouraged to appear backwards, usually with the person having no idea what I was doing.

This added a whole new dimension to the research because I found that I could get some control over what appeared backwards by using certain words or tonal expressions in my speech. I could get the person to tell me about what they did last week and really be looking for the reason why they sabotaged their job. Or they could be telling me about their job and I could encourage reversals to appear that spoke about the affair they were currently having, or their gambling activities, or any number of things, simply by the words and expressions I used when questioning. This gave the potential Reverse Speech analyst a very powerful tool.

My first class had an eventual graduation rate of twenty percent. I awarded my first Reverse Speech Analyst certificates to five students in September 1990, and began my second class.

### **oral tradition**

Also in 1990 I developed a theory that helped explain how Reverse Speech metaphors came into being. This expanded

upon Carl Jung's theory of the collective unconscious. I called it the Oral Tradition Theory of Reverse Speech.

I had noticed over the years that there were instances where knowledge and information was passed along unconsciously with speech reversals. In a television interview I conducted in 1989 the reporter put me to the test by deliberately lying about his age, hoping that his real age would appear in reverse.

As he said, 'I am 32 years of age, I am 32 years of age,' a speech reversal appeared that said **37, it came up**. (He had just turned 37.) This was immediately followed by a reversal on me that said **Now you're 37**. The significance of this was that even though I had no conscious idea how old the man was, I said it in reverse anyway. This is because I had received the information from him via his previous speech reversal.

Once I had a female client in session and her reversals gave a detailed description of an affair that her husband was having. The reversals were a complete surprise to her and she strongly denied this was happening. Yet, that night she confronted her husband and he confessed. Obviously she already knew, unconsciously, that he had been having an affair because he had been telling her backwards for weeks. The information had been passed onto her with speech reversals. I felt a little sorry for the husband, having been discovered in such a manner, but I shuddered with the implications of this find. It essentially meant that information could be obtained with Reverse Speech without even needing to have the voice of the person on tape. One of their friends or associates would suffice.

I found many similar instances where information had been unconsciously passed on in this fashion. This is the

process of Oral Tradition. Like a giant computerized information net, reversed words, metaphors, and other information is passed along the collective. This creates a storehouse of knowledge and information on the unconscious level that can be accessed at any time, given the right key. Carl Jung had theorised that the collective unconscious contained all knowledge of human history and the secrets of the universe. My research suggested that it went into the depths of the soul itself.

I theorised that reverse language, like forward language, was a learned or handed down process that had been occurring since the dawn of time. The metaphors that people used, often with no conscious knowledge of their significance, were there because their parents had used them and their parents before that had used them. In the same manner that children learned to consciously associate certain words with certain objects, so too did they learn to unconsciously associate certain metaphors with certain behaviour.

For example, let us suppose that whenever dad enforced his will he used the metaphor *Sheriff*. The child would hear *Sheriff* backwards and then unconsciously adopt that metaphor to both create and describe the same behaviour.

It was a simple observation but one which added greatly to the overall theoretical development and understanding of metaphors. In time I wondered if there were more to metaphors than merely words that needed to be translated. I pondered the possibility that the metaphor had life and power in its own right. Could it be that the metaphor itself was in some way responsible for the behaviour rather than merely describing it?

I was convinced that Oral Tradition had the answers and

I believed that it could explain how the collective unconscious came into being. I theorised that it was the simultaneous evolution of reversed language that had actually enabled the collective unconscious to form and grow. I wondered if the memories and myths of history eventually became metaphors that replayed the plots of time. My research seemed to indicate that these metaphors affected the very essence of who we were today. Reverse Speech transcripts showed me the cries of wolves in the forest, the faces of Adam and Eve in the Garden and the Sheriff and Outlaw that still live within each of us. I understood that these characters and plots of time still affected our decisions and actions at the deepest levels of being.

This is the Oral Tradition theory of Reverse Speech and a greater expansion of the significance of Reverse Speech metaphors.

# 5

## **the birth of metaphor restructuring**

I BEGAN TO approach metaphors differently that year. I saw them more as actual imprints on the unconscious rather than merely words to be translated. This was particularly so with third level reversals, or Structural metaphors. I wondered if the unconscious actually thought with these imprints, or in pictures and images. This would explain why I was getting similar images in my trances. It would also explain the growing connection I was beginning to see between the images of Reverse Speech metaphors and the images of dreams.

This enhanced understanding sent my practical session

work to a new level. I had already theorised that Reverse Speech metaphors described the structures of the psyche. I knew that I could encourage people to see a picture of this metaphor under trance and I knew that I could change this picture. I wondered if the unconscious thought in pictures and if those pictures were the actual structures of behaviour and personality. If we were to change those pictures would that also change the structures, hence the behaviour and everything associated with that behaviour?

I had already experienced some success in changing a person's level of motivation by increasing the size of their *Wolf* image. I was encouraged to become even bolder still. What if the Reverse Speech transcripts I had in my hand really were roadmaps of the unconscious, or the plot of a metaphoric movie that created our life's journey? If I went in and changed the movie plot around, what would happen?

So that's what I did. Once again I jumped in where angels feared to tread and I began to expand my trance techniques. No longer did I merely ask my clients to picture their metaphors and shift the shapes, but I actually began to create movie scenes in their minds. The metaphors became the characters and the Reverse Speech transcripts became the plots. Here is an example of what I did. Reprinted below are paraphrased portions of a Reverse Speech session with a middle-aged woman who had lost her zest for living. The actual reversals used are real.

'Life is just not what it used to be anymore. The kids have gone and the house is empty.' **I need a source.**

'I have this knot deep down inside. I feel there's nothing left for me.' **You shatter / I need a face.**

'When I was young I was alive. Everything had so much



hope. I could do anything.' **Eve was your faith. Nerves there.**

'But then it was like we got married and we were happy and suddenly we had kids and John couldn't keep a job and it was so hard. Something died back then. I don't know exactly when it happened.' **I laid down my sun / I've seen it in Eden / The shy wolf and Eve.**

'I try and work it all out and it only makes me feel worse. Then I despair even more and I think it's gone forever.' **Heal owl, evil curse / The wolf sound the owl / The sun was red.**

'How can I ever get it back again? I want to feel young and free. I want some purpose again.' **Get your summer / Send a new whirl / Scrub the earth.**

From these reversals I found that I could determine the cause of this woman's problem and have some initial indications of what was necessary to remedy it.

The reversals told me that she needed some purpose and sense of self-worth (**I need a source / I need a face**). The reversal (**You shatter**) mirrored her emotional state with a congruent reversal. Her emotions were genuine, which is significant in itself because sometimes reversals told me they were not. She had genuine purpose when she was young (**Eve was your faith**) but something happened which caused her to lose it (**I laid down my sun**). The more she thought about it or dwelt upon it, the worse it got (**Heal owl, evil curse**). The way to remedy the situation was for her to recapture the zeal of her youth (**Get your summer**) and to get active again (**Send a new whirl**).

All that information in itself was significant because sometimes you can't even get to that using traditional therapy. The challenge now was to fix it. My reasoning went some-

thing like this. Let us create a pictorial scenario under trance, sort of like a waking dream, that is the same as the one portrayed in the speech reversals. Then in this dreamlike state, I could actually take the lady to *Eden*, get her to meet *Eve* and the shy *Wolf*, heal the *Owl* and create the *New Whirl*.

I would induce my standard trance state, which was beginning to develop into a unique process itself, and create the movie, always being in constant communication with my client.

The lady would start by picturing herself somewhere, maybe in a desert, and she would be needing a source. She might be sad and lonely and it would probably be dark and cold. I may suggest that she feels shattered, maybe even imagine her body as being shattered, and I would invite her to try to see her face. I would most likely find that she would not be able to see her face. The images of the speech reversals nearly always matched the images of the trances.

Then I would ask this lady to go on a walk to find the *Garden of Eden*. In the *Garden* she would meet *Eve* and the shy *Wolf*. I would suggest that she embraces *Eve* and coax the shy *Wolf* out. Then, according to the reversals, somehow she had to pick up the **Laid sun**. I may have no idea what the image means but I would suggest it anyway, using the techniques of Reversal Feedback, or reading the clients' reversals back to them.

I would find that the images came very easily to my clients. In this case the sun might be lying low on the horizon. I would ask her to raise the sun. Sometimes, if my clients were unable to do what I asked, I would frequently find the answers in the session transcript. I constantly referenced these as the trances progressed. If my client could not raise the sun

above the horizon I would note the reversal that said, **The sun was red**, and ask her what colour the sun was. She might tell me that it was yellow. I would ask her to make it red and would find that she could usually perform the task. Or she might have to **Scrub the earth** of the garden floor in order to **Send a new whirl**. This would essentially mean creating an image of a whirlwind and sending it forth. It was different for everyone and the trances were as unique as fingerprints. Many times I had no idea what I was doing with the images I was shifting, back in those early days. But I stuck to the transcripts and did what the reversals told me to do.

### adverse reactions

Almost immediately I began to have results. The first being the state of the trances. They were very real and vivid. Some people described them as shamanic in nature. Many people would be disassociated for hours afterwards. Then came the aftereffects. Some people had some rather unpleasant experiences, such as severe depression for days or chronic pain for no reason. One person was laid up in bed for two weeks with severe cramping. Others experienced erratic emotions for several days. I was a little panicked and wondered what on earth I had done with this bold experiment of mine.

Yet things seemed to settle down one or two weeks after the trance. I reasoned that maybe I really had shifted something around inside and the body was just going into shock. Then people started to change. Some dramatically, some very little. But something was definitely happening and I cautiously continued, calling the process Metaphor Restructuring. I found that if I split the process into two trances instead

of one, the side effects were less. The changes were a little more subtle but it was a good trade-off. However, after a few months came the big shock.

I had been working with a man who had experienced repeated failure in his business dealings for years. Speech Reversals told me that the source of his problem was certain metaphors that he adopted with Oral Tradition back at two years of age. These had been used as a protection against an unsatisfactory relationship with his mother. I decided to regress him back to that age under trance and restructure the metaphors in that timeframe. I was essentially rewriting the movie script back then.

The trance went well, he experienced a very deep state, and we waited. Three days later he called me and said he needed to see me immediately. Something was happening and it was not nice. I was horrified to see this man hobble into my office because his legs were beginning to twist underneath him. It turns out, unbeknown to me, that this man had polio at two years of age. Unwittingly, my trance with him had caused the symptoms of his polio to return!

I tried to remain calm, put him back under trance and attempted to reverse the images. Something worked because within a week the man had returned to normal. I do not know whether he would have returned to normal anyway and this was just another one of those unpleasant side effects people were experiencing. It did not matter anyway because I was sufficiently shaken up by the event to cease my early experiments with Metaphor Restructuring.

Yet I knew one thing. I was on to something. For a trance image to have caused such a dramatic physical reaction was significant in itself. Not to mention the other physical sensa-

tions people had experienced following other trances. There had also been some success, with many people eventually reporting subtle yet consistent behavioural changes. However, whatever was happening, I did not appear to have much control over it at that stage so I returned to my safer visualisations for a time until I could give this new process I was developing more thought.

### Judas Priest

By the middle of 1990 I had secured a publishing contract for my second book and began producing a bi-monthly journal entitled *Backtalk*. This journal was a success and even though my circulation was small, each and every issue always secured me a significant amount of publicity. This propelled me onto greater heights and I began to lecture at various conferences around the country.

Eventually I was asked to testify as a friend of the court at the Judas Priest trial in Reno Nevada. This was in August 1990. The trial centred on mysterious backward messages on their album *Stained Class*. These messages, the plaintiff claimed, had influenced the suicide of two youths. Yet neither attorney wanted to put me on the stand. Essentially I would have said that of course *Stained Class* had backward messages and so did the judge's conversation with his wife that morning. It was a natural phenomenon, and Judas Priest did not place them there intentionally.

My proposed testimony was not appreciated by either attorney, I was not used as a witness and the judge ruled in Judas Priest's favour. Yet my involvement did lead to my first significant media appearance in the states. This was on the

*Larry King Show* on CNN, where I shared the spotlight with other participants in the trial.

### **voices calling me outback**

Finally, whispers of Reverse Speech reached the ears of Washington DC. I was approached by Scott Jones, an aide to Senator Claiborne Pell, and invited to present my findings to certain officials, who were unknown to me at that stage. This lecture was scheduled for later in the year. At the same time I received an official inquiry from the Michigan State Police Department. They were interested in field-testing Reverse Speech and I was scheduled to lecture at a national police convention to be held in Michigan, also later that year.

In the midst of all this, however, was my private life. I remarried that year. Kathy was one of my students in the States. It was a happy marriage, quiet and peaceful. I think our initial relationship could best be typified by a reversal that I found on her when we first started dating. It said **I just want to serve you.**

My new marriage helped ease the longing for Australia a little. However, it had been more than a year since I had left and I was missing my children desperately. To make matters worse, I didn't know where they were. I had returned to Australia twice to see them in the last year but my former wife had vanished, literally leaving the house and furniture behind. Rumour had it they had all gone up north into the outback somewhere but I had no idea where.

I lay awake at night despairing. I wondered how I could have possibly left my two precious girls to chase a dream. Sometimes I thought I heard their voices calling me, and in

my mind I would create a picture of a large white wolf standing on top of a high hill overlooking a large valley. She would be howling, howling for her cubs. Her howl would echo across the valley and disappear in a whirlwind on the horizon.

### **desert storm**

A storm was about to come blowing into my life and it initially came in the form of a hot desert wind. Operation Desert Shield had begun in the Persian Gulf and I was doing reversals on all the news broadcasts to be included in my second book. There was one word in particular that I was finding frequently on many of the key players, primarily Bush, Baker and Cheney. The word was **Simone**. I had never heard it in reverse before and I was very curious. Was it a metaphor for the war? A codeword maybe? I contacted Scott Jones, who sent a confidential memo about the matter to the Secretary of Defense, Dick Cheney.

The memo read, in part: 'Dear Dick, by a technology known as Reverse Speech Therapy, several of us have been following statements made by principle actors involved in the current Persian Gulf crisis. In statements made about Iraq by President Bush, Secretary of State Baker and yourself, a word that we have never heard before has appeared. The word is "Simone". I mention this situation in case it is a codeword that would not be in the national interest to be known.'

Somehow the memo found its way into the hands of the press and Reverse Speech immediately hit the headlines. The story ran for two nights in a row on CNN, who theorised

that Reverse Speech was some new secret government technology. Other papers ran the story with headlines like: 'Is the President hiding secret codewords backwards in his speech?'

Government officials were silent and Scott Jones implored me not to speak to the press. I obeyed his wishes. Within two weeks my pending lectures in both Washington DC and Michigan were mysteriously cancelled and I became concerned that I was under surveillance.

Still obsessed with the meaning of 'Simone', I conducted my own research and eventually theorised that it was a metaphor for the war. I discovered that it came from the Arabic word 'Simoon', meaning a desert storm. I wrote an article for *Backtalk*, putting this theory forward, and was later stunned when the war itself broke and it was called 'Operation Desert Storm'. I was a little worried at that point and wondered if I had accidentally stumbled across something I should not have.

I continued to follow speech reversals on the war as soon as the news broadcasts occurred. I always managed to find hints of pending events in reverse, only to then see them subsequently occur in the immediate future. True to my word, I never contacted the press, but my private phone rang hot with clients, students and friends wanting to know the latest information on the war before it hit the press. It was an interesting period and I still do speech reversals on news broadcasts today when I have the time. I am always amazed to see events I heard in reverse unfolding in the next few hours, days and sometimes weeks.



# 6

## she-wolf

1991 BEGAN WITH a phone call from Australia. It was my former wife calling from Katherine, a small town situated in the outback. She needed money. I decided to give it to her personally and flew back home again to see my children. I was heartbroken at what I saw. They were living in poverty conditions. Their faces were no longer happy and a hardness was appearing. I was torn. What do I do? There was no way I could get them, at least not with Australian custody laws, which always favoured the mother, and I wasn't living in the country anyway. I thought seriously about throwing everything away in the States and returning to Australia to live,

just to be with my kids.

I flew back to Dallas and brooded. How could I get my girls? I remembered the mental images I had previously created of a wolf howling for her cubs, and I wondered if I could strengthen this metaphor even more. Maybe something would happen. I thought of the strongest *Wolf* image I could create, and eventually opted for that of a large female *Wolf* suckling her cubs.

Then in the still of night I would see her in my mind.

I saw my girls as two cubs suckling from the breasts of a large white female *Wolf*, standing proud and tall. This *She-wolf* became the mother wolf protecting the den. I created scenarios where she fetched her lost cubs and kept them safe and sound in her cave. I felt strong and invigorated. Without knowing it I accidentally accessed an ancient dormant metaphor deep within the collective unconscious: that of the *She-wolf*, the mother of Rome. The wolf who suckled Rome's founders, the twins, Romulus and Remus. Her image is common. Mythology had it that the *She-wolf* had great powers and supernaturally protected Rome in its early days.

### **into the outback**

Then my former wife rang again. She wanted me to take the girls to the States for six months. My mind raced. I had a chance. I was on the next flight out and the image of *She-wolf* was ever on my mind. When I got my girls I was expecting them to be reluctant to leave but they never looked back. They ran to me so fast it overwhelmed me. To use their own words, they were going to live with Daddy in his castle. They were almost four at the time.

As we drove back across the hot desert sands of the outback, my daughter Symone said to me, 'We were calling you, Daddy. Why did you take so long?'

Tears filled my eyes. I resolved never, ever to leave them again and I pondered the synchronicity of events, or the coincidences of life. Here I was in my second major venture involving a desert in less than six months – both ventures being very significant. The first had been the whirlwind of Desert Storm, **Simone**, in the Persian Gulf. The second had been the whirlwind of my two flights back to Australia to fetch my daughters. The older girl is also named Symone, and her twin sister Jaye.

Upon our return to Dallas it was obvious that my daughters were worse than I had first anticipated. They showed signs of abuse and would lock themselves in the closet for fear of being beaten. Then there were the stories they told me of things that happened to them while I was away. Stories that I do not care to reprint here for they are best left forgotten. I was shaken and dismayed, and returned to the only thing I knew. Reverse Speech. Their reversals told me what to do.

I played metaphor games with them for hours upon hours. I became 'Daddy tiger' feeding the cubs. I would cup my hands and they would pretend to drink water. We pretended to run in the forest and found magic herbs that would make them better. And they slowly improved.

I filed for custody in Dallas County and placed my children in the care of a professional child psychologist, primarily to get some independent documentation of their emotional state. My former wife immediately filed child abduction charges, invoking an international convention, and the Com-

monwealth of Australia ordered the children's return. Before too long the United States State Department was involved, followed by the FBI, and eventually the International court in The Hague, Netherlands. Things got very messy for a while and it looked as though my children were about to be wrenched from my arms by a multitude of legal and diplomatic forces.

However, in two legal twists, things turned in my favour. My former wife had forgotten to mention to the Australian Government that she had given written permission for the children to leave the country when she had filed abduction charges. Secondly, we had divorced in Dallas County, which gave Dallas jurisdiction over the children. The case eventually went to court and the judge ruled that consent had been given for the children to leave Australia, and the court of jurisdiction was Dallas County, therefore the Hague Convention didn't apply. Texas seized jurisdiction over the case. It was the first time in legal history that the Hague Convention for International Child Abduction had been wrongfully invoked and Australia ended up having diplomatic egg on its face. I was awarded permanent custody of Jaye and Symone on Christmas Eve 1991, and the US State Department issued me with an official letter of apology.

I had achieved the impossible. My girls were now safely living with my new wife and I in America and I had my family back again.

To see my girls now, there is no hint of the ordeal they endured many years ago. They are very happy, well-adjusted kids who have little memory of what happened to them. Occasionally, though, they will still come up to me and say, 'Remember the Daddy tiger games we used to play. They

were good, weren't they.'

That image still remains in their minds and I am convinced it was one of the main metaphors that restored them to their normal happy selves. I am also convinced that these first experiments with the *She-wolf* metaphor assisted greatly in my eventual legal success.

Now I often say in my lectures, 'Look at my girls. They are a testimony to the power and effect of Reverse Speech'.

I attempted to erase the picture of the *She-wolf* from my mind after I gained custody. It was a difficult trance because initially I couldn't get the image to go. I first tried to imagine the picture as simply vanishing from the scene in my mind but it wouldn't. Then I imagined that I was leading the *Wolf* over a hill and out of sight, but she came back. Finally, after a rather viscous battle where she raised living hell, I managed to trick her into a cave and seal it up with a large rock. The trance concerned me because it was the first time the images in my mind had run independently and of their own accord.

### **some illusions are shattered**

Just as I had lost control of the images in my trance, so too did I begin to lose control of other directions I was pursuing at that time. The first of these was my attempt to obtain official recognition for the technology in the area of law enforcement and government involvement.

My Washington DC trip was eventually scheduled for later that year and I flew in for a five-day conference with various government psychologists, mid-level representatives from the FBI and Naval Intelligence, plus other attendees who never identified themselves. To my amazement I man-

aged to tape-record all these meetings and I still have the recordings today. The lectures went well, the acceptance level was remarkably high, and research funding was discussed. I was greatly encouraged, expecting this to be the first of many more visits to Washington. However, events of a different nature were about to occur.

After the conference I was approached by a senior agent from the FBI. He was extremely interested in my research, particularly any work I had done with the authorities, and seemed to be quite genuine in taking Reverse Speech further. He asked me to prepare him a written report, saying that it would receive urgent consideration. We parted company on good terms and he said other agents would be in contact with me shortly.

With democratic patriotism and outback Aussie naiveté I faithfully wrote a comprehensive report and sent it to the FBI in Washington DC, together with books, copies of a few research notes, and a small selection of tapes. As I write these words now I am chilled by the blatant stupidity of what I did because I suspect that that single act marked the turning point of my direction with Reverse Speech. Meanwhile, I patiently waited for the return contact that never came and proudly announced to my loyal Reverse Speech crew back in Dallas that our worries would soon be over and official recognition of the technology would shortly follow.

A few days later there was a drive-by shooting at our house. Without thinking, I rushed straight outside to see only the tail end of an old black Cadillac tearing down the street. I immediately called the Texas police, expecting justice to swiftly follow, but they showed no interest, basically told me to duck and shoot back if they came on the premises.

That night my heart rate increased substantially when I got a chilling phone call. 'Leave JFK alone,' the caller said.

I thought about calling the police back but finally decided there wasn't much point. The phone call had told me what I needed to know. It had been *Backtalk*. I had just published an article in *Backtalk* about the JFK assassination, including the results of reversal analysis with Lee Harvey Oswald and Jack Ruby. The article had theorised that Oswald was involved in the plot as a willing patsy but had not fired the fatal shots. It had been an interesting article but I had hardly expected a drive-by shooting to come from it.

That incident was merely the start of many other strange events – including vans parking down the street and unusual phone calls. Some of these calls were masked with voice scramblers. An anonymous person would say hello and remind me of the tremendous dangers I faced with Reverse Speech. He would then hang up.

It was all very unsettling and I wished I had never lectured in Washington if this is what it led to. It didn't seem to make any sense. I wasn't here to hurt anyone or create political intrigue. I was simply a researcher, an Aussie chasing a dream. The world of espionage was foreign to me and certainly not anything I wanted to be remotely connected with. Not to mention a family I now had to think about.

I moved house out of Dallas city to the country, hoping for some peace, but there was none. The strange activities only increased. There were unusual noises on all my phones. The main line would automatically dial 911 frequently and the police would be on my front door step yet again. Sometimes the phone would be dead for no obvious reason. The strange vans would park down the street for days on end and

I am sure I was followed occasionally. It was a bit like a Hollywood movie, and if it wasn't so serious I would have laughed at the stupidity of it all, certainly how blatantly obvious it was.

'I hope this isn't America's elite secret security forces at work here,' I would joke at the time. 'We are all in big trouble if it is.'

The source of all these somewhat annoying events remained a mystery. They continued for a few months and gradually subsided. Well, they became less obvious anyway. I ultimately replaced my entire phone system and the 911 calls stopped. Yet the damage was done and I became increasingly disillusioned with the government, police and officialdom in general.



# 7

## **mirror talk**

THE SPRING OF 1992 saw me begin to shut down. I had been doing Reverse Speech for eight years at that stage, mostly on my own, and I was feeling tired, frustrated and lonely. My illusions of grandeur in the States had been well and truly shattered and the additional responsibilities of looking after my family meant that my Reverse Speech activities were significantly curtailed. I think the final straw for me was ‘Mirror Talk’.

I began to hear repeated stories of a group in Seattle, Washington, called Mirror Talk. They were conducting lectures on Reverse Speech, selling products, and apparently

making quite an impact. I obtained a copy of a magazine where they were running a full-page advertisement and was horrified to see a plagiarism of my own work with a distinct new-age twist to it. To make matters worse, they were selling copies of my newly released book, together with a cheap tape-set that was very similar to the one I had spent thousands of dollars fighting for a few years earlier. They were using my name to endorse something that was a complete abortion of everything I had tried to protect and I was absolutely furious.

I called their office in a rage and spoke to the 'inventor' of this wonderful Mirror Talk process. With great zeal he informed me that upon hearing me lecture last year he had been so turned on by this amazingly fantastic idea that he had promptly converted it into a profitable commercial venture. He was puzzled when I asked him why he didn't take training classes first or at least attempt to contact me. He was equally surprised that I was so upset by it. When I questioned his integrity concerning copyright infringement and misrepresentation he turned it right back on me and suggested that I wasn't sufficiently enlightened to accept the natural flow of the universe and I should be complimented that he wanted to duplicate my work. We bounced back and forth with tempers flashing and I finally slammed down the phone when he wanted to know when the next issue of *Backtalk* was coming out.

'*Backtalk!*' I screamed incredulously. 'You've got to be joking!'

I immediately stopped producing *Backtalk* at that point and as of this date it has not gone back into print. There was no way I was going to spend all my time and energy communicating information just to have someone rip it off or

use my house for target practice. I didn't have the money or fight left in me to wage another legal battle, but I did ask my publisher not to ship them any more books, which was probably an omen of things to come.

My publisher went out of business a few months later, after selling a grand total of 1,000 books, significantly less than the 5,000 I had sold back in Australia. Mirror Talk remained in business, while the unsold books gathered dust in my shed.

### **going underground**

I switched off inside after that. It was the final nail in the coffin, following a long series of events and I wondered why on earth I was even doing it all. I was feeling decidedly unappreciated and used. I had no one to go to, no one to ask for advice. Who could help me? I was a stranger in a strange land, the founder of a technology that no one seemed to really understand, and now, since the custody battle, I no longer felt safe returning to my home in Australia. I certainly wasn't going to take my girls back nor leave them alone again. I yearned the fact that I had no boss to complain to, nor mentor to teach me, and not even a picket line to protest at. Even my faith in God, which had always been my solid foundation since birth, was beginning to waver.

'I'm not getting paid enough to do this shit,' I used to scream at night. So I stopped doing it.

I disconnected my business line and temporarily ceased training at the end of 1992, having conducted a total of six consecutive classes, some simultaneously, in three years, to over one hundred students. I cancelled all my remaining lec-

tures for the next year, although for financial reasons I still continued working privately with the core Reverse Speech group. This group now consisted of many interested onlookers, plus almost twenty certified analysts, some of whom were successfully using the technology, some of them clandestinely, in their own respective fields.

One of these analysts, Jeff Smiley, was primarily responsible for keeping the Reverse Speech flag flying during that time. He continued lecturing, experiencing none of the problems I had, and produced a sixty-minute TV documentary on Reverse Speech. Unfortunately, this documentary never went to air, but it did serve to keep my spirits up, and Jeff still practices in Dallas today.

### **slaves of the unconscious**

Meanwhile, I got into gardening. I loved gardening. Turning the soil, mixing fertiliser, watching the plants grow and enjoying the final harvest. It was fantastic. I got back to basics and my mind began to heal. The garden was invigorating and soothing. I saw the handiwork of God in his creation. I relished in the simplicity of life and the miracle of growth. I re-examined my path, where I had been and where was I going, and I finally realised where my purpose lay. It lay in the *Garden*, in the creation of new things, not in the acceptance of the city where I had previously been walking.

I had thought that Reverse Speech was going to save society by the exposure of lies and corruption, but my greatest successes had been in session work. It had been in rediscovering the *Garden*, restoring lives and healing pain. I realised that the real purpose of Reverse Speech lay in the revelation

of what was within, in its ability to peer down inside and illuminate the patterns and forces that drive us. Then, with that illumination, to change those forces in a manner that allowed us to be free. Religion and philosophy had taught me that we had a free will to choose our own direction and create our own lives, but all my work with Reverse Speech showed me that the opposite was true.

Man was a slave of the unconscious, with many decisions and actions being orchestrated by the metaphors that lay deep within. For years I had documented speech reversals that tracked the evolution of thought and behaviour occurring unconsciously, sometimes days and even weeks before they ever entered the conscious realm. Every single person I had ever done session work with was doing the work so they regain control, so they could rise above the forces that defeated them. These forces were sometimes so powerful they became almost impossible to recognise, let alone shift.

We arrogantly call ourselves evolved creatures, but Reverse Speech was teaching me that we are still slaves, totally unaware of the world within and swept along by the tide of our evolution, rather than being the masters and controllers of it. I wondered how we could truly become free. My religious beliefs told me that only God could see and change hearts so they could be free, but I knew that Reverse Speech was also showing us the heart, or the inner self. If that was true, then could this discovery be even greater than I had first imagined? Could it be that the power to change the heart, or rewrite the soul itself, was now in our grasp?

I was decidedly inspired by that thought and I remembered the prime metaphor of my youth, one that had been imprinted on me since birth: the life and works of Jesus

Christ. My father had taught me that Christ changed hearts in his day and He had promised that we would do even greater things than He did. Was it possible that Reverse Speech might actually give us the ability to gain conscious control of our evolution again, both individually and collectively?

I returned to my Bible for the first time in years. As I read I began to understand and see things that I never had before. It was the metaphors that captured me, and the parables of Christ. He taught in metaphors and in pictures, rather than intellect and logic. I understood that his miracles and healings were with metaphor. For example, he healed a blind man by spitting onto the ground and rubbing the resultant emulsion onto the man's eyes. That was the kind of thing I had been experimenting with, using Metaphor Restructuring, such as achieving greater clarity of speech by turning a sword white. However, I had achieved only limited, and somewhat traumatic, results. This needed to improve.

Thus I began my second major quest in the research. The first had been to actually define what these backward messages had been. I had achieved that with what I consider to be great success, because this search had led to the discovery of Reverse Speech. That discovery had then led to even greater discoveries, which are the metaphors or the structures of the psyche. Now it was about to progress to the stage where these structures could be shifted and altered.

### **metaphor groups**

I mused for a while, in the midst of my self-imposed seclusion, and slowly a new vision began to surface. I wanted to make Metaphor Restructuring work and develop a process

that was reliable and effective. One that could actually do something or permanently shift the structures of the unconscious. I wanted to do this for myself and I wanted to do this for my clients and friends, some of whom had been in various forms of therapy for years with no significant results. Transcript analysis gave us the cause. However, knowledge of that cause was not always sufficient to create change. Some other method was necessary.

My rereading of the Bible only solidified the significance of metaphors in my mind. I became thirsty for knowledge and immersed myself in Carl Jung even more. I also developed an interest for alternate religious writings, such as the Dead Sea Scrolls and other accounts of Christ and the Apostles that had not been included in the original Bible.

My private studies gave me renewed insight and with that insight I returned once again to what I was familiar with — the many years of Reverse Speech transcripts that I now had in my possession. As I read and reviewed, new patterns began to emerge. I started to see metaphors not as isolated words or structures but rather as unique parts of several larger overall groups. I then allocated each individual metaphor to one of each of these groups.

First, there were the Prime Metaphors, or central pillars of the psyche that stood alone. These included the *Whirlwind*, or the life force, and the *Wolf*, which was the motivator, hunter and protector for that life force. The *Soul* was described as a neutral place of record for the totality of life's experiences, although I would later understand it meaning much more than that, and the *Soul Wind* referred to the influence that those experiences had on the mind, body and emotions.

Then there was the *Goddess*, which represented the ability to have hope for the future, or to see long-term possibilities. *Satan* was also a common metaphor, representing great intensity and anger, which was often destructive. The metaphor *Lucifer* was equally as intense but it represented magnificence with great talent and wisdom, although *Lucifer* had a down side as a master manipulator and selfish desire. *Rome* was also a very powerful metaphor that represented male dominance and the ability to expand one's physical kingdom and personal boundaries. *Rome* complemented *Jerusalem*, which was the place of spiritual knowledge that assisted one's spiritual journey.

Then there was the *Garden of Eden*. This was described in Reverse Speech as the central place of metaphoric creation in the psyche. In the *Garden* resided *Adam* and *Eve*. They were the matured and stable male and female parts in each of us. One could also find the *Boy* and *Girl* in the *Garden*. These were the innocent childlike aspects of the psyche. The *Snake* and *Serpent* both resided in the *Garden*. *Snake* referred to self-deception and *Serpent* represented the ability to self-examine and heal. The *River Of Life* was depicted as the rivers of emotion that fed the *Garden*. This river began in the *Heart*, or a cave in the *Garden*. The *Sun* shone in the *Garden* to give it life and energy and the *Shepherd* tended the *Garden*, making sure it was always nourished and clean.

Characters and places from the legends of *Camelot* were also a common occurrence in Reverse Speech. *Arthur* was a wise warrior and leader and *Merlin* was the ability to perform magical changes. *Magician* was a general metaphor meaning to transform situations to one's advantage. *Rocelin* was a very



powerful metaphor referring to the mythological forest where Merlin had his powers stolen by the beautiful and seductive fairy, Ninianne. In Reverse Speech, *Rocelin* referred to a subtly seductive but dangerously vampirish and destructive part of the psyche. Other legends of the Camelot era, such as *Lancelot* rescuing the *Damsel* in distress, described in metaphor similar scenarios of life in today's modern world.

Many ancient gods and prophets, including their legends, had their permanent places in the psyche. These included *Zeus* for greatness and leadership, *Isis* for feminine sexual prowess and creativity. *Isis*, however, had claws. There was also *Samson*, which represented great male strength, but strength that was easily seduced and weakened. *Odin*, the king of the Norse Gods, frequently appeared in reverse as tenacity and the ability to succeed at one's goals, although this was at the expense of personal happiness. *Moses* represented the connection with God, or the ability to hear His voice and teachings. *Amos* was the ability to communicate these insights and teachings to the physical world, or the metaphor for social justice.

Another metaphor group that occurred frequently was that of the *Ocean* and the *Ship*. Reverse Speech frequently described life and the collective unconscious as an *Ocean*. We were the ships sailing on that *Ocean*. The *Surf* was the movement of life or the influence of the collective unconscious. The *Helm* determined our direction and the *Sails* on the *Mast* caught the *Wind* that propelled the *Ship* forward. Sometimes the *Ship* could be tossed about in the *Weather*. There were also dangerous *Reefs* in the *Ocean* that could sink the *Ship*. These were the obstacles of life, or self-sabotage pat-

terns. The *Boson* kept the *Ship* clean and functional. Occasionally there might be *Sharks* or *Seahorses* or *Dolphins* that would swim alongside the *Ship*. These represented the distractions or influences of life that could either destroy or teach us.

There were also metaphors for interaction with others. Some of these metaphors described this process as warfare with the world. For example, *Sword* for communication, *Armor* for personal space and protection, and *Boots* to move forward with integrity. Sometimes emotions were *Shot* out intensely with a *Gun*. Anger might explode like a *Warhead* or one could move towards one's goal with an *Arrow*. Other metaphors for interaction included *Divorce* to sever and cut off, *Rape* to forcibly intrude, and *Sex* to engage and connect.

Another theme beginning to unfold was a little more apocalyptic in nature. This referred to the 'Mark of the Beast', as described in biblical prophecy. *Mark* referred to a scar on the psyche, or dysfunctional metaphor. *Beast* referred to intense scattered and uncontrolled psychic energies, or emotions that were created by this dysfunction. If the metaphor was severely damaged or very strong it could actually be locked into genetic codes. This would cause the physical body to be broken and deformed.

On the same theme there was the metaphor *Silver*. This referred to the thirty pieces of silver that Judas Iscariot received when he betrayed Christ. In Reverse Speech it repeated the same pattern, causing one to follow the illusion of silver or grandeur and betray the call of one's unconscious. This metaphor carried with it the conflict of great spiritual wisdom combined with the continual grief of immense pain

and loneliness, because one frequently betrayed or ignored this wisdom.

### **sexual reversals**

Sex was a major theme in reversals. In fact, Reverse Speech frequently talked about the need and desire for Sex as being a prime reason behind behaviour. The unconscious mind needed Sex like a car needed fuel. Sex was the energy of life and this Sex could be anything from stimulation and joy, to depression and anger. Providing it was a strong force that consumed one's thinking, the unconscious mind accepted it as fuel.

Some reversals hinted that the ultimate Sex the psyche could experience was Sex with God, yet this Sex was elusive at best so the unconscious usually sought its Sex elsewhere. The part of the mind that could connect sexually with God was referred to as the *Wife*. This part, however, was often married to something or someone else. Reverse Speech additionally described God as *Male* and the human race was described as *Female*, or *Womankind* instead of *Mankind*.

Many of the functions and structures of the psyche were concerned solely with the task of gathering sexual energy and then keeping that sexual energy safe. There was an entire group of metaphors that described this process. These included *Sniff* to explore sexual possibilities, or *Kiss* meaning to actually connect, and *Sex* itself meaning the connection was now consummated. *Source* and *Force* were common metaphor pairs meaning the sexual force and the source of that force. The quality of engagement with others was described in ex-

plicit terms such as *Fuck*, *Screw* or *Make Love*. One could destroy or *Fart* on a relationship, or one could enhance it with *Perfume*.

### neurons in the mind

These are just a few of the hundreds of metaphors that I began to categorise as I constantly updated my ever expanding Reverse Speech dictionary. I theorised that each metaphor described a specific function of the psyche. I sometimes used to say that each metaphor represented a specific allocation of neurons in the brain. Whatever the explanation, my experience with session transcripts had given me a general understanding of how these interconnecting metaphors affected behaviour.

For example, **Satan on the Helm of the Ship** might mean that the person was guiding life with intensity and anger. If, however, *Isis* was on the *Helm* then the person may be guided by passion and creativity, sometimes obsession. Or **Samson making love with Rome** may mean that a person was strongly connected to their dominant expanding self and was marching forward in life. They may, however, be easily seduced on their path and their strength destroyed. If Samson was given some assistance on his quest by maybe a strong feminine metaphor such as the *Goddess*, that would enable the person to have hope to continue on once they had fallen. They may even have the ability to avoid the fall altogether if the *Goddess* was given a large *Wolf* as a companion.

The above are just simple examples of metaphor combinations. There were literally millions of combinations, like an

ever expanding epic movie plot. Each of these combinations seemed to subtly affect a person's behaviour, depending on how each image was wired in, or appeared in each individual's script.

In addition to the above Universal Metaphors that appeared across the board on everyone, there were also Personal Metaphors that were unique to the individual. Some of these personal metaphors came from places or people in a person's environment, past or present. For example, the metaphor *Chicago* was a word one person had adopted for emotional pain. *Chicago* was the city where he had experienced significant pain and it had become an unconscious anchor. Another person used *Robert* as a metaphor for learning after a school teacher who had been a role model for him.

Other personal metaphors seemed to be a new and unique combination of other metaphors. For example, *Fault Demon* describes a highly critical nature, or *Daddy's Throne* describing a strong paternal influence, and the *Broken Arrow* representing a consistent pattern of falling away from a person's goals in life.

To summarise, Reverse Speech described the performance and dance of behaviour as being a reflection of the unique orchestra within. This orchestra was comprised of core structural metaphors that represented the collective experiences of history. These metaphors combined with the unique combination of personal metaphors that were acquired as one lived life. The metaphors affected the *Whirlwind* in the mind that subsequently affected the *Whirlwind* of the physical world. That is because the behavioural webs of the unconscious influenced our movement in the world outside. These

webs and interconnections were extremely complex and involved and varied considerably with each person. This meant that each person's session transcript was as individual as fingerprints, because no metaphoric structures were identical.

I believed that these structures, or pictures, could be shifted, and behaviour subsequently altered, but I was unsure where to start. Which pictures did I move, and how did I move them, to obtain the resultant behavioural changes?

# 8

## **introducing the pre-trance tape**

I SLOWLY RETURNED to work a few months later, feeling refreshed and renewed. I had mused over Metaphor Restructuring in the previous few months. I realised that my early experiments with metaphor restructuring had basically been simple image shifting. I essentially guessed what to do and I had varied results. Sometimes they worked, sometimes they didn't, and other times they created major physical reactions.

For example, one of my new analysts, an NLP practitioner named Becky Thompson, had a male client with a personal metaphor of *Black Skull*. This metaphor occurred backwards every time he talked about his cigarette smoking habit. Becky

and I assumed that this metaphor was unique to his own habit and would not necessarily apply to another person's habit. In an attempt to shift, or restructure, her client's addiction, Becky asked him to create an image in his mind of a black skull against a white background. She then suggested that the man increase the size of the skull until it filled his entire field of vision. Once having stabilized that image, she suggested that he rapidly shrink the picture until it disappeared.

A week later the man woke with intense coughing fits, spitting up huge clumps of black goo. This continued on and off for a few days. The experience was so traumatic that it caused him to cease cigarette smoking. Becky's client was forced to gradually cut down over a period of several weeks, and four years later he still remains a non-smoker.

As dramatic as this case was, it was also somewhat traumatic, and not all attempts had such success. There had to be an easier way than just rationally trying to decide which pictures to shift and alter. The answer came to me in the early hours of the morning, as many of my answers usually did. I decided to ask the unconscious mind itself what to do. I certainly didn't have the answers, but maybe it did. It was a simple solution and one that had been with me all the time. I need to remind myself of it occasionally. Use the technology itself to provide the answers. Reverse Speech taps into the largest information source known to man: the collective unconscious.

To access this wealth of knowledge I introduced what I called the Pre-Trance tape. Following the initial session and subsequent analysis I would conduct another interview where I asked the client to tell me how to best change the



unconscious structures. I hoped that speech reversals would give me additional information that might tell me what to do. During this pre-trance questioning I would use the techniques of Reversal Feedback that I had previously developed.

The pre-trance tape was a success from the very first attempt. True to the principle of speech complementarity, if you encourage a discussion in forward speech, a discussion in Reverse Speech on the same topic will follow. The reverse discussion, however, will significantly add and expand upon the forward discussion. This is because the reverse discussion comes from the other ninety-five percent of the mind that is not conscious. This part contains far more knowledge than the five percent of the mind that is conscious. Therefore, a discussion about how to fix the problem will access far more unconscious information in reverse about how to fix the problem. This information will appear in metaphor because it is metaphor that determines the structures of the psyche, hence human behaviour and expression.

### rewriting the script

Here is an example of what I did. The following are actual sections from a session I conducted with a teenager. The dialogue and reversals are real. This man had been running the streets and getting into drugs. When his mother brought him to me, two days after a traumatic LSD trip, he was extremely despondent and saw no hope in life.

'I have all these nasty thoughts in my head all the time. They repeat over and over.' **I never want them / Sin Heart. Was nasty wine.**

'Mum was divorced when I was probably eleven. I think

all the thoughts started about then.' **Who held us down inside / Wolf's been lovely. He's now in my sore.**

'I wrote some songs but they were real negative and I haven't been able to face them.' **The Garden is sore. Weeds. Lost my Sun.**

'Mum's been real upset cos I didn't get any better after she took me to the doctor and I used to just hang out.' **I made this with Rocelin's whirl.**

'Pot just makes it all go away.' **The wolf is snagged.**

'I feel like I need to be talking and being honest and getting better but I just don't know what's right anymore.' **Been within, hiding / I'm a lonely girl.**

'There's other things I should have done this week to get better.' **How we fucked up / Shall I give the Rocelin.**

'I feel like I just want to get some sleep.' **It's the Lord yawning.**

'Are you getting much on that tape recorder?' **I'm lost. I'm a demon.**

As always, the speech reversals give a fairly accurate picture of what is going on at the unconscious level. This youth had mental torment that he did not want (**I never want them**). He had feelings of low self-worth (**Sin heart**) that were actually foreign to him (**Wolf's been lovely**). These were so great they consumed him (**The Garden is sore / I made this with Rocelin's whirl**).

The youth was also running a *Rocelin* metaphor, which is an extremely powerful metaphor of self-destruction and draining emotions. It also manifests in the form of circular thoughts and arguments that gets one tied in knots. It can be very draining. This pattern resulted in him being shut down (**The wolf is snagged / Been within, hiding**). The reversal

(**I'm a girl**) indicates a soft, gentle nature that was hiding within. However, his low self-esteem was too great to overcome (**How we fucked up / Shall I give the Rocelin**). He basically took no control over himself (**It's the Lord yawning**) and often simply let it happen (**I'm lost. I'm a demon**).

To paraphrase this unconscious movie plot even more:

The lovely *Wolf* is trapped in a sore *Garden* with no *Sunlight*. The *Lord* is napping and the *Girl* is hiding. A *Rocelin* whirl has arrived. The *Heart* is sick, the *Wine* is bad and a *Demon* is running loose.

Now that I had the plot, the next step was the pre-trance tape. I would try to create a positive atmosphere and basically ask my client how we could fix this pattern. I would also use reversals found in the previous session in a feedback style. Here is an example of the pre-trance questioning:

*David*: 'What's the first thing you would do if you got better?'

*Youth*: 'I'm trying to think what I would do if my brain was fully back and functional again.' **Where's my surf / I am certain God will help us.**

*David*: 'What do you think you need to be doing?'

*Youth*: 'I'm unclear on what it is I need to be doing to get better.' **Love make a noise deep within.**

*David*: 'You have a reversal here that says "The wolf's been lovely". What does that mean? Can you remember a time in the past when you were happy?'

*Youth*: 'I can't remember many happy times.' **Find the Garden. Eagle.**

*David*: 'This reversal says "I'm a lovely girl". What does that mean?'

*Youth:* 'I think I was always a happy child.' **Heal you, my mother.**

*Youth:* 'I'm good friends with my dad. I saw him last week.' **Make Rocelin sit. Wolf again.**

*David:* 'I want to ask you again. What could you do to get better?'

*Youth:* 'I've done apartment maintenance, maybe I could get into that again. My younger brother is doing pretty good.' **Send in a rock / Wish I knew my young heart.**

*Youth:* 'I'd like to be doing something productive to help mankind.' **Live with wine. Lift my wolf.**

*David:* 'You told me earlier that your brain is not switched in. Do you have any idea how it could be clicked back into gear again?'

*Youth:* 'I don't really know. I can't see any light.' **I need a heart but I see the devil.**

*Youth:* 'I just want things to work out, you know.' **Wanting my girl to sniff the wine.**

*David:* 'What will you do when you get well?'

*Youth:* 'Whatever I want to, maybe go back to school or work.' **I need a loving ocean.**

The pre-trance tape proved to be the missing piece of the puzzle because it told me exactly what to do in most cases. From the above reversals I could now map out a series of trances and often it did not matter whether I specifically knew what the metaphors meant. I was using the language of the unconscious to change the unconscious and the reversals were my guide.

I knew from the first tape that there was a problem in the *Garden* (**The Garden is sore**) and that the *Wolf* was probably

also in the *Garden* (**He's now in my sore**). The Pre-Trance had told me to find the *Garden*, probably with the *Eagle* (**Find the Garden. Eagle**). So the first thing I did was ask the youth to imagine himself in a vacant place. I used the scene of a desert because this was the metaphor for the frontier of unconsciousness.

I then asked him to see an *Eagle* and have the *Eagle* lead him to the *Garden*. Once in the *Garden* I asked him to find the *Girl* (**Wanting my girl**) and fix the sore *Garden*. I suggested he do this by weeding the *Garden*, this being one clue I had on how to fix the *Garden* (**Weeds**). The other clue was the *Sun* (**Lost my sun**) so I had the youth find the sun in sky above and make sure it was shining on the *Garden*.

I then asked him to find the *Wolf*. I knew the *Wolf* was snagged from reversals in the first tape and I waited to see if the youth would see the *Wolf* this way before I suggested it. Frequently I would find that my clients would see the images exactly as they had been presented in the pre-trance tape. I then asked the youth to free the *Wolf*. He could not at first so I suggested that he lift the wolf up (**Lift my wolf**). Just as the pre-trance reversals had predicted, he was able to free the wolf in this manner.

Having achieved this, the next step was to deal with *Rocelin*. Using reversal feedback, I asked him to see the *Rocelin* whirl. He pictured a whirlwind roaming through the *Garden* with the image of an old haggard witch inside. The witch was a common *Rocelin* trance image. The pre-trance said to make *Rocelin* sit, possibly with the *Wolf* (**Make Rocelin sit. Wolf again**). So that's what I asked the youth to do. *Rocelin* metaphors tend to be a bit difficult, so a minor

battle ensued with the *Wolf* and *Rocelin* fighting, but eventually success followed. I then asked the youth to find the *Lord* who had been yawning.

Thus we had the *Girl*, the *Wolf*, the *Eagle* and the *Lord*, all in a nice cleaned up *Garden* with the *Sun* shining. All that was now needed was to get the youth to find his heart. In the first tape he had called it a **Sin heart**. The second tape gave us more detail: **I need a heart but I see the devil**. It also said, **Send in a rock / Wish I knew my young heart**. Another clue in the pre-trance was the reversal, **Heal you, my mother**. This was when he was talking about a happy childhood.

So, putting all of these clues together, I suggested that the youth picture his mother in the *Garden*. I then suggested that he take *Mother* to the *Heart*. From past experience I knew that the heart lay in a cave at the beginning of the *River of Life*. As he approached the cave a demon appeared. The *Wolf* attacked and killed the demon. Once inside the cave I asked the mother to **make a noise deep within**. She did this by singing the sounds of her love into the cave. Then I asked the youth to **send in a rock** because the pre-trance had told me to do so. He went out to the *Garden*, picked up a rock and took it back into the cave.

At the end of the trance I took the youth on a walk to find the *Ocean* (**Where's my surf / I need a loving Ocean**). When he arrived in his mind I encouraged him to have a religious experience. This was to fulfil the reversal, **I am certain God will help us**. He came out of trance.

Essentially I rewrote the plot of the unconscious drama that had previously run within. The final plot for the youth went like this:

Man in the desert follows *Eagle* to the *Garden*. In the *Garden* he finds the *Girl*. Together they begin to clean the *Garden* and the *Sun* shines. He then finds the *Wolf* and lifts him from the trap, whereupon the *Wolf* and he tackle the *Rocelin* witch, making her sit down. The man then wakes up the *Lord* and meets his mother. They then banish the demon near the heart, send in a rock and make a love noise within. They go to the *Ocean*, God blesses them and they all live happily ever after.

These series of trances worked very well for the youth. Within a month he was involved in a church youth group and I saw a fulfillment of the reversal, **I am certain God will help us**. He had also obtained a job as a waiter. Other cases began to have similar and very subtle results, and I was encouraged.

My process now had definite form and an evolving track record. Given the amount of time it takes for trance inductions and the slow nature of trances, this process would usually be done in three separate trances over a matter of three or four weeks. Each trance would be approximately thirty minutes in length and on the surface the images would appear to have nothing to do with the original problem.

I might have someone come to see me with a weight problem, and under trance I would take them to ancient *Jerusalem* and get them to open wine barrels and light candles in the *Holy* temple. I was working on the premise that you cannot change the unconscious mind by using the language or reasoning of the conscious mind. They both reside in different worlds and different realities. To change the unconscious you must use the language of the unconscious. This can be

seen in the metaphors of Reverse Speech.

Thus I had developed an entirely new process that used only Reverse Speech and its rapidly developing associated technologies to analyse and alter behaviour. This process currently consisted of six steps that soon increased as the process became even further refined:

First came the initial interview, which was recorded and the tape subsequently analysed. I found that thirty minutes was the ideal amount of tape time necessary to obtain sufficient metaphors to work with.

I then analysed the tape and prepared a session transcript. The reversal analysis of this tape, which I did privately, took me anywhere between three and five hours.

Following this, I met with my client for a second time to discuss the transcript in a two-hour meeting.

In a further meeting a week later I would record the pre-trance tape where I would ask my client how to fix the problem.

From these reversals I would spend two or three hours mapping out three consecutive trances and I would hold those trances a week apart.

At the beginning of 1993 I was well on the way with this new and expanded process. I continued to monitor its success rate.



# 9

## waco

1993 WAS THE BEGINNING of a new sense of direction and purpose. The pre-trance tape had thrust me into an entirely different world and my trances with clients were becoming grand and exciting. Many of my clients found it difficult to wait until the next session and they commented on how clear and sharp the images were. I later understood this was because these were the actual metaphors that their own unconscious used. Naturally they were very easy to see, because they lived within. Reverse Speech gave us direct access and bypassed all the guess work.

We went on magnificent journeys together. We might go

to the city of Rome where we would get our troops and battle gear and ride dragons. Or we may venture into Camelot and become a knight at the round table. We might even rescue the damsel in distress trapped in the tower. Sometimes we would become mighty sailors on the ocean, seeking our quest as we followed the sun.

Jason might arise with his Argonauts following the eye of the Cyclops in the Whirlwind.

Occasionally I would take people to the Ark of the Covenant, which resided in the middle of a column of light surrounded by a brilliant large fire burning in the mists and fogs of heaven. I had hundreds of characters for my cast and the adventures were endless as I began to explore the pictorial kingdom of the unconscious mind, all the time being very alert and attentive. This was an experience in learning that no university course could ever teach me. I was living in the unconscious and all that meant.

I seemed to have found my direction. This is where Reverse Speech needed to go, into the healing arts and health professions and the exploration of the human psyche. This is where it could really begin to help people. If I had any doubts left about this direction they were well and truly crushed as 1993 progressed.

Just down the road from Dallas in Waco, Texas, the FBI and ATF raided the Branch Davidian cult compound known as Mount Carmel. They held its leader, David Koresh, and his one hundred followers at siege for several weeks. I taped Koresh from TV broadcasts and wrote a rather lengthy report based on the speech reversals I found. I sent the report to the FBI through two different sources. One was with some contacts in Dallas I had developed over the years and the

other was through contacts I still had in Washington DC.

My report gave a profile of David Koresh and detailed three approaches the FBI could use to draw him out. One was simply to have his mother or grandmother enter the compound and ask him to leave. The reversals told me he would listen to them. The other way was to have everyone go away. Speech reversals indicated that the more the negotiators talked to him, the more he would dig his heels in, and the more messianic he would become. The two prime solutions, according to Reverse Speech, was to either have his mother go in or have everyone else go away. Both would have worked and he would have come out peacefully.

The other solution, which I detailed, was to use the techniques of Reversal Feedback and play his own reversals back to him through loudspeakers. I believed this to be a very powerful technique for accessing deeper unconscious processes. Once I know someone's reversals it is very easy for me to slip them into a sentence unnoticed as an Imbedded Command and achieve a certain amount of influence over that person's decisions and actions. I theorised that this also had a good chance of working successfully with David Koresh.

I subsequently had a couple of phone conversations with FBI agents on the case and obtained some local media in Dallas about my involvement. I was a little shocked when I saw on TV that they had actually brought loudspeakers out and were pumping sound into the compound.

Then, as we all know, nothing worked. The siege came and went and the compound burned to the ground, and everyone – men, women and children – died. Like many people, I was furious watching it on television, especially seeing them send his mother and grandmother away and then just

digging their heels in and doing everything wrong. The outcome was inevitable according to the speech reversals and I was horrified, but not all that surprised, when the ultimate tragedy occurred. It had been predicted backwards. Something was going to break and either Koresh was going to kill everyone, or the cops would.

My real surprise came the following day, as I tried to put it behind me, when I got a phone call from the FBI in Washington DC. Apparently my little report, which I assumed had just gathered dust on some agent's desk, had made more of an impact than I had realised. In fact, the man I was speaking to was quite concerned that it would come to light that they had this report in their hands and had taken no action on it. It was all too accurate, he said.

Then he said something that surprised me. According to him, certain people were still a little shaken by Simone and Desert Storm and did not want to be asked any questions about Reverse Speech on the floor of Congress. I was amazed because I did not know that I had been taken that seriously. He further told me that it was in my best interests to remain quiet for a few months and not tell anyone about my involvement. He essentially said that once all this had died down they would take another serious look at Reverse Speech and do something with it. If, however, I decided to go to the press they would have no choice but to discredit me and I would be, quote, unquote, 'crushed'.

The sting of those last words ring in my ear today as I write this book, and even now every time I see a police officer I still hear them echoing in my mind. I think I always will. I will be crushed, he had said. What on earth did he mean by that?

My innocence was substantially damaged by this stage, and I was no longer just an outback Aussie. These were supposed to be America's illustrious law enforcement agencies, but in my mind they sounded more like out of control schoolyard bullies. I wondered who the real enemy was.

Of course they never did contact me again, at least not to my knowledge, and I finally learned not to trust the dangerous forked tongue of American law enforcement. They had not spoken a truthful word to me yet. The words of Christ echoed in my mind: *Don't cast your pearls before swine*. That attitude and a high level of anger stills exists today, although, foolishly, I still have hope. Perhaps it was just the isolated bad seed that had spoken to me. Time will tell.

### **she-wolf awakens**

June 1993 saw me getting active again. Waco had convinced me to finally let go of any thoughts I still had left about academic acceptance or official recognition for my technology. The thoughts created frustration, which had been the prime reason for my shutdown in the first place. It had been rejection, not overwork. In fact, officialdom and acceptance became a place that I definitely did not want to go. I figured my technology was not going to be recognised in my lifetime. History told that tale. So I internally prepared to buckle under for the next fifty or sixty years or so, however long I had left (unless of course I could find the metaphor for aging), and just do what I wanted to do with it. I did, however, have some very strong moral boundaries for its growth, and that was determined by my faith in God and a growing sense of mission.

This left me with a dilemma. I did not want any more exposure. It only caused me trouble. I did, however, want new clients and maybe another training class in 1994. I also wanted to experiment with this new and expanded process of mine with people I did not know. It was working a lot smoother with my existing circle of friends since the pre-trance tape and I felt confident spreading my wings a little bit. My dilemma was, how do I get new blood?

That question gave me my answer. It was in the blood. That is what a Wolf would do. It would go after young fresh blood to feed its pack. I was becoming a Wolf anyway with all my trance excursions into the desert. I remembered the image of she-wolf that I had sealed up in a cave over two years ago after a mighty battle. Somehow that image had helped me gain and heal my girls back then. Maybe it could help me again now.

I placed myself in trance, went to the she-wolf cave in the mountains of my mind, rolled back the rock that sealed the entrance, and she came flying out like a crazed gargoyle just released from prison.

There was a rush of energy down my arms and my hands shook vigorously. I composed myself and tried to stabilise the image. She eventually came into focus and I saw her running amok in a primordial forest, destroying young fresh rabbits. She was really pissed. Suddenly, like a separate entity from me altogether, she independently became aware I was watching, and turned, glaring at me with deathly penetrating, glowing red eyes.

Energy rushed up my spine, the base of my neck became very hot and I almost pulled myself out of trance in shock. But I didn't. Instead, I cautiously approached her in the for-

est of my mind and we touched each other. She was remarkably submissive, tears filled my eyes, and we began to play together in the fields and valleys that we dreamed.

It was a reuniting and a healing. Wolf and Man became one as the structures of my unconscious mind began to shift and alter according to the images that I was creating. I put her back in the cave after we had caught several rabbits together and she let me seal it up after I promised to return very soon. She didn't seem to mind too much this time. She was full and content again.

A few days later my phone began to ring and my work calendar was soon booked solid for the next three months. Some of my existing clients had been having some incredible shifts and were telling their friends to come and see me. As my Wolf had caught rabbits in the wild, so too did both money and clients begin to once again flow back into my life.

### **energy shifts**

That summer my parents came and visited from Australia and our reunited family played and danced together as we all travelled to Disney World in Florida. It was satisfying for me to have my mother and father witness my growing client load come in and out of the house. They saw the success of my work and inspired the first lecture I conducted in almost a year. I invited all the Reverse Speech crew together for an official presentation of Metaphor Restructuring in an enjoyable two-day conference, where several clients testified to the effectiveness of what I was now doing.

These included a woman with a twenty-year history of dysfunctional relationships who was finally experiencing a

period of calm in her life, and the inventor of a laser medical device who was now finding the motivation and ability to sell his product after three years of frustration and self-sabotage. This machine was responsible for commencing the healing of my left knee, which had suddenly and for no apparent reason become extremely painful almost overnight. This often left me unable to walk without a knee brace or cane.

Other successes included a crack cocaine addict who was successfully able to kick his four-year habit after three months of session work, and a desperately shy thirty-five-year-old man who had his first date ever after only two trances.

The process was now beginning to work much more smoothly. This was partially because I had a developing procedure to work with, and also because the reversals on the pre-trance tape had provided me with a map as a guide for our journeys in the kingdom of the unconscious. My trances were deeper and many times I imagined myself joining my clients in their trances. As a result of this I sometimes actually thought I could feel myself working with the metaphors as if they were intricate parts of an energy field. I became the director and as we shifted the metaphors in the movie of the trance, so too would the energy in the field of the whirlwind also shift.

I began to familiarise my clients with that feeling and as I suggested it so did it begin to occur. In many people there would be an immediate initial surge of exuberance following the first trance. This would be followed by a settling down after a few days and then the changes would gradually and subtly begin to unfold two or three weeks later. The changes would increase in time as each trance image was laid upon or added to the other. This created a general settling and easing



of harsh attitudes, followed by a strengthening of self-confidence. Then life situations would begin to coincidentally work out according to the person's conscious desires and outcomes. These changes continued to grow and expand as the weeks and months progressed. Many people commented that they felt far more grounded and stable following session work and more able to be who they really were.

One woman, for example, finally overcame a twenty-year battle with weight. Her victory began a few weeks after the last trance as she began to experience strange physical sensations, such as unexplained hot flashes. This was followed by the inexplicable loss of just over a kilogram, which further encouraged her to resume some weight reduction programs. Within a few weeks she had lost nearly 5 kg, and six months later a further 5 kg, making a total of 10 kg. She credits this success and her ongoing progress solely to Reverse Speech session work. Another client with a severe weight problem appeared to show no significant shifting from the trances until several months later when she, also, inexplicably began to lose weight in the same fashion.

Other psychological shifts seemed to follow similar change patterns to those described above. There were some initial physical or psychological reactions followed by a settling down and then the changes subtly began to occur. There were, however, some unpleasant after-effects in a small number of people

### **reversal reaction**

I began to notice the occurrence of a phenomenon I entitled Reversal Reaction. In this early stage of research I saw it in

approximately a third of all clients I worked with. In its simplest form it would manifest itself as a lack of understanding of the reversals or non-response to trances. Sometimes it would progress to various forms of anger and temper that were directed towards me.

One client viciously ripped up his session transcript, stormed out of my office calling me a 'snake oil salesman', and threatened to sue after one particular reversal (**I'm a sheriff who is half an idiot. Fucked I am.**) had struck a nerve. He then proceeded to live out the metaphor before my very eyes as his face turned red while he donned his shiny cowboy hat and screeched off in his pickup truck with his shotgun strapped high and visible in the back window. This was Texas, y'all!

In a small number of extreme cases, some clients would for no obvious reason become extremely antagonistic and violently sever all further connections, sometimes not only with me but also with anyone associated with Reverse Speech. One client changed all his phone numbers and another left town, reversing all the charges on her Visa card for session work after some seemingly nonrelated events surrounding session work had upset her.

Over the years I have received viscous letters as former friends suddenly became bitter enemies almost overnight after I started session work with them. This caused me great pain and loneliness. Sometimes it would hit so hard and fast that I would be left reeling in shock, wondering what on earth had just happened. It was almost like a snake suddenly and viciously striking with venom after being exposed. A couple of people have actually threatened to kill me a few weeks after seeing their speech reversals.

In searching for the cause of reversal reaction I noticed several things. The first common factor was a high level of incongruent speech reversals in those cases where it had occurred. In other words, what they were saying forwards is not what they were saying in reverse. Additionally, those clients would usually be puzzled by these incongruent reversals. Sometimes they would even be indignant and experience intense emotional charge as I read the reversals to them. Some people would seem to disassociate momentarily.

I theorised that the reason for the reaction was the fact that the psyche had essentially been placed on alert because a threat now existed. Reverse Speech had become the threat as it brought to conscious awareness what had previously been unconscious. Some people simply were not ready for this. I was reminded of the words of Carl Jung:

*Whoever looks into the face of the water will first of all see his own face. Whoever goes to himself risks a confrontation with himself. The mirror does not flatter, it faithfully shows whatever looks into it; namely the face we never show to the world because we cover it with the Persona, the mask of the actor. But the mirror shows the true face. This confrontation is the first test of courage on the inner way, a test sufficient to frighten off most people.*

Reverse Speech is a confronting technology. It can be hard to look within and see what is down inside. I realised that this process was not for everyone. I knew that the level of stability of a person was directly related to how congruent their forward speech was with their Reverse Speech, or how congruent they were with their unconscious self. This included their ability to self-analyse, to be intuitively accurate and in control of their world. Many people do not want to see that their intuitive perceptions and conscious thoughts may

not be as accurate as they would like to think, even though they might say that they want to see it. It is one thing to say that you want to see who you are. It is another thing altogether to actually see it.

### **unconscious consent**

Eventually the real breakthrough with reversal reaction came with the observation of a phenomenon I entitled Unconscious Consent. Even though someone quite genuinely wanted to change, they may have speech reversals that said they do not want to change. In fact, some reversals warned me to leave them alone. One lady even threatened backwards that if I attempted to fix her pattern of obsessive compulsive disorder she would create something significantly worse. I obviously did not proceed with trance work at that stage and she still went into a minor form of reaction just from seeing the reversals. It did not last long.

I began to learn that in the same way as the muscles of the physical body would hang onto old familiar structures very rigidly, such as my knee, so too would the metaphoric structures of the unconscious mind, or the psychic body, also hang onto old familiar structures. Sometimes the unconscious would create elaborate behavioural sabotage patterns in order to avoid having to shift these structures. Occasionally I would see these behavioural strategies being formed in the speech reversals of the pre-trance tape. I would later watch the pattern unfold before my very eyes, exactly as it had been predicted, and I would be completely powerless in preventing it from happening. The forces of self-preservation were very strong. I realised that unless I had Unconscious

Consent for change, there was no point proceeding with trance work because it would only lead to emotional shut-down or reversal reaction.

I therefore began to experiment with various ways of creating unconscious consent. This included asking the unconscious itself how we could obtain this consent. Sometimes it would tell me with speech reversals and other times it would not. I found that reversal feedback could sometimes create consent and I began to develop specific trances that would also create this consent. My cases of reversal reaction began to reduce and I added more steps to the Metaphor Restructuring process in the form of unconscious consent trances and a Monitor Tape.

If the pre-trance tape told me that I did not have unconscious consent for change I would perform steps to create this consent. I would then record another tape. I used the monitor tape to assess the effectiveness of the process between trances. This was especially if I had some minor traces of no unconscious consent or the person was running a particularly difficult pattern with powerful metaphors. I would perform one or two trances and then do a monitor tape before I moved on.

This improved the success rate of my process even more and I had made another significant discovery in my research. If the unconscious mind did not consent with the change about to be performed, even if the conscious mind did consent, then no amount of change work would be effective. It might create even more trouble if a severe form of reversal reaction, or unconscious sabotage, resulted.

**post-trance tape**

Another piece to the Metaphor Restructuring process was added later as my clients began to finish the main procedure of tapes and trances. I began to record the Post-Trance tape in a subsequent follow-up session a week or two after the final trance. In this tape I asked my client what had actually happened as a result of the trances. The reversal and metaphor patterns found would reveal how well they had worked and what else needed to be done. Many times I would find that significant changes had occurred, although one more trance was usually necessary to round things off and solidify the current changes.

Occasionally I would be disappointed to find very little or no change had occurred, so it was back to the drawing board to see what had gone wrong. While this was frustrating it did mean that all the guess work had been taken out of the process. I now had a precise and accurate means to look inside the psyche, know exactly what was going on, and how effective my attempts at change had been.

The taping and reversal location process had become the equivalent of an x-ray machine for me. Just as the x-ray illuminated the internal workings of the physical body, enabling physicians to see inside and obtain an accurate diagnosis, so too did Reverse Speech illuminate the internal workings of the psychic body. In time it will revolutionise the entire practice of psychology, just as the x-ray machine revolutionised the practice of medicine.

The best thing of all was that it was a completely hands-off process. None of my own personal belief systems or opinions ever entered the procedure. It was my client's own back-

ward voice that determined the problem. I was simply the interpreter and messenger. Then it was my client's own voice that pronounced how to fix it. Once again, all I did was act as a conduit. This was tremendously liberating because it completely freed me up to do what I did best. That was, to find and interpret the reversals and perform some trances for change. Other than that, none of my own intellectual knowledge was in the least bit important. In fact, it could get in the way. This was a process that quite literally used the belief systems and patterns of the clients themselves to diagnose and direct the change.

This is one of the reasons why it works so well.

### **the completed process**

Towards the end of 1993 the foundation of my basic Metaphor Restructuring process was essentially complete and I had satisfactorily completed another research objective. That was, to design a process that was effective in shifting the structures of the psyche so that behaviour could be altered, hopefully permanently. This process now consisted of approximately ten steps in three main stages.

1. The first stage was diagnostic and preparatory, beginning with the first session, followed by a discussion of the reversals and the pre-trance tape.

2. The second stage was the trances. Sometimes this stage would contain extra steps in the form of a monitor tape if I had no unconscious consent for change or it was a particularly difficult shift.

3. Finally came stage three a few weeks later. This included the post-trance tape and maybe an extra trance or two.

The entire process took about three months to complete if sessions were held once a week. This meant that clients were in my office for anywhere between ten and fifteen hours during the entire procedure. I would spend at least the same amount of time outside of office hours doing tape analysis and preparing trances. Finally, here was a process that really worked and was fun doing besides!

I was pleased and began to enjoy my work like I had never enjoyed it before. I really felt like a pioneer at that stage because I was doing this totally on my own and the solitary adventures into totally new frontiers was very exciting. It is very easy to love one's career when one is seeing fantastic results and getting appreciated for doing it. This was quite a contrast to my experiences with law enforcement that used to threaten me. I decided I liked the therapeutic approach a lot better and my new direction was most definitely set.



# 10

## **the cold chill of death**

TOWARDS THE END of 1993 I began to experiment with she-wolf continuously. I imagined she would be howling on top of her hill for other wolves. As she howled, students began to register for my planned 1994 Analyst course. This was going to be the new and improved class with twelve full weekends and workshops. My house began to buzz with activity and I thought I had left all the other nasty business behind me. However, it was not meant to be. An ill wind began to blow in my life yet again, but this was not a hot desert storm, this was the cold chill of death.

It began at first with the sudden and unexplained death

of one of the healthy family dogs in violent bloody convulsions. This was followed a few days later by several bizarre notes addressed to my girls, slipped under the front door of the house. They were sick death threats and sexual innuendoes written by some of their friends down the street. The parents of the children later apologised but it was too late and the stage was set for what was soon to follow as the sting of a bitterly cold and rough winter descended upon Dallas.

A week later I went to the local post office to fetch my mail and was greeted by the following letter.

*mr oates. this is to notify you that you have been found guilty of destroying lives. your punishment will be a public execution at one of your speaking arrangements. you have destroyed my life and many others and now you must pay. it would be extremely unwise to contact the police in this matter. I have gone to great expense over the past 6 months to document your every move and am currently watching you now. if I see any law enforcement activity associated with you, your family will die first. I will contact you again. be prepared to meet my demands or suffer the consequences of a horrible death to you and your family. (sic)*

I moaned inside as my stomach fell to my boots.

‘This is just what I need,’ I thought.

I remember spacing momentarily and for some reason I was really pissed off that the letter was not signed. I concluded that must mean it wasn’t genuine so I dropped it into the trash and walked out to the car in a daze. Just before I drove off, however, I rethought my actions and went back to the trash to retrieve it. As I pulled out of the post office car park I was suddenly thrust back into awareness when I noticed a car pull out behind me. My adrenaline started pumping.

The events that followed were dramatic, to say the least,

and some of them, including the identities of people involved, must forever remain silent. Looking back now, I sometimes wonder whether it all really happened or if it was just a gigantic hoax. You be the judge as you read the following cursory and somewhat edited overview of events. But as you read, please remember that at the time I was living these incidents, during late '93 and early '94, I had every reason to believe they were genuine.

### Denny Sludge

Once I was in the car I decided that I had better take this threat seriously. Being somewhat uncertain about the car behind me, I placed a call to some people I had met recently at a public lecture. They were from a firm of private investigators and claimed to be extremely well connected in both law enforcement and the shadowy world of the underground. One man in particular, Denny Sludge, I had become good friends with earlier and he handled my case.

Denny told me to come straight to his office and not worry about the car behind me. The car subsequently turned off. I figured I had just been paranoid and I pulled up ten minutes later. Denny had been around for a long time and as he read the letter he became strangely concerned.

'I don't like this one, David,' he said. 'Do you want to use the police or other means to deal with the situation.'

I didn't like his tone. He caught my look.

'You don't have to decide now,' he answered my unspoken concern. 'Just give me a couple of hours. I'll get this letter analysed and we'll see what we've got.'

His analysis was not pretty. The letter had been sealed

with distilled water so no traces of DNA were present from saliva. It had also been handled with rubber gloves so no fingerprints were present. Minute traces of gunpowder were found sticking to the gum.

I had no idea who had sent the letter or where they were. I was in serious trouble. I had two choices: the police or Denny. I chose Denny. I knew and trusted him and I figured that my chances of surviving were significantly greater with him than with law enforcement. Besides that, my past experience with the police had not been nice and, quite frankly, I didn't trust them. All they had done previously was to not keep their promises, to tell me to 'shoot back', and that I might be 'crushed.'

I wanted to take my family and leave town but Denny said the safest thing to do was to stay and draw them out. So that night Denny and some of his friends staked out my house.

They were in luck because, as Denny later told me, at two in the morning a car pulled up in front of the letterbox. A young man began to open the box when he was suddenly rushed by four other men who appeared out of the shadows from the side of my house. The young man jumped back into his car and attempted to leave but his escape was halted by two cars that came from seemingly nowhere and blocked off the street. It was all over and done with in only a few seconds and he was thrown into the back of one of the cars. The vehicles sped away and all was silent again.

Denny contacted me early the following morning and told me that his friends had persuaded the young man, who they nicknamed 'the kid', to take them back to his hotel room. Here they found a variety of disturbing items. These included all my books and literature plus an extensive dossier

of my life and financial records.

There was also a book that contained photos of my house inside and out, all my clients coming and going over the last month, my kids' schoolgrounds, classrooms and teachers, plus extremely detailed plans on how to execute an assassination. This was to begin with a reign of terror, starting with the letter, followed by the letterbox bombing, then escalating to kidnapping one or both of the girls, holding them for ransom and eventually taking me out with a high-powered rifle as I dropped off the ransom on a deserted country road. Charming!

The best was yet to come. The kid had been paid US\$20,000 to perform this task by an unknown person in Los Angeles. He was just the hit man and all the materials had been supplied to him only two days prior to his arrival in Dallas. These included the letter, which was in a plastic bag, and the gunpowder for the letterbox bombing, hence the residues on the letter. Furthermore, if he were to fail, a backup team was all ready to come in and complete the job. The book detailed many other contingencies, including the possibility of my contacting the police. If this had occurred he was to have quit and another attempt would have been made by the backup team a few weeks later.

I figured I had made the right decision after all by going with Denny. The other route would have only delayed the inevitable.

After relaying the events to me thus far, Denny told me to hang loose and rest easy. He assured me that my house was being watched by his people. Everything was safe and secure for the time being and the best thing for me to do was to go about my business as normal. I had no other choice. But I

did cancel all my appointments for the day, figuring this was probably a justifiable excuse.

Denny arranged to have my girls watched as they caught the bus to and from school, and they remained consciously unaware of the drama unfolding around them. Even unconsciously they remained somewhat in the dark, as their speech reversals later revealed, due to some rather brilliant moves on my part with reversal control every time they were in my presence. I had become a master at it over the years.

Later that day I stared blankly out of my front window to the street outside, feeling somewhat numbed. The whole thing seemed very surreal and fantastical, and a large part of me did not believe it was happening. I wondered if the back-up team were out there right now. Maybe Denny's people weren't watching and I only had a few more seconds to live. Perhaps a bullet would come flying through the window at any moment, taking me out where I stood.

I felt the cold chill of death flash down my spine. It was cold, very cold, yet I was strangely and uncannily calm. I had thought that your life was supposed to flash before your eyes at times like these but I couldn't really feel anything, not even fear, just a mild spinning sensation. I was more interested in the totally new sensation down the back of my spine. It was weird, almost like a separate entity, eel-like, slithering up and down my spine in rolling veins of liquid ice.

### **riding the whirlwind**

I was so overwhelmed by the sensation that I collapsed onto my large couch and spontaneously entered a she-wolf trance.

It was a wild trance and the first time that the image of

she-wolf ever left the primordial forest setting. She was alert and calm as I entered the trance, intently watching a hyena behind a small rock formation. This hyena image kept on popping in and out of the entire trance and later trances as well. It has not appeared in any trances since these events and I never discovered what it meant.

From behind the hyena, the image of a large whirlwind formed. She-wolf stepped into the whirlwind, whereupon she rode the currents of the wind higher and higher into the sky. She flew over the desert sands beyond the valley and emerged from the wind above the roof of my house. Her pace quickened at that stage as she ran around my house, sniffing frantically. Suddenly she got a scent and vanished into the sky.

The trance images immediately changed to that of a large three-dimensional map of continental United States. She-wolf emerged onto the map and progressively began to run across the land mass to the coast in the west. She ran over a large snow-capped mountain range and arrived into what I assumed was Los Angeles.

Immediately she went ballistic, ripping houses to pieces and generally going into a fury. Finally she found one particular house in the southwest corner of the city. This was demolished in an instant as she crashed through the walls and viciously killed a pack of wolves living inside. Without stopping to check on her bloodied dead prey she flew back into the sky and emerged once again above the roof of my house. She sat down on the front lawn and grew to at least ten times her normal size so that her form now towered above the house, the street and the entire suburban block. I woke up out of the trance, stunned by the images that had flashed

before my eyes on their own accord. This trance occurred in the last week of November 1993.

### **dealing with the situation**

I heard from Denny a few hours later. He was in his office and I could hear the faint noises and beeps of electronic equipment in the background.

‘My boys are taking the kid to LA to find the dude who hired him,’ Denny said. ‘I’m in contact with them right now.’

‘To LA?’ I exclaimed. ‘Who’s paying for all this? How are they getting there?’

‘Don’t worry,’ Denny chuckled in his deep private investigator voice. ‘They’ve got their own Learjet, and besides, they know you. It’s a favour.’

‘Their own Learjet? They know me? Who are your friends, Denny?’

Denny ignored the comment and hung up the phone, saying he would be in contact again shortly. He really annoyed me sometimes. And people call me a man of mystery.

Time passed slowly and when I heard from Denny again he was conferencing with his friends, who were now on field assignment in LA. Two of them were using voice scramblers and I remembered some of the bizarre phone calls I had received earlier.

They quizzed me about my contacts in LA.

‘Who do you know in California? What have you done there?’

‘There’s not much,’ I replied. ‘Certainly nothing current. I’ve done a couple of private contract jobs for attorneys. I’ve



had a few phone calls and trained some students from California over the years, but that's all.'

They bounced some names off me and two of them rang a bell. One of them was a small-time private investigator and the other was a high-ranking official involved with a publicised case I had been working on for a private firm.

'Thank you, Mr Oates. We'll be in touch. You must not mention these names nor talk of your involvement in this case to anyone.' They severed the link. I obeyed their command (at least until I wrote this book!).

At three o'clock the following morning Denny came over to my house and proceeded to tell me the following fantastic story. He would not let me tape the conversation, even though I begged him, so I cannot vouch for the validity of the tale.

His friends had persuaded the kid to take them back to his house in LA, whereupon his wife had asked them in. The wife had then rung the one contact number the kid had for the man who had hired him. She told the voice on the other end that she had just received a FedEx package from her husband with US\$20,000 cash in it. What was she to do?

It was a clever ruse because fifteen minutes later this heavy dude arrived at the house with two fully-armed bodyguards. A fight then ensued. The two bodyguards were 'temporarily disassociated' and the third man was captured. He was supposedly a professional and 'voluntarily' told Denny's friends that he had been hired for a quarter of a million dollars to take me out. I was one of three people to be killed. I was never told the names of the other two. He had been planning the job for the last six months and I was to be the first to go because I was the easiest.

I didn't know whether to be flattered or horrified. I was certainly petrified because it wasn't over yet. There was still the small little detail of a backup team out there somewhere who had already been paid and had been ordered to stay low for a few weeks if anything went wrong. Something had most definitely gone wrong because as of that night the unknown backup team lost all further contact with their main man.

Unfortunately this seemed to be not just an isolated death plot but a well-planned attempt by some rather powerful private people who were extremely threatened by the prospect of a technology such as Reverse Speech getting loose on planet earth. I was glad I had accidentally met Denny a few months earlier, probably at around the same time all of this was being planned. Without him I believe I would have been dead already.

Over the next week Denny wired my house like a fortress. First there was the high-tech security system with motion detectors and floodlights and central tracking console. The phone was wired with the ability to detect any bugs and trace the source of any calls. Recording devices were placed all over my house with a microwave link to Denny's office so the whole house could be monitored remotely if necessary. He even installed a basic radar system so we could track and identify low flying aircraft within a fifteen mile radius. I thought he had gone overboard at that stage and my house began to don the appearance of spy central with strange looking antennae scattered over the roof. This only added to the amateur radio equipment already present.

I obtained firearms and for the first time in my life I became armed. After all, this was Texas, where you could kill a trespasser in your backyard and the police would just take a

field report. Denny took me out to the country where I learned how to shoot a variety of weapons and defend myself. It was training, he said, I was going to need all of this in the years ahead. It was extremely surrealistic at times. I was being introduced to a world that was completely foreign to my upbringing as a preacher's stuttering kid from the bush of Australia.

Tracking devices were placed on my vehicles and elaborate escape plans were made in case worse came to worse and I had to evacuate swiftly. In the meantime, however, my next training class was starting to fill and I entered 1994 under the paranoia of a death threat and elaborate security screens.

# 11

## **a new resolve**

I ENJOYED MY 1994 class. I lectured with a confidence and ease that I had not known before. I don't know whether it was the threat of guns hanging over my head or years of frustration and rejection or maybe a combination of them all. Whatever the reason, I had lost my innocence, and my demeanour changed that year. I became strong and forthright, with a measure of impatience, and I simply refused to take any more rubbish from anyone.

I developed an attitude, because quite frankly I was sick and tired of being pushed around and ignored. I loathed being patronised and I just wanted to be treated with respect

for a change. I was the founder of Reverse Speech. I had developed a technology that could change the planet. I had all the evidence and ten years of documented experience behind me to prove it. I wasn't some fly-by-nighter and I wanted to be taken seriously!

In the past my classes had often deteriorated into shouting matches as students argued over the validity of a particular reversal. Then there was reversal reaction. Imagine having twenty students all going into reversal reaction at the same time and you are the object of their wrath. This had happened to me twice so far in earlier classes, which is partially the reason why I held no training classes the previous year. I did not want it to happen again.

The emotions that Reverse Speech caused to surface were frequently intense and overwhelming. The current assassination saga unfolding in my life at that time was testimony to that fact. I had unwittingly been placed in the role of someone communicating truth and the truth I was communicating was not just surface truth but real base level truth, the kind of truth that can rip apart someone's entire world and belief systems with just a few short words. Reverse Speech was like a sword that pierced the soul itself.

'Don't give me any crap,' I said to my students on the first weekend. 'If I say the reversal isn't there, then it's not there, no matter how much you think it is. Until you graduate I am the only authority you can trust. You cannot trust your own judgments and perceptions for the first few months of class. Your unconscious is going to go berserk as it suddenly gets hit with its own voice for the first time ever. It will go into sabotage mode if you have major internal incongruities.

'You are hearing consciously what is normally uncon-

scious. It is backwards for that very reason, so that you can't hear it. We were not supposed to, originally. According to mythology, we lost that privilege in the Fall when we were banished from the Garden of Eden. Now suddenly history has gone full circle and that privilege is here again. Many of you will react badly to it as the voice of the 'snake' calls from within. Unless you stay on course and stick to all the guidelines I have laid out, it will come and bite you and it will bite very hard where it hurts the most.'

I was serious! Reverse Speech was like a nuclear bomb, accessing primal energies within that were almost uncontrollable. This technology would be learned the right way or not at all and people were going to give me the respect that I deserved. If it didn't happen that way, if I didn't stay the course and take control, then my past experience told me that it simply wasn't going to happen. People would leave, I would get upset and everything would shut down once again.

My new strategy of resolve worked well and this class was the best I had ever held. Students steadily improved and, combined with the experience of earlier classes, I was able to track an accurate learning curve.

I noticed that new students tended to imagine into the gibberish for the first few weeks, documenting only a few genuine speech reversals. They would project their own metaphors and structures into the backward tapes of another and many first homework assignments looked more like mirrors of their own unconscious mind rather than that of the person whose voice they were analysing. However, if they religiously followed the research guidelines that I had developed over the years, they would begin to document genuine first level speech reversals after about three months. By first level

reversals, I mean those reversals that were from the conscious area of the mind. These reversals usually had a mechanical sounding tone that were easier for new students to hear.

Metaphors, or second and third level speech reversals, were significantly more difficult to find. They had a unique melodious tone and it took new students at least three to six months before they could even hear them. After six months, students' session transcripts became richer and imagination virtually disappeared from their tape analysis. Within twelve months most students had reached an acceptable level of proficiency, both in reversal documentation and interpretation.

### **the saga continues**

Meanwhile, however, I believed someone out there was holding a contract on my life. Denny's initial freedom with information had been replaced by an unsettling silence since the events of LA. My requests for progress reports were frequently met with the same answer: 'You don't want to know.'

The most I could get him to say was that his friends preferred to remain anonymous, the source of the original threat had been dealt with and we were now waiting for the loose ends to surface.

The weeks passed slowly and paranoia continued to fill my world. I still lectured, probably because of everything rather than in spite of it. I guess it was my new attitude surfacing. This attitude had a nasty slap in the face though when I was lecturing to what I thought was a relatively safe church group. I was carrying a concealed weapon because it was the only time Denny wasn't with me, staking out the crowd.

Suddenly four scruffily dressed biker types walked into the back of the lecture hall. This was in complete contrast to the remainder of my well-dressed audience. The men grinned mischievously at me and the Taurus 9mm shoulder-holstered under my jacket seemed to become larger than life. Sweat beads broke out on my forehead and my hand kept on twitching, wanting to reach for the gun. This continued for a few minutes and our eyes met while I kept on lecturing. They were Wolf eyes. Eventually they stood up and walked out.

The following week someone made several attempts to tap into my phone line. Denny's equipment kept blocking them but we couldn't get a trace and the tension continued to rise.

Shortly after, Denny contacted me. His friends had found the backup team. Exactly how this feat occurred was not revealed to me. All I was told was that they were a group of independent, unsavoury coke dealers who did private contract jobs occasionally. They lived in West Dallas and Denny had personally bugged their house. From his surveillance he had determined that they intended to raid my home late in the evening and simply shoot me, making it look like a drug hit. Dallas had experienced similar incidents in the recent past and it would not have been questioned closely.

Denny wanted me out of the house that weekend, saying that he and some of his friends were going to wait for them to come. I went to a place in the country with my family and waited nervously. He called the next day and told me to come back. I came home to a demolished garage door and bullet holes in the walls of my lounge room. Denny had been wounded in the leg, a minor surface wound only, and one of my faithful dogs had an unusually strange demeanour about her. She was a small border collie named Ganger and she



would not leave Denny's side.

Denny told me that in the middle of the afternoon, not at night as he had expected, a large van had come crashing through the garage door. Caught unaware, Denny claimed he was alone at the time as two men jumped out of the van and rushed into the living room. Ganger had distracted one of them momentarily by barking furiously. Bullets went flying and Denny leapt through an open bedroom window, followed closely by Ganger who performed a brilliant flying leap right over his head. She had then apparently rushed straight back into the house and attempted to herd the men like stray sheep. This gave Denny enough time to catch them from behind with tranquiliser darts. He then called his friends who removed the immobilised men. They then caught up with the other two unaccounted for individuals and dealt with the situation in a manner that was not disclosed to me.

It was quite a story and all very Hollywoodish but the evidence of the battle that had ensued lay before me. Texas had left its mark on my house. My faithful border collie was the hero of the day and she was never the same after that fateful afternoon. The nightmares remained, though, because she would run out of the room every time she heard gunshots on the TV. She was very wary of men and there was a look deep down in her eyes that said it all. If only dogs could talk.

We repaired the garage door, hung a large wall hanging over the bullet holes, and the next day the police turned up at the front door. One of the neighbours had filed a complaint against me, citing suspicious activities. I shrugged my shoulders, casually showed them around the house, mentioning something about a wild party the day before, using rever-

sal control as I went, and they left. The saga was over for the time being.

### **big brother**

Things gradually settled back to normal again over the next few weeks. Denny's equipment was slowly dismantled and I saw him less and less. I was amazed how quickly the impact of those days vanished. I became quite nonchalant about it all after a while and proudly showed off the bullet holes to some of my clients when they came over for session work. They became my battle scars. I was the pioneer of a new frontier and now I had the bullet holes to prove it!

I think I was able to be so casual about it because a large part of me still did not believe it had happened. I hadn't actually witnessed the house raid and it could have been a set-up by Denny for all I knew. Although why he would do that I do not know because he had absolutely nothing to gain from it. I paid him no money except for his actual material costs during that time. Yet he constantly refused to let me tape him and my continual requests for more verification and evidence of these events was met with similar answers. 'You don't want to know.' 'Be careful what you ask for, David, you might just get it.'

He came over to my house one night with video tape in hand.

'Sit down and look at this,' he said. 'I want to show you how vulnerable you are.'

I watched in chilled amazement as several psychedelic views of my own house, taken with a thermal imager, proceeded to flash before my eyes. A thermal imager is a device

that detects heat patterns from a distance and can therefore literally see through walls. These views comprised of low flying aerial shots, long distance surveillance scenes as well as one shot which was obviously taken right outside my front door! I could clearly see myself, my daughters and dogs walking through the house in a variety of multi-coloured shimmering patterns. My wife was in the bedroom.

He then played me an audio tape that contained portions of client sessions plus other miscellaneous conversations that had taken place in my office over the last few weeks. The audio was scratchy and had obviously been heavily processed, which was not surprising because it had been recorded with a laser beam from a distance of several hundred yards, using my large office window as a microphone. The laser measured minute variations in the window pane, which were caused by the constant bombardment of soundwaves created by people talking inside.

'No one's safe,' Denny said. 'My friends recorded all of this while they were watching your house these last few weeks. There is no such thing as privacy anymore. The government can read your numberplate from satellites in orbit.'

It was a sobering realisation, and part of a world I had had no contact with except for the last few months.

Denny and I kept in contact for a while, but eventually parted company after I moved to San Diego to live. I went about my business as best as I could and in time I came to doubt the validity of some of these events, other than those that I had personally witnessed. Maybe Denny had fabricated the whole thing for reasons known only to him. However, my life had changed, my eyes were open, and my mission with Reverse Speech had altered forever.

# 12

## **remote viewing**

IT WAS THE COOL of the evening and I felt alive and free. I could feel my heart pounding. My senses were sharp and new smells filled the air. Blood, I could smell blood. Its scent was intoxicating and my instincts surged with a life of their own. Primal energies pulsated, my vision turned infrared and an antelope suddenly zoomed in front of me as the pupils of my eyes became like three-dimensional telescopic lenses. I lunged at the small antelope and ripped its throat out in one swift movement. Its blood tasted sweet, so very sweet. I wanted more and more.

I was the wolf. The antelope was my prey and the trance

progressed deeper and deeper, and even deeper still, traveling down the layers of consciousness to eventually arrive at the core structures of the psyche, accessing the very metaphors of being.

The primordial forest burst into life as pulsating colours exploded before my eyes. The sounds were so sharp and clear, the three-dimensional imaging breathtaking. I had never had such a clear, deep trance. The images in my mind seemed to be more real and more alive than the physical world itself.

Suddenly, my feast with the antelope was interrupted. Another wolf came over the hill. I immediately started snarling. 'Leave my prey alone! Get out of my trance!'

The second wolf came even closer, inquisitive. Energies flashed down my spine as I slouched down in my office chair, falling even deeper and deeper into trance. My body jolted momentarily as any last touches with the physical world completely faded away to be replaced totally by the sights, sounds and sensations of the unconscious mind.

I was not amused by this other wolf. Who was she? How did she get here? It didn't matter. She was in my forest and had invaded my mind. I rushed at her, teeth bared, guttural sounds rising from the depths of my throat. We connected. It was a hard jolt, shuddering me in trance. I buried my teeth deep into her flesh and she yelped with pain. A brief fight ensued but I was definitely the stronger and this wolf turned and ran away, whimpering as she went. Yet I wasn't satisfied.

I chased her across the forest into a small clearing where the image of a whirlwind formed, like the whirlwind of my trance a few months earlier. Both wolves rose into the whirlwind and rode the currents of the sky until the landscape

changed and I saw the familiar aerial view of the Dallas Fort Worth metropolis below me, the same scene I saw every time I flew in and out of the airport.

I then proceeded to chase the other wolf across the sky, although the sensation felt more like two energy banks colliding and bumping heads, similar to opposing weather fronts creating a storm. Finally we emerged from the wind and descended to a house below. We entered the house and I prowled around. This wasn't my territory. Why was I here? I snarled at the other wolf, making her sit down near a small sofa, and I leapt back into the sky again.

I re-entered the forest setting and lay down by a small stream near a large clearing. I was exhausted. In my mind I left the body of the wolf, became my own separate person once again, and came out of trance. I stood up and shook my hands furiously. It seemed as though I was trying to shake excess energy out of my body. My office table shuddered momentarily of its own accord.

The next day I had a phone call from one of my students. She had woken that morning feeling unusually tired and depressed. She told me about a strange dream she had had the night before.

'A wolf was in my house,' she said.

'A wolf was in your house!?' I was stunned. 'Tell me about your house.'

She proceeded to describe her house to me and it was exactly like the house I had seen in my trance the night before. Furthermore, she told me that she had been enchanted by my stories in class about the she-wolf trances and been trying them out for herself, pretending to visit my wolf in her mind.

This was amazing! I immediately drove over to her house and was chilled as I sat down on the same sofa that She-wolf had snarled at the night before. I didn't really know what to say. This was something that was definitely not in my thinking at that time. What had happened? Was I astral travelling with She-wolf?

That concept was a little foreign to me but I remembered the images of my earlier trances when She-wolf had travelled to LA. The similarity of those trance images compared to the events that had subsequently followed was compelling. A pack of wolves had been eliminated, and the threat, though it was extremely serious, had vanished shortly afterwards. Even the act of She-wolf towering over my house, giving her a panoramic view of my surroundings, was similar to the vision I had been given when all of Denny's high-tech surveillance equipment had been installed.

My head span. This was not in my reality.

In a bit of a daze I placed my student under trance. I joined her in trance and together we visited the forest in her mind. Her wolf was hurt, injured on the back. The she-wolf licked it until it healed and she gently led the other wolf up a narrow mountain trail to a small cave. The other wolf submissively entered the cave and She-wolf flew up into the sky.

Laser beams shone out of her eyes and the entrance of the cave exploded, sealing the other wolf permanently inside. We gradually came out of trance and my student never experienced her wolf images again, which had been my intent. It was far too soon to risk having anyone else experiment with the she-wolf metaphor until I had a better understanding of the phenomenon.

Over the next few days a large lump appeared on my back. It was long, slug-like in shape, starting from the very centre of my spine and growing out towards the right shoulder blade. There was no pain but it was uncomfortable and defied explanation. It was just there.

### **psychic impressions**

Thus, without even knowing it, a new mystery had suddenly presented itself to me. How did these experiences occur? And they continued to occur.

Over the next few weeks I began to spontaneously enter mini trances on the strangest of occasions. These trances would be only one or two minutes long but in that short time period a myriad of scattered images would flash before my eyes. Most of them would be meaningless but two or three of them stood out in my mind because they were surrealistic death scenes.

In one of them I saw a body lying in a field. There was a single telegraph pole nearby and a windy country road. I saw a man walking away from the body and I saw his face. That evening I was stunned to see the exact same scene on the evening news. A woman was killed and they were looking for the killer. I saw another death scene the following week. It was a body in a car wreck lying at the bottom of a ravine. Once again it was on the TV news exactly as I had seen it.

There was no way I was going to contact the police or the media. Quite frankly I wanted the images to stop because they were becoming extremely disruptive and disturbing. Also, my normal vision had altered and I was developing sensitivity to light. This resulted in me having to obtain a new



lens prescription and I started wearing tinted glasses. At the same time I bought a large brown conversion van with dark windows. I was getting used to seeing vans and I wanted a larger more private mobile cave for my pack. My external world was changing according to the shifting experiences of my internal world.

Hoping to reduce the effects of these strange psychic impressions I was beginning to receive, I changed the parameters of my own personal she-wolf trances. Although these trances had often been somewhat dramatic, I had always considered them to be quite safe because they were my own personal metaphors. I used the images of the trance to motivate myself and I also believed they were changing the structures of my mind, just as the metaphor restructuring trances were changing the unconscious structures for my clients.

Thus, as She-wolf had protected and nurtured my girls a few years ago, so too did I find the necessary means to obtain custody under extremely difficult circumstances. Or, as she caught rabbits and antelope in the primordial forest I also accessed the motivation and means inside myself to locate the money I needed to care for my pack in the modern forest of civilisation. Now, however, something else was happening and the random images in my mind were actually beginning to manifest themselves in the physical world around me.

I therefore began to insist on sealing She-wolf up in her cave before I left each trance, rather than leaving her in the forest, as had been my practice. I would open the cave again each time I re-entered trance. It worked because the random images ceased, as did my transient unplanned journeys with Remote Viewing. The actual experiences, though, still continued, except I now had some control over them.

On one occasion I was telling a friend of mine back in Australia about my She-wolf adventures and he asked me to come and visit his house. I did this by riding the whirlwind from the primordial forest in my mind, across the Pacific Ocean, all the way to Australia. Random images of my friend's house flashed before me and the next day I was able to accurately describe its layout, including the colour of his sheets and low sloping bedroom ceiling.

As time progressed I found that I was able to do this more often. I could go to the she-wolf cave in my mind and ride the whirlwind of the sky to experience wondrous and strange adventures as I slept or daydreamed during my very few leisure hours between family and work. My journeys became very soothing for me as my workload continued to increase with the ongoing success of Reverse Speech session work. I tried additional remote viewing experiments with varying results and I always returned She-wolf to her cave at the end of each trance.

### **accessing the collective**

I have been told that I am a complex person, partially because I will go to far-out places and do strange things, but I will always (well, nearly always) come back down to earth again and try to reason through what just happened. Therefore, to some, I appear to swing between the extreme exuberances of mania to the emotionless rigidities of scepticism.

In reality I am a seeker of truth and an adventurer of the unconscious, who believes that there is a rational explanation for everything. I know life is full of rich experiences so I explore new territory, then go back and draw the map for

others to follow. In this book I am presenting a map for some of my adventures over the last twelve years with Reverse Speech. I have found the doorway to another world, the keys to the Garden of Eden, and I want to show you how to get there. I invite you to continue to walk beyond the desert and let the adventures of your mind empower and teach you.

I was walking new territory yet again, experimenting with psychic phenomena. I did not know how or why but in the past I had found the explanation for satanic messages in rock and roll, and that was of course, Reverse Speech, therefore I could also find an explanation for these other unusual experiences I was beginning to encounter. As usual, the answers began to come from my session transcripts, as well as by an expansion of the theory of Oral Tradition that I had already developed.

I already knew that unconscious knowledge could be transferred by Reverse Speech. From this premise I reasoned that even though I had not previously been to either my student's house or my friend's house in Australia, I might have received the information from speech reversals during our earlier conversations. I theorised that the metaphor of she-wolf was somehow accessing this information from the collective unconscious and relaying it to my conscious mind in the form of an astral travelling experience under trance. If this was so, then it may offer an explanation for other forms of psychic experiences, such as unexplained insights, out of body experiences, and visions. Were they all metaphors from the unconscious and we simply did not understand the language?

In order to test this new theory I searched session tran-

scripts for further incidents of unconscious knowledge transfer. I had made no recordings with my friend in Australia and had insufficient reversals documented on my student to observe any trends. However, the little I did have on tape was only a fraction of our total conversations together. Thousands of speech reversals had been exchanged in those conversations, all of which were undocumented. If those reversals had spoken of her attempts with She-wolf, then my intense trance and her subsequent weakness may have been planned out backwards well in advance as our unconscious minds collaborated in the shadows. This was quite realistic because I had already observed the unconscious planning behaviour and events, sometimes months in advance of them actually occurring.

So I continued searching. There were other clients with whom I had also shared remote-viewing experiences. One of them had a big house that I had seen in my mental images as being very untidy and disorganised. I searched her transcripts and found my first clue in a reversal that said: **My wide house has mess.** A second clue came from a session with another client that contained the following reversal: **There's ivy in the Garden.** I had also visited the client's house in my mind, consciously unaware of this reversal, and had seen his backyard as being covered with overgrown vines of ivy. Both images subsequently proved to be accurate.

Thus I had some evidence with which I could theorise further. I theorised that I had seen these images because I had already received the information with speech reversals. The images had been a communication from the collective unconscious as it transferred its stored information to the conscious mind. Like the intricate webs of the internet, the

*she-wolf* metaphor had access to the timeless world of the collective, yet, unlike the internet, the collective communicated its information with metaphor like those seen in Reverse Speech imagery and in dreams and myths. The secrets were encoded in the pictures and my continually evolving Reverse Speech metaphor dictionary began to increase in value even more.

### shifting reality

As my conscious mind began to integrate this information, another mystery arose. I had previously approached reversals as metaphors that described my clients' unconscious behavioural strategies. Thus, the metaphor, **My wide house has mess**, meant that my client's mind was constantly functioning with a variety of different topics and her thoughts were chaotic and disorganised.

I now realised that this internal metaphor had also been present in her external world. Her house was disorganised, or had **mess**, in the same way as the reversal described her mind. She was therefore living the metaphor, just like the **fucked sheriff** had lived the metaphor when he stormed out of my house.

This was also true for my other client. I theorised that his reversal, **There's ivy in the garden**, had caused the *she-wolf* trance images which I had initially interpreted as an astral travelling experience. Yet that very same unconscious metaphor which described the effects of past memories in his present life had also been present in the surroundings of his physical life. The ivy in the garden of his mind had manifested into actual ivy growing in the backyard of his house. He

likewise lived in an external physical environment that was similar to the internal environment of his unconscious mind as described with speech reversals.

As if to illustrate the point, at the very same time all of this was coming together in my mind, a client rang to cancel his appointment for the day. His car battery had gone dead and the alternator had simultaneously burnt out. His car had no electrical power, which was very ironic because he had speech reversals that said, **My force is dead. I cannot walk.** Once again, the external world reflected the internal world.

Suddenly my mind flashed back to years of Reverse Speech transcripts and more pieces of the jigsaw puzzle fell into place. I remembered my client who had a reversal that said, **I have a lock in the whirlwind.** She began to lose her keys, house keys and office keys. Doors jammed, locks broke and on one occasion her garage door opened and closed all by itself. Her external environment functioned in the same manner as her internal metaphor dictated. As the metaphor ceased to appear in her speech reversals, so did her locks begin to function normally again.

Then there was the client who ran a pattern with her relationships with men where she was always missing the best and was attracted to the illusion. This pattern served to keep her love safe and was reflected in her pre-trance tape with reversals that said, **Jerusalem serve, but I love safer Satan / My shy love faking.** As had been my practice with pre-trance tapes, my client had no knowledge of these reversals. In her trance I asked her create pictures of a trek across the desert with her *Wolf* and *Eagle* to the ancient city of *Jerusalem*. I suggested to her, based on pre-trance reversals, that in the city resided her real power and love. However, she could not en-

ter the city gates because blocking the entrance to Jerusalem was an image of *Satan*.

True to this woman's pattern as she had lived it in her real world, rather than dodge the image or try to defeat it in some manner as many clients might have, she actually became attracted to the image, felt great passion, and wanted to follow *Satan* instead of entering *Jerusalem*. She lived the trance images as she lived her life, as the reversal described.

### **a new insight**

Thus, I made another significant observation in my research of Reverse Speech. The metaphors of an individual's unconscious mind, as seen in their speech reversals, will also appear in the surroundings of that individual's conscious world. This encompasses their behaviour, living environment, clothing, selection of friends, sex partners and indeed every single aspect of their life, including their physical wellbeing.

Furthermore, because Reverse Speech metaphors can occur in the unconscious before they are acted out in the physical world, it is possible that these metaphors are actually creating the physical world rather than merely reflecting it. In other words, the metaphors of the unconscious are creating the reality of our lives!

This took my understanding of metaphors to the deepest regions of space – inner and outer. At first I had approached metaphors as symbols, or thoughts that needed to be translated. I theorised that these symbols described the movie plot of behaviour. In time, my understanding expanded and I began to see them more as imprints on the unconscious, or the causes of thought and behaviour. I theorised that the meta-

phors actually created the behaviour that they were describing. I began to think of them as energy forces, or as having a life of their own. In some of my lectures I described the experience of consciousness as being an orchestra sung by the many voices of the living metaphors within.

Now I was daring to consider an even more radical concept. These metaphors not only created our internal thoughts and behaviour, but they also somehow created the events and situations of the external world in which we lived. This added even more impact to my ongoing session work with clients because as I continued to have success with changing the metaphors of the unconscious, so did the situational metaphors of my client's lives also begin to change in ever expanding ripples of oral tradition that influenced everything they touched.

Thus, my expanded philosophy in session work became:

If you are unhappy with the world in which you live, stop looking around at others for the cause because the others that you are seeing are merely a reflection of the pictures within you. Your external world is a total reflection of your internal world. In order to change your external physical world, you must first of all change the internal world within. Then as the world within you begins to change, so too will the world outside of you.

I decided to think these simple truths to be so powerful, that they had the potential to create a quantum shift in the evolution of history. In point of fact, if I thought it with complete congruity it would indeed begin to happen. Reverse Speech was marching on. I had discovered the method and means to locate and alter the pictures of the internal world. These pictures created the external world. As the in-



ternal pictures changed, so did the world around also change. In other words, by changing pictures in the mind it was possible to alter physical reality. Reverse Speech contained the key!

In the same manner as my mind had allowed me to shut down emotionally many months ago and death threats had soon filled my world, my mind was now allowing me to come to life again with new theories and ideas. In return, my external world was also beginning to come to life. My reality was changing and new people and places would soon follow in the footsteps of my new understandings.

As I decided to think it with congruity so did it begin to occur.

# 13

## **ripples of change**

THE LAST FEW months of 1994 saw a quantum leap in my understandings of Reverse Speech. I no longer saw it as being merely another mental function or sense trapped within the confines of the human brain, but rather as being alive and active and an integral part of our entire world. I knew that the pictures of the unconscious painted the pictures of life, or the archetypal director of the internal movie also directed the scenes of the external movie. I also knew that if I could gain control of the mental images Reverse Speech conveyed, internal direction would transcend to the reality of the life I lived, including the sets and characters I created.

My continuing she-wolf trances were a testament to that fact, as well as my session work with clients. I was developing an impressive track record and had more case studies and session transcripts to use as research material. These allowed me a greater understanding of the forces at work in my process. I had developed metaphor restructuring by trial and error over the last four years but was I still mostly unaware of the reasons for its success. Sometimes my very own speech reversals would give me more insights than I could have ever consciously imagined, and they also told me the reasons for my mistakes.

As time progressed, the old adage, 'The more you know the more you know you don't know,' was a constant companion in my work.

However, I knew it worked and I theorised from my observations. I had observed that the changes caused by metaphor restructuring were slow and subtle. They were not a lightning bolt from the sky. Sometimes the first effects of change were felt within a few days, but mostly they were not felt for two or three weeks.

A small number of clients would experience a brief period of depression just before the changes actually began. This used to worry me, but in time I realised it was a natural part of the process. I created the analogy of a computer and theorised that the depression was symptomatic of the brain rebooting itself, getting ready for the new program to install.

When the changes actually began, they began slow and steady like a locomotive moving out of the station. There was nothing you could do to stop or assist them. They just began. It seemed as though they came from deep within and gently started to ripple out.

First came a shifting of the spirit. This was evident by a general settling or calming of attitude, softness and clarity of energy and aura, and a greater sense of self. Frequently family and friends would notice this change before my clients did. I further found that I could track the change with monitor tapes a week or so before it began to outwardly surface.

Then came an emotional stability. Some people reported a freeing of the emotions, such as sense of humour or an enhanced ability to love and trust. Intuitive perceptions became more accurate as internal congruency and balance increased. Another common occurrence was a greater clarity of thought and expansion of ideas. Generally, though, people just felt better and were able to be more of who they really were. They became directed and focussed, moved forward in life and felt free of old structures and patterns that had previously held them down. The change that was occurring was more akin to a shifting back to what was originally meant to be, rather than the creation of something completely new.

For example, as I was writing those very words a client called who I had not seen for several months. His name is Ken Kettler and I am now back at my laptop typing. Coincidentally, he rang at this precise time to thank me for our work together. He told me that his life keeps on getting better and better since he began session work with me a year earlier. Issues that he had been working on for twenty-five years were now fading effortlessly. The coincidences of life were beginning to work for him, evident by his phone call to me at this time. He was not irritated and prone to temper like he used to be and his sex life was now rich and satisfying. Even his financial state, which had been stuck in the mud for years, was now shifting in his favour.

Ken said that the best thing about the whole process was the fact that it just happened all by itself. There was no effort like he had previously experienced with workshops and therapy and subliminal tapes and the many other techniques available for self-improvement, none of which had ever worked for him. Finally his life was rapidly coming together, seemingly of its own accord.

Remarkably, all of this was occurring even though it was not the original intent of his visit. He had wanted to improve his spiritual walk, which he had thought always meant suffering and hardship. Not only had that improved beyond his wildest expectations, but now every area of his life was also blossoming.

His report is consistent with others that I receive. People will come to me for a particular issue and find that the ripples of change will filter out to affect many other areas of their life. These changes will continue to unfold long after official session work has concluded. This is not just a temporary change that is being created, but one which permanently shifts all structures of the psyche. The changes can be all-encompassing because the one dysfunctional pattern will usually influence many other unconscious patterns, like a faulty stone in the main foundation.

A weak *Isis* metaphor may cause a weak sex life as well as poor business success and a co-dependent family. An overly active *Samson* will create initial wealth that is easily lost, or new ventures and beliefs that fade away. The one metaphor can affect many mental functions depending on how it is individually wired with other metaphors. Changing one can change the whole structure. This is why I had such bad reactions in my early days when I proceeded without due care

and did not have the pre-trance tape as my guide. I had essentially created an earthquake under the foundation.

Yet that was now changing. My cases of reaction were reducing. I was perfecting the process and was seeing the fruits of my labour. In fact, over eighty percent of all clients who came to see me reported significant changes, if not major life turn arounds, within only a few weeks of session work.

The remaining clients who did not change were due either to the occasional case of reversal reaction that still continued to plague me, or because of a small number of people who would not shift no matter what I tried, even though I thought I had unconscious consent at the time. These statistics have remained pretty constant for '94 and '95. Now, in 1996, I wait to see if solutions can be found that will improve the success of the process even more.

### **the psychic body**

With metaphor restructuring I am shifting the core structures of the psyche, or the actual causes of behaviour and personality. That is why the changes are slow and gradual. They start from deep within and work their way out. I am not treating the symptoms of the cause, or the belief systems that are a reflection of the cause, nor emotional or memory charges. I am working with the metaphors that are the cause.

This is a totally different approach to most forms of therapy, mainstream as well as alternate, which treat the symptoms or address the belief systems because they are unaware of the metaphors which actually manifest the behaviour.

Metaphor work has little to do with subliminal instructions or suggestions. I am bypassing autonomic functions

and the areas of the mind commonly known as the 'subconscious'. In fact, I am working with a completely different region of the psyche during my trances. I realised this when I took further hypnosis training at the end of 1994 to update my certifications.

Incidental to my work over the years, and partially because of my earlier isolation, I unknowingly developed a unique style of trance and hypnotic inductions. These were necessary to access and enhance the actual region that housed the metaphoric structures of the psyche. I later called this region the Psychic Body and entered it under trance by specifically asking access to the part of the mind that contained the metaphors of behaviour and core structures of being.

There were other techniques that I used and I teach these in my training classes. However, the point to be made here is that as a result of my work with metaphor restructuring I had gained access to a part of the mind that, to the best of my knowledge, had not been accessed before. With this access I was able to change dysfunctional structures within the psychic body and the symptoms of that change would spread throughout the entire system.

I use the analogy of the human body in my lectures:

Just as the human body has a normal physical structure, so too does the unconscious or psychic body have a normal metaphoric structure. A hand is a hand and it is attached to the arm and a wolf is a wolf and it lives in a cave. Just as the physical body gets out of alignment with the traumas of life, so does the psychic body. The physical body can be broken or deformed, as can the psychic body. A medical doctor can repair the physical body, and a chiropractor can realign its structure.

What I am doing with metaphor work is realigning and repairing the psychic body by shifting the metaphors back to their original position so that they can once again do what they were designed to do. Reverse Speech provides us with the equivalent of a psychic x-ray. We can now see what to shift and discover how to shift it. Then, as the psychic body is returned to normal, so does the rest of the system, emotional, mental and physical, in ever-expanding waves.

### **physical shifts**

In addition to psychological and emotional shifts, other subtle changes also occurred with many of my clients, several weeks into the process. These transformations were physical in nature. At first people began to simply walk better. Their stride developed a poise and confidence, and physical movements became graceful, centred and strong.

Then came facial changes. The skin of the face became smoother and softer. An internal glow was evident and the gaze of the eyes became sharper, with an intensity and clarity of focus. Some people actually began to look younger and adopted a distinct angelic glow, which was quite obvious and contagious.

These physical manifestations of internal changes would often reach a peak for several days and then settle back down to a comfortable medium. Very few people were ever the same after session work. If there was any doubt you just had to look into their eyes. Their eyes told the story, for the eyes are the window to the soul, and they will reflect any changes within the soul. If you are observant you can see.

These observations led me into another area of research,



which began towards the end of '94. I wondered if it was possible for Reverse Speech metaphors to cause a change in actual physical conditions. I had almost perfected the process in regards to psychological changes and was now consistently obtaining rapid and long-lasting results. However, making the leap to major physical transformations was a real stretch of faith for me.

It began with simple problems at first, such as weight loss and addictive habits. Then it began to progress. People started approaching me to work with problems such as cancer or chronic pain. Initially I sent them away, but in time I bowed down to pressure and took on a couple of cases.

I made sure that these new clients understood that I could make absolutely no promises. I have always tried to be very straightforward and honest in my approach to session work. If I don't have the answers or there has been no change I will not attempt to hide or avoid it. I always keep my clients completely informed of everything that transpires in my work, good or bad. Essentially, my approach is this: neither of us know the answer to this problem so we'll look for it together. That way, personal responsibility is always maintained in the process because the ultimate outcome is dependent on the integrity of both parties, not just one.

It was the same for physical shifts. I did not know what would happen or what to do so I proceeded as I did with psychological issues. I asked the unconscious mind what the cause for this problem was and how we fix it. Incredibly, speech reversals gave me some answers.

One lady came to me with major pain in her shoulders and upper neck – the result of broken collarbones in a car accident ten years earlier. The bones had completely healed

but for some reason the brain hadn't grasped the message and all her nerve endings fired as though the injury still existed. The pain was so severe it incapacitated her to the point where she was unable to wear heavy clothing. Medications gave her little relief and she had spent in excess of one hundred thousand dollars over the years trying to remedy her condition.

During our discussions I discovered that her older brother had been killed in a similar accident several months later. He had also broken a collarbone. Her sessions told me that the pain had been psychologically created as a way of maintaining connection with her brother. Pre-trance reversals instructed me to basically perform a metaphoric exorcism and shift several metaphors which had been damaged during the last ten years.

Some of these metaphors were *Elves*, the electrical messengers of the brain, and reversals told me they had been trapped in a large cavern beneath the *Garden of Eden*. Being bored and without direction, the elves used to dig away at the cavern, generally creating havoc. This had helped create her pain.

Over several trances I freed the elves, cleaned the cavern and sent her brother away into the sky. He appeared in her trance under the guise of a large black panther. However, I first had to obtain unconscious consent for change where none had previously existed. This single fact alone would have prevented any other form of therapy from working. Her unconscious mind had to be convinced to let the pain go before anything could be done. So powerful were its forces that it could effortlessly override the effects of strong pain medications.

Several very significant observations were made during our work together. As a side benefit she began to enjoy life again. The depression and despair that had previously haunted her started to fade. Then, several weeks and trances later, her pain began to change. What had once been constant with little variation began to fluctuate, and her pain started to swing rapidly up and down. Some days it would be so intense she could not get out of bed and other days it would become almost tolerable.

After a few weeks of these rapid fluctuations she rang me, very excited. She had been standing out on her balcony, watching the view, when she suddenly realised that for the first time in ten years she was completely pain free. Not a trace of it anywhere.

This pain free condition remained for approximately a week, then gradually returned, despite the fact that unconscious consent for change still existed and she appeared to respond to all the trances. She eventually regressed to a similar condition to what she was in before we started session work, although her enjoyment of life remained and the pain had eased a little. I ceased session work with her when I moved to San Diego.

Other experiments with physical shifts were similar. One man I worked with who had prostate cancer experienced an initial fluctuation in his blood PSA levels, followed by a rapid reduction, which remained for about two weeks before eventually returning to its pre-trance level. His speech reversals indicated that feelings of guilt, primarily around sex, had prompted the onset of cancer. We subsequently ceased session work. However, I am still in contact with him two years later and he is actively enjoying his life.

Further cases include a speech stutterer who experienced a two-week remission, as well as a lady suffering from chronic fibromyalgia, a condition that causes severe muscular pain, who experienced a similar two-week remission.

One case that bares particular mention concerns that of a twelve-year-old girl who had only recently been diagnosed with sugar diabetes. She was taking regular insulin injections when she began session work. Her blood sugar levels were pretty constant at around 110. Her father had heard of cases of spontaneous remission and was hopeful that if we caught her diabetes early enough we may be able to trigger a similar response.

Her speech reversals indicated that the diabetes was a reflection of her need for nourishment and attention following the recent divorce of her parents. I proceeded with trance work according to reversal instructions from the pre-trance tape and, as was becoming characteristic with physical shifts, she experienced an initial rapid fluctuation in her blood sugar levels.

I waited for the inevitable reduction to zero that I hoped would temporarily follow, based on past experience, but our session work reached a stumbling point. Her speech reversals began to indicate that a prime reason for her diabetes was attitudes from her father. Disaster struck shortly after, when, after a major family crisis, her sugar levels suddenly shot up to 300 and stayed there.

I conducted an emergency session and was dismayed to discover that all signs of unconscious consent for change had vanished from her speech reversals. In addition, there were other reversals that communicated intense aggression towards her father, with one of them calling him *Adolf Hitler*.

I promptly told the father in no uncertain terms that unless he went into session work himself and fixed his own problem there was nothing else I could do. Many people would have stormed right of my office at that point, but he didn't. He listened and his daughter knew he listened. He booked himself into session work and his daughter's blood sugar levels gradually dropped to a steady level of 60, where they remain today. Both father and daughter are still continuing to work with me.

In another case I was not so fortunate. This concerned a young boy who suffered from ADD (Attention Deficit Disorder) and was referred to me through a local medical practitioner. Once again, I obtained some initial shifting in his condition and he started to improve at school. However, I was halted in the process when later speech reversals indicated that a reason for the child's condition was switched parental roles. The parents were unable to accept this diagnosis and subsequently discontinued session work. The child reverted to his original condition.

Also in the area of physical shifts is the incredible observation that sometimes speech reversals themselves will warn of impending illness. On one occasion I found a reversal on a client that said, **Warning. I must be getting cancer.** Her body showed no indications of cancer, yet as a result of this reversal she began to get regular blood tests. Six months later the first signs of cancer appeared in her blood tests. She took immediate corrective measures and thus prevented a potential serious threat. On other occasions I have heard reversals such as **I need more sugar** and **I have a bad liver.**

This is where my research into physical shifting currently stands. Based only upon my limited experience in this area

thus far, I am currently theorising that many physical dysfunctions are psychological in nature. They appear to be physical manifestations of metaphoric damage to the internal psychic body. As the internal metaphors shift back into place, so does the physical body eventually revert to its pre-damaged state.

However, this theory is not always working in practice. The changes that I am observing are similar to my early experiments with metaphor restructuring. I am experiencing some initial shifts, followed by a regression back. There is a missing piece somewhere that I have not yet found. I will look until I find it.

# 14

## running with the pack

I BEGAN PRIVATE she-wolf groups in the latter half of 1994 for a few select clients and friends. I insisted they complete session work before attending. I was already theorising that the *she-wolf* metaphor was in some way a mirror for the two worlds and I did not relish the thought of unexpected demonic metaphors playing havoc with forces that I did not fully understand.

From my many experiences with *she-wolf* over the years, I knew that the metaphor was capable of seeing scenes from the outside world and somehow reflecting them back into my mind. She also saw scenes that were in my mind and was

increasingly, and with more precision, reflecting those scenes back out into the outside world. This was shifting my reality in the process.

I further knew that the effectiveness of the imaging was directly dependent upon my own emotional involvement. If I performed casual experimentation I had little results. But if I had a high personal stake in the outcome, such as personal survival or nourishment, my success rate increased immeasurably. The other difficulty was the fact that I often did not know whether I was reflecting or directing the pictures. Did I see the scenes before they were created or did I create the scenes that I was seeing?

Our monthly meetings were exciting, with an average attendance of between four and eight people. I led the pack and we all slowly entered trance while I accessed the *she-wolf* metaphor using my own specific trance inductions. We then individually imagined that we were wolves together in a pack. The first image was usually that of a small clearing by a stream in the primordial forest setting. As we commenced our journeys I was immediately intrigued by a phenomenon I later entitled Common Vision.

From the very first trance I found that nearly all wolves saw the same general forest setting, independently from each other. More incredible was the fact that I personally could see other specific images that individual wolves were seeing in their own right. For example, a rabbit might appear in the mind of another wolf and I would simultaneously see the image projected into my own trance.

In time other wolves found they could do the same thing. We tried independent experiments, such as riding the whirlwind attempting to visit each other's homes. We would fly



beyond the forest, imagining we could remotely project images into our minds. We had no idea how all this was occurring but we did have some interesting results.

In fact, I began to wonder what we had stumbled across when one day a client casually mentioned to me that a psychic friend had seen a pack of wolves flying across the skies of Dallas. Then I imagined I could see wolf images everywhere, in new TV advertisements, on T-shirts and car bumper stickers.

On one occasion we conducted some bizarre experiments where we imagined that the wolf pack was clandestinely raiding the White House – just for fun mind you. The very next day a plane crashed into the White House lawns. It was just coincidence but we were sufficiently shaken up to cease those types of experiments, especially when a gunman went crazy the following week, firing wildly into the grounds of the White House .

### **angelic visitation**

Our journeys together ended at the end of November in a rather dramatic group trance. It was the deepest trance yet, several of us experienced Common Vision, and we all thought the temperature in the room increased noticeably. In our minds we left the forest and ventured into the valley, beyond where we hunted buffalo in the wild among the ruins of ancient civilisations. We ran back to shelter as dark storm clouds began to fill the skies. Thunder boomed, lightning flashed and the clouds rapidly formed into a massive whirlwind that centred in the heart of the forest.

From the centre of the whirlwind emerged two angelic

beings who carried a small glowing golden box covered with rich jewels. The other wolves watched from their minds as the angels beckoned me over in my wolf form. They placed the box in my mouth. I ate it. It tasted sweet like honey.

The angels flanked me on either side and together we flew above the forest to the highest peak of a large snow-capped mountain range. They pointed to the valley below and as I watched the plains rolled before me and the ocean crashed onto the shore in the distance. I did not understand the meaning of the images but I began to howl and howl and the entire pack joined me as we all howled together in unison.

And our cries echoed on the whirlwind.

# 15

## **venturing beyond**

I SAT AT MY office desk, restless. It was a cold December morning two weeks before Christmas. I was wearing ripped jeans, my Aussie sheepskin Ugg boots and a larger than life wolf sweater. My hair was long and unkempt, my beard scraggly, becoming noticeably grey. My class had recently finished and three students had graduated, including a chiropractor from Chicago, Dr Jeff McCombs, who began to openly use Reverse Speech in his practice. I should have been marketing for a 1995 course in Dallas but there was something in the air. I could almost smell it.

A pile of correspondence lay scattered across my typically

disorganised desk among miscellaneous electronic equipment, coffee stains and dozens of cassette tapes. I picked up a letter at random, hesitated momentarily, and glanced over at the Taurus 9mm, unloaded and holstered, on a side table. It lay next to my Bible, the two Reverse Speech books and a collection of titles by Carl Jung. I spaced for a second. It seemed like years ago, another lifetime almost. The view of the street outside was still uninterrupted, despite Denny's earlier warning of laser microphones from a distance.

It had been wonderfully quiet for several months now. No vans down the street, no strange phone calls, or nasty surprises in the letterbox. Session work was going well and I was rapidly losing weight – over thirty pounds in the last month! Stacked neatly next to my computer was the first piece of written literature I had produced in over three years. It was the manual for an eight-tape 'Comprehensive Introduction Package', containing hundreds of examples of speech reversals. I suddenly had the urge to produce it a few weeks earlier.

I opened the letter hesitantly. It was a routine inquiry from California. I mused. California was calling me yet again. I had been in America for almost six years and had lectured at conferences in several different states but I had always carefully avoided California. I'm not too sure why. I think part of me knew that California was where I needed to go. I suspected that was where Reverse Speech would start and I had been waiting for the technology to be ready. It had never been more ready than it was at this current time.

I accessed the mailing lists in my computer, hopped on the phone, and within a couple of hours I had organised two lectures and several casual meetings in Los Angeles and San

Diego. I was ready for action. I radically cut my hair, bought new clothes, and three days later I was driving my van off into the sunset. I was fully packed with Reverse Speech paraphernalia and commenced my first major business trip since Washington DC.

### **secret research**

My first meeting was in Los Angeles, with William H. Yarroll II, the original pioneer of backwards messages in rock and roll back in the early eighties. Ironically, he had ceased his work in late 1983 at around the same time I had dropped my tape player in the toilet bowl. I had mentioned him in my first Reverse Speech book and knew we were destined to meet because two weeks earlier I rang him out of the blue at the exact same time as he was reading a copy of my second book. I had become aware of his whereabouts through a mutual friend and he had received my book from his friend that morning.

William had since started a professional speaking agency and was recruiting me for his team. I, however, was far more interested in his past experience with backward masking and kept on pumping him for information. I discovered that there were a few other researchers in the field back in the early eighties, however none of them ever ventured beyond music and none were still active.

Among these early pioneers was a certain Arkansas governor, a southern Baptist named Bill Clinton. Governor Clinton had been involved in the anti-rock and roll, satanic backward messages movement, along with Senator Al Gore. In fact, William Yarroll had met with Bill and Al in Washing-

ton DC only a month prior to our meeting, where they had reminisced about those early days together.

Another interesting piece of information I obtained from William was how all the satanic hysteria originally started. The first work, as far as he was aware, began in the late seventies as a government backed research project into the effects of rock and roll. He was working at the Naval Research Station at the time. I listened intently as he told me how a Los Angeles newspaper found out about his work and published headlines that basically said a prominent scientist was supporting the satanic church and rock and roll. It was a complete fabrication, of course, but the damage had been done, the fundamentalists got a hold of it and the rest was history. By the middle of 1983 all legitimate research had ceased. I had begun my work in early 1984 across the other side of the world, completely unaware of these events.

### **déjà vu**

I left William Yarroll, pondering the significance of all this. My visit with him in Los Angeles had tied a few loose ends together in my mind and I felt like I was going back to the source, so to speak, of my journey, which had begun eleven years earlier. I headed down to San Diego for my next stop and drove past my old house in LA yet again.

‘A tape player in the toilet bowl,’ I laughed to myself. ‘A simple accident had started Reverse Speech.’

It was like the apple falling on the head of Newton that lead to the discovery of gravity. There seemed to be a plan somewhere. Too many coincidental events. I had a sense of calling, as though someone or something else was directing

the movie I was living. I reminisced even more as I made the two-hour drive to San Diego located right on the Mexican border.

I remembered my life in LA many years earlier and I remembered the events back in Australia that had led me there. I was 27 years old at the time, young and vulnerable, my life having recently been turned upside down.

I had been a successful insurance broker prior to this and had built the largest life insurance agency in my home state in a little over three years. My life had been set. I was married with a two-year-old son, had recently bought a magnificent home on twenty acres in the hills, and was on the board of directors for several Christian youth organisations, some of which I was financing at the time due to a rather healthy income. My social circle had been wide, and my influence strong.

I always kept my faith in God and believed that somehow He was directing my life because I wanted Him to. The call to mission had been strong within me ever since early childhood. At one stage I thought of becoming a full-time preacher like my father, but the prospect of five years in theological college had been too much. I had itchy feet so I went into insurance and became a part-time youth pastor instead. I figured this way I could still do my church work and make extra money, which I could use to fund other religious ventures.

It had worked well for a while but my zeal had also created my downfall and I grew too big, too quickly, and was overcapitalised. When I was 25 there had been dissension in my ranks and one of my minor partners had essentially tried to jump ship, taking my business with him. The mutiny had cost me in excess of AU\$200,000. This, plus overwork and

other business pressures, led me into a nervous breakdown just after my 26th birthday.

My wife left, taking my son and remaining money with her, my loyal Christian friends vanished and I was suddenly left standing completely alone in the ashes of a life that had once been. Even my parents were unable to console me. Devastated, I placed my companies in bankruptcy, and like the prodigal son I left Australia with little more than the shirt on my back to seek my destiny.

Once in Los Angeles I had wasted no time establishing another form of income and I started a business down in San Diego with a partner. We imported Australian sheepskin products, particularly the ever popular Ugg boots, under the company name of Blue Water Imports. We were the first people in California to ever do this and the business was moderately successful, providing me with income the whole time I was there. When I subsequently returned to Australia I simply gave my half of the business to my partner.

‘Come back to San Diego in a few years and you’ll see Ugg boots everywhere,’ he had told me at the time. Now it was a few years later and I was coming back to San Diego.

The skyline was different than I remembered, yet I had déjà vu driving in because the scenes I did see were remarkably similar to some of the landscapes in my latest she-wolf trances. I was even more shocked when I arrived at my first destination and walked in only to see someone inside wearing Ugg boots. Later I was lecturing to a crowd of 150 when I noticed several people in the audience also wearing Ugg boots.

I actually stopped my lecture and laughed with delight and said, ‘Y’all are wearing Ugg boots. Where’d you get



them?' There was a touch of Texan in my predominately Aussie accent.

Ugg boots were everywhere, extremely popular in California and particularly in San Diego.

I was in awe. The seed I had sown in San Diego eleven years earlier had blossomed into a mighty harvest and I could see its fruits everywhere. My metaphor was changing. They were now becoming sheep and I was the shepherd returning to the flock. I was coming home and had found my destiny. I knew it.

And as I thought it, so did it begin to happen.

# 16

## **getting in control again**

'LIFE RUNS IN circles,' I said, as I began to address the crowd. We had just finished the morning coffee break of my first all-day Saturday workshop in San Diego. It was almost Christmas and there were about fifteen people in the small lecture hall. This was a good turnout following my lecture the previous evening to eighty people.

We had spent the first half of the morning doing live reversal analysis. This is where I will ask people up front, make a recording, and analyse the reversals on the spot. It was the best way to demonstrate Reverse Speech. However, it was a practice fraught with danger. You never knew what you were

going to find. This was the first time I had done live analysis since a rather nasty experience at a lecture in Houston a few years ago had caused me to stop.

It had been at the end of the night and I had given my standard warning about don't come up front if you have anything to hide. A young man had come up and we talked. I did the reversals, which proceeded to tell me a wonderfully explicit tale about his hot affair with a homosexual lover. The man's wife, who was sitting in the audience at the time, had not been impressed.

Thankfully I had no such incidences this morning and it was smooth sailing. I continued lecturing, calm and poised, with no trace of my speech stutter, which still occasionally reared its head.

'Everything that we ever do comes around to meet us again. The form might be different, the characters and settings altered, but the metaphor is the same. The lives that we live are a reflection of the pictures in our minds. In the past these pictures have been elusive at best. We have seen them in our dreams, we see them in our legends and literature and sometimes we can access them under trance.

'Carl Jung spent his whole life mapping the metaphors of the unconscious. Now with Reverse Speech we have found the precise way to hear them. We no longer have to guess or theorise. Reverse Speech gives us a reliable, easily accessible way to hear the inner voice of the unconscious mind and this voice speaks in metaphor.'

'Carl Jung would have loved Reverse Speech,' someone exclaimed.

'I'm sure he would have,' I laughed. 'He would have probably been on the next plane over. He mapped the uncon-

scious with dreams. It took him years to complete. Reverse Speech gives us the same information in a half-hour tape. The secrets within are now readily available to us and we can begin to consciously understand what in the past has been always been unconscious.

‘Not only that, but with this conscious understanding we can choose to take control once again over the unconscious forces that have previously been our masters. If we choose, we can become the masters and the forces will become our tools. But we must first recognise they are there and understand their influence.’

‘But why Reverse Speech? I don’t need Reverse Speech. My spiritual master gives me my lessons,’ someone else said. ‘Then there’s meditation and hypnosis and plenty of other things that let you get in touch with yourself and the unconscious.’

‘But most of them have been created with conscious reasoning or are someone else’s ideas,’ I replied. ‘How can a spiritual master be sure they are getting their messages from God or a healthy source? Why does a doctor need an x-ray? Why doesn’t he just rely on his experience and intuition? Because he cannot be sure. He needs verification. Reverse Speech serves the same function. It allows us to see inside. It is the only technology currently available on the face of the planet that enables us to see exactly what it is that makes us who we are.’

‘It is not someone else’s opinion or personal philosophy. It is you. It is your ideas. It is your spirit, the totality of being, or your real self speaking in spite of the conscious self that you have chosen to believe is all you are. No matter how much you try to deceive yourself, or indeed no matter how

much you have been deceived, Reverse Speech will always relay the truth and that truth can be hard to take sometimes.'

'Why is the unconscious our master? I have always been taught that I control my own destiny.' The questions kept coming and the audience stared at me intently.

'That's a good question.' I paused momentarily and took a sip of coffee. 'And it is also what my upbringing taught me. I struggled with that issue for a long time. I thought I might be committing heresy by coming out and saying some of things that I am saying. But I can only go back to what I have learned with Reverse Speech. I see the actions being planned in speech reversals before they are carried out and I see the metaphors in people's transcripts appearing in their lives.'

'You see, less than five percent of our minds are conscious. Over ninety-five percent of all our actions and decisions are planned by the largest part of our brain, of which we have very little knowledge. The free will that you exercise is only being exercised by a very small part of your mind and most people are even a slave to that part. You know why you do some of the things you do, but can you stop? Therefore, what little conscious will you do have is still a slave to the metaphors that you unconsciously adopted as you grew up and lived your life. We lost the ability to exercise our free will when we lost contact with the totality of our mind. That's what Reverse Speech does. It puts us back in contact again.'

### **the parable of the Ugg**

'Let me give you an example. Consciously I chose to come and lecture to you all here today. I sat down in my office in

Dallas and said I'm going to go to California. It was my choice of my own volition. But there were a multitude of events and circumstances that all combined to reach a critical mass and caused that thought to form in my conscious mind at that precise point in time. It began with a tape player accidentally falling in the toilet bowl eleven years ago and reached conclusion with a random letter I opened last week.

'Why San Diego? Why now? I may appear to be in control of my destiny but in reality I am adrift in the currents and tides of the massive sea that is called the collective unconscious. No event occurs in isolation. They all access metaphors that connect and intertwine together to create the picture that forms the tide of history.'

'Are you saying that everything that ever happens affects everything else?' The young man looked puzzled. He was wearing Ugg boots. 'But that's ridiculous. You can't tell me that something someone does across the other side of the world is going to affect me here and now.'

'Sure it does,' I replied. 'Look at your boots. The answers lie in your boots.'

'My boots?' He looked at me perplexed.

'That's right, mate. Your boots. The humble Aussie Ugg contains the meaning of life. The prophet in sheepskin, you know.' Everyone looked at me, puzzled, at that stage.

'Would you believe that something I did a long time back affected you this morning before I even met you? I planted a seed in the form of an Ugg boot business eleven years ago. Someone else harvested the seed I planted. My partner. Who continued, and you are now wearing the results of the harvest that came from the seed I planted. So whenever you see anyone wearing Ugg boots from now on you have to think of

me. Then you have to ask why did I start the business? Why did you walk into the store and buy those boots and what are you going to do with all this information when you leave here today?

'It's all connected. Nothing works in isolation. Something that you do tonight could change the entire direction of someone else's life twenty years from now across the other side of the world. Think carefully about all that you do and take responsibility for all actions you create. For what you do to yourself, you do to others and what you do to others will eventually be done back to you. We sow what we reap. We reap what we create. It's a universal law. We all make our own reality and that reality is a reflection of what lies within. If you choose to think that your life is a series of random events then that is what it will be.

'And on that note my own reality is telling me we need to take a coffee break because that is an addiction I have consciously chosen to keep. Got to keep that adrenaline pumping, you know.'

I grinned mischievously and turned on the video player. It was a compilation of my many TV appearances over the years. This was my metaphor and I decided to agree with the collective unconscious that was processing.

### **reversing the pictures**

'Watch this backwards,' I said as I began to lecture again. 'I had this video player specially modified to play forwards and backwards and at variable speeds. It's cool. The backward lip movements mouth out the speech reversals. A lip reader can read them. It's the ultimate proof.'

The audience watched spellbound as I played the video backwards and the speaker's reversed lip movements perfectly matched the speech reversals, word for mouth. There's nothing like the magic of pictures to make a point. You have to believe the evidence of your own eyes, especially if your ears confuse you sometimes.

'Here. Watch this. Even the body signals match. The dance of communication is a perfectly timed orchestra. The entire body speaks at once if you know what to look for. Let me find you John Lennon, the man who started it all, and tell you an interesting piece of trivia while I'm looking.' I cued the video to a live clip of John Lennon being interviewed just after the Beatles' manager, Brian Epstein, had died.

'Get this. Would you believe that the backward masking technique itself was created as a result of a coincidence? Lennon accidentally spliced in the last part of the song, 'Rain,' backwards and liked the effect. Then came the *White Album*, 'Paul is dead', Bill Clinton and the fundamentalists, and suddenly critical mass hits. Enter the tape player in the toilet bowl. Never overlook the synchronicities of life.'

'Yeah, I never inhaled either,' someone snickered in the audience. 'Play that one backwards.'

'Hey, don't joke.' I suddenly became serious. 'You should see what I've got on Vince Foster's departure from the face of the planet and "Whitewater". This is serious shit!'

'Tell me about Hillary and what really goes on in the movie theatre of the White House,' someone else called out.

I ignored the comment and went straight on with my lecture. I had to learn to keep my big mouth shut. No more bloody guns!



'This is Lennon. Look!' The command got their attention as I pointed to the TV scene. Lennon was to the right, the other Beatles on the left. A crowd of reporters surrounded them. A reporter asked Lennon a question.

'I understand this afternoon the Maharishi conferred with you all. Can I ask you what advice he offered you?'

Lennon paused momentarily and replied. 'He told us not to get overwhelmed by grief and whatever thoughts we have of ...'

I paused the tape. 'Watch his head carefully.' I pressed play.

'... Brian to keep them happy ...' Lennon's head cocked violently to the right, away from the other Beatles. '... Because any thoughts we have of him will travel to him wherever he is.'

'Whoa! Did you see that!' Two or three people squealed at once.

'You ain't seen nothing yet,' I replied. 'Here's the speech reversal.'

I played the video backwards, the lips synched, and the clear words, **We can't be Beatles now**, came backwards out of Lennon's mouth in a wonderfully clear cockney accent. His head veered away once again, backwards this time, from the other Beatles.

'No way!' Someone exclaimed. 'Do that again.'

Forwards, backwards, forwards, backwards. '... Brian to keep them happy' / **We can't be Beatles now** – head cocks violently away from the other Beatles. '... Brian to keep them happy' / **We can't be Beatles now** – head cocks away. 'Brian to keep them happy ...' And the backbeat played on.

‘Speech complementarity reigns supreme!’ I exclaimed. ‘The Beatles disbanded a few years after Epstein’s death. Many commentators claimed that Brian had kept them together. He made them happy, so to speak. Now, Brian was gone. Then came “number nine,” “Turn Me on Dead Man,” and the Beatles broke up.

‘And that’s not all. Lennon was killed by an assassin’s bullet eleven years later. The assassin, a disturbed young Beatles fan named Mark Chapman, had claimed that he heard voices in his head while listening to Lennon’s *Double Fantasy* album that told him to do it. Well I went back and checked that album and, guess what, the voices are there. Backwards. They are Lennon’s reversals and they say, **Shoot John Lennon, shoot John Lennon.**

‘In a sense Lennon had created his own death. The pictures in his mind became his reality. As he thought it so did it happen. We’ve always known this. We’ve always known we create it all. It’s the underlying theme of all religions and philosophies. I’m not saying anything new. But what I am saying is now we know exactly how we create it all. Reverse Speech, oral tradition and the transfer of pictures from the unconscious is how. And that doesn’t deny the effects of other forms of unconscious communication that have yet to be discovered.

‘Our task now is to reverse the pictures and recreate the lives that usually create us. I don’t want my very own speech reversals to cause my death. I want to be in charge. I want to consciously choose the outcome of my life. I want to change the metaphors that are dysfunctional. The real mission now is take back control of our destiny. To look into the face of the mirror, accept what we see, and then move on. Stop

blaming others for the inadequacies of our own lives. It's not Bill Clinton and the government's fault. It's our fault. We must look within for the reasons and change the pictures from within for those changes to be reflected without. And that, my friend, requires real courage.'

I went to take a sip of coffee. My cup was empty. 'It's lunch break!' I declared. Everyone clapped. I shook the energy out of my hands and slipped out the back door. I always lunched alone.

# 17

## **banished from the garden**

'BLOODY HELL! Who's bent my spoon?' I declared as I went to stir my fresh cup of coffee after lunch. I raised my eyebrows and shook my head in disgust.

'Ah, never mind.' I grumbled under my breath.

My spoons. Always my frigging spoons. Never my forks or knives, it was only my spoons. It was a standard joke amongst the very few who knew me well. You could always tell David's moods by his spoons. Go to his house, open his kitchen drawers and if his spoons were bent you better tread very carefully. But never when Mum was around. I was always safe when Mum was with me. She-wolf whimpered momentarily.

'OK, back to work.' I snapped myself to attention. 'Let's talk about the collective unconscious. Carl Jung theorised that buried deep within the psyche of mankind, or woman-kind according to Reverse Speech, there resided a storehouse of knowledge that spanned the millennia of human history. Reverse Speech certainly confirms Jung's theories and in addition shows us how this collective unconscious was formed.

'It was partly through the process of oral tradition. As our forefathers learned to speak in the dawn of time they began to tell legends and myths around the campfires at night. Reverse language was also being formed and speech reversals were transferred backwards in speech as they spoke, hidden and unseen. These reversals reflected pictures and the pictures became metaphors that expanded the evolution of consciousness. They gradually etched themselves into the structures of the human psyche as data transferred, the memory bank grew and the machine expanded.

'Unfortunately there were dysfunctional metaphors way back in the beginning somewhere and these metaphors were transferred as well. At some point in history the awareness of self that had been gradually evolving in the garden of the mind – the Bible calls it Eden – became aware of this genetic dysfunction. The dysfunctional metaphor had become a snake that exposed the inadequacies of the garden in the mind. Self was unable to accept what it saw so they hid themselves, male and female, from the will that enabled them to understand the demons the metaphor had created. They were therefore forced out of the garden of birth, a separation and incongruity formed, and the unconscious mind evolved.

'As time continued and self expanded even more into the valleys and deserts of the mind, conscious and unconscious,

so did the barrier expand. Even deeper layers of unconsciousness formed, enter the collective unconscious, and eventually self had walked so far away from the garden that it had become virtually unaware of the very forces that had assisted it in experiencing its own existence.

‘Rather than attempting to repair the dysfunctional metaphors, as its continuing evolution had given it the talent to do, it had chosen to ignore them. Self therefore relinquished the right to exercise its will, lost knowledge and power and ironically became a slave to the very demons that it had tried to ignore. Meanwhile the garden lay deep within the collective unconscious that had formed, heavily fortified by the demons sludging in the deserts around.

‘Christ’s parable of the talents tells the tale. Self was given a gift, or talent. Self chose to bury, or ignore this gift, so what had been given was taken away. Now we are caught in a trap. We can’t get out, history repeats itself, and the more we consciously expand the more our unconscious slavery grows. Eventually it’s going to reach critical mass, and bang! Psychic shutdown. I see it in my office on a small scale every day. Imagine reversal reaction on a global level! I think I’d want to be hiding in a cave in the hills.’

‘Wow. Hold on a bit, David,’ someone said. ‘This is too much. I can’t process all this. I don’t get what you’re saying.’

‘OK. You’re right,’ I replied. ‘I guess I’m trying to say that the biblical account of creation is a metaphor about the evolution of consciousness. But put all that to one side for a second and I’ll get back on track. It’s only my own metaphor anyway. It helps me understand who I am. Back to the present. Let me tell you what else I’ve found in Reverse Speech about the collective unconscious.’

**Elvis is still king**

I straightened the hem of my jeans around my cowboy boots and pushed my tinted glasses back up my brow with the middle finger of my right hand. It was an unconscious movement – keep out of my space. I prepared to continue.

‘Did you say something?’ The man flexed momentarily.

‘Nah. Just your imagination.’ I smiled and he relaxed.

‘Reverse Speech talks about two whirlwinds. There is a *Whirlwind*, or the personal energy system, and the *Whirlwind*, or the collective energy system. *Whirlwind*, along with *Wolf* and *Garden*, is a major central metaphor in Reverse Speech. One of the current theories I’m working on is that all the metaphors reside in the *Whirlwind* somehow, or the *Whirlwind* allows them access, or something, I’m not too sure ...’

My voice trailed off. I took a sip of coffee. It was like syrup. My computer locked up, swapping files over. I waited.

‘It’s white like light, the metaphors are colours swirling. Er, I don’t know ...’

I paused again. The people watched. I was in the wrong subdirectory. I had to reboot.

‘Anyway,’ I rapidly continued, ‘let’s look at the big picture. Just as the metaphors of the unconscious orchestrate behaviour on the personal level, with a *Whirlwind*, so do they also orchestrate behaviour on the collective level with the *Whirlwind*. They are riders on the storm of time with the *Whirlwind* and create ripples that affect the collective currents of human history.

‘Just as the pictures of the individual mind create our personal world, so do the pictures of civilisation create their

own collective history, including the behavioural environment in which we, its metaphors, live. The psyche of a nation and indeed the entire planet is encoded within the metaphors of the collective unconscious and we are the ones who create the metaphors that the collective adopts.

‘I realised this a few years back while I was putting metaphor restructuring together in my mind. I was seeing all these new metaphors coming into people’s reversals that I hadn’t seen before. Then I saw them on the politicians I was analysing in the media. For example, the metaphor *Elvis*, from Elvis Presley, started creeping into Reverse Speech in the late eighties. First I saw it in the transcripts of my clients every now and then ...’

‘You mean the King’s become a metaphor,’ someone interrupted.

‘Absolutely,’ I replied. ‘We all affect the collective. Elvis affected the collective like his life. It became synonymous with an incredible potential for greatness, shooting for the stars, but one which would ultimately self-destruct. His death rocked the nation and we began to live his life for him. Now we see him everywhere because he has become us. We can shoot for the stars but if we’re not careful the rocket will explode, dramatically recreating a reflection of Elvis’s life.’

I raised my arms in the air with a circular motion, simulating an explosion. ‘Fire in the sky becomes smoke on the water. We recovered but the metaphor remained. The picture was in our minds and *Elvis* gradually became a permanent part of the collective, appearing constantly in Reverse Speech. The metaphor merged with others, changing the totality of the whole and the process of evolution continued. Colours in *the Whirlwind* shift and alter, Lisa marries Mi-



chael, we get a saxophone playing southern boy for president and we all wonder why. The backbeat marches on.'

**the mark still fries**

I took yet another sip of coffee and picked up my reversing machine.

'The metaphors of a nation can be seen in the reversals of its music and in the speeches of its leaders. I spent my first years of research examining speech reversals in music and media broadcasts. I was able to determine some initial trends as I compiled a twenty-hour audio documentary that traced the history of backward messages in the media from the early 1920s to the mid-1980s. I want to release it one day, the top twenty hits of backmasked songs. "Stairway to Heaven" is number one!'

'It's my sweet Satan,' someone said.

'Yeah, we all know it,' I continued. 'Of course *Satan* is only a metaphor like the many others and must be treated as such. It partially means intense emotions. But anyway, let me play you an example of what I'm talking about.'

I cued the tape player. 'This is a popular song from the late forties long before Lennon ever thought about backmasking. It is Louis Jordon singing his hit song "Saturday Night Fish Fry".'

I pressed the play button and the fast tempo of black jive rhythm blared through the loudspeakers. 'Now listen carefully. I'm going to play this backwards at normal speed. Someone tell me what the reversal says.'

The sounds of backward musical notes followed. Some isolated words were obvious mixed in amongst gibberish and

the typical reversed *whoosh* sound of backbeat.

‘Something about the wolf and garden?’ a voice appeared out of the crowd.

‘Nah, it says I want a girlfriend,’ a young man said.

‘I know, it said the whirlwind in the garden,’ came yet another.

‘Well, you’re close. Listen again,’ I placed the tape player in the reverse mode. ‘I’ll play it backwards at three different speeds. It says **“Lucifer remembered me. Now the Whirlwind. Ah, the Garden Of Eden, the Wolf is Man. Seen the Mark. They send li'l children there. See the Wolf annoyed.”** Several metaphors of the unconscious all appearing in one song. It’s pretty fast though. You’ll have to listen carefully.’

I played the tape backwards at three speeds. It was a difficult reversal. Fast with black jive and clipped words but most of the people in the audience heard it accurately by the third play.

‘So what do they mean?’ someone asked.

‘Obviously I cannot know if the reversals had any special significance to Louis Jordon,’ I replied. ‘But I think they discuss the cosmic plot in the *Garden* that resides forever in the collective constantly repeating itself. *Mark* means a damage on the psyche or a dysfunctional metaphor.

‘This is an extreme example but many reversals in music are similar. They seem to be global and apocalyptic in nature. The forward lyrics of songs will frequently be prophetic about the state of our world. The reversals will be even more apocalyptic, and will generally talk about the state of the collective unconscious and the metaphors that are currently affecting our planet. In this case, the reversals were a deep

cry from the soul, the black soul, calling for justice. The civil rights movement followed shortly after.'

### **legends of the dark metaphors**

'OK, David,' someone said. 'You keep on talking about dysfunctional metaphors and the mark but what I want to know is where did they come from and what are they anyway?'

'Ah. Now that's a profound question.' I was suddenly very thoughtful. 'And to be frank, I really don't have the answer for it. I know that dark metaphors have created the great darkness in our psyche and I know that there is a purpose for the darkness. However, I cannot even begin to put it into words yet. But I can tell you a couple of legends about how it started, if you like.'

'Yes!' Several people responded at once.

'OK.' I continued cautiously. 'Now this is only a metaphor, right? The myth that I grew up with says that the darkness came from Lucifer, the mightiest of all God's angels. According to biblical mythology, God originally created three archangels. They were Michael, Gabriel and Lucifer. Lucifer was the greatest and wisest. Because of that his pride got the better of him and he sought equality with God. This act of rebellion forced him out of heaven and he was cast down to the earth where he became known as Satan.'

'Some legends say that the entire purpose of history is to repair this cosmic split that occurred back then. I don't know about that but I do know that the two metaphors still exist in reverse. Lucifer, the original archangel, still exists as a metaphor. The metaphor refers to great power and magnificence. Satan, on the other hand, is the fallen version of Lucifer.'

Surprisingly enough, Satan is not a common metaphor in reverse but it does appear occasionally and it does cause problems. It usually refers to intense and heavy emotional energy that is not channelled. Sometimes it means great spiritual pain that is seemingly unresolvable.'

'What about Reverse Speech itself?' a man up the back asked. 'Does it say where the darkness comes from?'

'Do you know what? I've never actually asked that question,' I answered, a little puzzled. 'I don't know why because Reverse Speech is complementary. In theory you should be able to get the answer to any problem. You just need to know the right question, like how can I travel faster than light speed. But let me tell you a story one lady told me in reverse once. I was doing some work attempting to rewrite DNA and I asked her how her genetic dysfunction began. Her reversals told me an unusual story.

'The speech reversals said that the source of all genetic DNA dysfunction began when God sent twelve angels to the Garden of Eden to create consciousness. He gave these angels sacred plans to follow. They completed their task almost to completion. However, when they were working on the holy linings of the "nest of birth", two of the angels fell in love with each other. These angels were Satan and Rocelin.

'Satan wanted to wait until they had finished their task before they expressed their love but Rocelin was consumed with passion and did not want to wait. So she enticed Satan to leave the nest. They left the nest and had sex under a tree in the garden. Satan's semen spilt onto the earth, mixed with the juices of Rocelin, and thus defiled the holy ground. A deformed, twisted tree immediately grew up from beneath the earth and the first dysfunctional metaphor was formed.

'The remainder of the angels screamed in horror and banished Satan and Rocelin to the vacant lands beyond the garden. Satan accepted his fate in shame and disgrace. He now wanders all unconscious kingdoms in terrible remorse and agony, not knowing how to make recompense for his crime. Rocelin on the other hand was not so humbled. She became intoxicated with spiritual power and refused to leave the garden. She took clones of the bad tree and made more trees. She then established her own kingdom on the eastern borders of the garden. Here she commanded rogue elves to continue her cancer.

'In her arrogance she made her elves wage war against the other angels in the garden. With no other choice they returned to the light and began to make plans to correct this serious genetic dysfunction. Meanwhile, Rocelin was left in charge. She cleverly shifted the blame for her act of betrayal onto Satan and commanded all the elves to encourage this additional lie of incongruity. That way she could continue her crime in anonymity while everyone else falsely blamed the powerless male, Satan, for the great sin. She even sent the mighty snake in the guise of a Satan serpent to deceive the male and female genes.'

'What!' someone exclaimed. 'Are you saying that Satan has no power? It's this other creature, what's her name ...'

'Rocelin,' I replied. 'Her name is Rocelin. She is a very powerful metaphor of evil in reverse, a lot more powerful than Satan. That's why she has such a hold. No one knows she exists and they're fighting the wrong name.'

'That's pretty heavy,' came the reply.

'Yeah, I suppose it is,' I replied. 'But it's just a theory and, ultimately I do not know. Future research will tell.'

**the darkness grows**

'However, what I want to look at now is how the metaphors grew in the twentieth century. So, let's go back to the very beginning of radio. Here's the very first advertisement ever produced. It was put out by the BBC in the mid-twenties to promote this new and wonderful invention. Here it is forwards.' I played the tape.

*... Put on your headphones, tune in your set. Listen in at half past three. Sit well back, we're going to have a crack from Auntie Aggie and the BBC.*

'Here it is reversed. The reversal says, "**This is not a noose, no it's really not**".'

I played it backwards and my eyes quickly scanned the crowd hidden behind my dark glasses. I carefully monitored everyone's facial expressions while the remainder of my body remained motionless.

'You didn't hear it over there, did you?' I pointed to a man at the back of the room with his head cocked slightly to the right, leaning forward, his eyes strained.

'No, I didn't,' came the reply. 'How did you know?'

'Just did. Here, I'll play it again a little slower.' I reversed the tape. His eyes lit up, his head stood straight. 'You heard it then, right?'

'Yeah, I did. Thanks.'

Good. I was confident. It always gave me a boost to make an accurate observation. The energy in the room grew, attentiveness increased and my pace quickened. I was on a roll. I walked to the front of the crowd.

'Now, as is common with Reverse Speech, you can look at this reversal in two ways. On the surface, it is an unconscious

command to reassure the listeners that radio is OK. It is not going to hurt anyone. Some people actually thought that radio was satanic, an occult-like phenomenon. If people were supposed to talk over long distances they would have been born with antennae on their heads.'

Everyone laughed. The focus narrowed.

'Sounds ridiculous, I know, but they said that about planes and the world is round. Now they're saying it with backward tapes. Human nature doesn't change. We reject and demonise that which we do not understand and the barrier grows even more.'

'Have you done much with advertisements?' someone interrupted.

'A bit, not much. Reversals either support or deny the message of the advertisement, just like in normal speech,' I replied. 'One of my students in Dallas found a funny reversal on an advertisement for a pickup truck. It said, "**It's a nice truck to fuck in!**"'

The audience burst into laughter.

'Hey, there's a marketing idea,' another person called out. Others began to talk. I quickly regained control.

'Back to the point at hand.' I continued right on, drowning out the potential for disruption. 'There was, however, an eerie undercurrent behind some of those harsh sentiments because one thing that the introduction of radio did for the collective unconscious was to suddenly give it fertile ground. Massive access all of a sudden. No more gradual oral tradition transfers. Now the metaphors had direct access to the minds of millions. Unconscious knowledge exploded and human evolution grew off the scale.

'Civilisation has seen more changes since the introduc-

tion of radio than it has in its entire history to date. And in that expansion the dysfunctional metaphors also expanded. A state of incongruity existed, a serious state by this time, and society experienced psychic shutdowns as fast as it grew. It still is. “**This is not a noose, It’s really not**”. An unconscious warning, maybe?

‘Other reversals on that advertisement say “**Live in sin, Lucifer exploit them**”. Now, *Lucifer* is a metaphor for greatness and brilliance – Satan before he fell from heaven – so you can’t put the wrong spin on that, but *Sin* means to fall short of one’s greatness, so there are some uneasy aspects to the entire phrase. Rightly so, because the dysfunctional metaphors grew right along with expanding consciousness.’

‘So what does the reversal mean, David?’ someone asked.

I took a deep breath. The day was dragging on.

‘Well, let’s see.’ I paused. My eyes flicked up and to my left momentarily, then stared straight ahead. ‘We have taken undue care in exploiting our own brilliance. Therefore the greatness that our minds created is flawed. And ... hang, I’ll get it. And our constant struggle is always destined to fall short of what we are capable of achieving.’

I heaved a deep sigh. ‘There you are. How’s that?’

‘Not bad, David,’ a young lady up front responded.

‘OK.’ I stretched. ‘Let’s break for five minutes.’

I was getting tired and the coffee pot had been turned off.



# 18

## **the Nazis march on**

I LEANED AGAINST my van outside the lecture hall. Sometimes five minutes was all I needed. I wanted some form of energy boost, though. Precisely five minutes later, I continued.

‘Now, where were we?’

‘The dysfunctional metaphors.’

‘Oh yeah,’ I grunted. ‘The metaphor of the demon spawn. OK. So what happened is that the metaphors of evil reached puberty by the thirties and Adolph Hitler rose from the depths of the unconscious. World War Two came and went. Hitler was defeated, at least in the external world, but his evil

was a sludge that lingered and he also assumed his throne in the collective as a new metaphor. I theorised this was the case after I began to find the metaphors *Nazi* and *Hitler* in American songs of the late forties and fifties. There was one reversal that even said “**There’s Nazis in the whirlwind**”. I never found them in Australian or British songs of the same era. I assumed they were new metaphors adopted by the process of oral tradition resident primarily in American culture.

‘The metaphors were strong and the Nazis continued to live in the American collective. This was reflected in culture partially by the paranoid communist witch hunts of the fifties as America assumed the self-righteousness of the Nazis. The Communists became the equivalent of the Jews and the Nazi metaphor marched on.’

‘Hang on a second, David,’ someone became angry. ‘You’re crossing the line on that one.’

‘Am I really?’ I replied. ‘I don’t think so. I’m not saying that America became the new Nazis, at least I don’t think I am. But I am saying that the behaviour that the Nazis represented became a metaphor that merged into the national philosophy of America. I mean, look at it. America totally changed after the Second World War. No longer was it isolationist, as it had been for most of its history prior to Pearl Harbor, but it became the conqueror. Its quest was to convert the world with democracy and damned be anyone who stood in its way. It treated communism in the fifties in the same way as the Nazis treated the Jews. Purge this cancer from society. Track ’em, kill ’em, pat yourself on the back for it.’

‘Hell, the metaphor still lives today. Look what happened in Waco. Look at the streets of downtown America at night.’

Nothing's changed. The battle still goes on. Now the cancer to purge is drugs. America's on another moral crusade, just like the Nazis. People are getting killed left, right and centre. They're confiscating property without a trial. Even without a crime being committed, sometimes, storming in and shooting without warrants. And it's not making a damned bit of difference. Organised crime only gets stronger and the citizens' underground resistance is now rising again in the form of the militia. I mean, you tell me. It looks the same to my eyes.'

'Are you saying they should leave drugs alone?' someone asked.

'No. I'm not saying that at all. You're missing the point. I was a drug counsellor working on the streets long before I started doing Reverse Speech. I've seen what drugs do to people. But, the philosophy that America has adopted to deal with the situation is just totally ridiculous. I mean, it's the ultimate in stupidity. It's not working. We all know it. It's only making the problem worse. It's the Nazi metaphor running full steam ahead, clandestine operations in Columbia and the whole bit. History's repeating itself all over again. Oh no! Get the druggy bastards! We'll spare no expense! Track, plunder, kill!'

### **the parable of the assault unit**

I resisted the strong temptation to do a *Sieg Heil!* salute and just stood motionless instead. I was 'vibing'. It was a bit dramatic but I had made my point. There was stunned silence in the room. I had them in the palm of my hands. Since the days of Denny Sludge, the bullheadedness of American law

enforcement had become my band wagon. I ploughed on.

'The other day, this cop pulls me over for speeding, right? Big red and blue lights illuminating my entire van.' I feigned covering my eyes from the lights and began to act out the drama unfolding as I spoke.

'I go to open the door, my window doesn't work you see, and he blares at me through a loudspeaker. "Stay in the car, driver!" Fine. I ain't moving. So I watch him in my sideview mirror. He walks up in this ominous black uniform just like the Nazis, his hand on his frigging gun the whole time and my adrenaline goes up through the roof.

'He taps on the window. "Driver's license and registration please." His voice is short and gruff. He wants my papers. I shrug my shoulders. My window doesn't work. I've got to open the door. He nods his head. I open the door and fumble around, looking for my wallet. He then sticks his head in the open door, peering around, trying to look inside.

"Do you mind not doing that," I say.

"You got something to hide?" he asks.

"No," I say.

"Get out of the car please driver!" His fist tightens on his gun. "Out of the car, now!"

"Jeez, what's the big frigging deal," I mumble to myself.

"What did you say?" He glares at me. The tension is thick.

"Nothing, I said nothing." I slowly get out of the car. He checks my registration and license and then asks if he can search my vehicle.

"What for?"

"Drugs, weapons," he says.

"No. I'm not going to let you search my van."

“That’s your prerogative, sir,” he says.

‘So he tells me to stay where I am and he walks back to his mobile assault unit, hops on the radio and the next thing I know two other cop cars pull up behind him and I’m wondering what the hell is going on. I’m just an Aussie from the outback, you know. I was doing 65 in a 55 zone, for crying out loud.

‘You look suspicious they tell me. What? Cos I got a beard and speak with an accent and my window doesn’t work. Maybe it’s my Ugg boots. Anyway, I just gave up. I let them search my van, they didn’t find anything, kept me waiting for half an hour and gave me a ticket. The point being, their behaviour was like that of World War Two stormtroopers. They scared the hell out of me, guns send chills down my spine as it is. I mean, it would have never happened like that in Australia.’

I shuddered and remembered the slug-like shape still in my back. Suddenly the room burst into life. I had struck a nerve. It seemed as though everyone had their own stories to tell. I felt a stab of pain in my left knee shortly after.

### **unconscious messages**

‘The metaphor is the same, the characters and settings different,’ I declared, limping slightly. ‘Then in the sixties, Martin Luther King came and the civil rights movement began. He was assassinated; I’ve got some reversals on all that. Let’s just say that the *Nazi* metaphor got him. Then, he himself became a metaphor. A new metaphor, *Luther*, hit the collective unconscious in the early seventies.’

‘So that’s what happens when we die,’ an unusually attrac-

tive young lady up front asked. She was short and tight. Brunette, I think. I removed my glasses and smiled.

She nodded and continued. 'Do we all become metaphors?'

'Do we all become metaphors?' I chuckled, shrugged my shoulders and carefully replaced my glasses. No unconscious movements this time.

'Maybe we all get absorbed into the collective somehow and our spirit survives. Who knows? All I know is that Martin Luther King began appearing in the collective not long after his death as the metaphor, *Luther*.

'The new metaphor began to merge with others, the colours shifted and King's dream lived on. The essence of his beliefs became a part of us all as the metaphor etched onto the structures of the collective mind and the course of history was permanently altered. Just to show how vast its effects are, here is an example of the *Luther* metaphor. It is on a New Zealand Maori protesting for civil rights at a ceremony attended by Queen Elizabeth the Second.'

I played the tape forward, and the thick Maori accent spoke of land rights and injustice. I reversed the tape and the reversal came loud and clear, in the same Maori accent: **Here I stand with Luthers you've got in Australia.**

'This speech reversal occurred about fifteen years after King's death. It shows the *Luther* metaphor in full force, representing civil rights. They are standing with *Luthers* in Australia because the Australian aborigines were fighting a similar battle, and still are, even though they have just won a major land rights case. Australia and New Zealand have always been friends, and New Zealand was actually a state of Australia for a few months in the early twentieth century. The

common bond is still evident in reverse.'

'But why Luther?' the same lady up front asked, leaning forward, her elbows on her knees. My gaze flashed downwards for a split second. She continued, eyes widening. 'Why not King or Martin or something else? Why did Luther become the metaphor?'

I walked closer and felt the energy. My limp vanished. She glowed, enjoying the attention. It seemed as though we entered a tunnel. No one else existed. I took a deep breath.

'Ah, what a good question. Very good question indeed.' I pulled back and broke concentration. It took me a second to regain composure.

'Why indeed?' I continued to address the crowd. 'I wish I knew the answer. It may have something to do with a common name. Martin Luther, who started the reformation and Lutheran church, had a similar vision of justice and equality. Maybe the metaphor was around before Martin Luther King. Maybe it had been lying dormant, waiting for the right opportunity and it just reached full maturity in his lifetime. Who knows? I'm just an Aussie from the outback. I don't have the answers for that one.'

I shrugged my shoulders, hands in the air, turned and walked up to the whiteboard at the front of the lecture hall. I was about to write the first word when I suddenly spun around, grinned mischievously from ear to ear, and looked right into the eyes of my lady friend.

'You're good. You should take training.'

'Oh really?' She blushed. Her voice was soft, husky. 'Do you think I'd be good at it?'

'Sure you would. We'll talk after.'

'OK.' She smiled and held eye contact.

Mmm, I wonder what the reversals on that exchange were? I thought as I returned to the whiteboard.

**beam me up, Hillary**

*Stones in the ocean*, I wrote on the board. I then proceeded to list the following words under that main title: *Nazi, Luther, Elvis, Simone, Yeltsin, Phaser, Hillary*.

‘Collective metaphors are like stones in the ocean,’ I continued. ‘You throw one in and it sends ripples out across the waters that shake all ships in its wake. The collective unconscious is as real and as alive as the personal unconscious. The metaphors it contains affects the nation’s culture in the same way as they affect the individual.’

‘I’ve traced several collective metaphors that have come in and out over the years. *Nazi, Luther* and *Elvis* we’ve already looked at. *Simone* came and went during Desert Storm. I still find it every now and then but for the most part it has disappeared. And today I’m not too sure what there is. I’ve been pretty quiet with media stuff for the last couple of years, working primarily on private session work.’

‘But, you’ve got some written up on the board there,’ someone said.

‘Yes. I do.’ I replied. ‘I do have some trends. *Yeltsin* is a new metaphor, the leader of Russia. I don’t really know what the significance is. Then there’s Star Trek! Trecky images have only just begun to appear, like *Vulcan* and *Phaser* and *Enterprise*.’

‘All right! Beam me up, Scotty!’ A voice in the crowd exclaimed. ‘What do they mean?’



'I don't know yet,' I replied. 'I need more references. Haven't seen them enough. Then, horror of horrors, *Hillary* has become a metaphor.'

'Hillary Clinton?' The man looked shocked. 'She's become a metaphor?'

'We're all history,' another man added.

'Why not Bill?' The young lady up front asked. She looked coy. 'I mean I've heard that some women have had sexual fantasies about him.'

Sexual fantasies? I flushed as the room burst into laughter.

'Oh yeah, right,' I said. 'That's just what we need. Bill Clinton in the collective as a metaphor for sexual fantasy.'

'I think I'd rather have Hillary!' someone shouted.

'Like it or not we've got no choice,' I said. 'She's already there. The metaphor has already started to creep in.'

'Demon spawn,' someone muttered.

'What's it going to do?' another asked.

'No idea,' I replied. 'It's too soon to tell, but let me show you what another metaphor did for our culture many, many years ago.'

### the curse of Popeye

I grinned, glanced at the young lady up front, and put another tape in my reversing machine.

'Who recognises this song?'

*I'm Popeye the sailor man, I'm Popeye the sailor man*

*I'm strong to the finish cos I eats all me spinach*

*I'm Popeye the sailor man*

*Beep, beep.*

Everyone laughed. 'What's the reversal on that?' someone asked.

'You tell me,' I replied. 'You should be able to hear it all by yourself. Here it is backwards at three separate speeds.'

I put the tape player in the reverse mode.

*... Arma whooish, give me a fuck. arma whooish, give me a fuck now ...*

The audience hesitated for a second, not totally sure about what they heard, but on the second play through at a slower speed they all burst into raucous laughter. There was no mistaking that reversal mixed in the gibberish as Popeye's very clear voice resounded backwards throughout the room. I played it again.

**Give me a fuck. Give me a fuck now.**

'There's more,' I said. 'Guess who Popeye wants to fuck?'

'Not Olive Oil?' The young lady up front sounded devastated. 'I used to love Popeye.'

'I'm afraid so.' I shook my head in sarcastic dismay. 'Here's the reversal.'

**... A fuzzy woman. Answer now ma'am. Let me stick it up, dick ...**

There were extremely clear reversals. Everyone in the room was buzzing.

'I'll never be able to listen to Popeye the same again,' someone said. 'Gee thanks, Dave.'

'I'm sorry. What can I say?' I shrugged my shoulders and continued. 'American children have been listening to that for decades. And that's not all. It's on *Sesame Street* and many other favourite childrens' programs. Sexual reversals are all through kids' television and have been for years. That's partially why sexual morals have decayed considerably over the

years. I mean, when I was kid I never even heard about sex till high school. Now that was in the bush of Australia, mind you. But my kids are coming home now at seven years of age telling me about kissing and dating. They know all the terms, polite and not so polite. It's incredible.'

People began to shift in their seats uncomfortably. 'How is it getting there?' someone asked.

'Poor staff selection,' I replied. 'Programmers don't care. They just need someone to read the script. They don't care about the soul or the character of the person. One of my students in an earlier class told me a story that they actually fired the man who did Popery's voice cos they found him doing all these sexual innuendoes – forwards, mind you – in Popeye's mutters.

'So you see, the metaphor was set way back then. The reversals appeared because of a corrupt script reader, they hit the collective with a mighty bang and began to grow exponentially. Radio served the same function for speech reversals as the internet did for mass communication. America's innocence was corrupted by *Popeye the Sailor Man*. It adds a whole new meaning to the term "Eat some more spinach", doesn't it!'

'Jeez!' Two or three people shook their heads in dismay.

A young man smirked.

The young lady up front said nothing. She looked shocked.

### **changing the collective**

'So what do we do about it all?' someone asked.

'Yeah, there's all these metaphors floating around out

there in the collective unconscious somewhere ready to zap us,' another person added.

'Well it's not like they're ready to zap us,' I replied. 'It's a gradual slow shift. The metaphors are adopted and the behaviour gradually follows.'

I paused, feeling pensive. 'Let me tell you about a new theory I'm working on.' I spoke slowly and cautiously.

'I believe it's possible to change the collective unconscious. I think we can put a new metaphor in there and actually change the course of civilisation.'

'We can do what?!' someone exclaimed. 'Put a new metaphor in the collective unconscious? What do you mean?'

'Just that,' I continued. 'Let's take conscious control over it, rather than being swept along by the tides. We know it all happens with metaphors, so let's change the metaphors of the collective. As the metaphors in the collective change so should the paradigms of history – according to theory, at least.'

'Let's get rid of the Nazis, stop Hillary from expanding even more and rewrite our destiny. It's never been done before but that's never stopped me in the past. Reverse Speech shows us how it happens. Now let's change it.'

'I don't understand,' the young lady up front sat up straight, looking very attentive. 'How do you change the metaphors in the collective unconscious?'

'I'm not willing to say yet,' I replied. 'I'm still working on it but it's got something to do with she-wolf and riding the whirlwind.'

There was stunned silence throughout the room. My entire day had been leading up to this point. This was my secret research project. I believed it was possible to change the para-

digns of civilisation, to take control of our destiny and rewrite the collective unconscious. Rather than trying to change society's problems by treating the symptoms of the dysfunction, as traditional therapy did with psychosis, I theorised that it was possible to change the actual causes of the dysfunction.

These were the metaphors which formed the foundation stones of the collective unconscious. It was these that determined the symptoms that everyone had been trying to treat. I had been playing with it for months in my she-wolf trances. I had been experimenting with the manipulation of the collective unconscious and I had been having far more success than I was ever willing to let on.

'Are you playing psychic games, David?' someone asked, looking very suspicious.

'Mmm. Psychic games. Well that's not really the right way to describe it,' I replied. 'Let's just say that I'm ninety percent sure that it's possible for any one individual to write directly to the collective unconscious and change its programs. However, there is another way.'

'You could also do it with hundreds of small groups. Get enough people together all over the country and install a new metaphor into the personal unconscious. Then let the process of Oral Tradition gradually take it out to the collective. But that's clumsy and very difficult to arrange. You'd need a major concerted effort to do it and a far larger organisation than I've currently got to do it with. I'd need hundreds of new analysts, and then you'd have to make sure that the new metaphor was consistent.'

'What new metaphor?' The man spoke with an edge. 'Where are you going to get this metaphor from?'

'I don't know yet,' I continued. 'It would have to be something completely new. Something not in the collective already. A healing metaphor of some description maybe? I'm not sure. I've been looking for it for a few months now.'

'Do you want to tell us what you've found so far so, David?' The man asked.

'No.' My reply was short and to the point. He gazed at me, his eyes searching.

The crowd became anxious. 'Ah come on, David. Tell us.'

'No, I can't. I really can't. It's far too early in my research. It takes me years to work things out. I just wanted to put it out there for you all to think about. Let me ask you this though. If you could change the collective, what metaphor would you put in? Contact me. Let me know. And on that note, I'm done for the day. Thank you very much for attending.'

I was finished and without stopping I began to pack up my equipment. They knew I was serious and resigned themselves to the inevitable. They weren't going to get anything else out of me today. I received a standing ovation. My first all-day workshop in San Diego had concluded and the young lady left alone. I was married.

# 19

## **the winds of change**

‘DADDY, YOU’RE HOME!’ My girls ran up to greet me before I barely had time to get out of the van. My wife stood off at a distance. I had travelled 5,000 miles, ran up \$1500 in mobile bills, and established a budding young Reverse Speech group in San Diego. The reception had been similar to the one I received when I first arrived in the states almost six years earlier. But there were no partners this time.

I held a lecture in Dallas the following weekend and spent about a week promoting it with pamphlets and radio interviews. I was surprised at some of the reactions I received on the live talkbacks afterwards. For a start, many people knew

of me and my work. Some were angry. One person called me the antichrist. Another said that her boyfriend had taken one of my classes and they broke up shortly afterwards. Then a private investigative agency called in, who I had done work for a few years ago. Their comments were quite favourable.

Despite this, the conference hall was practically empty. I felt a bit silly because there was a camera crew there, several of my Dallas analysts, plus one of Denny Sludge's henchmen to make sure I stayed out of trouble. My planned 1995 Dallas analyst class was beginning to look a little shaky and I had not yet received any registrations.

Meanwhile, back in San Diego, Reverse Speech was beginning to spark and, because one of my life's philosophies has always been that it only takes a spark to get a fire going, I knew that it was time to get a fire going. They had organised themselves into a well-formed group and they set up live telephone conferences with me to plan a class in California next year. I was cautiously excited.

'I need at least twenty students with applications signed and deposits paid before I'll do it,' I used to say.

'You'll have it,' they replied.

We planned a return trip for early in the new year and I set about analysing the many tapes I had recorded while I had been in San Diego the previous week. I had conducted session work in the medical offices of Dr Jim Murphy, a prominent San Diegan osteopath.

As I analysed these tapes I was immediately stunned by the occurrence of two new metaphors. I was stunned because they were the common Australian colloquial terms: *bloke* and *sheila*, or man and woman. I had been in the states for al-



most six years and had never heard Aussie slang in reverse except on myself or my students. I already knew that metaphors varied marginally from state to state and especially from culture to culture. Now here was some Aussie flavour in California – Ugg boots and all.

A week later I flew back to San Diego as a new year dawned, feeling the familiar winds of change blowing into my life yet again.

### **frustration**

'My name is David John Oates and I am a thirty-nine-year-old Australian researcher,' I said as I began to address the large crowd at my third introductory lecture in San Diego. 'I claim to have made a discovery and developed a technology that has the potential to change the whole face of society ...'

And so I began, with the lines that were now becoming famous. I stood up front, looking down into the sea of people below. Their faces were hidden by the lights and I wondered how many people this time? How many people will grasp the significance of what I have found and join me in my quest?

It was starting to get a little old. More than eleven years of Reverse Speech so far. Thousands of people had attended my lectures and workshops, millions of people had heard of my work through the mass media and I was still basically doing this by myself. Part of me was quite frustrated.

I had heard all the promises and all the praises. I had been told how wonderful Reverse Speech was, how much it was going to change the planet and what a fantastic job I was doing. Yet I was still trying to get someone – anyone – to

take this seriously enough and jump in and really help.

The excuses were as long as your arm.

I'm going through a rough time right now.

Next year I'll do it.

It's too much work.

It's going to take too long.

I can't sit down with headphones on, it will hurt my ears.

The one that used to really get me was this: I am totally committed to your cause, David, let me give you some suggestions that will help you.

Suggestions? Suggestions! I hated frigging suggestions. I had enough suggestions to last me another lifetime. I wanted people to roll up their sleeves and shed some sweat.

It's always been amazing to me how people can complain about their lives and curse the universe for not helping them while they walk around in a daze, doing absolutely nothing. I'd have people in my office in tears, devastated about their world collapsing around them, and then they'd look at me and say, 'It's easy for you, you've got Reverse Speech'.

Yeah right? I would think. I left my country and a very close family to come over here just to get shot at and abused. I've got no friends. I'm raising two kids and trying to run a business and develop new theories and keep myself motivated to constantly move forward. Yet when I falter and need help, or don't meet people's self-made expectations, everyone looks at me, horrified. He's not perfect. How can I ever trust anyone again? So they run away and I'm left, still faltering, now stunned, stuck once more with no one but myself to rely on.

'He's taking you all for a ride,' an obnoxious man down the front shouted out in a semi-drunken daze.

I returned from my thoughts and groaned under my breath. Who let him in?

'What about OJ?' another voice from the crowd called out. 'Have you done anything on OJ?'

OJ. Everyone wants to know about OJ. Why don't you look at the demons in your own mind and ask yourself why you created OJ?

'Yeah, he did it,' I said. I might as well give them what they wanted. 'And the judge knew it. Here's the reversal.'

I played the tape forwards.

*Judge:* 'Mr. Simpson, do you understand that involves extending your right to a speedy trial by seven days?'

*Simpson:* 'Yes I do, your honour.'

*Judge:* 'Right. Is that arrangement agreeable to you?'

*Simpson:* 'Yes.'

I played the tape backwards.

*Judge:* **Simpson killed them.**

*Simpson:* **I did it.**

*Judge:* **You killed lady love.**

'Whoa! They were very clear reversals,' a young man down front exclaimed.

'That brings up the whole question of bias by the judge,' someone said up the back.

'Yes. It does,' I replied. 'It also brings up the question of how the judge knew. Let me show you some—'

'Ah, fuck the judge,' my obnoxious drunken friend up front shouted, interrupting. He stood up and shook his fist at me. 'You don't know what you're talking about! OJ's not the problem. The government's the problem.'

I felt my temper flare. 'Would you please sit down?'

'I won't sit down. You're a pawn of the government. You're all pawns!'

I glanced to the back of the room and motioned to one of my people, with a flick of my eyes under my glasses. He was armed. I never lectured anymore without backup and I had no idea who this irritating guy was. She-wolf snarled. I had little patience for rudeness, nor for people who complained about the government while they lived the very same metaphor they were complaining about.

Complaining only fed the metaphor that created the behaviour, therefore helping the dysfunctional metaphors to grow. You had to change who you were first. I was amazed that so-called enlightened people couldn't see that. Mind you, this man was hardly enlightened.

'So, can they use those reversals on OJ in court?' someone asked.

'I doubt it,' I replied. 'Although there has been a legal precedent set. The Judas Priest case in Reno Nevada did that. The judge ruled that the reversed messages did exist. He just wasn't convinced they were subliminally suggestive, or how they got there. So, technically, they could be admitted.'

'Have you contacted them, David?' someone asked.

'I tried. They didn't take any notice of me. Then I sent press releases off and everyone said I was crazy. No one would even listen to the tape to check whether it was there or not.'

### **antichrist**

'What about Lee Harvey Oswald?' another person asked.

I remembered the drive-by shooting a few years ago. This

Reverse Speech business was a hazardous occupation.

'OK, Lee Harvey Oswald. Let me play you some—'

'You're a fraud! You're the antichrist come to purge our sins!' The drunk down front interrupted again.

That was it. I'd have enough. My temper was out.

'Excuse me. Would you remove this man from my lecture!' I ordered one of my people. It was the antichrist comment that sparked the nerve. There was an aspect to Reverse Speech that really scared me and I remembered the sermons I heard in my youth. *In the last days every secret hidden in the hearts of man will be shouted from the rooftops.*

The man left, escorted on either side, shouting obscenities at the top of his voice. It took a while for everything to calm down but she-wolf was out, roaming around the auditorium and I was 'vibing'. This was not good. I tend to get loose in the mouth when I'm angry. I could say anything. Paranoid delusions, all my hidden secrets ...

'Does Reverse Speech say anything about Armageddon?' A voice broke the silence as I prepared to cue up another tape.

'Armageddon?' The question shocked me. What a thing to ask me at this point in time. Thank you, my drunken friend. My common sense commanded me to move on and sidestep the question. I didn't.

'I don't know anything about Armageddon. It's a parable, I think. The unleashing of demons from the mind, the revelation of our divinity, the evolution of Genesis, who knows? I'm just an Aussie from the outback, the son of a preacher man. I've only just begun to hear it in reverse recently so it's not a metaphor I know much about yet. It's actually quite overrated and only mentioned in the Bible once. It's the

name of a mountaintop where the Israelites fought a war. I don't even know how the word ever got used like it is.'

'What about God? What does Reverse Speech say about God?' someone else asked.

Huh? Where are these questions coming from? I decided to change the topic.

'I don't know. I try to keep away from it in my research. I want Reverse Speech presented neutrally as a scientific phenomenon that can be tracked and proven. Therefore I tend to keep away from it in my discussions. I had a tremendous stigma to overcome when I first started this. Still do. That's the whole satanic messages bit. The fundamentalists effectively destroyed any credibility this phenomenon might have had. They saw something created by God, Reverse Speech, and called it the work of the devil. It was the unconscious voice of the people crying to be free and they spat on it. Reminds me of the woman caught in adultery. Let them who are without sin cast the first stone. Gives me the creeps.'

'Judgment day. The mark of the beast,' someone else up front said.

What have I started? I thought.

'Computer ships on the back of the hand. It's here, man!'

'Demon spawn sludging.' I couldn't tell where that voice came from.

'I don't think so,' I said. Why was I continuing this? I had to get back on track. 'Not computer chips. Do you think it's going to be so obvious? I reckon it's going to come like a thief in the night one bright sunny morning. It'll be nothing like anyone has ever possibly imagined or talked about. I always look in the opposite direction. The very fact that everyone is talking about something shows me that can't be it.'

‘And all the sinners will burn in hell,’ someone muttered.

I had to stop this. The second dialogue always spoke to me while I lectured. It’s your old church days coming to the surface, David. Get back on track.

‘Be careful what you say there,’ I responded. ‘What most people seem to completely overlook is the fact that the only time Jesus ever talked about hell was in reference to believers. It was reserved for the faithful who were not really faithful, for those who said they knew how to swim but didn’t. Jesus says they are like whitewashed tombs on the outside but full of rotten bones and decay on the inside. Hell is for them. It is to revert back into the demons of the unconscious. Here, let me play you an example of a reversal I found on Dallas evangelist, Robert Tilton. It’ll illustrate my point.’

*Tilton forwards:* ‘You make the decision if you’re going to listen to the lies of the devil or the voice of the Lord ... And we’re going to keep on growing. Not to be big, but just to help and reach more people ...’

*Tilton backwards:* **I’m selling your grief / Keep on stealing it. I have sinned.**

‘Here’s Jimmy Swaggart after his first affair.’

*Forwards:* I have sinned before God ... I will leave this pulpit for an indeterminate period of time, and we will leave that in that hands of the Lord.

*Backwards:* **I must admit in my mind.**

‘Obviously he did not admit in his mind, because he is still having them,’ I continued. ‘They will be judged by the words of their mouth and the deeds of their hearts and that verse means *all* words, forwards and backwards, heard as well as unheard. Listen to the voice of the heart speak.

‘Here’s Jim Bakker: **I want my salary.** Try Jerry Falwell on

for size: **They must all be damned.** Like whitened sepulchres, the Bible says.'

I had the audience from that point on. I lectured well into the night. One last question.

'What about reincarnation?'

'Reverse Speech doesn't give many clues about reincarnation. What it frequently says, though, is do not go there.' I emphasised the last words with a point of finger and readjusted my tinted glasses with the middle finger of my right hand.

'It says seal up the tapes. Exploring past lives may activate any dysfunctional metaphor that exists and perpetuate it. It is keeping the planet in its chains, destined to repeat the past and not evolving into the future. Pre-trance tapes have said *Warning!* Seal it up and move forward.'

On that note I finished and closed my book. I received a standing ovation once again for one of my lectures. I liked standing ovations and I got lost driving home.



# 20

## **nightmares of power**

I SLEPT RESTLESSLY that night. Disjointed images flashed behind my eyes and energies rushed through my body like that of an angered wolf, panicked, rampaging aimlessly in the forests of the mind. The whole thing about antichrist always upset me. It was that dysfunctional metaphor still in my system.

What if Reverse Speech was just an illusion of the mind after all and I really was leading people astray? Or worse still, what if it was real and a third of the world was about to go into reversal reaction as the back tapes allowed the demons that were unconscious to become known by the conscious.

People would cry out to the mountains of the mind to hide them from the face of truth. But they could not hide. The backwards voice of the spirit would condemn them with their very own words. Its voice did not lie. It told all, right down to the very soul.

Then I'd be history. History would repeat itself as Reverse Speech released the beast onto the world from the fiery pits around the garden.

I woke in a fright. Hot, sweaty. It was only a dream, coincidence. I think I'd slept for about half an hour altogether after the lecture the previous night. I had a workshop to conduct that day and I was not in a good mood. I had to stop all this apocalyptic stuff. I was presenting a new theory of language, not some bizarre religious plot.

I was still haunted by the dysfunctional metaphors. The demons that lived in the kingdom of my mind constantly tempted me with my own greatness. I owned a very powerful technology. Even the power to recreate the collective unconscious was within my grasp. I could do anything with it. I could become either a god or an antigod, no longer a slave of the unconscious but its master. The choice was mine to make if I could face and release the marks of my own beasts that dwelt deep inside my soul.

These marks stimulated our thoughts and emotions, affecting our behaviour and the way we related to others and lived in the world around us.

Reverse Speech described this process of personal exchange and interaction using the prime structural metaphor, *Money*. It compared the transfer of emotions and energy to cash exchanges with operational metaphors, such as *buy, sell, refund, profit, loss*, etc. It was ironic that the common term,

'you know', coincidentally usually reversed to say **money**.

I listened to the financial transactions on the collective network every day, invisibly speaking backwards as metaphors in the voice of the right brain that everyone had ridiculed and ignored. Anyone could hear it. They only had to play a tape backwards with an open mind. It was in front of us all the time. It was the light given so we could see the darkness, but the marks of the beast had created scales over our eyes.

The religious right had called it the voice of Satan, academia had ridiculed it and the government repressed it. My challenge now was to tell the world that Reverse Speech really did exist, hoping people would recognise the pictures in conscious darkness that had secretly enslaved us. We might even regain the ability to free ourselves from their grasp if we could accept their message.

The thoughts were many, the task overwhelming and it seemed as though the images of the nightmare lived on. Who could I tell this to? I had tried for years but no one listened. I constantly felt the responsibility of the task and technology I carried. It was a burden almost too great to bear.

I jumped out of bed, attempting to break the rapport with my own thoughts, and made a cup of coffee. I always needed at least three cups to get me going in the morning. TV. I'll watch TV. Maybe that will calm me down. I switched on the set, flicked the channels and stared at the tube, full cup in hand.

Suddenly the lights in the house flickered, the garage door went up all by itself and the front end of the TV set blew out. All simultaneously. Chills flashed down my spine. There was no picture, no lights, and an open door. It was

bizarre. I panicked. What was it? Coincidence? She-wolf? Someone still watching?

It was 6:30 in the morning. I rang Denny Sludge. I was staying with Dr Jim Murphy and his wife at the time.

‘The phone is bugged,’ Denny said. ‘Go and check outside, David. It looks like you got hit with a massive burst of RF at close quarters.’

‘Great,’ I moaned. ‘I had a big lecture last night, lots of people. Who knows who was there?’

‘Any vans around, Dave?’

‘Vans, Denny? Not again, please.’

Jim Murphy and I hopped in the car and drove around the block. Everything seemed normal.

‘Keep your phone on today, Dave.’

‘OK, Denny.’

### **manic delusions**

‘Send the picture up into the sky to the left,’ I commanded as I dramatically flashed my hand upwards into the air.

The young lady sitting in front of me was transfixed, her eyes unable to leave my right hand, finger pointing. I was at my workshop and demonstrating simple image shifting.

‘I wouldn’t leave you with that nasty picture. OK. Back to the room!’

I snapped my fingers and she returned. Everyone clapped. I was on a roll. My own personal metaphors were performing in all their grandness. I might have had no sleep but when I was working the crowd sleeplessness only gave me charisma, power and charm. Another cup of coffee. It just didn’t seem to be doing it for me today. It was mania and the strains of

tiredness were heavy around my eyes. It had been a long week on this second trip to San Diego.

I finished at four in the afternoon, after consuming three large pots of coffee. It had been my best workshop ever and several students signed up for a planned training class in San Diego. It looked as though I would be either commuting between two cities this year or moving my family to California.

Denny rang at five. 'I don't know what it was, David, but there's no one on the line now. Everything's clean.'

I breathed a sigh of relief, but the uneasiness remained. I hoped it wasn't a sign of things to come.

The next day I vanished. No one knew where I was because I needed to rest.

On the passing of one full sun I had a powerful spiritual experience. It was just before midnight. I was alone and driving south in a rental car on the San Diego freeway. I was doing the speed limit and my lights were on low beam. 'Stairway to Heaven' played in the background.

It began just after the San Onofre nuclear power plant and before the border patrol checkpoint. I was deep in thought, attempting to process all the new insights and events that were beginning to flow into my life.

I knew I was evolving and becoming a different person. My she-wolf images had now become a regular part of my daily routine. It was my own form of metaphor restructuring and I would periodically drop in and out of trance many times every week. My continual successes with both she-wolf and private session work had left me breathless, which only added to my dilemma. I wondered who was I to be doing such things. It seemed to be almost miraculous sometimes.

What was I here to do?

From as far back as I could remember I had always felt different inside. I couldn't relate to others as a kid, partially because of my speech stutter and a very nervous disposition. So I used to escape into my mind instead. I imagined I was Superman. David Oates was only Clark Kent, a mild-mannered preacher's son, but burning deep down inside was this separate super person with powers that could manipulate the forces of the universe.

He could fly, see over long distances and banish the villains that came from the desert to the city with his bare hands. Superman and I were the heroes of mankind but I was vulnerable to kryptonite, which used to zap me when I least expected it.

The strange thing was, I now seemed to be living the metaphor of my childhood. I was the Aussie from the outback as well as the founder of Reverse Speech. This thought excited me and I became enveloped with spiritual rapture. It's hard to maintain one's balance and perspective when one is walking the path as a lone wolf. My mind would often play tricks on me.

Sometimes it would tell me I was delusional and should return to Australia, but the presence of my children prevented that. Other times it told me that I must be Einstein or Nostradamus reincarnated but Reverse Speech said to leave the past alone. Maybe I was here to prepare the way of the Lord and open the sixth seal of senses so the mind could be cleansed and its dormant forces released. No one man should have such power. The delusion petrified me but the feeling was overwhelming.

### **dreams and visions**

I remembered the strange experience after I had finished my fast and three nights before dropping the tape player in the toilet bowl on 30 October 1983. It was mid-afternoon and I was daydreaming. I was imagining I was flying through the clouds when suddenly my perceptions changed. It was as though the daydream became reality and I really was flying.

At that point the landscape changed and I saw a large valley below me, covered with yellow daisies, and people walking in the daisies. They were dressed in white robes. Suddenly a brilliant white light shone out, on top of a hill on the horizon. I floated towards the light and touched it. For a brief second it seemed as though I understood all the mysteries of the universe. The power and strength of the light was overwhelming and the feeling of love almost intimidating.

I became afraid and consciously pulled myself away from the light. I first dismissed it as merely a dream, but within ten minutes of waking something else happened in my state of semi-sleep. I thought I heard a voice. It was an unusual voice. Deep, melodious, almost luminescent, seemingly coming from everywhere and yet nowhere, inside my head but separate from it.

The voice said, 'You have seen me. Now go and do what you must do.'

The experience had been so powerful it motivated me to return to Australia to claim the destiny I had come to the States to seek. My unconscious mind was calling me.

I had another experience in the form of a vivid and colourful 3D dream just before moving to the States to live. I was the captain of the *Starship Enterprise*, coming back to

earth after a long mission in space. I had precious jewels and ancient wisdom with me. I encircled the earth and landed in North America. Here I began to tell people what I had found. However, they either ignored me or became enraged and attacked me. Some of them began to track down the starship, that had landed in a desert, so I buried the ship deep in the sand so no one could find it. Then I woke up.

### **the howl of the wolf**

Now here I was, several years later, driving on the streets of San Diego and the owner of a technology that could radically alter the face of the planet. Isolated images came together in my mind. The Ugg boots, my dreams and visions, the new *bloke* and *Sheila* metaphors that were found only in California, plus the strong sense of mission that had been with me all my life. My head span and from deep within the primordial recesses of my mind I felt the she-wolf energy rise like it never had before. My head shook furiously from side to side, my nostrils flared and growls came from my throat. I leant my head back and howled in the car as loudly as I could.

*'Ahh-woooooo!'*

I began to pray in tongues, experiencing religious ecstasy for the first time in many years, and the shape of a glowing white cross appeared in the sky above the lights on the northern outskirts of San Diego. It shimmered momentarily before flickering and fading away.

The voice in my mind answered again. This was the second time.

*I have heard you, my son. I am with you always.*



# 21

## the prophecy

I WAS AT THE San Diego airport, walking out of the cafeteria, when I suddenly noticed a book I had been told about. I actually more than noticed it. It was shouting at me in neon lights, the only book left standing right in the middle of a completely empty row. *The Celestine Prophecy*, by James Redfield. I read it from cover to cover the day I arrived home. It made a strong impact on my life.

I was particularly drawn to the quotation on the inside cover: *Conceal these words and seal up the book until the end of time. Many will go back and forth and knowledge will increase* (Daniel 12:3-4).

The quotation set the theme for the book because the book became a mirror for who I was. I experienced it to be about me and Reverse Speech and I even saw my mother, Marjorie, in its pages. I imagine other people will see their own lives in it as well. I, too, was going back and forth with tapes as my knowledge of the unconscious increased and I documented its wisdom for others to see. In time I began to see the images of Reverse Speech resident in the apocalyptic literature of prophecy and my eyes began to open.

For me, Reverse Speech was opening the seals to the book of the mind. I saw the keys as being carefully concealed for aeons as tiny little backward carrier waves of speech and you had to be congruent, or not lie, to really hear them. The more congruent with myself that I became, the more I was able to be in control of my life and my actions and the better I could hear speech reversals. They were so subtle, so cleverly hidden, sounding too bizarre for anyone to take seriously.

I marvelled at the way reversals were very short and fast, written into the musical tones of reversed gibberish or the high frequencies of speech. They were majestic choruses of total consciousness, sometimes sounding like the voices of angels, other times like demons from the depths of hell. You could play a tape backwards for hours and not hear a single one without knowing what to look for and where to find them. You had to disassociate to really hear them, a bit like seeing 3D art. One needed to let go and listen beyond the gibberish. Without that ability, the meaningless gibberish might become a mirror for your own face.

I believed that Reverse Speech contained the keys of consciousness and *The Celestine Prophecy* enhanced my understanding further. I saw a comparison between the first insight

and the accidental discovery of Reverse Speech. The insight had said that there is another side of life we have yet to uncover. I understood this to be the inner kingdoms of the unconscious mind, which contained the real spiritual forces that ruled our world. Reverse Speech showed me the principalities and powers of metaphors within. I accessed them under trance every day. I saw the demons hide from the light as the threat of congruity caused emotions to surge from the depths of hell's kingdom in the form of reversal reaction.

I saw my clients in fear of themselves and transfer that fear to fear of me and my work. There's a dark side to you, David, some people used to say. And I used to wonder why we had become so afraid.

All I was doing was bringing a revelation of truth while I was still trying to face and come to grips with my own demons. We were all on the same path. Why could we no longer accept the fact that we were all truly divine and sons and daughters of God? We could see His light inside of me and you if we could banish the night. This I also saw in my work, fortunately far more frequently than the darkness.

As Jesus and others have said for centuries, the Kingdom of Heaven is within you, as are the kingdoms of darkness. We needed to begin to see who we really were again. I understood Reverse Speech to be the only way this could be achieved with total confidence because it contained the keys to the many books, or Akashic records of the mind.

At least ninety-five percent of these are unconscious, and their secrets are encoded in metaphor or pictures. This was the only way they could truly survive the ravages of time uncorrupted, hidden in the deepest collective recesses of the mind. I knew this, as did my associates, as did the many peo-

ple Reverse Speech had already set free. It was the first mental and spiritual phenomenon that could be tracked and proven scientifically. I had reversals that described the function of psychic processes! ESP in the whirlwind! Why could people not hear what I was saying?

### **the grapes on the vine**

The second insight offered a new perspective into the understanding of human history. Reverse Speech can provide this like no other because we are tapping into the collective unconscious, which contains the secrets of the universe. The evolution of consciousness could be likened to the maturing of metaphors, or grapes on the *Vine*. This was also a common theme in reverse and I had sometimes taken clients to the vineyards of the mind under trance. We are a product of the metaphors which are fed by the *Wine* of our spirits and the consequences of our actions. As we think inside, so does it happen outside.

Reverse Speech described a process of consciousness evolving through the continual maturation and recombination of metaphors in the collective unconscious. To unknowing eyes the results of this program of collective intelligence would seem to be unusual coincidences occurring in the fabric of life as the ebbs and flows of planetary history continued to invisibly orchestrate human evolution. I saw this happening on the personal level all the time as the pictures within reflected the pictures without. I knew it was also happening on a collective level but to what extent I did not know because I had done only minimal research so far into collective metaphors. I needed to put all my work onto computer

and encourage more people to take me seriously. Why couldn't I get more students? I might as well go back to Australia. That thought constantly plagued my mind.

### Albert Jung

It was the third insight that really got me excited. It talked about the advanced work of Albert Einstein and quantum physics. Let me reprint some lines from the book.

*... The whole of Einstein's work was to show that what we perceive as hard matter is mostly empty space with a pattern of energy running through it. This includes ourselves. And what quantum physics has shown is that when we look at these patterns of energy as smaller and smaller levels, startling results can be seen. Experiments have revealed that when you break apart small aspects of this energy, what we call elementary particles, and try to observe how they operate, the act of observation itself alters the results – as if these elementary particles are influenced by what the experimenter expects. This is true even if the particles must appear in places they couldn't possibly go, given the laws of the universe as we know them: two places at the same moment, forward or backward in time, that sort of thing ... in other words, the basic stuff of the universe, at its core, is looking like a kind of pure energy to flow out into the world and affect other energy systems ...*

I found this one paragraph extremely interesting because it showed me that there might actually be a scientific explanation of some description for many of the strange phenomenon I had experienced over the years with Reverse Speech. This included my experiences with remote viewing and shewolf trances that seemed to alter my physical world. I also knew that the pictures living in my mind could create the

pictures I saw in the world out there. *The Celestine Prophecy* stated that the universe responded to our expectations, subtly altering reality in the process. We could recognise its effects by an increase in the number of coincidences in our lives.

I had experienced this phenomenon many times. Carl Jung had called it synchronicity. He had observed that the more one accessed unconscious processes, the more life seemed to move in a synchronous motion. That was certainly my experience. I called it living by the spirit. As I felt and responded to the spirit within me, I would find that the world around me tended to move in my favour. If I was angry and upset, denying the calling of my spirit, then my life would begin to shut down around me.

For me, life was a constant lesson of becoming congruent because the more congruent with myself I became, assisted by Reverse Speech, the more I could access the operations of my spirit and the more the coincidences of life would begin to come my way. I used to think this had been a matter of faith but now I was pondering the possibility that it was also a function of the physical world.

Perhaps I should add Albert Einstein to my list of mentors along with Carl Jung and create a combination of both the physical and mental sciences. That would be too radical. Maybe we should be playing Einstein's speeches backwards? Who knows what we would find? I imagined physicist Stephen Hawkins and other scientists playing tapes backwards, headphones on, reading Carl Jung and frantically thumbing their way through the Reverse Speech dictionary. What would they know after doing it for more than a decade? The thought made me chuckle. It still does.

### **the light in the whirlwind**

The third insight went on to explain about a new energy force being discovered in the latter part of the twentieth century that radiated out from our bodies and interacted with the physical world. I wondered if this energy was the *Whirlwind* of Reverse Speech. I knew that the picture was integral to both my personal she-wolf trances as well as my clients' session work and I also knew that it was a main central theme backwards.

The whirlwind within connected with the whirlwind without and it was how we created our physical world. I had eleven years of research documented, proven and analysed, that gave some preliminary information how this occurred. I needed to release my work and, once again, get more people to take me seriously. And in my wildest imaginations I used to wonder if the secrets to faster than lightspeed lay in the whirlwinds of the mind.

Snap. Back to reality.

The fourth insight described a process of energy struggle. Humans were fighting for dominance and control of the whirlwind within and its interaction with the whirlwind without. Reverse Speech described this process as the exchange and theft of money in the form of emotional transfers. It also used sexual terms. Humans were constantly having psychic sex with each other, with life situations providing the necessary emotional energy to enable the psyche to continue functioning. Sex could be healthy and uplifting ('making love'), it could be superficial ('screwing' or 'fucking'), or it could be totally damaging ('farting', 'shitting' etc).

The fifth insight described a process of human evolution growing and expanding, that somehow the collective intelligence of humanity was orchestrating the events of history so a higher consciousness could evolve. This was an expansion of the second insight and was also an overall theme in Reverse Speech that I had not yet really begun to understand. This larger theme described, with complex metaphor, a collective design and order in the flow of events in our lives.

In addition to the personal unconscious was the collective unconscious and this seemed to have its own agenda separate from our own. At times it seemed to structure life events so that people running common reversed metaphors would find each other. Through the process of Oral Tradition, similar unconscious metaphors attracted each other through interactions in the whirlwind. When these people met they would exchange further personal metaphors that would unconsciously combine with other metaphors during the process of conversation and energy exchange.

The result would be a strengthened metaphoric structure and another piece of consciousness would be etched onto the psyche. In effect some metaphors were evolving, approaching maturity like grapes on the vine. The pictures of the movie collectively and individually continued to unravel and grow.

According to Reverse Speech, the secrets of the universe and evolution were in the pictures and they were now coming together, reaching critical mass. It was how we thought and acted and created, and it was how we evolved. The new pictures became new scenes and new behaviour became the new life plots. Collective knowledge continued to grow, collective intelligence expanded and, according to the hidden



small voice of the spirit that I heard every day, human consciousness was about to explode.

This process of evolution seemed to be leading mankind towards an inevitable and unshakable confrontation with itself. The discovery of Reverse Speech was the most significant step yet towards this process. The unconscious mind was rising to consciousness and was calling for a unification of the whole. It was leading us back to ourselves, to the light that lay within, and eventually humanity would begin to discover the source of energy that was contained within this light.

From my research with Reverse Speech and my Christian upbringing, I understood this energy to be the light of God that came from the deepest recesses of the mind, from an area even deeper than the collective unconscious in the timeless void beyond the *Mist* that Reverse Speech called *Heaven*.

The Light began in the Holy of Holies in the very centre of heaven, or the most sacred area of consciousness. It was the source of metaphor or the image that created all other images. It was a single conscious intelligence of *Love* that filled all and connected all. It was the energy that bound all together that resided within and without.

The Light was, is and always will be, perfect *Sex*. It flowed out from heaven into the garden, the place of metaphoric birth. Then it filtered over the dysfunctional metaphors in the deserts that formed the marks of the beast, through the mountains that divided consciousness and subsequently flowed out and into the *Whirlwind* beyond.

We were all designed to have sex with God but had forgotten how to do so. We worshipped the images of beasts and demons in the unconscious instead. We had allowed

these images to create our world of dysfunction and disharmony. Because they were not the light, we were now required to source sex externally rather than internally. Even the *Christ* metaphor, forever resident in total consciousness, that enabled us to bypass the beasts, had been ignored. The only way we could now have sex was to exchange *Money* and personal resources with those around. This allowed the dysfunctional metaphors to have even more control and dominance in the world as the pictures within created the pictures without.

With the arrogance of conscious blindness we had given demons permission to reside in the Whirlwind that the light of collective intelligence had used to reflect Himself upon the world. And so the light of collective intelligence was restructuring the historical events of human history through the pictures in the wind so the demons of the mind could be exposed.

What was once unconscious would begin to be seen by the conscious. Then humanity would be forced to face the demons. Many would scream in pain, shielding their eyes from the torment that fell upon them. Some would stand firm though. If they could banish the demons from the winds of the mind, then the light could be completely reflected out and physical reality would literally shift to one of harmony and paradise as the picture within created the picture without.

### **towards heaven on earth**

I knew this was totally possible. My work with Reverse Speech image shifting showed me that. My religious beliefs

also told me. I considered that the ultimate purpose of human history was to manifest the light onto the world once more. As it had been in the beginning in the garden before the great unconsciousness came, so would it become again. The alpha and the omega, the beginning and the end. I believed this growing up as a child yet it had always been a mystery to me. Thus the lessons I learned from my parents had combined with the lessons of Reverse Speech and the revelations of *The Celestine Prophecy* and I was now beginning to understand how all of this happened.

To listen is the revelation of the sixth insight. To know exactly how we control and steal energy from others. Reverse Speech session work achieves this in one half-hour tape for it brings to consciousness all the metaphoric structures of the unconscious mind that cause this process to occur. This allows one to move beyond the past and begin the process of integration, which leads to spiritual empowerment, which leads to regaining control of the forces that create the pictures of one's world.

The seventh insight calls us to understand the messages of our unconscious. *The Celestine Prophecy* calls it dreams. We now know that it is also communicating audibly with Reverse Speech. Its messages will enable us to be in conscious control and access the pictures of the wind that will open the path of world evolution in front of us.

The eighth insight teaches us to teach our children the new path, or to eradicate the metaphors of destruction at their source. That is from the parents. Reverse Speech teaches that if the parents learn congruity then so will the children and the light will continue to manifest as Oral Tradition operates. People of congruity must seek other people of congru-

ity to enhance the evolution towards total consciousness. Then the ninth insight will materialise as planetary consciousness shifted towards an expectation of the coincidences of life and an excitement over the acts of observation and participation.

### **I will to do Thy will**

I read the book in awe the day I arrived home from San Diego. I was in an alternate reality that day. As I read, the book accessed the metaphors of my unconscious and I chose to accept the coincidences that opened up in front of me. When night fell I read two lines at the end of the book that struck me to my core.

*The manuscript said that sometime in history one individual would grasp the exact way of connecting with God's source of energy and direction and would thus become a lasting example that this connection is possible ... It said that this individual would blaze a path that the whole human race was destined to follow ...*

I decided to choose that I could be that person, and it could also be others who chose the same destiny. If that person became me then it could also become those that I touched with the gift of Reverse Speech. As I chose to accept this suggestion with congruity so did I begin to create the picture that began to reflect in the world around and the coincidences of life continued to come forth.

The suggestion became my word, which became my reality, and my life philosophy expanded again to include, *I will to do Thy will.*

# 22

## **dances with wolves**

THE FOLLOWING DAY my wife asked me for a divorce. It was my third. I was a little upset because she beat me to it. I had also been thinking about it. There was no animosity or aggression. We both knew it was a natural shift in the evolution of our lives and we had been walking separate paths for a while now. Coincidentally, my uncle James Thomas arrived from Australia that afternoon. I felt a little awkward meeting him at the airport with Jaye and Symone and no Kathy. However, I was glad he had come because I had decided to move to San Diego and needed moral support.

I appeared in San Diego again a few days later to prepare

for my move. I travelled with Uncle Jim. Just before we flew away, Symone said that she would send her she-wolf on the wind before us to find our Aussie wolf pack a new cave. She found the cave.

It was the first house Jim and I looked at, located a few miles out of San Diego in the mountains off the Carmel Mountain exit north on the I15. When I took the exit in my leased vehicle the name brought echoes of David Koresh and the Seven Seals of Armageddon to my mind. He had lived at Mount Carmel. What an unusual coincidence of word, I thought.

I was even more amazed when I saw the house that was built into the side of the hill, with no sight of neighbours. It was on Cuca Street, surrounded by Australian eucalyptus gum trees, covered with thick green ivy, and had tall ceilings like bat belfries. It really was an Aussie wolf den built into the hill, surrounded by old gum trees.

The street name was also a derivation of the southern LA suburb I had lived in when I dropped the tape player in the toilet bowl eleven years earlier. It was Rancho Cucamonga. Once again my life ran in circles. I pondered the incredible mystery of synchronicity as I stood on the small ledge that was the front yard and looked out across the valley to the mountains beyond. I had an incredible view! Now I knew I was safe because I could prowl down into the city during the day and retreat to the lone Aussie cave with my cubs at night.

I called another wolf early the next evening on this third and final reconnoitre trip to San Diego. I was a lone wolf again, you see, and sometimes wolves need the company of other wolves. As I stood outside my cave under the light of a full moon, the whirlwind formed in my mind. She-wolf

stood on the mountaintop, staring at the wind in the valley below and she began to howl. Her sound danced on the wind, vibrating the mountains beyond, and the image of a naked 'she' formed in the whirlwind.

She-wolf flew to the she-woman. She touched her face and caressed her breasts. They were like warm milk and primal passions rose in heat. Wolves recognised each other briefly and flew apart. Then the picture of a calendar formed above the images in the wind and I circled that day's date.

One hour later she called. 'Hi David. I had this overwhelming image of you in my mind. You were in your wolf form.'

She was a wolf. I was a wolf. She traversed the land to see me and we danced to music in the night as my body and mind began to heal.

### **clouds of coincidence**

One night on that trip I played with this new awareness of spiritual power during a she-wolf experiment that stunned me. I was at a friend's house in Pacific Beach, sitting on the balcony overlooking the ocean. I was in a deep contemplative mood, processing the lessons of *The Celestine Prophecy* and considering my life's purpose.

I knew that the light had manifested before me the keys to the encrypted words written on the heart. I was hoping these words would create a revolution of truth and it would allow the dysfunctional metaphor that still contaminated the garden within me to redeem itself from the mightiest of all sins. That is, to be incongruent with the winds of one's real divine self.

It was a clear night and I was aware of no clouds in the sky. I saw a plane flying above and I wondered if I had the power to alter its flight path. What would happen if I sent she-wolf up into the sky and tried to make the plane dive-bomb? I remembered the White House incident and decided I better not try that. I should do something safe.

I know. The thought formed in my mind. I'll make the plane's lights go out.

So I worshipped the beauty of the night sky and adored the creation of a plane suspended in that sky. I imagined she-wolf flying up to the plane and I willed her to circle the plane. And it came to pass that she wrapped her tail around the entire plane and rendered it to be seemingly invisible to the naked eye.

And the small divine voice of blessing danced in the winds of the song.

At the precise moment I finished the image the plane disappeared from the sky. It wasn't just the lights that went out but the sky turned black and the plane simply vanished in the blink of an eye. I was shocked! What the ... ?!

I looked frantically around. I couldn't see it anywhere. What had I done? I panicked. My heart rate increased. Then I saw it again. It flew out from behind a cloud. The only cloud in the sky at the time and I had not consciously seen it. My head span. Did I actually do it? Had the images in my mind enhanced the coincidences that created the illusion of translation as the plane had flown behind the cloud? Or did my unconscious see the cloud beforehand and decide to feed me the suggestion of a she-wolf trance to create the illusion of a miracle that would fascinate my awakened consciousness?



I could not comprehend the mystery but I was convinced. The power of coincidence was well and truly cemented in me and my mission would continue to begin.

### **shifting words on the wind**

I left Uncle Jim Thomas in San Diego to watch the cave and returned to Dallas for the last time. I hired a large trailer and packed my life away. I was amazed at the amount of information I had to transport.

There were several thousand audio tapes spanning all the years of my research. I had played nearly every one of them backwards and had all the transcripts stored away. There was in excess of a million speech reversals documented. I wondered what it had done to my psyche over the years as I had constantly brought to consciousness what had always been unconscious, effectively rewriting my own internal script. I was the only person in history to have ever done this and it was totally new ground. The she-wolf trances took my breath away.

Then I had hundreds of videos covering lectures and workshops and TV appearances. There were the many books I had written over the years — science fiction, philosophy, poetry, prophecy — all of them unpublished. I would publish them one day. Electronic equipment. I had electronic paraphernalia coming out of my ears! Security systems and audio equipment and reversing machines and spy stuff and wires and cables. I wondered what the inside of my brain must look like for me to have all that stuff manifested.

I liked my metaphors though. I had carefully collected them over the years — little figurines from junk shops that

reflected the images of the unconscious. However, my wolf statue was still chasing the rabbit so I threw most of my clothes away. They were never all that important to me anyway, except for my Ugg boots and sheepskin and wolf sweaters.

Thus I packed my large brown van and hired trailer with my life. It contained Reverse Speech and my twins. There was Symone who was short and blonde, and Jaye who was tall and dark. They were opposite and were born ten minutes apart. I also took my two dogs, the big golden retriever and small black border collie. They also were opposite. Kathy and Denny waved us goodbye.

‘Make sure you let me know before you put that new metaphor in the collective,’ Kathy said to me as I drove off. ‘I want to make sure I’m tucked away in the Rockies when you do.’

‘Yeah, I will.’ I smiled. ‘Thanks for the last five years. It was great. We’ll always be friends.’

I felt tears fill my eyes and Denny clutched a copy of *The Celestine Prophecy* in his hands.

‘This is going to change my life, David,’ he said. ‘I need to reconsider my direction.’

I nodded and we held eye contact just a little longer than normal. He slipped me a small package.

‘Bye, Mum.’ The girls waved. Kathy had become their mum since they arrived in America many years ago. ‘We’ll see you soon.’

I never did see Kathy again.

Thus my life was on the move yet again, my third major shift since beginning research. I had always lived like the wind, never settling down, but rather following the call of my

instincts. I had come and gone since teenage years, seeking truth and sacrificing all to find it. I had taken the call of discipleship seriously as a teenager and had always been prepared to drop anything and everything at a moment's notice if the spirit tugged at my heart. I used to wonder why my friends back in Australia hadn't done the same.

As I drove I knew that both the *antichrist* and the *Christ* metaphors lived within me as they lived in all of us. I could access either depending on the words of my mouth. The lessons of the Bible told me that, and two verses in particular were foremost in my mind.

*In the beginning was the word and the word became flesh and dwelt among us; and God said let there be light and there was light.*

Thirty hours after we left Dallas we arrived in San Diego. I had driven nonstop. My pack was here and I knew I had come to California to get Reverse Speech moving once and for all. I decided that it was time for the words of truth to be heard.

# 23

## the nine steps

I BEGAN MY NEW life as a single father in California in February 1995. I had one hundred dollars in my pocket, a technology, a van, my house rent paid up for a month, no debts and no furniture. I had a full client load though and I initially operated out of Dr Jim Murphy's offices in Mira Mesa. I set myself a goal. I wanted to return to Australia to live in five years' time so my girls could go to high school in the country of their birth. Thus I had five years to build an organisation across the States and get Reverse Speech established. Then I would take on the world.

As is normal with my *modus operandi* I started small and

began to work with a passion, often beginning at three in the morning, doing tapes and mapping out trances. I've never been afraid of hard work. It's the only way to get anything done. I'd see clients during the day, play with my kids in the evening, and write late into the night. Sometimes I'd get a babysitter and go out on a date.

I stepped in to another metaphor of my youth at that time, as I built my business in San Diego. The 'nine steps'. It had formed the foundation stone of my life. Back in my insurance days I used to lecture on the nine steps frequently to my sales staff.

I had been five years old at the time and my father, Trevor John, was a young enthusiastic country preacher. My younger brother, Peter James, was a year old and Dad was building a youth camp on the southern shores of Australia's most southern water inlet, St Vincent's gulf. Dad had always loved working with youth and the kids loved him.

There was a balcony around the half completed building with nine recently completed steps that led to the ground below. I stood at the top of the balcony and looked down. It was a long way. Dad challenged me to jump off the top of the balcony. Mum would have been horrified if she had heard him but she was inside. I looked at Dad in fright.

'You want me to do what?' I said. Dad had challenged me. I was in conflict. Tears sprung to the surface.

'Here, son,' Dad said, relieving my dilemma, 'try the first step first.'

That was easy. I could do that. My tears were wiped away and my face transformed to a loud grin. I ran down to the first step and jumped off with great pride and satisfaction.

'There you are, Daddy,' I said. 'I can do it.'

‘OK, son,’ Dad replied. ‘Try the second step now.’

That was easy as well. Then the third, and the fourth, and the fifth. Before too long I suddenly found myself right up the top again, standing on the ninth step, looking down to the ground. It didn’t seem as far now. I jumped off with great delight and screamed for joy. It shuddered my body a bit and hurt my feet but I didn’t let on.

‘I did it! I did it! I jumped off all nine steps. Aren’t you proud of me, Daddy?’

Dad was very proud and he preached about it at church next Sunday morning. I was proud also and I’ve been jumping off those nine steps ever since. I look to the ground with grand visions, freak out, but do it anyway with slow, steady movements, breaking everything down to its most basic component and moving upwards from there.

### **oh, what those Oates can do**

Now I wasn’t five. I was thirty-nine and I didn’t feel Dad’s pride like I used to when I was a child. This time, I wasn’t too sure where to look for approval. My father was on the other side of the world and I felt like he didn’t really know what I was doing. I felt the longing and emptiness continuously. Mum was not with me either. She was with my younger sister, Ann-Marie, and Peter. He had three kids at that stage, and married to his first and only wife.

I was jealous. I had three dead marriages, three kids and my son wasn’t with me. How come I didn’t live that family metaphor? All my family and friends were still on their first. Now I was all alone and needed nurturing. Everyone was stealing energy from me as the founder of Reverse Speech

and those nine steps seemed a little harder this time around. I had no choice but to source the light and roam with she-wolf.

My Uncle Jim, Mum's brother, left after three weeks in San Diego. He was my only uncle because Dad was an only child. Jim's three children were my only cousins. It was so good to have him, with my little human trio and two dogs, for the start of my new life in San Diego. He had given me a grounding back to my roots again. The Thomas side of the family was always conservative and well-grounded in the faith.

My maternal grandfather, Herb, had been a church choir conductor all his life and owned a grocery store on the shores of the gulf. He gave me my love for the ocean and music. He died of a heart attack when I was seventeen. I went into insurance shortly after Herb's death on the advice of my paternal grandfather.

Grandpa Fred Oates had been a creator and caretaker. He was one of the founders of the South Australian railway system and was chief officer when he retired. He built the system and supervised all the trains going to and from the central Adelaide railway station. He taught me Morse code and got me started in my hobby of amateur radio and communication.

He died from a brain tumour a few weeks after I got my girls and I had kept my final promise to him. It was to make sure his precious little angels were safe. He had loved his firstborn greatgrandchildren from his firstborn grandson more than anything else in the world. Sometimes I saw him in my bedroom at night, just a shimmering form in the corner.

Thus my teenage years had become a combination of the influences of my grandparents, with the Oates metaphor, my name and surviving male influence, being the stronger.

### **forever dreaming**

Now in my adult years in San Diego, nothing had changed except the metaphor had matured and the stage was bigger. I was still a reflection of my family metaphors combining both heart and brain in my new career of Reverse Speech. Uncle Jim reminded me of this before he flew back to Australia. He cautioned me of my mistakes in the latter days of my insurance career in my mid-twenties. I liked Jim's thick accent and straightforward logic as he spoke at the LAX international terminal.

'You had too many hangers on last time, David. Too many bludgers. All they wanted was a free ride. All the glory and no work. They rode on your coattails. Don't put up with it this time. Learn from your mistakes and you won't go broke. Piss 'em off. You don't need the bludgers. You know what to do.'

'You're a messenger,' Jim continued. 'Don't change the message. Don't pay anyone any money unless they are making you more. Don't believe nothin' unless you see it. They'll tell ya all the garbage you want and think they're a real bobby dazzler by doin' it. But you'll know, you've been around the block too many times. You don't need reversals. Stick to your guns and don't lose sight of your goals. Don't ever forget you're an Aussie, mate. Your home is in the bush and always will be.'

'Yeah, thanks Jim,' I replied.



IT'S ONLY A METAPHOR

He was right. I was an Aussie. Dad had been a pastor to the aboriginal missions. I had grown up in the dreamtime and had my puberty in insurance and on the streets doing youth work. The outback was my unconscious, the city my conscious. If I could combine the lessons of the two I would succeed.

Uncle Jim walked out of sight through the one-way doors of the international terminal.

# 24

## **the price of truth**

I BEGAN MY FIRST San Diego training class with almost thirty students. As usual, at the beginning of class, they were all very enthusiastic and everyone was convinced they would graduate. I knew better. Reverse Speech was a tough road. Few survived it.

You see, in addition to the massive amounts of mental work necessary to actually hear speech reversals, there was also the personal development necessary. You had to be reasonably congruent to do well. That meant that the road to success with Reverse Speech was paved with self-recognition, humility, sacrifice, and blood, sweat and tears.

I don't know why people have this arrogant, flippant attitude. I still get amazed at the mentality sometimes. New students would look at me like I have no idea what I'm talking about.

'He's just an Aussie from the outback,' they would say.

I had heard it all, several times each class.

'You mean I have to study to learn this? Not me. It'll be a walk through the park.'

'Know myself? That's easy. I want to see it all.'

'I'm the one you're looking for, David. It'll be different with me, you'll see.'

'We're going to be very close because God has sent me to show you the way.'

'I'm just going to put the tape player on and hear the reversals for the very first time.'

I wish I had a couple of bucks for every time I've heard those comments. I wouldn't need to drink coffee anymore. The classic one is this:

'I listened for an hour last night and didn't hear anything. I think it's all a con. I want my money back.'

'Fifteen hours a week. Fifteen hours a week. Fifteen hours a week,' I repeated over and over on my first weekend. 'If you put in fifteen hours a week doing tapes, I guarantee you'll succeed whether you have a natural talent for it or not. It's going to take you at least three months before you stop projecting yourself into the gibberish and start hearing genuine reversals. The gibberish becomes a mirror unless you can step beyond. And then they're only going to be first-level reversals. Second and third level takes at least six months to hear. And they're the clearest once you find them.'

‘It’s ironic, most new students will go right past the really clear reversals and document the trash instead. I can tell who someone is just by reading their first homework transcripts. It’s like doing a session on them! Fifteen hours a week, fifteen hours a week, fifteen hours a week. Put in fifteen hours a week and you’ll make it.

‘The other thing is, do not, I repeat, do not do reversals on yourself or your spouse until you have finished class and have your analyst certificate. That’s why I’m here and that’s why you’ll be there for the students in the next class. You are accessing the forces of the universe with Reverse Speech. Congruity is a powerful thing and many of you are not ready for it.

‘I have seen several relationships break up over the years, my last two marriages included, because people couldn’t handle the reversals. I’ve seen people go into psychic shutdown and major reversal reaction when they were confronted with their own reversals. There is something about hearing them yourself that has a far greater impact than merely reading them.

‘Imagine if you were a very pious religious man and you heard reversals that said, **Satan lives in my soul**. That would tend to freak you out a little. Society has absolutely no concept of spiritual reality anymore.

‘Or what if you’re a macho dude and you hear reversals that say, **I am a faggot. Let me stick it up your ass and lick your shit**. That’s not going to be very comforting for you either, believe me. You might say it won’t bother you, you can handle it, but that’s just your intellect talking. You wait until you actually hear the voice of the spirit piercing your very soul. It’s like a sharp, two-edged sword that chills the hearts

of even the most bold.

'Humanity is so full of shit. I've got the speech reversals to prove it. It's very unsettling, believe me. And you are going to have to listen to this stuff backwards every day in your headphones. I still break out in cold sweats, even after doing it all these years. Sometimes it's best to leave the skeletons in the closet. I mean, I've found reversals on people that have said just that. Leave it alone. Don't go there. More often than you'd expect to. Life can only be understood backwards but it must be lived forwards, you know.

'Actually, would you believe that the thing people hate to hear backwards the most, is the fact that they are divine. You see, that's the real message of Reverse Speech. It's not the demons calling to tempt us. It's God calling us to come back home. He is telling us that we still have the power of creation and that we are incredibly amazing, beautiful creatures sung in his image. And that's a very threatening thing!

'It's safer to hide in the dysfunction because the truth of divinity means we no longer have any excuse. No antichrist is going to come and destroy us because we are all the antichrist. We're doing a bloody good job of it all by ourselves, thank you very much, mate!

'I mean, look at your own life. And no saviour is going to come and rescue you, because we are all the saviours. That's the truth we're not doing so well with. We have to take control of our own lives and access the divinity within. Daddy doesn't hold our hand once we've passed puberty.'

**choruses of total consciousness**

'Reverse Speech is the voice of the unconscious mind, but what is the unconscious mind? My years of work leaves me with many unanswered questions, but I do know this. It is not one voice but many voices, and they are the choruses of total consciousness dancing in unison. You can hear them in all the different tonalities of speech reversals. Some of you will hear some, some of you others, none of you will hear all of them.

'But do you know what? You can hear them speaking to each other sometimes. Voices in the dark. It is another universe in there. Several kingdoms. Each with its own master. Zeus and Odin and Thor and hundreds of others. They are all interacting with each other, striving for dominance, and all of them affect specific functions of our behaviour. The pictures create pictures, which reflect pictures.

'The unconscious is rich and full of life. I think it's the real kingdom. It's what really rules our world. Because its battles reflect our battles. These are the real spiritual powers, the principalities and rulers of the invisible world within. All my work shows me that.

'Reverse Speech begins first. Children speak backwards before they do forwards. Speech reversals occur backwards in conversation before they are spoken forwards and I can see behaviour being orchestrated on the unconscious level, sometimes months before it ever manifests in the conscious world.

'Here, listen to this quick example of the unconscious speaking backwards before it does forwards.'

I punched up the sound program on my laptop and ac-

cessed one of the hundreds of reversals that I always had stored there.

'This is an Australian aboriginal talking on TV,' I said. I clicked the mouse pointer onto the play button of the simulated tape player that adorned the LCD screen of my computer.

*'And I was about 30, 35 when I found out my father was alive.'* The thick Australian accent burst from the speakers of my computer. *'How did you find out?'* the Australian reporter asked. *'It was just through word of mouth,'* the aboriginal replied.

I paused the tape player. 'Here's the speech reversal. I'll play that last section backwards at three speeds. Someone tell me what it says.'

**I have an older sister.** The reversal was very clear. Several students shouted the answer at once.

'Good. Listen to what he says now.' I continued playing the soundtrack.

*'It was just through word of mouth.'* I repeated the example backwards, **I have an older sister.** The man continued talking.

*'I was just talking to different ones about it cos I was sort of trying to trace a sis, one of my sisters. I knew all along I had one sister but in my search for her I found out I had other brothers and sisters.'*

The example spoke for itself. The unconscious had delivered the speech reversal prior to it being spoken forwards. This example was only a few seconds before the forward. It made the point easy to illustrate. However, I had reversals documented that had occurred months before ever being spoken forwards or played out in the dramas of life.

‘So my message is to wake up!’ I continued. ‘Take the scales off your eyes. Open your ears and see the reality of the forces that guide you. Only then can you be free. Then you can enjoy the beauty of who you really are and the wonder of your surroundings. And your life will literally transform into the miracle that it was created to be. If enough people do it, the New Age will come. Don’t wait for the next bloke to inspire you. You inspire them!’

A couple of training weekends later the class had dropped to a third its original size and some students got really upset when I refused to refund course fees. I didn’t have it anyway. It’s expensive starting a revolution of truth.

‘I never knew it was going to be so hard,’ they used to say. ‘You should have told me.’

‘I always do,’ I would reply. ‘No one believes me. Everyone thinks I’m just laying a trap on them. Deliberately trying to make it hard. I mean, really? Do you think the universe is going to make the keys of wisdom so easily accessible? The measure of work put into it reflects the measure of wisdom received back. It’s been so very carefully protected.’

Thus it came to pass that my loyal San Diegan Reverse Speech crowd began to dissipate already and I hadn’t even gotten to the juicy stuff yet.

‘And they’d said this was the city of enlightenment,’ I used to say.

My mind also wanted to dissipate, but fortunately I had to work. I had a family to feed and a God to serve. So I continued to work in the solitude of my office and cave, often in excess of a hundred hours a week. I’d pop in and out one weekend a month for training and the occasional lecture. I



was determined to get Reverse Speech going, despite the efforts of those who consciously and unconsciously tried to defeat me.

### **the stench of abortion**

My mother came over from Australia and stayed with me for two weeks in April, and the spoons in my cave stopped bending for a while. She was 64 then and looked as young and radiant as ever. She always will.

A few weeks after she left I employed an office manager, George Hetzel, and Reverse Speech moved into its own independent offices for the first time in its twelve-year history. George had a speech stutter, which I thought was ironic, and the offices were located at 7373 Engineer Road, which was equally ironic.

I am a sound engineer, rewiring brains and sending new messages down the track. Then there was the number three. Threes have always run in my life. And there was that number *Seven* yet again.

*Seven* was a number that used to occasionally appear in Reverse Speech – the only number, to the best of my recollection. I really didn't know what it meant. I still don't, although it wasn't a new metaphor and I inserted it in the Reverse Speech dictionary as: *Seven (multi) meaning imprecise, symbol of perfection, completion; maybe divine inspiration*. However, every time I heard it backwards it reminded me of David Koresh and the Seven Seals of Armageddon.

There had been a message for the nation from the collective somewhere in Waco. Most people I associated with knew it. There had also been a message in the Judas Priest trial and

backward messages in rock and roll, but no one had taken it seriously.

At the same time as I moved offices I moved house, out of the mountains and down into the city. The move was marred by a rather tragic event. I had been dating a young woman for a while and she became pregnant. We immediately discussed abortion. It was the first time I had ever been confronted with this issue.

Personally, I was all for having the baby. I love children. I'd fought hard to get custody of my girls from my second marriage and I still grieved over the absence of my son, Michael John, from my first. He was sixteen at that time. Kathy, my third wife, and I had wanted to have children but she was unable to.

My paternal instincts have always been very strong and I was even willing to raise the child by myself if she didn't want to keep it. However, I said to her if you are going to have an abortion, have it right now because it'll be too hard for me to handle in a couple of weeks' time. She sat on it for a few days and then came to see me, very excited, beaming from ear to ear.

'Let's do it, David,' she said. 'Let's have the baby. We'll move in together if you want to.'

'Are you sure?' I was ecstatic. Tears welled in my eyes. 'I mean, don't mess with me. Don't tell me you want to do this and change your mind. I'll back you all the way. You know that, don't you?'

'Yes, David, I know,' she replied, hugging me deeply. 'You're a great father. Your girls need another brother or sister.'

'It'll be a boy,' I said proudly. 'He'll follow in my footsteps

after I've gone.'

We told Jaye and Symone. They were very happy and beamed for days afterwards.

She went out and found our small family a house. A nice big place with a pool, about a mile from the office. She gave me a wonderful book about relationships and children and romanced me for two weeks. I fell in love. I gave her my heart. I told all my clients and friends. I was very happy. I thought it was a metaphor for the new life being experienced by Reverse Speech.

I was a blind fool. I should have looked at our speech reversals. They had told me but I didn't listen. One of mine had said, **I will damn you.**

It was a Friday night. She started crying.

'I can't have the baby, David,' she said. 'I'm having an abortion.'

'You're having what?!' I jumped up in shock.

'I'm having the abortion.'

I looked at her in fright. Chills flashed down my spine. I remembered Denny Sludge and the stench of death. I remembered the loss of my son and my girls in the outback. So many memories, so much pain. I couldn't cope. I shut down.

'You're going to do what?!' I screamed. Demons from the pits of hell surged through my brain and fired my emotions. I flung my hands in the air. She cried harder.

'Help me, David. I can't cope with my decision.'

'You can't cope with your what?!' I was incredulous and the sharp pain made me very ugly. I started shouting and my outback tongue became loose.

'You can't cope with your decision? Is that what I heard you say?' I rubbed my forehead in agony. 'This is a human

life we're talking about here, not a bloody decision. You tell Jaye and Symone. How are they going to cope with your decision? How am I going to cope with your frigging decision! I asked you to decide at the very beginning if you wanted to do this. Not two weeks later after we told everyone and you got us a house and everything!

'David. Don't do this to me,' she slobbered on the floor. I stood off at a great distance. I felt disgusted. She cried even louder. 'David. How can you be so cruel?'

Words escaped me and she left the house in great distress. I stayed behind, in even greater distress. Jaye and Symone were devastated. I tried to talk her out of it but was unable to do so. She asked me to pay for the abortion. I reluctantly agreed. I think it was some old-fashioned notion instilled into me by my mother about male responsibility for actions.

Whatever happened to female responsibility, I used to wonder. Women's lib has gone crazy. If I had taken that attitude I would never have gained custody of my girls. However, coincidence ruled, because when the day came I went to the bank first thing to get the cash out and, I kid you not, my bank account was exactly \$0.00. Furthermore, I only had ten dollars in my wallet. I told her I couldn't pay for it. That day I saw clients all day, trying to put it out of my mind.

That morning, between 11 and 11.30, I was in session with a client. We were going over her reversals. Suddenly my laptop computer, which my lady friend and I had bought together, let out a very strange, unholy sound. My client and I glanced at each other, puzzled. I looked at the laptop. The sound continued for a few seconds before the hard drive inexplicably locked up and the screen went blank. Everything stopped. I punched buttons and tried to reboot it, but to no

avail. My computer had died for absolutely no reason. A half a gigabyte of sound files and client files irrevocably lost. I was going to back up all my files the following week.

I was really upset. My temper was on edge anyway. This just made it worse. I found out later she had had the abortion that morning between 11 and 11.30. My computer never recovered and we eventually replaced it.

My staff and some students had a wake for the baby at my house that night. This was a child that had been wanted. I saw him in my she-wolf trances for a few weeks afterwards. He was a young wolf cub, very young. My son. Strong but confused. He was taken before he reached consciousness. He eventually faded away and I haven't seen him since. I guess I figured out what my views on abortion were and I flung the woman away from my life after that. The pain was too great. I hope she's doing all right, though. I like the new house. The swimming pool helps.

### **it's calling me again**

Anyway, she was gone and I brooded. I had lost yet another child. I loathed broken relationships. I just wanted a full family. I think I might have given up Reverse Speech for the right woman, maybe even the wrong one. Emotionally I was in turmoil. Businesswise I was ploughing ahead, having great success with trance work and rapidly building a good solid base with no debts and paying cash for everything.

The hangers-on were drifting away, or I was unconsciously pushing them out, and only the core group of real serious people remained. George was great. He kept the ship running and I even gave him my cheque book. There was little

risk. I had his reversals and I did read those ones. I loved Reverse Speech in business. No more partnership troubles for me.

Meanwhile my body and emotions longed for a mate, so I sent She-wolf out hunting again. I did a trance in the desert where I found the female inside of me.

‘Hey, go fetch, She-wolf,’ I said, ‘and don’t come back until you find her!’

She rode the whirlwind into the sky and started looking while I continued to work in my sleep, usually starting at three in the morning. Sometimes I’d go to bed at two.

# 25

## **maps of the unconscious**

BY THE BEGINNING of August 1995 I had less than ten students remaining in my training class. A few of those were doing very well. One of my students was a man by the name of Dr Paul Ash, multiple PhD. He was chairman of the board for a small alternative university in Hawaii – the Pan Pacific University – and they had just accepted Reverse Speech as an accredited course.

I was a lot more excited than I let on, because, alternate or not, after twelve years of work this was some form of recognition. He had spent several months designing an impressive cirrocumuli and was predicting that by the begin-

ning of 1997 we would be able to offer credits towards a Masters, Bachelors, or even a Doctorate program. It was a great step forward, especially considering the fact that I had barely made it through high school.

Meanwhile, my own understanding of Reverse Speech was constantly expanding and I could feel something shifting deep down inside. I was on the brink of a major quantum leap, I knew it. All the circumstances were right. I was lonely, frustrated, working very hard and just itching to take off somewhere. Session work, which I usually loved, was becoming boring and irritating. Even raising my children seemed to be a little tough. It's tough being a single dad while you're trying to build a revolution. There was an explosion building up inside. It just needed the right trigger to push me over the edge.

I wanted to write a third book but memories of Denny and the disappointment of my second book halted me at that point in time. The blue books still gathered dust in the shed so I lectured on some of these new understandings instead. I made my first presentation at a weekend training class. Some people were not there and missed it. I audio taped the lecture and entitled it, *Maps of the Unconscious*. I marked the tape afterwards with the words: *Private thoughts, Please do not play backwards*. You see, the abortion still bothered me and the internal pictures were not nice.

My lecture went like this:

'I've been doing Reverse Speech for more than half my adult life now. I turn forty in two months. I've done over a thousand trances, I'm finally getting some of them typed out, and I've heard millions of reversals. I don't think I'm exaggerating when I say that there are not too many people in the



world who know more about the unconscious mind and human behaviour than I do.

'For a start, no one's ever seen it except for surface dream analysis, psychedelics and trance excursions. But then, the metaphors have been confusing at best because there hasn't been a conscious reference point to go back to. Now there is: Reverse Speech and speech complementarity. This is how the unconscious is structured.

'Your conscious mind is little more than a sensory receptor for the vast world within.' I walked over to the whiteboard and began to write. My writing is shocking. No one can read it but I do it anyway. It grounds me down.

'You take part as an observer only of less than five percent of all your mental functions. It's like you're looking at the surface of an ocean. Sometimes you can see ships on the waters but that is only a thin film on top. There is an entire world below of currents and creatures and all sorts of wondrous things. You begin to touch this world at night when you cross the dunes to dream.

'Who watches *Star Trek*?' Several people raised their hands. 'OK. Good. Let's imagine you've got a holodeck where you can project yourself and walk among a never ending world of three-dimensional images. The unconscious mind is just like that. You access the door and walk in through the arch when you play a tape backwards, or day-dream on the beach under a hot sun. What you are seeing and hearing is the many images and voices of the characters in the movie.

'When I take you down under trance, or you dream under the sun, you actually see the images that the script describes. You really are walking in the world of your uncon-

scious, just like you would on the *Enterprise's* holodeck. The great thing about Reverse Speech is that we are no longer guessing. You know that this is not someone else's opinion. This is your own voice! I use your reversals to program the 'holo' projections and you are actually walking in your very own pictures. Welcome to you.'

### **the collective sea**

'So this is what you will probably see.' I started to become graphic, acting out the scenes in front of the class.

'You will probably start on the beach shore. This represents your conscious world. The width and length of the beach gives some indication of the extent of your consciousness. Or you may actually start on the edge of the desert, which is the first frontier of the unconscious. It is separated from the beach by a low-lying range of constantly shifting sand dunes, hence the legend of the sandman. He sprinkles sand on our eyes as we sleep because we cross over the sand dunes to the beginning of the other world at the edge of the desert.

'The surf that splashes onto the shore from the ocean is the influence of the collective sea on your world. The ocean is the collective unconscious. The ship is you, or your essence, carrying your metaphors across the waters to influence your world and communicate with other shores. You carry these with your daily interactions with others – Reverse Speech, body language, the whirlwind – plus a whole bunch of other processes yet to be discovered.

'The islands in the ocean are spawning-grounds for brand new metaphors. We'll discuss them later. The ship picks up

the new seeds, or they are washed ashore by the currents of the ocean. They will touch the beach and some of them will crawl over the dunes to the desert beyond, where they join all the other creatures of the night. That is the unconscious. The ocean is the collective, the beach is the conscious, and the desert is the beginning of the unconscious frontier.

'Now, the sky above, that's heaven. The most central and sacred part of the mind. We go there under trance by sleeping in the garden and floating up to the sky, out into space and through the mists that surround heaven. If you are in heaven looking down on earth you are looking at total consciousness. The original sparks of life that come from the light – the anima and animus – are carried down from heaven on the wings of angels to land in the nests in the islands of the collective seas, where they begin to spawn, create seeds and eggs, hatch and grow.

'The sun in the sky above is the presence of the light, the life force that radiates out from the Holy of Holies. It shines down on earth to give life to all. The state of the sun under trance or in speech reversals will indicate that amount of light that one is able to receive. A spot on the sun, or a dim sun, means a poor connection with the light.'

### **winds in the mind**

'As you stand on the shore you will be aware of the pull of the wind blowing over the sand dunes from the desert. This wind blows out from the central whirlwind in the Garden of Eden, over the lands of the unconscious and interacts with you on the beach shore. Sometimes it mixes with another wind that blows in from the soul. This other wind is called

the soul wind. If the two winds blow together it's fantastic, but often they don't. They can clash with each other, causing crosscurrents and storms. These weather fronts will create havoc with the sands on the beach, resulting in war in your conscious life.

'You live your life according to the influences of the unconscious winds. You feel these winds as emotions, and energies surge through your body and mind. The songs of the winds are determined by the state of the soul, the health of the garden, and the effects of metaphors living in the desert and other unconscious kingdoms. If your winds are weak, your emotions are weak, your thoughts are slow and your life is weak. If they are strong then you are also strong. If the winds smell bad then other people in your life will also begin to smell bad as your ship sails on the collective sea and its wake washes against neighbouring shorelines.

'The success of my she-wolf trances is determined primarily by how well I can allow the wind of the 'She', which resides in yet another primal kingdom, even below the desert region, to interact with the whirlwind in the garden. The wind of the She then alters the wind in the garden, which alters the wind over the desert, which eventually changes the way my ship sails on the collective seas of humanity. Thus, the wind or howl of the she-wolf alters the way my own desires flow in, out, and around the oceans of life, touching other shores or people on that ocean.

'The purpose of Reverse Speech session work is to change the state of the winds blowing out from the many gardens of the mind. Eden is only one. There are many kingdoms. Because, as the winds change, so will you. The winds will change as the pictures in the unconscious change. That's

what we do with metaphor restructuring. The winds affect everyone. They are what cause behaviour.

‘What we are trying to do for our clients is to help them change the winds of the mind, and then show them how they can be the winds’ masters, rather than their slaves. We’ve all got to learn how to sail properly. I try to step into the winds and flow with them, controlling their currents, rather than let the currents control me. But I can only do this if I understand their functions. But man, I tell you what, you get that mastered and you just watch the coincidences flow into your life! I guarantee it.’

### **kingdoms of the desert**

‘OK. Back to the sand dunes. As you stand on the top of the dunes, you are standing between two worlds. You can get a view of both the unconscious world in the desert beyond and the conscious world in the beach behind. As you cross over the dunes to the desert in the north you begin to walk in the frontiers of the unconscious kingdom. This is where most people will start their adventures. Let me show you what it looks like.

‘Close your eyes and picture a desert. See it as long and expansive, with golden sands that go on forever. You can see the occasional oasis and maybe small creatures scurrying along the sands. Then there is a large mountain range lying to your west. This runs around the edge of the desert. The mountains of the mind are barriers in the unconscious. They are dormant places of metaphoric inactivity that separate one unconscious kingdom from another.

‘Under trance, I will often send metaphors to the moun-

tains to sleep. That results in a shutting down of the behavioural pattern the metaphor represents. You can also go to the mountaintops to feel the unconscious winds. They are very obvious up there in the clear air and some people actually find the breath of God while they bask in the sunlight glistening off the snow.

‘That’s why we like going to the mountains and that is why God spoke to Moses on the mountaintop. They are above the noises of the battles in the valleys and deserts and we can think with greater clarity in the currents of the winds that circulate around the peaks.

‘Some prophecies of Armageddon talk about the mountains being thrown into the sea. What this means is that the barriers of the mind will be dissolved into the sea of collective human knowledge and sexual interaction as the light of God shining forth from heaven once again begins to be felt by humanity. It refers to the evolution of consciousness. As humans learn the power of congruity, the mountains really will be thrown into the sea, because we will begin to experience total awareness for the very first time. And that’s going to be radical!

‘One of the first things you might see as you begin your journey into the unconscious is a large two-storey house. You may see this in a green field on a small low-lying hill to the east, or on the desert plains themselves at the edge of the sand dunes. The house represents the contents of the mind. Books in the library of the house contain the records of knowledge and experiences that have been accumulated during our lifetime. Some books contain our life plan and the secrets of genetic coding. The cellar of the house contains repressed memories, and the various rooms are doorways to

other kingdoms or mental functions.

'Incidentally, have you ever wondered why biblical prophecy distinguishes between nations and kingdoms? The nations are kingdoms in the physical world, and the kingdoms are kingdoms in the unconscious world. When Jesus says Satan is the ruler of the world and controls all kingdoms, he is referring to the kingdoms of unconscious mind and the marks of the beast that destroy from within. Planetary changes begin with changes in the kingdoms first. These changes will then be reflected in the nations and ... nations, and ...'

I paused. I had lost my train of thought. I stared blankly ahead.

'I'm sorry class,' I said. 'I've ... where to, George?'

'Lunch, David,' he replied.

'Oh yeah. Lunch.' I raised my eyebrows with a sheepish grin.

'Yeah we know,' three students said in unison. 'It's time for a break.'

'Yeah!' I never lectured for hours on end. It drove me crazy.

# 26

## **grey wolf and the boots of truth**

'OK. BACK TO THE desert, cos that's where we have to go.' I began to draw a map on the whiteboard in front of me. A coffee stain adorned my left sleeve and a small spot of red ketchup was evident on my green shirt.

I drew the beach to the right, marking this as south. Then I drew a thin line to the north or left of the beach. This was the sand dunes. I drew the ocean to the right of the beach, with little waves of surf touching the shorelines. Over the line I drew the mountain ranges to the east, running along the side of the desert. I then made a funny little picture of a stick house on a small hill to the west. I can't draw very well.



This was the house where the books and albums were kept.

‘One of the first things that you’re going to meet in the desert is the wolf. This can be very exciting. It might come out to see you from the base of the mountains or it might suddenly be there all by itself. You have to watch out for wolves. They’re very crafty and like a thief in the night they will sneak up on you when you least expect it. And suddenly they’re there. They were there all the time and you never ever realised. I should know. I’m a wolf.’

The people in the room went silent. They knew I wasn’t joking! I liked the tension. I sourced it. Its perfume was sweet like honey.

‘Now, take great note. This is separate from she-wolf. It’s a totally different metaphor. She-wolf is you out there. Grey-wolf is you in here. In trance I will get you to play with the wolf, to see its eyes, to clean its fur and you will find that as the wolf becomes strong then so will you.

‘After the wolf I will call the eagle. It’s a common metaphor. The eagle represents short-term vision. It scouts the land for the wolf. It is your perceptions and intuitions. A smart eagle will fly high on the wind so it can see far. Don’t have your eagle walk on the ground, please. Can you believe that some people actually do? It should have a wingspan of about three feet. Sometimes I will have the eagle land on your arm. You will feel its talons dig into your skin. You will be awed by the power of its wings as it soars back up into the air.

‘Now our adventure can really begin, with the eagle flying in front and the wolf by your side. We are heading north to the Garden of Eden. Sometimes you will be able to see its whirlwind spinning on the horizon. It should be powerful

and strong so you know exactly where to go. If you're lucky, you'll meet the horse on the way. It is white and majestic. The horse is a metaphor for spiritual movement. We ride the horse through the desert, fighting our battles. And the battles will come because there are many dangers in the desert. There are wild monsters living in the base of the mountains and behind the shadows of the rocks. So you will need to get ready.

'You will need a sword, a large Saxon-style two-edged sword, to fight off the creatures in the desert and the demons that await you in the kingdoms of the north. Of course, this is a metaphor for congruency and strength of speech. That is how we win our battles. Then you will need boots to move forward. This is truth and integrity and honour. You will need a helmet, or wisdom and knowledge, to protect you from the marks of the beast that filter the conscious perceptions of womankind. And you will need a breastplate. This is to keep your heart safe and your sexual energy pure.

'You can find these in the sands of the desert, or you may have to fashion them out of stones with a hammer and anvil. Sometimes Lancelot will bring them to you on his noble steed. He lives in the kingdom of Camelot that lies in a valley beyond the mountains to the north. If he meets you in the desert it is because he is on a quest. He is a messenger from Camelot and is seeking the Holy Grail, or the ultimate destination of one's life journey. He has a map that shows the way, but I'm not allowed to take you there yet. Maybe next year in the practitioner class.'

'Ah, come on, David,' Kati whined. 'Show us the map.'

'Sorry, I can't.' I loved doing this. My devil metaphor rising. It was that mischievous energy of anxiety that gave me

power. 'We'll continue.'

My students, male and female, continued to take notes. The tape recorder ran in the background.

**it's only a metaphor**

'David, I've got a question,' a student up the back asked, looking very serious.

'Go for it!' I replied. I welcomed any interaction in my lectures. It broke up the monotony. I could get boring sometimes.

'You know, I totally get what you're saying here,' he continued. 'I mean, I've been there with you under trance and I know it's real. God, it's changed my life.' He paused, searching.

I was puzzled. 'Yeah? So what's your problem?'

'Well, it's not really a problem. I'm puzzled,' he replied. 'You see, I recognise these pictures. I know them. For a start, it's like our planet. All you're describing is the layout of the coast and the sky above. I mean, you've got the San Bernardino Mountains and the deserts of Arizona beyond. And the wolves and the eagles and the whirlwinds? Well, they're in our dreams. And then there are the tornadoes in the desert. I mean, what's the connection?'

I smiled. What's the connection? What's the connection? How come we had all forgotten?

'Come on,' I replied. 'You've sat through more than six months of lectures with me and you still don't get it. Of course the world out there is like the world of the unconscious. They are a mirror reflection of each other. The pictures within create the pictures without. That's the secret of

life. It's all a reflection. I mean, we get so caught up in deep intellectual concepts that we forget the most basic point.

'It's only a metaphor. It's only a metaphor. It's only a metaphor. That's how the universe works. As soon as our planet gets that basic point, everything will start to change around. As I keep on saying, what you see outside, everything, is a reflection of what is inside. Change the pictures and you change the world. It's the most basic truest truth that exists on the face of the planet.

'The word, or the metaphor, is the beginning of everything. It is the image that always is. In the beginning was the word and the word became flesh and dwelt amongst us, or the picture inside manifested to become the picture outside. The images are exactly the same, it's just that the form is different. Spiritual forces within have reflected themselves outside the mind, forming into what we see as physical shapes. That is how God created and that is how we continue to create. It's only a metaphor, it really is. God made man in his own image. We all know it. This is how it happens.

'Here, look at the Australian coastline. It's a classic illustration of what I'm talking about, the pictures within creating the pictures without. Australia is a vast continent, its land mass is larger than continental United States, yet ninety percent of its population live on ten percent of its land mass. That is, around the coastline. More than ninety percent of its land mass is uninhabited. It's called the outback and it's cemented in ancient legends of the dreamtime.

'Anyway, the point I am making here is that Australia has evolved to reflect the unconscious because that is how creation works. At least ninety percent of its population lives on ten percent of its land mass because that is how we live in

the mind. Ninety percent of us are out of it. The land mass is surrounded by ocean because we are surrounded by the waters of the collective sea. The ships bring trade from other nations because that is what we do when we sail the waters of life. The internet has now been established. It is a reflection of the collective unconscious linking mankind electronically, just like they are linked spiritually through Reverse Speech and oral tradition.

'Wars in conscious nations reflect wars in unconscious kingdoms. We have this incredible need to connect because we are a reflection of the light of connection that lies in the Holy of Holies. The telephone and radio were manifestations from the collective and the internet was a maturation of this metaphor. We are only just starting to touch the stars because we are only just beginning to touch heaven. Mankind is slowly beginning to wake up to the reality of the word that lies within.

'Space technologies will explode out of all proportions once we collectively finally begin to connect with heaven inside of us. That internal connection will then translate to an external manifestation. I see it happening in Reverse Speech session work all the time. That's why *Star Trek* is so popular. We all want to fly again like we used to. We want to reconnect. Faster than lightspeed will become a reality when we learn how to touch the light inside.

'So look at the world in which you live and you are looking at the unconscious mind. Look at the mythologies, look at the pictures that you see every day on your TV screen, because they are all messages from the unconscious. Reality within creating reality without. There are no accidents. Everything happens for a reason. Always remember, it's only a

metaphor. Change your pictures and change your world. It really is true.'

### **finding the keys to the Garden of Eden**

'And so, here we are, wandering through the world within looking for our pictures like we would on the holodeck of the *Enterprise*. As you continue to walk north towards the Garden Of Eden you are going to see a variety of wonderful things. You may see large cities sprawling along the base of the mountains, some modern, some ancient. Let's just deal with one of them. The city of Jerusalem.

'Jerusalem lies deep within the desert regions, tucked against the shadows of the great mountains of unconsciousness. You have to travel long and far to find it. Many people will miss it because they're too busy having sex with their demons. Jerusalem contains the scrolls of spiritual wisdom. It is an ancient city and I often see it under trance as half ruined and decayed. The scrolls are in the temple in the courtyard. If you can find them and taste them – they'll taste sweet like honey – your conscious mind will begin to comprehend marvellous mysteries.

'But you have to be careful in Jerusalem. I saw the image of a beast sitting on the throne in the temple once. I was really scared and didn't have my sword with me. So I erased the picture. Anyway, it's not the temple in Jerusalem you have to worry about. It's the throne in the Holy of Holies in heaven. If you ever see the image of a beast in the light of the sun you're in real deep shit, believe me. You might as well kiss your ass goodbye cos you haven't been going to the mountain peaks and sensing the winds.

'Listen, you better understand what this means.'

Several students' fingers itched on their reversing machines. George made sure that the recorder was still recording. I continued lecturing, scribbling on the whiteboard.

'There's an old ivy-covered gate at the back of Jerusalem that leads to an overgrown unkempt garden. That's the gateway to another kingdom altogether. I've never been there, but grey-wolf went in once. He came back with blood dripping from his mouth and a large gash in his right side. So, let's not go there today cos my heart keeps calling me backwards to heaven.'

'The Garden of Judas,' Chris muttered in the background.

'What was that?' I asked, startled.

'Nothing.' She continued writing.

'OK ... er ... lets c-c-continue wr-writing ... er ... talking.' Why was I stuttering? I hardly ever did anymore. A single drop of perspiration fell from my brow.

'Onwards and north to Eden.' I snapped myself to attention. 'Past Jerusalem lies the Garden of Eden. The whirlwind on the horizon should be large and strong by now. There will be no doubt about the force of the wind. But before you reach Eden there are two other very significant kingdoms. If you could see by the eyes of the eagle above, you would see three images all interconnected and working together in unison. But you could not get this perspective from the sands of the desert.'

'The three pictures are the Garden of Eden to the centre and north. This is by far the larger image. Then there is the kingdom of elves to the lower right and the vineyards of wine on the lower left. The pictures should be separate and dis-

tinct from each other. If they merge, or are not in perfect triangular alignment, there is psychic imbalance. As Reverse Speech analysts you would need to restructure this picture according to reversals in the pre-trance tape.

‘A large river flows out of the garden, around and through the kingdom of elves and vineyards and then branches off into thousands of tiny streams that flow in all directions as far as the eye can see.

‘This river is the River of Life. It feeds the garden and all surrounding kingdoms. The elves are messengers of the mind. In Reverse Speech they are metaphors for the electrical impulses that spark the nerves. There is a large office in the kingdom of elves. The officer gives the elves their messages. The elves also tend the vineyards that make the wine that gives life to all the metaphors of the unconscious. This wine appears in goblets in secret places over all kingdoms.

‘Often I will go right on past the two smaller kingdoms in my trances and head straight to the garden. Ah yes, the garden. I love the garden, the place of birth. It all began in the garden. This is the beginning of consciousness as the separate male and female identities rose and named the metaphors that sprang from the nest, before they left the womb to found other kingdoms in regions beyond the desert.

‘The keys to the garden’s entrance were hidden very well – backwards in the deepest metaphors of Reverse Speech, right in front of everyone’s eyes where they would never ever dream of looking. Of course, as we all should know by now, after several lessons in this training course, Reverse Speech says that wisdom comes from the unconscious mind and is backwards, the right hemisphere compared to the left, or a mirror image of the forward. Mirroring is a natural function



of the mind. It's got something to do with the corpus colosseum. I don't know.

'You see, knowledge from the conscious mind goes forward. Reverse Speech describes this as the owl metaphor. Wisdom is unconscious from the spirit. They are totally different and often work in opposite fashions. It is blasphemy to call oneself wise, yet not understand the message of your dreams. The keys to the garden, and indeed the mark of the beast, lie in a combination of the two. Wisdom and knowledge considered together in the form of speech complementarity. That is how I write the Reverse Speech dictionary, which unravels the codes hidden in metaphors. I consider the forwards and the reversed combined before attempting to make a definitive reference.

'Wisdom is encoded in the third-level metaphors that spark the living fires of emotions. Don't worry, the wisdom is safe. The fear of congruency and truth will keep nearly everyone away. Sometimes reversal reaction will even arise as the unconscious shocks alert the many monsters that surround the garden. We can feel the emotional energy every day as metaphors flow in and out of the whirlwind. In the past we didn't know what they were or how to read their codes. Now we do.

'And do you know what the most ironic thing is? It was the Nazis who invented the first version of the tape recorder during World War Two. It was used to enhance their propaganda machine. The dysfunctional metaphors themselves created the means by which they could be exposed.

'And on that note, we are going to break for coffee because my cup is empty.'

The entire room burst into laughter. They had been do-

ing Reverse Speech long enough by now to understand the meaning of the metaphor. You see, it's hard to understand me at times because I tend to think and talk in metaphors and forget I'm still living in backward land. But don't worry, I know how to speak Aussie. I just forget to translate sometimes.

# 27

## **the never-ending curse of Rocelin**

COFFEE BREAK WAS short. I no longer had time for lengthy relaxations. I started lecturing again on a roll.

‘OK. We’re at the edge of the garden. Sometimes you will have to cross the river to enter. There might be large wrought-iron gates at the entrance and an ivy-covered wall around the entire circumference, but this is not always the case. Occasionally I’ve seen the gate protected by two gargoyles, identical twins on either side. Then there’s a minor battle, or unconscious negotiations, to enter, but if you did the pre-trance tape the right way all the unconscious instructions on how to proceed will be in the reversals.

‘Once in the garden you are in another world. The sights are breathtaking. Flowers and birds, paths and grass, babbling brooks. Some people never want to leave. It can be so very peaceful. But every garden has its weeds and Eden has more than its fair share. In the far east of the garden, just inside its borders, lives a demon straight from the pits of hell. Hell is a kingdom you don’t want to see, for her messenger’s breath is a foul, foul stench that keeps all away from the most sacred of places. I fear her for her perfume fills all winds in all areas of the mind.

‘Her name is Rocelin. Seduction is her game. She is the mother of righteous incongruity and the mightiest pervert of them all. So skilled is she at her task that even the mighty Merlin of Camelot was deceived by her song.’

I paused and then continued drawing on the whiteboard.

I expanded my original picture of the desert to now include some small cities dotted along the edge of the mountain range. I specifically marked the ancient city of Jerusalem. I then drew the three kingdoms of Eden, vineyards and elves. They are Eve, the central wombs of creation, management and nourishment. I marked the direction as north and made the picture of Eden very large. Lying in the east of Eden I drew the dark kingdom of Rocelin.

‘This is the forest of Rocelin,’ I said, thumping the whiteboard with my marker. The marker broke in two and went flying across the room. Milo ducked as one half went crashing against the back wall.

‘Damn it!’ I muttered to myself. Everyone pretended it didn’t happen, and pains of the abortion flashed through my mind.

I continued. ‘Rocelin is the siren who entices lonely sail-

ors to the rocks of their destruction. She is Delilah who beguiled Samson into betraying the secret of his strength. Her touch sends men and women into blind, raging passions and they would willingly and freely give unto her their most treasured possessions. She robbed Merlin of his magic, possessing the fairy Ninianne in the forest that sounds her name. She is Rocelin, the whore of Babylon, the witch from Eden, the mother of all dysfunctional metaphors in the desert. Warning — tremble and fear, for your salvation is at hand!

‘She still torments me and when I am seduced by her grasp I lose all reason. Obey Rocelin, she commands, and I willingly fall at her feet in adoration. Sometimes I think it’s best that people do not know she is there so they can remain at least blissfully happy, unaware they are caught in the slavery of her delicious grasp.’

Several students shuddered in their seats. I could almost see the chills flashing down their spines. I knew the sensation. Everyone did, for Rocelin lives in us all.

‘So ... she is one of the first monsters to be conquered in the garden. To fight her you will have to make sure you have all your battle gear, the sword, helmet and breastplate. Grey-wolf will need to be sure and strong. You will follow a small winding path to the east and the temperature will begin to drop as you approach the dark forest of Rocelin. It will get chillingly cold, the wolf’s shackles will stand on end and the forest will appear to become twisted and deformed. The sunlight will disappear, strange shadows dance and her presence becomes overwhelming. Some of you may even be beginning to feel her now as sensations flash through your body. You see, just listening to my words now accesses the metaphor within.

‘Beware. She is deceptive. You must be as cunning as a serpent to defeat her. Some people first see her as an old haggard witch dressed in black. Sometimes she is cooking over a pot outside a decrepit shack. She must be taken by surprise. Mostly people will walk up to her, sword in hand, while grey-wolf sneaks around behind. Then, in one swift, perfectly timed motion, grey-wolf will jump on her from behind while you raise your sword and swiftly sever her smiling head from her disgusting body.

‘Some people see worms spew out of the wound and a flash of energy may burst forth. Following this, grey-wolf must rip her heart out and eat it while you dig a grave with your sword. All remnants of her must then disappear into the ground and be buried, without even a tombstone to mark the spot. If even one piece is left exposed to the airs of Eden it can germinate and regrow.

‘Rocelin is the toughest metaphor to restructure and many people will go into reversal reaction if it’s not done immediately and swiftly. I’ve lost some particularly strong Rocelins even before the trances have commenced. The very mention of her name is often enough to kick the metaphor into action and guess whose eyes she is going to pierce when she is activated. That’s right. It will be your eyes, as the analyst that she attempts to bewitch. For that is the only way she can avoid her destruction.

‘Sometimes I’ve had to go in two or three times to get all of her. Make sure you ask lots of questions in the pre-trance tape before ever attempting a Rocelin kill, and don’t be afraid. Some new analysts have been reluctant to perform one. Mind you, I know how they feel, but the trick is to not be shy. She is the mother of sensual shit most foul. Just walk

boldly straight on into the darkness. That takes her by surprise in itself. Then kill the bitch!

‘Oh, David,’ Cynthia said, a little shocked.

‘I’m serious.’ There was an urgent tone in my voice. ‘You must kill her immediately. She is the one and only metaphor that performs absolutely no good. Even Satan has a purpose. He accesses intense emotions that can protect in extreme circumstances. I’ll just put him to sleep if necessary. But Rocelin? Nah. Kill her. She’s a green sludge from the acid pool.’

And the woman down the front row flushed. Her face turned red and she visibly squirmed in her seat. My eyes glanced downwards momentarily as I stood above her. I felt attracted to her and I figured I must have been wrong about Rocelin. It wasn’t fair of me to scare people like that. I could deal with it. I would comfort her afterwards.

I picked up my coffee cup. It was cold.

‘Hey, George.’ I looked at my office manager and handed him the cup. ‘Heat up the coffee will ya.’

‘Sure.’ He took my cup and smiled.

I liked George. He was the best man I had ever had working with me. What he did with the office systems was fantastic. He was marketing, writing business plans and keeping everyone happy. God knows, I couldn’t. Reverse Speech would surge ahead if I had three more people just like him. Five super buddhas, the prophecies said. It would only take five spiritual supermen full of congruity to change the face of the planet.

**the lamb in the nest**

George returned with a cup of hot coffee.

‘OK. Let’s continue. Once we’ve killed Rocelin in the east we can continue our journey. The scenes on the holodeck now begin to change. The sun begins to shine in what was once the domain of Rocelin. The darkness disappears and often new growth begins to burst forth from the ground. We can then go back to the centre of the garden. You may meet Adam and Eve along the way. These are the male and female parts of you.

‘Find the snake, banish it from the garden. There are many characters in the garden. For the sake of this lecture we’ll just discuss two or three more.

‘A common metaphor is the sheriff. He also roams the desert and is the enforcer of moral codes and behavioural guidelines. A strong sheriff will indicate a person steady on their path. If the sheriff has no badge then life will probably be very wishy-washy, with poor ability to stick to one’s beliefs and directions.

‘The sheriff might carry a law book. This contains the laws he enforces. If it’s bulky and heavy I like to shrink it so you won’t be so bound up. Sometimes I can convince Moses to rewrite the laws. Moses is the metaphor that hears the words of the light and communicates that information to the unconscious. Amos is the metaphor that allows this information to become conscious.

‘Also in the garden is the shepherd. He is occasionally called the Saviour. He might have a rod in his right hand and sometimes he will be carrying a young lamb in his left. If the lamb is not there it might be walking around the garden



somewhere or it might still be in the nest. Reverse Speech describes a scenario of the shepherd tending the lamb in the garden.

'The Lamb is the very first metaphor of consciousness, or the original genetic code. It grows from an egg that was created on an island in the collective seas by the animus and anima, the seeds of life from the light. Somehow it makes it way to the garden – it might be carried on the winds like pollen – and lands in the nest. As it matures and grows it leaves the nest and wanders the garden. Its presence keeps everything pure. Its blood can become snow if it is allowed to touch the ground.

'Snow is the metaphor for purity and cleansing and can be used to wash away dirt from dysfunctional metaphors. They are then nurtured back to health with a goblet of wine. Sometimes the lamb will willingly give this blood by opening its mouth and allowing droplets to fall to the ground.

'You will find the nest at the centre of the garden near the mighty whirlwind. Human behaviour is etched into the linings of the nest as the lamb expands and grows. This happens as elves build the nest according to instructions it receives from the wind. The words are verses that deliver plans of instructions in the form of sermons. Some verses become law and are accepted into the program by becoming entwined into the linings of the nest. Thus the shape of the nest is the incubator for behavioural conditioning. It's a complex process that I don't really understand fully yet. Maybe next year in the practitioner course.

'The whirlwind next to the nest can be used as a sort of Mixmaster. For example, if the metaphor Isis, for sexual passion and prowess, needs to merge with Eve and Aladdin, the

metaphor for initial transformations, I will send them all into the whirlwind. As the whirlwind spins faster and faster they will merge like colours and re-emerge shortly after, still their own independent identities, but changed somehow with the essence of all touching all. Sort of like transporting them and rematerialising later with auras touching. It's actually quite a majestic process to watch.'

### **the log in the eye**

'OK, a couple more images in the garden and then north to Rome. One image is the source of the river, which Reverse Speech calls the heart. We already discussed the river of life. It feeds all regions of the unconscious. As you stand on its banks in the centre of the garden, the pace of its flow will indicate the free-flowing nature of your emotional energy. If the river is clogged by trash, or beavers building dams, you will have an inability to experience a richness of expression in your life. Logs in the water will create splinters in the eye that cause energy to be blocked. The garbage will cause you to become rigid and blind. Unblock the river.

'The river's source is upstream behind a large waterfall in a deep dark cave. There is a spring in the centre of the cave that feeds the river. This is the living water of spiritual and emotional freedom. Make sure it is clean and pure. Reversals will tell you beforehand and they will also tell you how to purify it if necessary. So take note and listen with congruent ears. Hear what is there, not what you want to be there. Document, not project. And what is the most important lesson in objective documentation class?'

The question threw them. They were becoming en-

tranced, maybe a little bored, with my lecture. Don't worry we're almost done, I thought. Then it's afternoon coffee break and class will soon be over.

'Independent documentation?' someone asked.

'Yes. That's part of it,' I replied. 'But of even more importance than that is ...'

'Don't judge,' Cynthia stated with confidence.

'Yes, don't judge.' I said. 'You are looking into people's souls with Reverse Speech. The universe has given unto you a most sacred and holy task. If there is ever a time that the lessons of no judgment apply, it's now. And if you can't get that point, then you might as well leave the room. You allow yourself to be judged or damned from the light in the same way as you bless or curse those around you. And not even the Christ metaphor can save you if you are incongruent with the currents of the wind. Pictures create pictures. If you cannot remain objective and loving, the gibberish will become a mirror for your own face. You will hear your own faults in the backseat, and not those of your clients. That's why I'm not really all that concerned about anyone abusing the technology, even though I might get pissed off. If their motives are wrong, Rocelin will overpower them. She-wolf will probably help.

'Thus you transfer your metaphor to those that you curse and I don't think I would want to pay you for session work just to hear how messed up you are. Would you want to give me money to hear about my problems? Of course you wouldn't. But we do it all the time without back tapes because the pictures within create the pictures without. I mean, I think you should have all gotten that point by now, right?'

'Right!' Several students shouted in unison.

‘Good!’ The look in their eyes told me they were congruent. I breathed a sigh of relief. ‘If you are unable to look at yourself and see who you are, you will see only your own reflection in the face of others and my eyes will become very sore as your incongruence slowly sends me insane. This is a universal law. You see, judgment damns the energy flow, beavers put logs in the river, and you forget how to see.

‘It’s ironic, it really is. It’s the log in the eye. How dare I look at your reversals with incongruity and judge you as a result, when I’ve been married three times and still do not have control over my thoughts and emotions. Always keep that in mind as you listen to tapes backwards and report the results to your clients.

‘The Bible says how dare you say to your brother, please let me take that speck out of your eye, when you have a log in your own eye. You hypocrite! First take the log out of your own eye and then you will be able to see clearly to take the speck out of your brother’s eye. As Jesus said when they went to stone the woman who had committed adultery, whichever one of you has committed no sin may throw the first stone.

‘That is the most important lesson in independent documentation.’ I concluded my point with force, both hands pointing at them with thumbs extended in the shape of a gun. I was shooting.

‘Keep the river flowing and always sense the wind. Then you will not become clogged and rusty and judgmental. I will not certify any of you until you have done session work and have experienced your own reversals. It puts you on your knees. Got to be humble, you know. See, look at me. I’m the wolf in sheep’s clothing.’

I was wearing my Ugg boots and wolf sweater. I no longer

dressed up for class, or indeed session work. I couldn't be bothered. I had more important things to think about than how I looked to people.

'Here is a warning.' I calmed down, took a sip of coffee and casually wrapped up. 'Listen with congruent eyes cos this is fair dinkum. Be very careful when you judge me and others. Because we are all mirrors. The time has arrived for humanity to see its own face.'

'Warning. Take great care. Do not judge, because all words, forwards and backwards, that come forth from your mouth, can bless or curse and will create the pictures that manifest in your world. And how can you know what you are saying backwards unless you can see your dreams. We are all reflections of the light and we all have the power of creation. I am here from the land of the great southern sun to show you how to see and understand these pictures. Many will not survive the revelation.'

### **the ark of the covenant**

'Boy, you're getting apocalyptic today, David,' Chris said.

'Yeah, I've been studying too many alternative scriptures, but don't worry. It's only a metaphor.' I shrugged my shoulders and continued. 'So let's move on to Rome. Caesar seems to be appropriate at this point in time.'

'But what about the soul?' Kati asked. 'That's in the garden isn't it?'

'Oh yeah, the soul.' I wanted to move on. This was dragging out. 'Well it's not really in the garden. Once again, it's another kingdom. But we can travel to it from the garden. I don't really want to go into it in this class, but I take people

there by putting them to sleep under a tree in the garden and they astral travel to heaven. It's a freaky trance, let me tell you.

'Reverse Speech describes the soul as a kind of neutral storage box, sort of like a computer program that keeps all the records of collective wisdom gathered during the totality of our life. That is what our spirit takes back to light when the physical body dies. It is the record of the metaphoric codes that we collected on our journey in the physical manifestation. So if you want to see what it's going to be like after your external eyes die, just play a tape backwards and see the other way because that is what you will be taking with you. You might even become a metaphor. Once again, welcome to you.

'OK, class, you've got to understand that the soul is different from the house. The house holds the books of conscious knowledge, as well as knowledge that has become unconscious, repressed by the passage of time. The soul contains far more than that. It has the wisdom as well. It's the other ninety-five percent of consciousness that we don't see. You also need to understand that, unlike other metaphors, the soul has no life in its own right. However, because of that very reason, it never dies. It's a difficult concept that I'll cover next year in the practitioner course once you've passed the test of fire that is the analyst course.

'Just know for now that the soul affects all that we are. The soul wind blows out of the soul up the column of light and interacts with the whirlwind in the garden. The soul lies at the edge of the mists in heaven. It is surrounded by a large fire with a cylindrical column of light in the centre of the fire. The soul itself is the light column and at its centre is a

golden box known as the ark of the covenant. When people open the box under trance they see themselves. It is a powerful vision. What happens from then on is sacred and I cannot speak of it outside the sanctity of my office.'

### **Rome sails forth**

'So we'll go to Rome instead.' I drew the picture of Rome on the whiteboard, to the north of Eden.

'Rome is the seat of male power. It is the metaphor that allows you to expand your influence on earth. To establish your markets and roads and build your empire. It lies across a series of rolling plains to the north of Eden, built on seven hills. It needs to be strong and steady, with shiny pillars and columns. You will enter Rome through large stone gates and emerge into an active central courtyard.'

'Here you may meet a variety of characters. Samson, Hercules and Thor, maybe even Rama, the holder of the scrolls. The temple in the middle of the courtyard contains a throne. Whoever sits on this throne is the king of Rome and determines the success of this metaphor. I like to put Zeus or the earl on my throne in Rome. Christ sits on the throne of my heart.'

'From Rome we will go east again, back to the beach. There are many other adventures in the land of the unconscious, but we are out of time. Next class maybe. On the shore you will find your ship. This is your influence sailing on the collective. Put your crew on the ship, the wolf and eagle and Eve and the sheriff, and whoever else is called for in the pre-trance tape. Make sure you find the boson. He is the man who cleans the ship. Trim your sails, access the

wind, and gently slide through the lock at the entrance of the bay. Turn on the whirlwind, warp 7 ensign. Engage! And you're out in the universe with the metaphors of your unconscious as your crew. I hope they're all working well. End of class.'

That was it. I was done. I packed my up equipment in two point five seconds and drove home in my van with my twins by my side. They looked after me and gave me lessons when I was all alone.



# 28

## entranced with passion

THE FOLLOWING WEEK she-wolf brought her to me.

I was lounging behind the reception area of my office with my feet up on the desk. I had my black cowboy boots on, faded denims, and was sporting a week's growth. I was regrowing my beard, having recently shaved it off for my first publicity shot in San Diego, for an article on Reverse Speech in the alternate health magazine, *The Light Connection*.

She walked into my office. A new client. I glanced up for a split second before she walked in. She took my breath away. I knew it all in approximately seven tenths of a second. Our eyes met and it was instantaneous. Love at first sight,

entranced at first bite. She later told me that her first thoughts were, 'God. This isn't a therapist. It's an animal.'

I glanced over at George. He knew me very well. We were all in big trouble. She was rich. Drove an expensive car.

'You look like a wolf,' she said as I started recording.

'I am a wolf,' I replied.

She took a deep breath and panted. I chuckled under my breath. If only she knew.

'I'm here cos of my husband.' She adjusted her position.

'Your husband?' My heart sank.

'My third. I'm filing for divorce.' She looked into my eye's soul.

'Your third? I've just finished my third.' She was available. I was in therapeutic conflict. George. Help!

'Yes, I want to determine my new direction,' she continued.

'I can help you there,' I replied, meaning therapeutically.

'I'm sure you can,' she said.

Her voice sent me into another world. I shifted in my seat. My eyes wandered. I was glad I was wearing my tinted glasses.

We continued talking well past the allotted session time and I began to analyse the tape as soon as she left. I was expecting it to contain numerous sexual references. I could have handled raw sex. Backward sexual exchanges between people are very common.

However, her reversals were deeper than that, saying things like: **My anima offers / Now I marry. David, your wife / I see my animus.** These were all reversals of a very deep spiritual connection. I couldn't handle those ones. That's what I was looking for. I ignored the reversals that

said: **I am Rocelin / My whirlwind is locked with Rocelin's curse.**

I could barely wait for our next appointment. When she arrived her face looked pained. So did mine. Both of us had lived in torment that week, unable to escape the faces of each other. She came back to my house, we talked for several hours, and both decided it was best to terminate the therapeutic relationship. There was obviously something else happening here.

We kissed briefly just before she left. It was a strange kiss but so very, very earthy. She tasted like a wolf in heat. She pulled me in closer. She felt good.

She came to see me the next day in the form of a goddess baring gifts. They were very personal gifts, courting gifts, including an Indian peace pipe and a hardbound red leather journal with ancient symbols embroidered on the front cover. Her perfume smelt like wine.

'I want you to write about us,' she said. 'That way you will get inspired to write your third book on Reverse Speech. My divorce will be final soon. I am going to be your woman and give you energy.'

I was ecstatic so I began to write. I entitled it *A Private Collection of Erotica*. Here are some of my first entries. The latter ones are censored.

*She came again today unexpectedly. I've known her for a little over a week. She lay on my bed this afternoon and looked so perfect, so desirable. Then she did the pose! I wonder if she knew or was it just an accident. The tiger, the temptress. Her hair, God I love her hair! Do you have any idea? God. I've never desired any woman so much in my life!*

*I just spent two wonderful hours with her walking on the beach.*

*We kissed. Long and tender, a little awkward and I floated away. She's giving more love to me. I'm very glad.*

*I've been sitting in the sun for two hours, vibing, thinking, processing. Sexual energy pumping. I had another awakening. I am a shaman, a healer, a priest, an animal. Finally. I made it! I am so ... too many words, excited, happy, sad. I feel whole. I feel free. I am alive.*

I had just finished my last client for the day when she came into the office. We were going to get together for a few drinks. She sat down on my couch.

'Do a trance on me, David,' she said. 'I want to see what it's like.'

It seemed harmless enough so I commenced inductions.

'... 3,2,1. Deeper and deeper and even deeper still. That's right.' My voice was smooth and melodious. She radiated, snuggled under the blanket. 'As you now begin to relax and flow with the shape of pictures within.'

However, my inductions seemed to be ineffective. She opened her eyes and looked straight at me.

'I want you now, David,' she said with an urgent tone in her voice. It was hypnotic.

'Now? We're in my office. I can't do that here,' I said breathlessly. 'We'll go to my house.'

We rushed back home for three hours of euphoria, closeness and talking and feeling and connecting.

Then it stopped. Something happened. I don't know what. She left. I was in shock. It was over. Just like all the others. For a day I brooded. Cancelled all my appointments.

I tried to connect with anyone. I rang old girlfriends and wives across the world. I decided I was dysfunctional in rela-

tionships. I checked myself into Reverse Speech session work.

Thus began an intense, passionate affair at the expense of a therapeutic relationship. I will remember her always. Even now as I write she is very, very present. I still call to her. I know she can hear me for my howl echoes on the wind.

### **a negative reaction**

We continued dating and I got the results of my session work. I had two separate tapes done by different students who were now almost full analysts. I was proud of them. Their results were similar and like many of my clients I was not happy with the reverse transcripts. This was not what I wanted to see. I wanted to find all these dysfunctional metaphoric patterns to restructure under trance so my love life could become blissfully happy again within a few short weeks just like my clients. One little Rocelin metaphor would have been nice. How about a Satan or two. Give me a Satan please.

But no. The reversals said I was a compassionate man and functional in matters of love and commitment. I was an excellent father as well, although a little distant. I just hadn't met the right woman yet. I was too intense, probably a little too honest.

'No, not that, please!' I screamed in my mind.

The reversals also said that I had unwarranted repressed guilt built up over the years and I was withdrawing inside myself. The wall was getting taller and thicker. My passionate nature was a mask to cover up far deeper feelings of loneliness, rejection and self-judgment. Subsequently, an uncon-

scious pattern had developed that was typified by the reversal, **They don't want me.**

To counteract this devastating situation I was developing a defence pattern of 'Damn them'. This caused me to sever from my women emotionally so I could minimise the pain of rejection.

'How do I fix it?' I said.

'Wait for the pre-trance tape, David,' came the reply. 'And there's more.'

'There's more?' I didn't want to hear this.

'Yes.' They looked somewhat nervous, relaying this information to their mentor. 'You're sourcing negative sexual energy to move forward.'

'Huh?' The comment didn't make any sense. 'I'm doing what? I'm a creative, charismatic, self-motivated man. What do you mean I'm sourcing negative sexual energy to move forward?'

'Look at it, David,' they continued. 'You lose your insurance business, your first marriage breaks up and you're in deep despair. You run away to America, have a vision, drop a tape player in a toilet bowl, and discover Reverse Speech. Then you get it all worked out, your second marriage breaks up, you go back to America to try and get Reverse Speech started and you lose your kids. You're in despair again. Enter the Judas Priest trial and subliminal messages in backward tapes.'

'You suspect that the trial was born out of research notes about Judas Priest leaked from your office back in 1987. You may have been the spark that started the whole thing but nobody knew it. Appropriately enough, you reap the seed you planted earlier and the metaphor of your name lives on.'

New life through death.

'So you get your first media event in the states, the break you're looking for. On CNN no less, the *Larry King Show*. You'd only played two reversals and was just about to really get going when they suddenly cut you off the air cos you stuttered. Judas Priest's lawyer gets to hog the airways instead and you remain in obscurity. Now if that's not negative sexual energy then I don't know what is.'

My head started to spin. Of course I knew this to be true. It was the story of my life and was hidden in the pages of my second book.

The Judas Priest trial is on page 144 of the original version. The man in the transcript, on page 126, who sourced negative sexual energy, is me. The business is insurance. I recorded that conversation the first week I arrived in Dallas to live after the collapse of my second marriage. You can see where the negative sexual metaphors operated if you read the entire story and compare the forward and reverse dialogue.

At the bottom of page 126 I say, 'I get to the office and it's stripped. Everything's gone.' I am talking about the time when I came back from my first trip to the states at 25 years of age and I saw the chaos and destruction in my business that I had unconsciously created. My speech reversal at this point said, **Make love from this**. This is actually a positive, creative metaphor born out of the intense tragedy of an office violated and stripped. Thus the pattern was set. It became my name. I source and attract to myself negative sexual energy to fuel my creative processes that bring new life.

'Yeah, I know,' I said with resigned disgust. My speech was fast, with a definite edge, and the elves were running a marathon through several kingdoms.

‘And I create major international intrigue by discovering Simone, Desert Storm, on George Bush. CNN runs it as headlines for two nights in a row and Senator Claiborne Pell of Rhode Island publicly supports Reverse Speech. I did reversals for his election campaign, by the way. Anyway, it’s the break of a lifetime but nobody knows what it is and no one knows it comes from me. That’s on page 200 of my second book. Then I get my twins, the oldest by the same name, and Oates creates major international intrigue again.

‘D’you know, I rang up CNN after they aired the story. The reporter, John Holliman, had said that they couldn’t get anyone to confirm anything about Reverse Speech and hinted it was some top secret government project. I told CNN who I was. They hung up on me.

‘Then David Armageddon Koresh hits. I try to tell them how to get him out and they tell me I’m going to get crushed. Not only that, but I perfected metaphor restructuring under the threat of guns and blood. Then my third marriage breaks up, I get yet another spiritual revelation, and I move to San Diego to create the organisational structure for Reverse Speech.’

I shook my head in despair. I always knew it but I had ignored it. Now I couldn’t. Here it was right in my face. I passively sourced negative sexual energy. I didn’t create it. I just attracted and sourced it. But that was bad enough.

‘Well let’s change it,’ I said.

‘Actually, David,’ came the reply, ‘we have a slight problem. You’ve got no unconscious consent for change. You think you won’t do Reverse Speech if we fix it.’

‘What! No unconscious consent for change!’ I was incredulous. ‘Me?! The founder of Reverse Speech has no uncon-



scious consent for change!'

Now that's got to be the ultimate in catch 22. I develop the technology to fix everyone but I can't fix myself because the very energy I use to create it is what will stop me from fixing it.

Well done, David, I said to myself.

I scheduled myself for a pre-trance tape. I'd damned well *create* unconscious consent. But it never happened. I unconsciously sabotaged it

### the man behind the mask

Nevertheless, despite the obvious dangers – or maybe because of them – I had a reversal that said **I like this noose**. She and I rapidly became firmly entrenched in each other. It was a relationship full of fluctuations. Her jacuzzi tells the tale. The water was electrified when we first got together. It really was. Someone got a shock from the water for no reason. Then the water was too hot to get in. The thermostat went crazy. Then it would be too cold. The heater burned out. This went on for several weeks.

The main problem was me, according to her. It was her, according to me. It was mostly her, according to the reversals. You see, she couldn't cope with the real me. She wanted the founder of Reverse Speech. And the real me has faults. I'm absentminded at home, very absentminded.

I lose my keys, I lose my wallet, I lose my phone. But that's OK, I just call it if the batteries aren't flat. I also draw pictures on my trousers and scribble gibberish on my legs, particularly my left ankle, for some strange reason. Sometimes I wear odd socks. Are you surprised? There is a circle of

peanut shells and crushed chips around my seat and you can follow a trail of crumbs through the house. A registered fire-arm is locked in my drawer and copies of alternate scriptures are scattered everywhere. Coffee stains adorn all that I touch and I have never really worked out why the bedroom floor is not just as effective for storing clothes as the closet. I don't have to walk as far if I leave them right near the bed. It makes sense to me.

In addition to that, silver and gold have I none but stock certificates I can give unto thee. She wanted green backs, lots of them.

'Life runs in circles, you know,' I used to say.

'I know already, David. How's that going to get me money?'

She had a reversal on a later tape that summed it all up. **I love him madly but I'm trusting money.** She even wanted me to sell my lovely brown van that was becoming a metaphor because it was too old. I didn't. It only had a hundred and thirty thousand miles on it and lots of memories.

On one occasion we left the city and crossed the border into the deserts of Mexico. We were making love in the back of the van. Suddenly a light shone in the side window. It was the *Mexicali Policia*. We were being naughty Yankees. We had to pay money or we go to jail. Of course we did. I finally gave them my business card and told them to come for session work.

'I'm a hypnotherapist,' I said.

'Can you fix my smoking?' was the reply.

'Oh yeah, that and a whole bunch more.'

She and I had a big fight after that and troubles between us escalated.

## IT'S ONLY A METAPHOR

As the year came to a close and the relationship became increasingly electric, like polarised magnets, I began to make some incredible breakthroughs with session work. But it wasn't negative sexual energy that fuelled the breakthroughs. Not me. I didn't use negative sexual energy. My analysts just made it up.

# 29

## **sticking to the process**

THE FIRST OF THESE breakthroughs in session work rose out of my own incompetence. You have to realise that while my private life was proceeding much to some people's dismay, I was still reversing tapes, training students, and mapping out trances. I did this no matter what was going on in my life — emotional turmoil or bullets.

My emotions and energy flow were becoming even more powerful and my conversations with the light were a little clearer behind the ninety-five percent darkness one had to fight through to get to heaven. At least I was beginning to understand how I sourced personal energy. My temple cur-

tain was being ripped open with back tapes but the earthquake was traumatic. I'd just heard my own speech reversals, you see.

'Negative sexual energy,' I used to mutter. 'I'll show 'em.'

So I began to skip some steps in the session process with others. Pre-trance tapes were only half done sometimes, appointments were cancelled cos of fluctuating emotions and the procedure was interrupted. My success rate started to drop and more people experienced reversal reaction.

However, I recognised the trend fairly early and knew I had to return to my original process quickly. So my office policy, inner and outer, expanded again to include, 'Stick to the process, stick to the process, stick to the process'.

If I stuck to the process everything worked because this allowed me the freedom to step outside of myself no matter how I felt or what I believed. Troubles arose as soon as I deviated from the process. Thus it was reinforced within me how well I really had developed metaphor restructuring. It really did work if I stuck to the process and kept my own opinions out. The unconscious could heal itself if I let it do its own thing. All I had to do was kickstart the engine with trances and get the hell out of the way.

### **the noose of Judas**

I certified two more San Diegan analysts in November 1995. Two more analysts would follow, and my backup troops for the revolution of truth began to arrive. I now had help in doing my tapes and I felt the burden lighten a touch.

Meanwhile, I had been working with a masseur for the last year. Ursula was good, really good. She had got me walk-

ing again without a limp. It had been because of a twisted frame caused by the car accident I had in Berri in 1984. Even the feeling of a rod shoved down my back was easing and my newfound muscular freedom was allowing me to become aware of an even stranger sensation in the deeper tissues around my neck.

The muscles felt like a noose strangling me. The rope was curved around and underneath my spine, and the shape of a cross lay across my shoulders. There was also muscular tension in a strange triangular shape that began in the centre of my neck and stretched out diagonally to either side of the base of my rib cage. As Ursula began to release the physical knots within me, strange things began to happen to my internal energy. At one point she was working on the connecting muscles between my chest and neck and she touched a trigger point on the side of my ribcage. I had a rush of energy all through my body.

As Ursula worked on my physical body, so too was I continuing with session work to work on my spiritual body. Soon, I could run and stretch with no pain. This is because, as we all know, the physical body is a reflection of the spiritual body, and I had been working on both.

### **powerful spiritual pictures**

Which brings me to a very important point. What actually is the spiritual body and what part do metaphors play in it?

The spiritual body is the unconscious mind. The unconscious mind is energy. To be spiritual means to be connected to and flowing with the winds and forces of the unconscious. And that is very powerful because the unconscious contains

the secrets of the universe and the unconscious creates the universe. It's all a metaphor and that is the secret to life. So to be in rapport with the unconscious means to be in rapport with the universe, and there is nothing more spiritual than that.

A metaphor is a picture, and at the beginning there are only pictures. The pictures are energies and these energies are emotions. That is how human behaviour works. Each picture has its own specific vibration of light. Light is sex and sex is a metaphor which keeps it all working. This sexual energy, or light vibration, is felt in the physical body as an emotion or energy rush. The way you experience physical sexual activity will reflect the way you experience and flow with the unconscious.

As the pictures combine together the single strand of emotion combines with other strands and the choruses of consciousness begin to sing. This creates a dance of emotions and energies, which stimulate conscious thoughts and physical behaviour. Conscious thoughts, or owl knowledge, are simply our attempt to translate or interpret the sparks of energy that the pictures caused.

It is very important that you understand this metaphor because this is the basis of Reverse Speech and it is what creates human behaviour.

The light is first, then come the pictures. Each picture is a reflection of one particular aspect of the light. The pictures are metaphors that create energies or emotions. These energies can be felt in the heart, body and mind. Then come conscious thoughts, which attempt to translate the metaphor, usually inaccurately, which is why we have no wisdom because wisdom is encoded into the pictures.

The conscious thoughts do not come first, nor are they self-generated. They are formed sparked from the sexual energy of the picture. This energy registers as electrical impulses by an EEG machine. The accuracy of the conscious translation, whether it be internal mental chatter or external two-way conversation, will depend entirely on how congruent one's conscious self is with the totality of one's other selves. These other selves, 95 to your 5, are the spiritual kingdoms of the unconscious, and these selves speak backwards. That is why speech reversals often use the terms **us**, **they**, **you**, **we** etc.

Thus as you access the picture, you access great forces that create the thoughts that cause the behaviour. Change the picture and change the behaviour. This is the secret. You cannot change the thought without changing the picture. It is destined for failure.

So, to try and reprogram one's mind with subliminal tapes and other such techniques is not effective. It can never work unless it accesses the right picture and that is highly unlikely unless the narrator is a Reverse Speech analyst and has access to your session transcript. And if I certified them they wouldn't do that anyway cos they'd have Reverse Speech and even know how to use it.

Subliminal tapes and the like will only access the picture of dysfunction if you're not tremendously lucky. You cannot change the unconscious mind by using the language and reasoning of the conscious and you must communicate with the unconscious before ever attempting to mess with its forces.

Let us suppose you have a belief that money is wrong and you want to make money. So you get a subliminal tape that tells you money is good, you can make money. However, that



only creates conscious chatter because the unconscious thinks and communicates with pictures. If they are speaking with only words it can never be effective for long term behavioural change. What the tape may do is offer short-term relief only, nothing, or it might actually make the pattern worse. This is because the words will access the picture of dysfunction; it will grow with the energy of exposure and kick in additional energies that will subvert your conscious thoughts even more.

Incidentally, this is how reversal reaction works. The client sees the reversals in the session transcript. The reversal accesses the picture or they experience a trance. If the client is incongruent with who they are, even though they may think they are not, the threat of congruency will cause an earthquake in the unconscious kingdom. You see, conscious consent is less than five percent consent and the internal picture in the dark has just had the light shone upon it. It knows that an attempt is being made to change it and, sensing that there is not total will for this change, it sources the energy of exposure and expands considerably from its original size. This accesses additional emotional energy through the body, which changes conscious thoughts as a result. The purpose of this is to remove the source of the threat, which is the person holding the light – usually me.

It can do this in a variety of different ways, depending on the metaphor. If the metaphor exposed was Satan, intense anger, then reversal reaction will come forth in the form of a major conflict: I am an incompetent fool! If it's a weak wolf, I will become a horrible mean man as my clients cower in fear and run away. It doesn't matter what the method, the means is an enlargement of the picture exposed, which caus-

es an enlargement of the emotional state. The greater the incongruity, the greater the reaction. And it can get very, very nasty at times. I've got bullet holes in the walls of my old house in Texas to testify to that fact. I'm right up in the front lines of the battlefield. My only weapons are congruency, my trusty reversing machine, and she-wolf.

Reversal reaction is a demon from hell. If the monsters are exposed to the light and there is no unconscious consent for this exposure, the emotional forces can be fearsome. Even if there is consent, it can still be a problem because the winds from other kingdoms still affect all. Take great care. Many people will hide in caves in the mountains of the mind to escape.

Conscious rationalisation and justification will become elaborate, to say the least, as thoughts are sparked by the breath of dysfunctional metaphors shielding their eyes in agony within. Once it begins, no amount of talking can ever change it because the process has already started and the picture is growing. You must find the picture that caused it. Good luck. I've managed to save some, not all. Often it's prudent to back right off and let it work itself out. It normally lasts a few weeks to a year and then the picture slowly reverts back to its original size.

The bottom line is this. Never underestimate the power of pictures, for a metaphor is worth several thousand books and one parable can change the entire planet. And the key to being a truly spiritual person is to be honest and congruent and integral. Never be afraid to see the valley of the shadow of death because fear causes incongruity and incongruity gives the demons permission to remain. Remember that the picture lies within. If you look to the stars you won't see the

light, only His reflection. You must look to yourself and feel the winds blowing over the dunes.

Real spirituality is to know and feel and flow with the forces sparked by the pictures that reside in the whirlwind of the mind. Then you will know that you really are a reflection of God because you will see the coincidences of life opening up before you. You're sailing on the wind, you see, and the collective wind blows where He wills.

And if you listen very hard to the voices you might just hear the howl of a white she-wolf writing the name of its master into the heavens.

# 30

## **a breath of fresh air**

DECEMBER 1995 WAS a very important month for Reverse Speech. Everything was reaching critical mass. My younger sister, Annie, flew in from Australia to live with us for a year or two – or three. As far as I was concerned she could stay forever. She was family and family always stick together. Well, at least in my family they do.

I was thirteen when Annie was born, and just starting high school. I remember carrying her home from the hospital. She was born at 10.10 on the tenth. I was born at 9.40 on a Sunday evening.

There is not enough praise to write about my younger

sister. She is an angel. Everyone says so. She radiates and glows. She is humble and quiet. She is strong, even though she doesn't want to be. She is just like our mum, but don't tell her that. I think she was Mary Magdalene in another lifetime because Marie is the other half of her full first name.

Names are very important to me. Her name is Ann-Marie Oates but she likes to be called Annie. My name is David John Oates. My mates call me Dave. Annie is my spiritual sister but, unlike me, she still has her innocence.

Jaye Allison Oates and Symone Ruth Oates were ecstatic. A woman in the house. And boy, what a difference. I felt such an incredible sigh of relief. I could never tell Annie how much difference she really did make. I'd have to access the metaphor to tell her and the tears would have choked my throat. Anyway, she's reading it now. I'm dedicating the book to you, Annie. How about that, hey! Now you'll be famous just like big brother. Isn't that what you always wanted? Ha ha ha. No more country preacher's kid for you, my dear.

### **dogs draw blood**

At around the same time, 'she' began session work again, as we attempted to merge our evolving private lives with my continuing therapeutic life. It did not work. We should have stuck to our original resolve to keep the two separate, as should all Reverse Speech analysts.

We got through the first two sessions without incident but when it came to the pre-trance tape, major problems arose. It was full of reversals that predicted relationship separation if we proceeded with trance work.

*She: Divorce sounded / In my divorce in circle show /*

Will Oates keep going. / I'm nervous / Annoy love and give farting.

*Me:* I smell your horror. Will hurl it / You damn music.

*She:* You hurt Rocelin / I won't allow Aussie wind / Rushed my doubt / Afraid, now I leave him. Soul now numb.

*Me:* The soul will give its war / The plan will see war.

*She:* How the wife fled away.

*Me:* Her sex. Sex the damn war / I will damn her.

*She:* The rocking womb. There will be high blood / Skull needed. I must run.

*Me:* Why do you love her / Heaven weasel. Now you damn the girl with love.

*She:* I'll shift the bedroom.

*Me:* Her salary's shit. I will shy the lesson. Send you back.

I rang her in despair. 'We got a problem. The reversals say that if we proceed with trance work we're going to half kill each other.'

'Yeah?' she replied. 'So what do we do about it?'

'I don't know. Why don't I show you the pre-trance reversals. Perhaps if you're aware of what's going to happen we can stop it.'

Hence I made yet another very major therapeutic mistake. Never ever show someone their pre-trance reversals. I learned this lesson a couple of years back when I first introduced the pre-trance tape. I guess I needed to be reminded. It will always undo any trances that have been done and might send the person into major reversal reaction. I'm not really too

sure why this is so, but that is what happens. I think the pre-trance reversals access unconscious processes at a deeper level and this information is too overwhelming for the conscious mind. It's one of my future projects.

I showed her the pre-trance reversals and two days later she began to fluctuate in and out of the relationship like she never had before. Our emotions flared. (**Rocking womb. There will be high blood.**) We used to joke about living the movie of the pre-trance reversals. I laughed forwards but shook in my boots backwards. The increasing fluctuation upset me incredibly, even though I kept on telling myself it was just pre-trance reactions. (**I smell your horror. Will hurl it.**) The energy in the air started to get very nasty and we began to repel each other with fights that seemed to come from nowhere.

Then something very strange began to happen at home. My two loyal female dogs, who had lived with each other very happily for four years, suddenly began to half kill each other. The small black and white border collie was the aggressor. She constantly attacked the other dog, the larger golden retriever, biting her repeatedly and deeply and drawing blood. There were puncture wounds all over the retriever's body and trails of blood traversed the backyard. Nothing I did stopped the fighting and we had no choice but to separate them. I gave the black and white dog to George, where she still lives happily today with no further incidents. The golden retriever is now, and still, very happy and contented having the house and twins and sister all to herself. I now have only one dog.

### sourcing divorce

The high blood in my private life led to continuing breakthroughs in my business life. ‘She’ was giving me energy just like she promised she would when we first got together. I was sourcing the negative sexual energy of our rising conflict. **(Divorce sounded. In my divorce in circle show.)** Her constant fluctuations and criticisms became too much. I’m trying to run a business here! **(Her sex. Sex the damn war.)**

Our fourth marriage was being severed. Six marriages between us, two point five more to go, she used to say. I think I was the point five. I’d show her. This was not going to affect my work life. I would divorce her from my mind. So I decided to stick to the process even more and I noticed my trances changing.

I worked with my clients’ energy far more than I ever had before. As I created rapport with the whirlwind that filled the room and the whirlwind that radiated from the body, I found that I could actually step into my clients’ whirlwind and surf with the currents shifting as the pictures changed. I developed an incredible sensitivity for even subtle variations in energy fields and I often used to do my trances with my eyes gazing off, up and to the left. I would also constantly twirl my right hand in rhythm to the shifting winds, sometimes making the shape of a heart in the air. Thus I started to get a real sense of the connection between the physical and spiritual. I became even bolder still and, as is typical with me, ventured where angels fear to tread.

I began to attempt shifting the currents of my clients’ winds before I changed the pictures in their minds. I would close my eyes, create energetic rapport, feel the vibrations on



the surface of my skin, and change the vibrations in my own skin, which in turn changed the currents of my clients' winds. This enhanced the trance transformations incredibly and behavioural shifts began to occur in days instead of weeks for some highly congruent clients.

In time I thought I might choose to change the winds only and began to understand even more how Christ performed his miracles. He created energetic rapport, sensed the currents, and changed the currents with his words and deeds. This changed the picture, which changed the thoughts, which healed the mind, body and soul. Now that's a miracle!

My research continues and, as should be obvious by now, it will always continue. I am gripped with such a sense of passion and mission for this technology that I can never let it go. How can I? It is the truth. It is the only thing that will ever save our planet. I believe that with every fibre of my being.

# 31

## **unconscious rapport**

ANOTHER BREAKTHROUGH in session work before Christmas 1995 was in a technique I entitled Unconscious Rapport. It was born out of my frustration with the few clients I still had who did not shift with trance work. These people had unconscious consent for change but had some particularly strong metaphors that defied restructuring. These metaphors included *Rocelin*, *Skull*, *Sewerage*, *Beast*.

Sometimes the pattern would get worse when I tried to shift it and my clients would experience a passive form of reversal reaction. I called this passive form Trance Reaction. By reaction I mean that my clients would have side effects

from the trances. These side effects included anger, depression and physical manifestations. As with reversal reaction, the symptoms corresponded with the metaphor being accessed. For example, if the metaphor was *Sore eyes* the physical eyes may become enflamed. One client had a metaphor of *No name in the garden*. She began to accidentally leave her name off her business flyers.

The reactions were nearly always passive and were not directed towards me or others. That is because I already had unconscious consent for change, so there was no threat of metaphoric exposure, just the challenge of a tough shift. The body attacked itself, not the analyst holding the light. This was fortunate because it meant my clients would remain in session work, and not leave because I was a spiritually dead, insensitive, horrible, incongruent male macho pig.

Finally, one cold day in December, out of total frustration with yet another post-trance tape that had showed no change, I tried a new technique.

'We're going to put her in rapport with her unconscious,' I said to my new practitioner-in-training. 'The reversals say she's living in a cave of death and decay and there's absolutely no hope for change, even though she wants to change, consciously and unconsciously. She's drawing negative sexual energy from her deceased mother and no matter what I do I can't shift the pattern. So we'll take her down under trance and show her what it really looks like down in there. Maybe the shock of realisation or the creation of unconscious rapport will do something.'

My new analyst shuddered. This was a reversal of my usual approach to session work, which was to always restructure the metaphors of destruction into metaphors of life. Now I

was suggesting we just leave my client with her cold dead bones and acid. End of trance.

‘Now you understand what I’m about to do, don’t you?’ I gave my client plenty of warning before I attempted the trance.

‘Yes. Do it! Something’s got to work.’ My client was desperate. Everything was dead and cold in her life. No marital passion, no love of work, plenty of ideas but no motivation to do anything. The image of the death of her mother when she was very young still haunted her conscious mind.

‘OK. Get yourself comfortable on the couch,’ I began. ‘Are you comfortable?’

She nodded.

‘Good.’ I drew out the word, my voice deep and melodious. ‘Now you know what to do. We’ve taken this journey many times before, you and I, so why don’t you just go back, now, to the last time you laid on this couch.’

I paused. I could see her eyes beginning to sink under the lids. Her face softened.

‘Thaaat’s right. Veeerry good. You know what to do, and you also know that my couch is a sponge. It contains all the energies of all the trances that have ever been conducted there and I know that you can feel them even now and are probably beginning to experience those trances grow and expand and build up on each other now as I speak. Yes. I can see that is indeed happening and as you continue to enjoy those sensations so will they become even greater and stronger. Yes, that’s right. You’re doing great.’

All obvious body movement ceased, except for deep, slow and rhythmic breathing. The real dance was about to begin. The unconscious was rising and its song was the music of the

many subtle motions that occurred as the action of metaphors within were manifested onto the physical body. Most people missed it, just like reverse language and the fluctuating tones of speech. It was such a natural part of everyday life that we never noticed how skin tones would change colour with incongruity or certain muscles in the neck would bulge as sexual energy was released.

The one I liked the best was seeing the *Wolf* metaphor come in and out as nostrils very discreetly flared. *Rocelin* was classic! A red flush in the cheeks as she came and went. I knew that one well. My many years of experience had taught me an entire symphony of body expressions that reflected the orchestra of thousands of pictures within. Each metaphor manifested physically in its own unique way and my growing understanding of these manifestations assisted greatly in trance work. Sometimes I didn't need backward ears, just forward open eyes and a firm understanding of the Reverse Speech dictionary.

### **reversing the mark**

I took great note of all the subtle movements and began my unique trance techniques for psychic relaxation. My discovery of the metaphoric codes hidden in Reverse Speech had given me access to a wealth of information I could now use. I started with the forehead and created suggestions that would help relax the three bands of tension that stretched between the left and right temples.

I believe that the three metaphoric bands represent Eve the mother, or the three kingdoms of creation, nourishment and management. These kingdoms – Eden, Vineyard and

Elves — are the heart of the unconscious.

The three bands are usually tight because incongruities have caused them to experience great stress as opposing metaphoric forces create tension between the left and right hemispheres of the brain. This makes us anxious and afraid. The right brain is also called the rod, or staff of wisdom.

The metaphoric forehead between the two temples, heaven and earth, is the first right of passage into the inner sanctum of unconsciousness that ultimately leads to the Holy of Holies. The eye is the door of the temple. The three bands are also experienced in mystic visions as triangular shapes bent out of alignment. I've heard of them in other differing forms as well but the common factor always seems to be three.

It was important that I relaxed these tendons first because that helped ease the effect of the mark and would allow me greater access to the world within. It's sort of like reversing the mark. I think they block vision from the third spiritual eye, which is also metaphorically etched into the centre of the forehead. This is a minor theme in *Reverse Speech* that I have found in cryptic reversals over the years. **The third eye in head / The sixth kiss is sex / Yes. The mark is backward.** (See my book *Beyond Backward Masking*.)

### opening the sepulchre

'OK, let's get rid of those mountains in the mind,' I said to my client as she approached deep trance.

Yes. She nodded so subtly that if I had been glancing off to the left I wouldn't have seen it.

'And throw them into the collective sea,' I continued.

'OK, very soon I am going to suggest to you pictures and images for you to create in your mind and I am going to ask you to speak to me and tell me what you can see. And you will find that you can speak to me with perfect ease without affecting the state of your trance and in point of fact the more you speak to me the deeper the trance will become, the clearer the images will become, and the greater will become the changes within the deepest recesses of the unconscious mind.'

It was a good induction. It worked well. All my analysts should use those lines.

'How do you feel?' I asked softly. My practitioner-in-training sat in the background, taking notes. The tape recorder ran discretely in the foreground. I recorded all my trances and they become yet one more part of the Reverse Speech archives. They mightn't listen to me in this lifetime but at least it will be there for future generations.

'Er, harum,' she cleared her throat. The powers of speech emerging. 'I feel fine.'

'Good. What do you see?'

'Nothing.'

'OK.' I paused and glanced at my trance notes. These I usually prepared at the office first thing in the morning, after taking my two opposite Aussie/American kids who were born seven eight seven to school. Oh yeah. I rubbed the centre of my forehead. This was going to be fun.

'The purpose of this trance is to **Show you your lovers**, to use your own speech reversals from the pre-trance tape.' I was using my technique of reversal feedback, preparing the way to come. The reversal accessed the appropriate metaphor in the unconscious that would paint the scene for the picture

evolving. I loved doing this. The reversals did the trance for me. I just had to stick to the process and ride the wind.

‘I want you to imagine that you are a fierce maiden on a horse, to use your own reversals. It is a jungle scene.’ I paused. Her eyes shifted under her lids, the corner of her lips flared for just a second. ‘As the unconscious mind now accesses those metaphors in the dream behind the eyes. Can you see it?’

‘Yes,’ she replied. ‘It is dark. I look angry.’

Yes. I motioned to my practitioner-in-training and pointed to my trance notes. That is exactly what my next suggestion said: she is angry. We were on track.

‘Good,’ I continued. ‘That is exactly how I thought you would look. Dark and angry. Now there are—’

‘—Animals everywhere,’ she said.

‘Yes there are.’ This was going to be real good. My practitioner-in-training was very excited as she continued to peer over my shoulder, looking at my trance notes. Animals are everywhere, they had said.

There is nothing like sitting in on one of my trances to become convinced that this entire process was very real. They were like perfectly timed orchestras. But that privilege was reserved only for those who graduated from the analyst course. The sanctity of communion must always be maintained, especially if one cannot see clearly.

‘Good.’ I continued washing with snow. ‘What we are going to do now is go deeper, and find the girl, and you’ll find that as you go deeper, into the jungle, it will get darker and colder.’ My client’s eyes followed my directions and she continued to give me verbal cues.

‘Now, we are going to come to the dark entrance of a



large ivy-covered cave. There is a cold, cold wind blowing up from the darkness of the cave and the ivy is covered with frost. You dismount your horse and slowly enter the entrance of the cave. It gets even colder still and you see large chunks of ice everywhere. You continue to walk very slowly, with no emotion.'

I didn't even need to make that suggestion. Her face said it all. All signs of motion had gone except for very faint flickers under the eyelids. Colour had begun to drain from her cheeks and her voice was becoming robotic and dry.

I continued talking, my voice also becoming cold, dry and very slow. 'You see your young innocent girl. She is encapsulated in a large block of ice and you find it almost amusing.' A faint hint of a smile flashed across her lips in deep sleep.

'Now you walk even deeper into the cave as the unconscious mind continues to access the metaphors of behaviour and it gets even colder. You see a rotten corpse. Dead dry bones appear and even the vultures are frozen in ice. The remains of long dead campfires are covered with freezing snow and smoky dry ice.'

In her mind's eye my client accidentally touched one of the frozen campfires with her foot and described to me the sensations of it collapsing into dust. The dust stung her hands. This was fantastic. It was the best trance she had ever had!

'There's a dark shape up ahead,' my client said.

'Yes, I know. You are travelling in your unconscious and I have the road map in my hand,' I said, glancing back at my trance notes. They were usually very accurate. I was cheating, you see. I used the reversals themselves to map out my trances. 'That's your mother's coffin lying in the cold cave of

death in your mind. I want you to walk up to her.'

Her pace quickened a touch. I knew instantly because my eyes were closed. This allowed me greater access to my other unconscious senses.

'Ah, you like that,' I said.

'Yes. How did you know?' she replied in her dream.

'Your whirlwind told me. And I can also sense that you can see the fires of hell beginning to burn as you walk closer to the coffin.'

'Yes. They burn even though it is cold.'

'That is because fire is emotion,' I replied. 'And you have much emotion attached to your mother. I want you to look at her, now, as the unconscious mind accesses the metaphor of *Dead mother* even as I speak, allowing electrical conduits to open and new pictures to burst forth.'

And the scene in my client's eye changed. She walked up to the coffin and felt excited. The scene became three-dimensional, graphic, full of colour. Of course it did. This was her core operational metaphor. It was demonic.

'What do you see now?'

'She is dead. Her eyes do not see.'

'And?'

'She is cold. She does not smile. Ice. She is covered by ice.'

'I want you to kiss her.'

'I am. I like it. I am aroused.'

'Good, very good. The reversals say you are having sex with her.'

With that command she proceeded to totally mount the image of her deceased mother lying in the ice-covered coffin surrounded by the burning fires of hell. And it came to pass

that she experienced much ecstasy in this holy and sacred moment. Her face glowed more than I had ever seen it under any of our previous trances.

She took deep breaths and descended deeper and even deeper still into the dark world that was her unconscious. She realised that she was having sex with her god in her trance on my couch and she was pleurably shocked.

'Let us now go even deeper still into the cave of your mind.'

She left her mother and walked into a narrow passageway, where she saw the body of her dead sheriff in the ice. Ancient pillars lay in ruins on the ground and it became too cold for even the fires of hell to burn. Then a hypnotic song began to waft up the corridor. It was an unholy death march calling her deeper. She went deeper, with much joy and salutations. She arrived at a dead end. There was no way out except for a very narrow sewerage drain at the end. Sludge oozed into the drain from the base of the cave.

'Now you die,' I said.

'Oh, OK,' she willingly complied. Her reversals told her to.

So she did. She lay down in the ice and ooze, closed her eyes and died. She was dead. I called a robot from the kingdom of left-eyed cyborgs in the valley of bolts and nuts. The robot came and buried her. It was done.

'End of trance.' I snapped my fingers. 'Quickly. Come back now. 1,2,3,4,5. You're awake.'

The following week my client experienced a major turnaround. She had left my office smugly happy and that smugness had concerned her. She wondered if she really was having sex with her dead mother. So she decided that it wasn't

true. As she chose to decide that it was not her truth it came to pass that it indeed became not true, and she came to me for another trance.

In this trance she pictured her girl in ice and she decreed the ice to melt. She saw the girl open her mouth and speak. The voice was like that of an angel. She touched the girl's cheeks and the skin was warm and soft. The reversals said that the girl would be her saviour. So she took her girl's hand, they walked out of the cave, and emerged into the Garden of Eden that lay at the end of a small path. Here she saw Adam. He was tall and strong. She then saw the sun and flew to her soul in the mists of heaven. She saw her true face. It was not as bad as she thought and dead mother disappeared from her mind.

The lamb washed her with snow.

In her final trance, two weeks later, I took her to the beach shores of consciousness where she began to walk in the surf bathed by the rays of the sun. She found her name and thanked me profusely for session work. She had shifted finally. It was the technique of unconscious rapport that did it and I had another tool in my Reverse Speech toolbox.

I now use this technique occasionally and find that it increases my level of success even more. The conscious mind has to be in total rapport with the unconscious mind before it can change. It is no good hiding from the demons because that allows them to stay. If they are faced they can be released.

I had a client pull out of session that week because I was a cold man, out of touch with myself, and had a total lack of ability to experience my emotions.

# 3 2

## **unleashing the powers of speech**

I'M GOING TO DO one final case study in part one of this book. This is the parable of Dave and George. They were two adventurous young men, closer to middle-age than they ever cared to admit. They believed they were supermen but the voice of Clark Kent called louder. So one limped as he walked and both stuttered as they talked.

You see, both men were gods but their humanity told them they weren't. And other people who did not believe they were gods made sure they never forgot it. The opposing forces created pictures that caused them to say things they did not want to say and their voices became locked with dys-

functional speech. This offended some people because dysfunctional words are meant to be hidden in dark places and not seen in the light of day. And, as most unsuccessful people reminded them, it meant they were blocking their success.

Some people were actually embarrassed, overcome by their pride, and would not speak to George on the phone because he sounded like an idiot. So they asked to talk to Dave instead. Oh, great woe! He also had foul speech. How could they ever trust anyone again?

Yet, even though both men spoke with halted speech, there was a very curious thing about the exact nature of their respective dysfunctions. The speech stutter of George was very aggressive and harsh, increasing noticeably in volume as it occurred. It almost sounded like an attack on some occasions. ‘Th-eck-th-ECK, this is an ex-am-AMP-example.’

Yet the stutter of Dave was passive and seemed to retreat within itself, often decreasing in volume. ‘Th-er-this, this, is an ex-ex-example.’

Additionally, the speech stutter of George was more obvious than the stutter of Dave but Dave had not been so fortunate in his early days. When he had first begun lecturing on Reverse Speech he could barely talk publicly. His speech had significantly improved since then because he had no choice. He was told that people wouldn’t listen to him if he had dysfunctional words, especially if he insisted on wearing a beard, and other people should do his lectures for him because they spoke better. And because it was his fault he decided to become congruent so they wouldn’t listen to him even more. This helped his stutter considerably.

As time passed, George came to Dave for session work

and chose to bestow upon him the sacred permission of unconscious consent, even though Dave had the same problem and didn't try to hide it. And it came to pass that Dave stuck to the process and began to unleash the powers of George's speech.

And if your head is spinning after all of that you know a little bit of what it feels like to have some form of dysfunction and have people judge you for it. You go round and round in circles, and George and I and our two dogs are not very happy. We both think it's more than ironic that the main obvious dysfunction that the two spokesmen for Reverse Speech have is a speech stutter.

George and I are both mirrors and like all people who are mirrors we mirror each other sometimes and attack the other person for showing us our own reflection. This is called sourcing negative sexual energy. It is my dysfunction and it is the dysfunction most of the planet has. If you are mad at us for our dysfunction then that just makes us mad, which gives us the energy to allow it to continue. Thus, as you speak it so does it become. It's the difference between 'goddamn it' and 'God save it'.

Reverse Speech says that when we treat people in this manner we are damning them. When we damn them we damn ourselves and sever connection from the light even more. We also damn them if we lie to them or are incongruent in our statements. That is because the forwards says one thing, the backwards says something different, the brain hears both and becomes confused. The resultant tensions give the demons wonderful energy to continue creating dysfunctions, which is an activity they pursue with great adoration.

Following is a section of the transcript where George and I discussed the reasons for our own particular brands of dysfunction. Notice the differing reasons for each speech stutter, which was reflected in the way each one sounded. No stutter is the same. That is because the sounds we use to create our speech are a reflection of the unconscious patterns that we run, and each person's pattern is different.

This parable illustrates that point very well because the dysfunction in George's and my speech are a mirror for the dysfunction in your own speech. These are our reasons. Yours will be different but the speech dysfunction that we all have is the same. If there are opposing ideas in speech this internal opposition will create opposition in the world out there. The exact nature of the opposition out there will reflect the nature of the opposition inside.

*David:* 'My stutter is there when I first meet someone. As I get to know them my stutter goes.' (**I skim surf following the ass.**) *Ass* is negative sexual energy. It is a common theme in Reverse Speech. My own form of *Ass* is low self-esteem. The *Surf* is to flow with the wind. I skim the *Surf*, or just touch the surface of what I can do, following my own *Ass*. This causes my stutter when I initially meet someone because I nearly always feel inferior. Thus my stutter appears to draw into itself because that is what I do.

*George:* 'As I get to know someone it comes out more. Maybe it's fear of being close.' (**He gave me love. I must assault him.**) The difference in George's stutter is obvious from the first reversal. He assaults someone when he begins to get close. This is evident in his stutter, which has a distinct punch to it.



*George:* 'I am scared to be close because I wasn't taught how to. I think the intimacy with my mother stopped at age four.' (**Knit the beast / Blow up my mother.**) This reversal goes right to the heart of the cause. He is still angry at his mother for a perceived lack of intimacy when he was young. The reversal is present tense, indicating the scene still lives in his mind. This anger has activated his beast, which creates his stutter.

*David:* 'And yet I will hear you stutter when you speak on the phone.' (**I surf with fusion. You see the city.**) My unconscious notes the two different reasons. My problem is connecting with my own internal spiritual power. George sees his own conflict in the interactions of daily organisational life. He is left-brain, establishing office structures, and I am right-brain, creating trances and new frontiers. This difference is reflected in our respective speech dysfunction.

*George:* 'I'm not sure what it is, but someone called me up this morning, I was selling Reverse Speech and my stutter just came up from nowhere.' (**Please elves. Shine the eye / I walk in Rome. Seek out your sore.**) Here we see the stutter actually being formed. He accesses the *Elves*, internal mental activity, so he can clearly see any reasons for aggression as he endeavours to conquer life.

*George:* 'I got stuck on one word and I couldn't get out of it.' (**Money. Give the wind censored.**) This is how he sources energy. Negatively. He cuts off interaction.

*George:* 'It's the Os and the ES I get caught on. They're just like a lock in my throat.' (**I lock your shame. This war in head.**) The beast that he moulded has got him in the head, in his thoughts and actions. He still wants to blow up his mother and it has become a shame that has locked him.

*David:* 'Well, you know you have my complete empathy there.' (**I built with my idiot.**) The reason for my stutter was still low self-esteem. Who am I to judge?

*George:* 'I could feel it coming and it hit and there was no escaping it.' (**Satan lit it. Find the mucked reef. Find the big Rocelin in it.**) Whoa! Such aggression and anger. He is in total slavery to the beast and has no choice. Here we see the metaphors kick in. The demons have plotted against him. He must obey because he can feel their breath and is about to run straight into the brick wall he sought very hard to find.

*David:* 'I know it too. I know the stutter is coming. I can feel it two or three words beforehand. I used to just wait for it, now I quickly change the word I'm going to use.' (**My whirlwind often went hungry.**) My speech stutter has frequently caused me to be isolated and shut off from energetic interaction. I'm such an idiot! It actually did cause me to go hungry when I couldn't earn enough money because of it.

*David:* 'Mine is related to nervousness. It's nerves.' (**Learned to hide the lessons.**) My sense of inadequacy caused me to withdraw and kept all my secrets inside.

*George:* 'I get really angry and frustrated when I stutter. It robs me of my power.' (**Rocelin bought a mark.**) The destructive reasons for George's stutter caused him to actually purchase his own chains of slavery.

*David:* 'My stutter has almost gone and it feels like there's this wealth of power I now have access to.' (**Sex is alive. My wolf knows there.**) There is! I am congruent. It was many years of concerted effort, putting myself out there over and over again until I finally started to get it! I often used to think that my early years were to teach me how to speak without a stutter so people would be able to accept my message

without being put off so much by my stutter.

George: 'I need to free myself from the tongue to the lips and the jaw.' (**You need that soul. The soul wind in love.**) George found his soul with trance work and we turned on the soul wind. George's stutter is now significantly reduced.

We are still continuing session work and I am no longer experiencing the reversal reaction that I was never experiencing in the first place anyway.

And the conclusion to this sacred tale, my friends, is this: The breath of our souls can be heard in our speech, forwards and backwards. We create our world by the words that we speak, heard and unheard. We must release the dysfunction in our speech by facing and releasing the dysfunction in our souls.

### **the heavenly voice in limbo**

Truth, Freedom and Lordship! That is the mission statement of Reverse Speech. It shows us the revelation of our existence. It is the voice in heavenly twilight that calls us home to see our face.

Its coming was foretold by sixteenth century French prophet Michael Nostradamus, plus many others. Nostradamus called it the voice in limbo that contained the keys to all prophecy. It is an underlying theme of many of his quatrains. He said it would be discovered in the latter part of the twentieth century and he stated that his writings could not be understood without its secrets. He also knew that the divine voice created our world and he knew that it would not be recognised until it came.

*Therefore, causes independently produced or not produced, the prophecy partly happens where it hath been foretold, for the understanding being intellectually created cannot see occult things, unless it be by the voice coming from the limbo, by means of the thin flame to which the knowledge of future causes is inclined ... And a thousand other accidents shall happen by waters and continual rain ... Men coming after me will see that these accidents are coming to pass as we have marked in other places speaking more clearly, although the explanation shall be involved in obscurity. When the time comes for the removal of ignorance the case shall be made more clearly.'*

—A letter to his son, Caesar. Dated March 1st 1555—

Reverse Speech contains the keys to many prophecies and metaphoric codes. It tells us we all prophesy our own outcomes as we speak. With both knowledge and wisdom combined, which creates understanding, we can begin to comprehend the prophetic utterances we deliver that create our world.

Reverse Speech tells us that it is the thin flame of emotional energy from metaphors that spark thoughts. Nostradamus called them celestial figures. This creates floods of energy in the wind that causes the coincidences of life to open up in front of us.

It is Reverse Speech, the voice in limbo, which is going to unlock all secrets of the unconscious and its dreams and visions. Nostradamus had conscious access to this voice, as have many other prophets and holy men throughout history. I had conscious access once in a hypnosis experiment back in Australia. Now I hear it backwards every day in my headphones. So can you with training.

Then you will know what it really means to unleash the hidden powers of your speech. You will prophesy great accidents from your dreams and the world will have enough holy men to make it happy for a thousand years or so.

This is the conclusion and hidden meaning behind all philosophy and prophetic utterances. The pictures in our mind create the thoughts in our head, which create the words that we speak, which create the world in which we live. We must all rediscover this sacred and most holy of all truths and change our speech so we can achieve divinity and recreate our world.

# 3 3

## **the celestial cellular connection**

'BLOODY HELL! I don't frigging believe you!' I flung my mobile phone across the floor of my van in a fury. It broke into three pieces. I'd just hung up on 'She'. It was a few days before Christmas 1995 and I was driving aimlessly on the Californian freeways after storming out of my office without even having the courtesy of cancelling my appointments. George did it instead.

I grumbled and muttered. I just knew my phone wasn't going to work after this little tantrum. I picked up the pieces, swerving on the freeway as I did, and put my phone back together again. I turned it on. Lights lit up, followed by the

familiar beep. I had access. I couldn't believe it. I'd had my phone for three years now. If only it could talk. I had flung it across the room and floor of my van at least seven times in those years.

Now it was a crumpled mess. The cover was severely cracked, circuit boards were exposed, and wires hung out of it. Even the flip microphone had broken off ages ago. But it still worked. I think there must be a secret microphone built inside of it somewhere that no one knows anything about. I should do an advertisement for Motorola. Their phones last forever.

### the Mirror of Isis

My entire family had Christmas at 'her' big house that week. I had a strange omen when I walked into her bedroom. She had been cleaning and shifting things around. Her bed had been moved to the centre of the room, in front of a large mirror. It had previously been in the shadows against the back wall. I shuddered as I remembered the reversal in her pre-trance tape that said, **I will shift the bedroom.**

I gave her a precious gift for Christmas. It was a small copper statue with a green tinge. It was called the Mirror of Isis. It was about nine inches tall, long and thin. It was the image of Isis, the goddess of sexuality and passion. She had a large golden mirror attached to the top of her head. It was a metaphor. Metaphors are very important and I had seen this metaphor in a new-age bookshop called the Psychic Eye, in the rich San Diegan suburb of La Jolla.

The Mirror of Isis was very ancient and valuable. I told her that as she pondered upon the looking-glass world that

lived deep inside the mirror she would begin to see the wonder of her own face. Her face would be beautiful as she continued to polish the mirror's golden sheen.

It was a genuine and nice suggestion as I gazed into her eyes with love.

Her eyes did not gaze back and the Christmas dinner was warm.

Something else very strange happened on that Christmas day. One of the guests at the party received a wonderful gift that everyone had much fun with. It was called Crazy Sludge, and it was green. It swished and plopped with great unholy disgusting sounds of flatulence when anyone touched it. The manufacturers should be ashamed of themselves. This new wonderful toy kept everyone laughing all afternoon, but in my laughter I remembered another prophecy that had been delivered in her tape. **Annoy love and give farting.**

Yeah well, that's exactly what was happening!

### welcome to the twilight zone

There were times that I absolutely loathed having the scales lifted from my eyes by Reverse Speech. Life had become a lot like the twilight zone for me because I could see all the pictures happening in the reversals before they occurred out there. It's like the never-ending *déjà vu*. It gets really eerie, believe me, like mirrored ghosts projected from my mind.

I feel like I'm caught in a time warp because I drive around the streets and see the metaphors everywhere in billboards and personalised license plates and even the buildings themselves. Then I hear the songs on my radio and I remember the reversals. I know they are everywhere and I get so



frustrated because no one knows what on earth I am talking about.

So she-wolf goes trancing instead.

If you open your ears you'll see. Once you become aware of it, it's magical because you're consciously aware of living in the world of the unconscious. Reversal awareness is where it's at now! They speak for themselves: **See the sound in the air around.**

However, the downside is I can't watch Popeye the naughty sailor man anymore, spinach is banned from my house, and every time I go to Jack in the Box Hamburgers I think of President Jack, JFK, and his famous speech reversal. 'What can you do for your country, **give Jack all your food.**'

Then just the other day I saw his famous speech on TV, followed immediately by a picture of food. Some advertising executive had used JFK's speech as the opening scene in an advertisement for ADM supermarkets. Jack got his food all right. So did we. Now, if that's not being prompted by a speech reversal then I don't know what is!

And they say Reverse Speech and the collective unconscious isn't real. Go and check it out for yourself. Find the advertisement and play it backwards. You'll see. Then listen to the Jack in the Box commercials with different eyes and you'll understand with both knowledge and wisdom that Reverse Speech makes all the pictures in our world. You are walking in your unconscious mind right now, you see. You are holding it in your hands, reading it, as I write. Welcome to the real twilight zone. Truth is always stranger than fiction.

## I went to the mountaintop to snow ski

She and I had a big fight that night. It was a very big fight. The worst yet. I stormed out of her house at midnight. I was vibing with energy.

Why do you love her? I asked myself as the Reverse Speech transcript that had been written a month ago continued to become conscious. **She's a heaven weasel. I'll damn that girl with love.**

It was most unfortunate that she and I had a big fight because she owned a condo up in Tahoe and Annie and the twins and I were supposed to be leaving first thing in the morning for a few days' vacation in the snow. The brown van was all packed up ready to go so I went back up to her house and patched things up temporarily.

Thus Annie and I and my twins all ventured to the mountains. The mountain air was fresh and clean and I thought I could hear God speaking to me, although I had no idea why he would bother because I was preoccupied with 'her'. I couldn't find her on the phone that Wednesday night and I knew something was up. Early Thursday morning, 28 December 1995, I began to write this book and the prophecy had been fulfilled. My emotional energy had reached critical mass and inspiration flowed.

*'My name is David John Oates and I am a forty-year-old Australian researcher. I claim to have made a discovery and developed a technology that has the potential to change the whole face of the planet ...'*

'There you are, Annie,' I said to my sister as I read what I had written that day. *'And the content of these messages seemed to be determined not by demons but by what was on the forward*

*soundtrack*. What do you think? Do you reckon this one will work?’

‘I don’t know, Dave,’ she replied. ‘Just keep on writing and see what happens.’

I was so pleased with my first chapter that I decided to go snow skiing after all and we all had a great time. I lit a nice roaring fire in the evening and started chapter two.

Twelve long years, I thought, as I began to type again. And all I ever did was drop a tape player in a toilet bowl one day.

*Well, actually you threw it in*, said a voice from my deep unconscious.

Oh. Is that what it was? Well I’ll cooperate more with you this time. We’ll update all the theories and get a fresh approach. Maybe this book will do it.

*Do it all in metaphor*, said the voice. *Encode it all*.

I think I’ll tell a parable, I thought, as I became entranced by the fire. That way they’ll get it.

The first third of this book will be for the mind. The second third will be for the heart.

I wrote into the new year of 1996. I listened to the music in my ears as I wrote and it still plays in the background as I type now.

# 34

## **numbers and names and the new Rolls Royce**

'J' HAS ALWAYS BEEN an interesting letter for me. It is both the name and initial of my youngest daughter, Jaye Oates. JO is also both the name and initials of Jaye's natural mother and my second wife. Everyone called her Jo, short for Joanne.

I am sometimes called John because my middle name is as important to me as all my other names. My initials are DO, which is a metaphor for who I am. I am a doer, always have been. Some people also think I'm a little odd and I do tend to OD on my emotions sometimes.

My other twin daughter, Symone Oates, is a sower like

her father. I love Jaye and Symone very much. They are my resident family in America. Symone, David and Jaye Oates. Annie is in the middle as my younger sister and their only paternal auntie. Numbers and names and metaphors are very important to me. Who we are is encoded into their frame.

'She' met a Jay. She told me about him when I got back from Lake Tahoe. He was rich. Drove a big car.

'Of course he does,' I said and the left side of my face began to twitch uncontrollably. My wolf was manifesting.

'And he drives a Rolls Royce,' she exclaimed with great excitement. Her *Rocelin* was manifesting.

'What else would he drive,' I replied sarcastically. 'And how many miles does he have on his clock?'

Some very bizarre things began to happen in the next few days, following that fateful conversation.

It started when the windscreen on her flashy silver car inexplicably cracked. This was in addition to her number-plate that I bent on a road trip up north a few weeks back.

Then I was entertaining some new clients from Los Angeles one night that week and she called me just before going out on a date with Mr Rolls Royce. I won't bother repeating the thoughts I dare not speak in front of mixed company. Maybe I should have, because as I hung up the phone and vibed, her picture, which sat next to me, suddenly flew off the table of its own accord and crashed against the wall. The following morning she woke up in her shifted bedroom and there were small drops of blood sprinkled around her bed that defied all explanation.

'Hey, listen,' I said to her on the phone, 'I didn't do it. She -wolf operates of her own accord sometimes. You shouldn't

have called me like that just before a date with Richie Rich lover boy.’

Yet, despite my aloofness and negation of responsibility, all these events greatly disturbed me. So I began to manifest this book with increased passion, hoping this would ease my mind and excess energy as my adrenaline continued to climb. Then the plumbing in my house began to clog up. Drains overflowed, water started to drip from the roof by my bedroom door and the side of my bed was soaked. The water still floods today, despite several visits by the plumber.

### **heralding elcarim**

It was midnight. I was driving back from her house. I had given her an ultimatum. Either stop seeing him or I'm out of here for good. I was driving very fast and feeling incredibly spiritually high. My anger had gone beyond anger and was becoming praise and worship.

I now believe that one cannot be truly spiritual unless one can flow with the entire range of one's emotions. Anger is a powerful emotion and can therefore lead to powerful spiritual experiences. I had experienced my anger and it had been freed. This freedom now allowed the richer emotions of positive joy and adoration to spring forth. I therefore worshipped the freeway and the lights on the vehicles that travelled that freeway.

Suddenly a zippy little car flew past. I noticed it because its numberplate shone out like a neon light. It said ELCARIM.

‘Elcarim’ is ‘miracle’ backwards, and it is also the name of a church youth camp I used to frequently visit in my happy Jesus person days in Australia's hippy seventies. The person-

alised plate brought many memories flooding back and I actually increased my speed to try and catch the car. But it was travelling too fast, flashing in and out of the traffic with its numberplate shining like an aura. ELCARIM.

The following day I was driving to the office, thinking about the name for my book. My original working title had been *Finding the Keys to the Garden of Eden*. I didn't like it. It was too long and had no punch. I wanted something simple and catchy.

I toyed with a few ideas and came up with *It's Just a Metaphor*. It seemed appropriate. The book was about metaphors. However, it wasn't quite right. Then the title, *It's Only a Metaphor*, popped into my head. At that same precise moment a car pulled in front of me, with the numberplate, ITEEACH.

I stared at it for a while as I sat at the traffic lights. For some reason it didn't register straight away. I seemed to trance out under the haze of the plate.

'ITEEACH,' I muttered to myself. Then it dawned on me. Of course! It's only a metaphor I teach. Just like a sentence-building speech reversal. Metaphors teach as parables taught when Jesus manifested the Christ metaphor in his time.

I had my new book title. The universe had confirmed it. I didn't argue because after living in the twilight zone for a while I really didn't believe in anything anymore anyway. I just watched the movie and did what it told me to do.

'Hey George,' I said, running into the office, 'I've got my new book title. It's only a metaphor I teach.'

'You teach what?'

'I'm sorry,' I replied. '*It's Only a Metaphor*. I'm going to call the book *It's Only a Metaphor*. The numberplates told me.'

‘The numberplates did what?’ George sounded puzzled, but didn’t turn from the computer. He’d been around me for too long, way too long. Life can get pretty strange, living in my shadow. I’d been playing tapes backwards for twelve years, and my sand dunes were eroding.

‘Oh, don’t worry about it.’ I waved my hands in casual disregard, chuckling into my beard. ‘You’ll understand soon. Who do I have to see today?’

George smiled and shrugged his shoulders. He had learned it was best to just keep on working when I was in my whirlwind. Good on ya, George H. He handed me the client appointment book and returned to the computer screen. Soon wasn’t going to be too far away, I reckon.

### **the Son of Thomas**

It was the end of January 1996. I’d been writing like a wolf in heat and couldn’t sleep. My adrenaline had kicked in, flowing in tune to the beat of the stereo playing in my ears, and I was working way too fast. Thank God for Annie who kept me sane.

Then the brakes on my van broke. They had been working just fine, with no hint of trouble, and one day they simply failed with no warning while I drove home from the office. I was very lucky.

Shortly after, two speed controls in a row broke on my reversing machine and I really knew the collective was pumping. My internal movie was on fast forward and this was affecting everything out there. I was obviously in need of grounding, so the collective manifested the Son of Thomas. He was my cousin Stuart, uncle Jim’s son, a helicopter pilot



from the south coming to the States to take further training.

It was an hour before midnight. I had taken two sleeping pills to try and sleep. It was a wasted exercise. Drugs never work on me. I even woke up under general anaesthetic once.

The phone rang. My head was fuzzy, my temper short.

'G'dday, 'owarya mate,' the Son of Thomas said. "Ow do ya bloody get ta your house?"

'What? Did you say you want to know how to get to my house?' I tried to translate. I'm glad I still remembered the mother tongue after living in the great States of the north for so long.

The thick Aussie accent threw me though. It was unexpected in the middle of the night, even though my mother had given me prior warning two weeks earlier. I had forgotten all about it. Thus, another Thomas came on the scene in the beginning of a new year, just like the metaphor had arrived last year when I moved to San Diego.

There was a meaning in that somewhere so I used his arrival as a metaphor to write an article for the *Light Connection*. This was the second time Reverse Speech had appeared in its pages. The article encapsulates the message of this book to date and it is reprinted in the appendices of this book.

Meanwhile, my cousin stayed until I finished this book. He kept us all grounded and reflected his father's simple straightforward Aussie wisdom, which ensured it made its way into the book you now read.

# 35

## **just turn a tape recorder on next time**

IT WAS FEBRUARY 1996. 'She' and I had just severed our relationship in a very nasty fashion after I wrote her a letter from hell that basically said, *How dare you treat me like that after I gave you the Mirror of Isis!* **(Her salary's shit. I will shy the lesson. Send you back.)**

I was lecturing in Los Angeles, pretending not to be mad at her. Someone at the lecture gave me a tape of OJ Simpson's recent interview on BET television. Normally I would have put it to one side and forgotten all about it, like the hundreds of other tapes I constantly get from people wanting free reversals done. But this was OJ so I started doing the

reversals the following week. I was glad I did because the reversals gave me a wonderfully accurate description of how he executed the crime, in some of the clearest reversals I have heard in years. The best one occurred in this section of forward dialogue:

'The worst thing you can have, that you can ever have is have your argument taped. I would say anybody out there that's married and in a relationship, [just turn a tape recorder on next time] you have an argument and play it back. You will not believe that was you.' And the speech reversal said clearly, **I skinned them all.**

The most amazing thing about this example was the exact forward words where the reversal occurred: 'Just turn a recorder on next time' / **I skinned them all.** The irony could not be denied. It encompassed the entire vision of Reverse Speech. Just turn a tape recorder on the next time. The legal system certainly wasn't working. OJ Simpson was a perfect example. His money and fame had bought him freedom. Now he was flaunting it for all to see. Reverse Speech was the only way to be sure. The reversal in the following section illustrates this point even more.

'I think I'm way ahead of the game there. I think if all American families were like my family this country would be a lot better off.' The speech reversal says quite clearly, **The law will forgive crime.**

Here is another example of the vision Reverse Speech can give.

OJ: 'I've been a good American. I'm just as innocent as any of them and they've been blocking me or attempting to block me.' **He cowed when you missed your aim. He cowed my bayonet.**

This is a comparative reversal. The complementarity is in picture. His forward words access a picture in his mind of another time when he was blocked. It was the image of his second victim, Ron Goldman, ducking from his knife blows after he missed his first slash. Other reversals said, **I got him from behind / Beheaded him stupid.**

‘White Americans think you’re guilty,’ the commentator says to OJ.

‘I can’t take that as overall White Americans. Maybe there’s a lot of them out there that think I do.’ **Al was against the crime.**

This reversal refers to his former best mate, Al Cowlings. The reversal would imply that Al knew about the crime but was not in favour of it.

### **the miracle of the numberplates**

I was thrilled to bits with the OJ’s reversals. I thought they were the break I was waiting for. It was an international case. What better case and what better reversal to use to launch Reverse Speech onto the world?

So George and I tried to get some media interest in the OJ reversals. We were just starting to get discouraged after even the tabloids hung up on us, when we had a break. One of our clients knew someone in Los Angeles who acted as a media broker. We set up an appointment, expecting big things.

‘We’re after OJ, George,’ I said as we headed off to LA. He was driving.

‘Annie’s going to pick her up from school,’ he replied.

‘Huh? What do you mean?’

'Jaye and Symone,' he said. 'Annie will pick them up from school.'

'Oh, Jaye. My daughter Jaye. No, no. We got our wires crossed. I meant OJ Simpson and—' I stopped in mid-sentence. 'Oh man! Here it was,' I muttered to myself. OJ. JO. The one I had been waiting for. Why didn't I see it before? My time had come. It was all there. Thanks, Jaye. You were the last one.

'Man, do I ever have a story to tell you when we get back from LA, George,' I said. 'It's time to tell everyone what I've done. They should believe me now.'

We were halfway to LA when my phone rang.

'Hey, this is Dave. Who's this?' I said.

'Hey Dave. Remember me? This is your worst nightmare come back to haunt you,' the deep voice said. I didn't recognise it.

'Huh. I'm not in the mood,' I whined. 'Who is this?'

'You owe me money, Mr Oates,' the voice said. 'I want it now or you'll suffer the consequences.'

My adrenaline immediately increased significantly and she-wolf jumped into action. Her instincts were very sharp and alert after all these years. She went out on the wind without me even having to say or do anything. This was my private number. Only two or three people had that number. I had no idea who the guy was and I certainly didn't owe anyone any money – not in this lifetime anyway.

'I'll be in touch,' the voice said and severed the connection.

I tried to remain calm, but old sensations of guns in Dallas flooded to the surface. The call reminded me of the constant thin line I still walked, as the founder of a technology

no one wanted. Then there was always reversal reaction. Someone did not want me to go on the air and my phone was bugged. It seemed to be the only explanation.

‘Hey, guess what, George.’ I grabbed my driver’s arm. ‘You’re about to live the pages of my book. I’m paging Denny Sludge again. I’m not going to do this one by myself.’

Five minutes later I noticed a small blue pickup pull up next to us in the right lane. I looked at the numberplate. At first I thought it said Dennis. But then I saw it clearly and my stomach dropped to my boots. DENNYS Z. Then my phone rang. It was Denny, calling from Dallas.

‘Yo Dave,’ the familiar voice said, ‘wot ya’ll doin’ there, big boy. I haven’t seen those numbers on my system for a while.’

‘Got some trouble, Denny, I reckon,’ I said. ‘I’m on five north heading up to LA and you would not believe the numberplate that just pulled up next to me before you called back.’

‘What’s that?’

‘DENNY.’

‘Yeah? Denny?’ He sounded puzzled. ‘It’s not me or any of my boys. I still read the Celestine Prophecy you know Dave. It’s changed my life. Looks like you’ve got some coincidences running there. So what are you doing this time to attract it?’

He knew me well. I told him about OJ and ‘just put a tape recorder on next time’. He told me to rest easy, everything would be fine. Just stick to my guns and do what I had to do. As soon as he said ‘just rest easy’ a great big recreational vehicle pulled in front of us on the freeway. Its numberplate said RESTASY.

It took me by complete surprise. Denny on the phone, DENNY next to me in the pickup, and now a camper flashing the words in front of my eyes that Denny had just spoken in my ear: RESTASY. I freaked out and almost dropped the phone in fright. This was the twilight zone again, man!

'Oh my God. George. Look!' I shook his arm furiously. He swerved on the freeway. 'DENNY to the right of us. RESTASY in front of us. What does it mean?'

'Beats me, Dave.' He was as stunned as I was. I rubbed my eyes. It didn't go.

'Er, Denny, let me call you back,' I said into the phone.

George and I stared at the RV ahead in disbelief. We changed lanes and it changed with us, remaining right in front. DENNYS Z moved up and down in the right lane next to me. Then another car zipped past. The plate said MAJJIC 1.

And magic it was. We were in awe as this orchestra of numbers danced around us. RESTASY constantly remained in front. DENNYS Z steadily moved up and down in the right lane. Sometimes it was there, other times it wasn't. Then MAJJIC 1 zipped in, like a little elf dancing with glee. In and out, up and down, the left lane, the right lane, in front of us, behind us. It was absolutely incredible.

It was the twilight zone in real life.

George and I watched, breathless, as the coincidence of numberplates manifested before our very eyes. We experienced an alternate reality on the freeways of California that morning. The dance continued for several minutes before it began to gradually fade away and the cars slowly merged with the traffic again. All except for RESTASY. That one still remained. And there was one other plate as well, but we cannot remember what it was even though we have pondered

long and hard on the image.

I thought it was just about all over when suddenly a medium-sized blue sports car came zipping past at very high speed in the fast lane to our left. It was really pumping gas and rapidly vanished out of sight. Its plate said BIG DOG and it appeared to be paving the way in front of us.

That was it. I immediately dropped into a she-wolf trance. She saw a small jackass crouching behind a rock. She sniffed it and walked on, unconcerned. Then she saw glowing red eyes in the dark. A large black panther emerged and joined she-wolf in the primordial forest. They began to hunt and play together. Then I exited the trance.

I did not know the meaning of the black panther at that time. I later found out it was a symbol of the emergence of one's true spiritual power. But I knew the message of the numberplates and she-wolf trance: everything is fine, just 'rest easy'. Yes, there is danger, but the magic of the collective will go before you. Remember the power of the unconscious kingdoms and everything will be fine.

'You see, George, you see,' I said in great excitement as no sign of the magic numberplates remained. 'I told you we were about to live the scenes of my book. Twilight zone here we come. It's a sign from the collective. We're on track and Reverse Speech is about to expose the corruption in the world.'

Then – I absolutely and totally kid you not – as soon as I said that, a large white van cruised by, with the numberplate LIARS 1. It travelled off into the distance and George and I had just experienced a profound miracle in the truest sense of the word. The light was shining and the time was night.

Our media meeting in Los Angeles subsequently did not



work out, but it did not matter. The miracle I had just experienced left me with a high that could not be replaced. George and I talked about it at length driving back to San Diego. The thing that really amazed us was the orchestration necessary on the collective level for the event to have occurred the way it did. People had to have left home with split-second timing to meet on the freeway at the precise moment that Denny had called. The threatening phone call I received that set the whole thing off must have been implemented by the collective unconscious long beforehand.

I already knew that unconscious organised behaviour occurred sometimes months and years before it ever became conscious, but that was on a personal level. This was different, far grander and way beyond my comprehension. It was like a massive universal intelligence coordinating billions of possible combinations so the miracle would perform in the clockwork manner that it did.

I wondered how long ago the process might have commenced for all the programs to have had enough time to run their full course. I knew that instructions for the programs were encoded with pictures and if you changed one picture the whole machinery could change. This could alter a multitude of historical events. It's sort of like the parable of the Ugg magnified millions of times. One seed created an industry.

These were all interesting ponderings, but my real questions were: who put the picture in the collective that began the process in the first place? And why?

# 36

**see now the sixth lesson**

‘WHO KNOWS? I MIGHT have even put the picture in myself,’ I said to George as I continued to verbalise my thoughts. We were halfway between the San Onofre nuclear power plant and the border patrol checkpoint, travelling south on the ‘5’.

‘You?’ George was puzzled this time. ‘What do you mean you? How could you have put the picture in the collective that manufactured the miracle?’

‘Well. It’s sort of like this, George.’ I became very nervous all of a sudden. My stomach dropped to my boots. I hadn’t told anyone this. No one. I had to communicate this in the right manner. I cautiously continued.

'You remember Jaye, my daughter. She was the last one to appear. I knew it when you got the OJs mixed up. You see, when you put a new metaphor in the collective it's sort of like waves on the ocean. You throw the stone in and the ripples gradually spread out to affect all. One stone can change the whole ocean.'

'Yeah. I know that,' George said. 'That's the basis of your whole message.'

'I know you know it,' I replied. 'But do you really know it. That's the real test. You can believe it in your head but unless you believe it in your heart it isn't going to make any difference, right?'

'Right.'

Good. I had his agreement. I continued.

'OK. So this is for the heart. The ultimate irrefutable proof that not only is Reverse Speech and the collective unconscious quite real, but it's also very possible for one man to sit at home alone, close his eyes, imagine he's a wolf, and put his mark on history forever.'

George was listening intently. I definitely had his attention.

'This is what I did. When I came over to the States six and a half years ago to tell everyone about Reverse Speech, deep down inside I knew that no one would ever believe it. Now, of course, this is primarily because I didn't really believe in Reverse Speech myself fully yet. At least not in the heart I didn't. And I had been doing it full-time for almost six years at that stage. So if I didn't believe in it fully how could I ever possibly expect anyone else to believe in it?'

'But my unconscious mind knew and believed it. It contains the power of the I AM within me, or my divine nature,

that can create my own world. The unconscious decided to demonstrate that divine power in a way that could not be denied. It began to put a new metaphor in the collective unconscious using *she-wolf* on the first week of November 1989, just after my thirty-fourth birthday. The metaphor it put in was a name that is very important to me. My name. Or, to be more accurate, it marked the whirlwind with the new metaphor of *Oates*.'

George looked at me sideways. I would have too if I was him.

'OK. I know this sounds a little bizarre, but please bare me out,' I continued. 'This is how the unconscious did it. Now, always remember that the unconscious orchestrates behaviour well before the conscious.

'First, it publicly announced its intentions on pages 51, 52 and 53 of my second book, *Reverse Speech: Hidden Messages in Human Communication*. This way there could no accusations of collusion, or just making up a story to explain coincidental events, because it was announced in writing beforehand in a book that was published in 1991. On these pages there is a Reverse Speech transcript with an unconscious entity named Malok.

'Well, Malok was actually me. Or to be more accurate, an independent intelligence in my unconscious. Because it is my unconscious mind it has access to all wisdom. The man under trance was also me. The trance was recorded late 1989. My unconscious, having experienced far more divinity than I ever will, decided to put my very own name into the collective unconscious to prove to me that its power really did work. So *she-wolf* and my unconscious both announced their intentions with speech reversals in the transcript pub-

lished in my second book:

Seen a lines journey through ever  
Remember I'm the perfume  
I see the Garden. The Lord of Lesson  
See now the Sixth lesson  
The oyster's your lesson  
We leave to mark the whirlwind  
I AM  
I am Aussie.'

### the oyster and the pearl

'These reversals mean that the part of my mind that knows all, understands the operations of the collective unconscious, which is how the light reflects His will onto the world. The lesson He has to give us resides in the parable of the oyster: **The oyster's your lesson.** For some reason this reversal was deleted from the book, although it was on the original transcript.

'*The oyster* is a metaphor for the unconscious. *The pearl* is a matured metaphor, or the finished product of a long incubation period. This is the new consciousness now beginning to emerge into the collective. It's the process of the evolution of the mind. The dysfunctional metaphor is the grain of sand that entered the oyster, that enabled the pearl to form. This process took aeons as the oyster slowly learned how to protect itself from the sand.

'The whole purpose of human, and indeed planetary, evolution is to recreate God through His children. All events in history are merely reflections of this process of creation that is happening on the unconscious level. Creation is the most

basic instinct of womankind, because we are the 'She', or female of the male.

'The pearls have been growing in the unconscious mind, fed by the wine on the vine, for thousands of years. And like the time of harvest, one day it is suddenly time. There are many pearls. Some have already emerged and many more are coming. Troubled times are ahead though as the pearl's now begun to uncover the dysfunctional metaphors and extract them. The fruits on the vine are beginning to blossom, you see.

'The sixth lesson is Reverse Speech, the voice in limbo, the sixth sense of consciousness, which will allow us to finally see how this collective evolutionary process has been unravelling. It will open our eyes to the real world within, effectively opening the seals to the 'book of knowledge' that is hidden deep in the secret vaults of unconsciousness. This revelation, of which the prophets foretold, will allow us to achieve total consciousness, which is the final step in the creation of divinity and the manifestation of heaven on earth.'

### **floods across the land**

'This is what all the apocalyptic visions of floods refer to. The flooding water is the shower of emotions and spiritual energy that is about to burst forth from the vaults of deep unconsciousness. Emotional earthquakes of great proportions will follow, in the form of reversal reaction as the demons are exposed, hidden in genetic codes and the cracks of the mind.

'Adulthood is coming and that's pretty scary because we have to get past the dysfunctional metaphors to find the tree

in the garden. Once we get to the tree we will know what new metaphors need to be inserted into the collective. The light will not do the next insertion as it did with Christ and Buddha and Moses and others. Womankind must do the next metaphoric insertion themselves because total will and self-creation is the final expression of divinity.

'We must understand our will of blessing so we can choose to continue the word of creation. We cannot evolve to create planetary paradise unless we first choose to connect with the paradise within by removing the dysfunctional metaphor from the centre of the pearl. This is the next phase, or covenant. We must release the demons so the pearl can be freed from the oyster and evolve towards purity and oneness.'

### **sowing the whirlwind with oats**

'Huh.' George barely heard my last comment. He was still trying to process everything else I had said. 'This is pretty heavy stuff, Dave.'

'Yeah, I know,' I agreed. 'That's why I've kept my big mouth shut all these years.'

'And what's that smell?' George interrupted. 'It's sweet, like a rose.'

'Rose?' I breathed in deep. 'I can't smell a rose.'

He shrugged his shoulders. I continued talking.

'Anyway, as I was saying, I had to understand it all myself before I was ever ready to talk about it publicly. And that's a lot of Reverse Speech transcripts to go through.

'So my unconscious created its own reflection by putting the name of *Oates* into the collective unconscious with she-

wolf trances that rode the whirlwind.’ I took a deep breath and continued. ‘Eventually it became bloke and sheila metaphors, reflected with Ugg boots, which called me to San Diego. It was like a seed planted into the garden of the mind. Sometimes I wonder whether it actually began way back when I touched the light in my vision.

‘Through the process of Oral Tradition this seed grew into a tree that unconsciously touched the minds of many. The tree began to bear fruit and the fruit was the first manifestations of the new metaphor that was sown into the collective. Always remember that the picture comes first. The picture sparks thoughts and the thoughts create behaviour. Once the picture is strong the manifestation of it is evident through the events and surroundings of the external world.

‘The first manifestation of *Oates* was, appropriately enough, the Judas Priest trial and backward messages in rock and roll that was held in the deserts of Reno Nevada. It reflects the first stage of my research, because that’s where I began. Now it has become who I am. I am a messenger of backward tapes. Naturally it would be the first manifestation. It took approximately a year to surface after my arrival in the States and was the first budding of metaphoric fruit.

‘The Judas Priest trial also led to my very first appearance on American television. It was *The Larry King Show*, and they cut me off because I had a speech dysfunction. Sounds pretty ironic to me.

‘Then as the months go on, the tree grows even more and another fruit appears on the vine. This buds in the form of Symone, which is the name of my firstborn twin daughter. This is the second manifestation of *Oates*, and Simone was the name of the secret codeword I uncovered before Desert



Storm hit. The metaphor appears in the form of a dust storm in the desert.

'The word is Simone, which is the exact same line CNN flashed on their screens when this all broke after the letter that talked about Reverse Speech was leaked from the office of Defense Secretary Dick Cheney. This was a major international event, created as a direct result of me and my research. It caused quite a storm in Washington, to use other words of CNN's headlining story. As the news announcer said, is the President hiding secret codewords backwards in his speech and why would he do it?

'Now, to add to coincidences even more, this second manifestation of fruit also reflected the second stage of my research. I did music first, which was imaged in the Judas Priest trial, and then moved onto researching backward messages in speech. This is what the second emergence of Oates was. Symone, my firstborn twin, and secret codewords hidden backwards into President George Bush's speech. This was the first time the American public was ever confronted with the phenomenon occurring in speech, yet my own personal involvement in it was deliberately suppressed.'

'That's pretty amazing, David,' George said. 'But it can still only be a coincidence.'

'Well of course it's a coincidence, George,' I replied. 'Coincidence is how it all works. Remember the parable of the Ugg and the miracle of numberplates that you just witnessed. The fruit matures on the vine, this alters the collective, which alters the events of your life as your speech reversals like ships travel the collective seas. The unconscious is our captain.'

'On the grander scale the emerging metaphors do the

same thing and history is altered. Because we only have five percent vision we perceive these seemingly unrelated events as coincidences, or bizarre ironies. In point of fact they are not bizarre or coincidental at all. It's just the collective mind processing and orchestrating the programs of human evolution like it's supposed to do. It is us who are blind because we can't see the actions behind the scenes that create the movie.

'It's kind of like a caveman seeing a TV set. To him it is magic, a gift from the gods, but we all know how the circuitry works. We are cavemen, you see, and cavemen think that the TV set and *Days of our Lives* is all there is. That's all about to change cos now the technical manuals have been opened and it is time to step inside the TV set. The tape player in the toilet bowl reflects the parable and Reverse Speech gives us the circuit diagrams. And quite frankly, I think that is the most amazing coincidence of them all!'

'You're putting forward a pretty impressive case there, David,' George said, driving my van in the fast lane. He was anxious to get home.

'Yeah, I know,' I continued. 'Cos it's real. First we have backward messages in rock and roll, which is the first stage of my research. Then comes Simone, and backward messages in speech, which is the second stage of my research.

'And then along comes David, my name, as the third manifestation of metaphoric fruit begins to bud in the collective. This manifestation pops up one hundred miles south of where I live at the time in Dallas, Texas. It is Waco in the form of David Koresh and the seven seals of Armageddon. Then, even more ironic still, the entire siege centres around the playing of audio tapes through loudspeakers to try and

get him out.

'I mean, this really is the twilight zone of the unconscious, because the third flowering also reflected the third stage of my research and the final factor I needed to formulate my theory. It was the forward speech that helped me make the connection. By comparing the Reverse Speech to the forward speech I was able to establish the principle of speech complementary. This enabled me to determine the meanings of the metaphors in the unconscious and that literally enabled me to open the seals to the book of the mind.

'This is, of course, everything that David Koresh was talking about up on Mount Carmel, my exit north on the 15. The manifestation of the revelation is nigh. The only mistake he made, which everyone has made, is that he interpreted the images of prophecy as fire and damnation, when in actual fact what the prophets were seeing before them were the metaphors of the unconscious shaking with the new emergence of matured metaphors. And how could they know what the images of angels with two-edged swords and beasts and eagles and deserts and mountains meant unless they had the keys. This was what Nostradamus had prophesied, the voice in limbo. Now is the end of the twentieth century.

'Reverse Speech has the keys and the time of truth has come. Womankind, prepare to meet thy face because you are about to become like gods!'

George looked at me in fright. Now he was really scared because he was no longer puzzled. He really had been around me for too long now. He let go of the steering wheel and almost went off the freeway. I grabbed the wheel and he continued driving.

'Hey George. The ironies get even greater,' I continued.

'This third appearance of *Oates* was also when I received my first real warning: don't go to the media or you'll be crushed. I had previously been cut off the air for Judas Priest and ignored for Simone but I did get some local press in Dallas for my Waco involvement, despite the warning I received.'

'I really don't know what to say, David,' George said. 'I don't know how you did it but I can't deny the incredible amount of coincidences you are giving me.'

'Yeah I know,' I chuckled. 'And I can prove it too. I've got all the video clips and newspaper clippings and everything. And all you have to do is tape-record Clinton or someone else in the media and play the tape backwards. You'll hear the word *Oates* scattered here and there. Then go back to seven years ago before I arrived in the States. You won't hear it on any tapes back then.'

I paused and took a deep breath. For a brief moment I thought I could smell the odour of vanilla in the van.

'And now the best yet. The fourth manifestation of the *Oates* metaphor in the collective. This happened in the form of Jaye, appropriately enough, the last of my two twin daughters to be born. It's OJ and the final manifestation of my immediate American family name in the collective unconscious. It completes the cycle of the first metaphoric generation in a little over five years. It is the fourth manifestation and also the fourth stage of my research by connecting the forward and reverse together and then using it in a practical manner. In this case, the exposure of lies and corruption.

"Just turn a tape recorder on next time" reverses to say "I skinned them all". Thanks OJ. It's the best metaphor for Reverse Speech that I've yet found in a major international case.

'Of course, this fourth manifestation shows that the new metaphor is now approaching maturity. This can be seen in the picture of the reversible OJs. Oates Jaye mirrors to Jaye Oates. Thus we have four manifestations of my name in the American media that reflect the four stages of my research in the order that it occurred. I have three children alive. My son, Michael, who is now sixteen, has not lived with me since he was two years old. He was not there, at least not that I have seen.'

I paused and glanced at my phone. It had been a long time since I had called my son. It was a shame that I still allowed the anger and resentment towards my first wife to hinder that relationship. I didn't linger in that thought too long and resumed talking. The odour of skunk came and went.

**march right on through the backward gates**

'So, George. What do you reckon?'

'I'm impressed! There's really nothing I can say, Dave,' George replied. 'The evidence is all there. I think you might have actually gone and done it. Typical David Oates. Where angels fear to tread.'

'Yeah.' I laughed. 'And while everyone said I was sabotaging my success, my unconscious chuckled away secretly and continued sowing the Aussie's wild oats into the collective.'

'Why fight on the frontlines as a lone soldier when you can march right on in through the gates at the backwards door. And it's really easy there cos hardly anyone knows it exists yet, although I'm sure I've got some company coming up once this book gets out. I'm the large White Wolf.'

George shook his head in amazement and didn't bother

saying anything else. He almost resigned a week later. He said we were all doomed and Reverse Speech was never going to make it. I talked him out of it but he wasn't in reversal reaction, it's just that he was afraid he really was a god.

# 37

## **dreams and visions**

NOW I WANT to tell you about something very wonderful and strange that happened to me in the last few weeks of February 1996. It began the week after the miracle of the numberplates, while I was writing this book manuscript and organising twelve years of research notes. I wanted to make very sure that every metaphor and theory in my book had come from a Reverse Speech transcript or trance somewhere. During this time I was very much in contact with my unconscious mind and I began to feel a sense of expansion like I never had before.

I began to experience a most unusual but enchanting sen-

sation. The only way I can describe it is – like a spot in the centre of my mind that suddenly grew and expanded like a hollow ball that enveloped me. For about a week I experienced a waking trance where the images of my unconscious mind vibrated out and beyond the boundaries of my psyche and was reflected in front of my eyes out there. I literally experienced prophetic dreams and visions like the prophets of old but the strange thing was that I understood them all. I recognised all the apocalyptic images because I had worked with them for years in my headphones and trances.

The most common vision was that of a large ball of light, sort of like the sun except that it was dull on the outside and bright on the inside. This light was suspended in the centre of a large dome. Out from the centre of this dome came hundreds of small white flakes that looked like feathers. These feathers travelled out from the light ball and touched the outer edges of the dome. Each time a feather touched the dome a small spark of light flashed. The voice in my head told me that I was seeing the angels of God travelling out from the light with their messages for the collective. The dome was the start of unconsciousness that begins beyond the light.

It was an extremely calming, grounding and spiritually uplifting experience and, quite frankly, I still live it now in a different form as I type. I think I always will because I have touched the divine and I remember the experience this time.

### **coming full circle**

I immediately changed at that point. Everyone who knows me said that the transformation was dramatic. My entire



message shifted because I had come full circle. My research had first begun in 1984 looking at backward messages in music. This led to the theory of Reverse Speech and speech complementarity and I wondered if there was something even more profound to this phenomenon than what I had first realised. This thinking is clearly evident in my first book, *Beyond Backward Masking*.

Then I discovered metaphors. This led to the discovery of the structures of the unconscious. I realised that these structures were pictures that had energy in their own right. So I began to shift those pictures under trance and people's behaviour began to change. I wrote my second book and then my work and understanding of Reverse Speech grew rapidly.

As time went on I discovered that even physical structures could shift if the metaphors were correctly accessed. Then I discovered she-wolf and guns. I realised that there was danger to this technology, with just a touch of the psychic and bizarre. Ironically, this actually excited me even more and I jumped in where angels fear to tread.

I began to swim in the unconscious and I realised that the pictures in the mind created all the pictures in the world out there. As I began to understand metaphors even more I started to see their pictures everywhere I looked. I could read a transcript and accurately predict the next few weeks of that person's life.

Then came reversal reaction as I got even better with my trance work. That is because I was beginning to access deep core structural metaphors and the emotional forces of incongruence were fearsome, especially if the metaphors were so strong they had caused the physical body itself to become locked with dysfunction.

I realised we were all slaves to the unconscious and I struggled with who I was and my own role in life. Then came The Celestine Prophecy and my eyes were opened again. I moved to San Diego and along came 'she'. I then realised that I sourced negative sexual energy and I began to write this book!

All the time I was swimming within the realms of the unconscious mind. No longer was I presenting a new theory about language but I was also presenting a most significant discovery. This was the way back home to our real selves and this was the way to paradise. I became filled with a renewed sense of passionate mission and urgency.

### **a matter of smell**

'We're going to flood the world with Reverse Speech,' I said to George one day. 'This book will serve to get our message out. I want you to open up a website for us on the internet. That's the conscious equivalent of the unconscious collective. We'll dump all three Reverse Speech books down on it. That should get it pumping a bit.'

George sent out press releases and letters while I continued to write and set people free. In time even stranger things began to happen in the office. The most notable being the curious manifestation of odours around my session work. At first we all thought it was a bizarre coincidence, but as time went on these odours became so overpowering and obvious we could not ignore it anymore.

On one occasion, as I performed a trance to create and plant a new Garden of Eden in my client's unconscious, my office was filled with the scent of semen. On yet another the

smell of candlewax permeated not only my office but also the client's waiting room during a session I conducted with a married couple that discussed childhood events in a catholic monastery. The odours of perfume and roses were common in trances that related to the soul and unconscious release. Over a period of several weeks dozens of different odours came and went, and these odours usually related directly to the nature of the trance or issue my clients and I were working on. In time we placed fans at the entrance of the doorway after a session to remove some of the more unpleasant odours. Odours like that of foot odour with a Jewish client of mine who was wrestling with his heritage. Or skunk for a client who had issues with love and relationships.

They reached a peak one day during the final session with a client who experienced a trance where she visited her soul. On this occasion the odours flowed through the office in currents. One odour appeared on one side of the room, flowing like a wind, and another odour appeared on the other side. These two different odours flowed around the office with a force and intensity that amazed my client and myself and then faded as the session came to an end. Then, towards the middle of 1996, they slowly diminished in intensity and occurrence until they only occurred on the odd occasion. I still have no explanation for them, but they were witnessed by dozens of people and are but one of the many strange occurrences that continue to occur around my work.

### **manifesting Eden**

'I want you to imagine a small spot of light right in the centre of your mind,' I said to my client as she lay on my thera-

peutic couch in light trance. 'Now expand this light out like ripples in the ocean so it spreads outside of your head and seems to become like a large ball that envelops you. Now imagine that you can see pictures in that ball before your eyes out there rather than merely inside your head. This will allow you to bring the world of the unconscious out from behind the darkness and into your physical living world. This will lead you to spiritual power and vision.

'Now, let's go back to the beach of consciousness. See yourself on the shore, walking along the sands. You are looking out over the collective seas on your left. The sand dunes that cross over to the unconscious are to your right. Suddenly, standing on top of the sand dunes, you see a dark figure beckoning you to come over and join it.

'You know this figure to be your shadow, so you leave the beach and climb to the top of the dunes. Your shadow shows you the wonder of the unconscious kingdoms. They are breathtaking and totally enchanting so you cross over the dunes to the desert beyond. Once you are there your wolf joins you in the desert and your eagle flies in the sky above. The wind comes blowing across the desert sands and calls you to the north. You follow your shadow and eagle and enter the Garden of Eden with the wolf by your side.

'Once you are through the gates you see the colours and sights, you feel the wonder, and hear the sweet sound of the whirlwind spinning in the very centre of the garden. You begin to walk towards the whirlwind and you see your little girl. She is carrying a goblet of wine. You take the goblet and drink. It is cool and tantalising. You begin to get drunk with laughter.

'Your shadow beckons you into the wind so you take the

hand of your girl and enter with the wolf and eagle. You feel the forces of the wind. It is exhilarating, and the power causes your shadow and you to merge into one. Then the whirlwind spins faster and you see your wolf turn into energy and merge with the wind. It appears to be like psychedelic colours merging together. Then the eagle merges with the wind. Now you call the light down. Light fills the wind and finally you merge and become one with the swirling patterns. Now you are experiencing the real power of yourself.

'You may stay in this experience for a while and then slowly come out of trance when you're ready. Your unconscious mind will process all these changes within the next few weeks. You will find that your psychic structure begins to shift as spiritual congruency gradually begins to appear and you are now beginning to see.

'This is the world of the unconscious mind and the real spiritual kingdom. 1,2,3,4,5. Wake up!'

My client left my office in a dream and I asked the next client in.

'Let me show you the pictures that make your world,' I said as I turned the tape recorder on.

'Does this really work?' my new client asked.

'You'll see,' I replied. 'More than you could ever possibly imagine. Tell me who you are.'

### **now I really am forty**

Now we have come to the end of Part One of this book, but certainly not the end of the story. My name is David John Oates. I'm an Aussie from the outback and I'm not perfect. But I am in my forties now and I've been wandering aimless-

ly in the deserts of the mind for a while. While I was there I made a technology. This is it.

I ask that you judge my technology based on its merits, and not necessarily on who I am, because I'm just trying to get to heaven as honestly as I can like some of you are. And the thought of standing before God on judgment day to make account of my life still terrifies me. So I have no choice but to stand here naked before you because the technology that I have discovered and developed demands that you do the same.

If I can't do it here, now, before each one of you, how can I do it before God my maker when I eventually meet Him face to face in the holiest of all places. If you put me on a pedestal for what I have done, as many try to do, I will only fall off. Then we will both be damned as the wheel keeps on turning and the tension continues to build.

We must stop it now and walk naked together back into the garden. We can create paradise if we face and release the demons within. Reverse Speech will allow us do it. That is the message of my book.

Welcome to the world of Reverse Speech.







## PART TWO



# 38

## **a new beginning**

I AM WRITING THE second part of this book twenty years after the first part was finished. A lot of water has flowed under the bridge since that time. I am now living back in Australia, my life is stable and happy, my girls both live nearby, and I am a grandfather. Reverse Speech is still my life and my life is still exciting. Come with me now as I connect the dots between 1996 and 2016. You are in for an exciting, sometimes tearful, ride.

I will begin my tale in the middle of 1996.

We had just moved into a brand new house in Bonsall California in the mountains surrounding San Diego. It was a

magnificent house, 5000 square feet on 14 acres of land, with sweeping views of the valleys and mountains. We could see all the way to the coastline. It had several ponds, all connected together with waterfalls that fed the ponds. I later stocked the ponds with koi, which I faithfully took care of. There was a jacuzzi and swimming pool and all the luxuries you could want amongst the expensive Bonsall real estate. On top of that it was situated on Via de la Reina, ‘the way of the Queen’, which perfectly matched a new white van I had recently bought. The model of the van was called La Tiara, ‘the crown’.

How we got the property was really by luck. My new girlfriend, Karen, had had a speech reversal on her that said, **I want a Goddess House**, so I went to the newspaper and started looking. I found this house the first time I looked. It seemed too good to be true. The rent was cheaper than my house, Karen’s house and the Reverse Speech offices combined, so I closed the offices, Karen and I moved in together, and our new life began in our **Goddess House** on the hill.

The house was large enough for Karen and me, my two twins, my sister Annie with her own private bathroom, a spare bedroom, two private offices for Karen and me, plus a larger office area for George, Annie and my new secretary Ruth, who frequently stayed the week in the spare bedroom rather than drive back and forth down the mountain to San Diego.

Karen was a Doctor of Oriental Medicine and her work complemented my work perfectly. Frequently we would have the same clients and consult each other on the issues. I enjoyed this camaraderie.

Ruth was also my webmaster. I met her a couple of

months earlier when George was looking for someone to build our website. We hit it off, the website was great, and she started working for us full-time as secretary.

### **Michael visits**

At around the same time that we all moved into the Goddess House, my sixteen-year-old son Michael came to America to stay with us. Although I hadn't seen him much in his younger years I had always kept in contact. Now he was old enough to spread his wings a little bit and his mother allowed him to visit. It was great to have all my three kids together under one roof.

It soon became very apparent that he was keenly interested in Reverse Speech. He wanted his own reversing machine and he set up a little office in the spare bedroom where he was staying. He spent much of his time playing tapes backwards and proudly showing me what he had found. He wasn't too bad actually. The reversals he found were nice and clear. Michael was particularly interested in metaphors and as time went on he discovered his own metaphors and wrote little articles about them.

I started a new she-wolf group not long after we moved into the new house. About a dozen people joined us at first, ranging from students to clients. Michael was fascinated by it and sat in on a couple of meetings during his stay. The meetings were electric — as she-wolf groups usually are. I remember one time we were all wolves flying around and around in a circle to create a whirlwind, when a plane began circling the house, round and around, just like our trance. We finished the trance and the plane went away.

One night, when I was relaxing in front of the fireplace, Michael came rushing into the room.

‘Dad, Dad,’ he exclaimed, ‘there’s a wolf outside!’

‘A wolf?’ I queried. ‘I don’t think so.’

But he was insistent. I went outside to see what he had seen and there standing in the middle of my driveway was what looked very much like a large grey wolf. We both freaked out and ran inside.

‘It’s a wolf, it’s a wolf,’ I said to Karen and the twins. ‘Don’t go out there.’

Twenty years later I still remember that scene vividly – of the large grey wolf standing in my driveway, illuminated by the moonlight.

A while later Michael went back to Australia. I was sad to see him go but we were in constant contact now. This was the early days of the internet, with email and bulletin boards, and he was a constant visitor to the new online Reverse Speech community.

### wolves leave

I flew to Australia for a visit after Michael went home. It was time. I hadn’t been back since I had gained custody of the twins and, besides, I wanted to introduce my family to my new girlfriend, Karen, who came with me. I left George in charge of my business. It was a whirlwind trip to Australia, with lots of photos and reminiscing, but it was all too quick and it was time to come back to the States again.

When I came back, I had a rebellion on my hands. All four of my Reverse Speech analysts, who were training to be practitioners, had resigned while I was away. I was furious. I

called George to my office.

'How could you let this happen?' I asked. 'You were in charge while I was away. What on earth went wrong?'

George had no answer. He stuttered and stammered.

I spoke to my analysts and they really had no explanation why they no longer wanted to do Reverse Speech. I think all four of them went into reaction at once. I fired George after that, mainly on the insistence of Karen. She could do his job, she said.

So I continued on with Ruth, Karen and Annie as my office staff. However, that didn't last too long either, as Annie decided to return to Australia to live shortly afterwards. I was upset and sad she was going and foolishly started a fight, refusing to go to the airport to see her off. Karen drove her instead. We patched things up later, though, and as time went on I knew I had to get my temper under control. It had caused me too many problems.

### **my radio career begins**

I released my third book not long after I returned from Australia. It was published by Promotion Publications, in San Diego. The book, *Voices from the Unconscious*, was basically a revised and updated version of my second book, *Hidden Messages in Human Communication*. Nevertheless, I was excited to have my third book out. My publisher did some good publicity for it and secured me several radio interviews as a result.

My big break came, however, after Karen sent a letter to Art Bell, host of America's largest night-time talk radio show, *Coast to Coast AM*. The show had over three hundred stations at that stage, with an estimated listening audience of

ten million. Art Bell had read Karen's letter and he rang the office, asking to speak to me. I played him some examples and he said 'Wow! Can you come on the show tonight?'

For a brief moment I remembered the warning that had been given to me by the FBI about going public with Reverse Speech in a big way, but I brushed it aside and agreed to appear on his show. I hung up the phone and was instantly nervous. What about my stutter? Privately it had gone, but it still appeared in public situations when I was nervous, and I was very nervous that day. Ten million people! My God! They had cut me off on the *Larry King Show* because of my stutter. Would it happen here too?

Karen gave me some acupuncture during the afternoon in my neck, in an attempt to relax the muscles in my throat, and I just took deep breaths and waited nervously for the show to start at 10 pm.

Then I was on the air. There was a slight stutter at first but Art Bell was a good host and he made me feel relaxed. Once I played the reversals, though, the show really started to flow and I stepped into my element. The reversals told the story and some of them were so clear there was no doubting.

The show was an instant success and Art Bell asked me back onto the show in two weeks' time. It was destined to be the first of many shows I did on *Coast to Coast AM* and I soon became a regular guest, bringing not only the latest political reversals, but also reversals on the paranormal, which Bell's show focused on. There were reversals on alleged alien contactees, secret government whistle-blowers, NASA scientists, and the Mars missions, to name just a few. It was the weird and wonderful on Art Bell's shows.

My office phones rang hot, with all ten phonelines often



being tied up nonstop for days and days on end. We sold lots of books and reversing machines. My website was flooded with hits, active Reverse Speech bulletin boards sprung up, along with a substantial online community, media offers poured in, and I began to do TV and radio shows all over the United States, even into England and Europe and my home country of Australia.

I became a regular guest on other shows too, in particular the *Jeff Rense Program*. Jeff also had a nationally syndicated night-time talk show, which touched on the paranormal, but his show had more of a political focus than Bell's did. Jeff Rense and I later became very good friends and I still do his show on a regular basis to this very day. Also destined to become a good friend was Clyde Lewis, who hosts a nationally syndicated program out of Portland Oregon called *Ground Zero*. We called him the 'Whoa dude' crowd because every time I did his show his predominately young audience would call into the office and say things like, 'Whoa dude. That was so cool!'

Also at this time I started to appear on a lot of TV programs. I appeared on the *Geraldo Show* twice, *Extra* three times, *Strange Universe* three times, *Hard Copy*, *Leezza Gibbons*, plus many others. With each show my stutter lessened until it was barely noticeable anymore. It had been through sheer willpower that I managed to beat it.

### **a stench of doom**

In the meantime I was still maintaining a busy therapeutic practice in my office that overlooked the koi pond. I was usu-

ally booked from nine to five most days and clients came to my office for session work from all over the country. It was an active time, as my life usually is.

A new training class started too, with over thirty students flying in from as far away as Alaska and Hawaii one weekend a month. Maybe these ones would last, I hoped. Time would tell.

Things went well for several months but one day something very strange happened. I was being visited by one of my students, a retired judge from LA. We will call her Helen. Helen and I were talking when suddenly the whole office was filled with the overwhelming stench of a fire burning with thick smoke. I rushed out of the office to see what was happening and the smell went. I went back into the office and there it was again. It was another odour, one of the many odours that still continued to come and go with no explanation.

Helen was quite alarmed. She rang me a week later and warned me that I was possessed by the spirit of David Koresh and my house was going to burn to the ground just like Koresh's compound. I rolled my eyes. Another kook. I was getting a lot of them lately. But there was that metaphor once again.

There was another one in my new training class that we held at the Goddess House. Well, not a kook so much, but a very mysterious character. His name was Larry Ay. We had no idea where he came from. He just turned up for class on the first weekend. Paid his fee and he was in. Questions about his background were always met with vague answers. One day he came to me after class with a bizarre story. He was caught in a big CIA sting. Two operatives were killed. He

showed me a newspaper clipping of two bodies found in LA. He said I was being watched and I should be very careful.

I did not need this. Things were going so well. Who was Larry Ay anyway? And where was Denny Sludge when you needed him?

A week or so later Karen and I had identical dreams on the same night. We were both running out of the office as fast as we could and packing things into our cars. Furthermore, Karen had a speech reversal in one of her tapes that said, **I will slash the Goddess house.**

Doom was nigh.

# 39

## **fire!**

THEN, IN APRIL 1997, we were hit with a tragic event.

My office received two unusual phone calls on April 2nd, telling us that a message would be delivered to us the next day and to make sure we were home to receive it. The following morning I took my first client at 9 am as I usually did and she said, 'There's a strong odour of honeysuckle outside your house.' We went outside and checked and, sure enough, all around the front perimeter of the house we could smell honeysuckle. Another odour. What did this one mean?

Then, at 10.15 am, while I was in session with my second

client, my secretary came running into my office shouting words that would change things forever.

'David, the house is on fire!'

I rushed out of the office to the source of the blaze — the spare bedroom. We were using it as a shipping room at the time. I tried to open the door but it was jammed tight.

We ran out of the house as fast as we could. The fire spread rapidly, engulfing the entire house within minutes. We watched helplessly, waiting for the fire department. Even though there were two fire stations within minutes of us, they didn't arrive until forty-five minutes later. We later discovered that both fire departments had their engines out, being serviced, on the same day.

The house was totalled, and what the flames didn't get, the smoke did. We lost all personal effects, but amazingly all the Reverse Speech office equipment and my many years of tapes, research notes and client files, survived. Just as well, because I had no insurance and some of the material was irreplaceable.

Once we had recovered from the shock and gathered our thoughts we started to ask questions. There were suspicious circumstances surrounding the fire. For a start, a neighbour had seen a car leaving the scene just before the blaze broke out. Secondly, one of the many people who used to congregate around our house had seen someone carrying two jugs of liquid up to the house ten minutes or so before the fire started. They thought it had been the pool men, but those men had been an hour earlier.

Then the fire department could not determine the exact cause of the fire. They suspected it was a burning candle, but could not be sure. We demanded an arson investigation but

they steadfastly refused. We hired security guards to protect the house until we could get the Reverse Speech equipment and files out of the wreck. There were two attempted break-ins two nights in a row that were both thwarted by the guards. After the second attempt the culprit left a fire department ladder behind when he was interrupted by the security guard.

Four days later Karen arrived at the house in the early hours of the morning to collect more material. She saw smoke coming from the house, and two men walking out of the driveway, who seemed surprised to see her. She went to a neighbour's house, immediately rang the fire department, and by the time she returned the men had vanished. The fire department arrived on scene within minutes this time, and immediately put out the blaze, which had begun near the remaining Reverse Speech office material. It was officially ruled as a reignite. And an arson investigation was still refused.

We were so frustrated that we finally hired our own independent arson investigators, three altogether, all of whom confirmed a possible chemical fire with multiple ignition sources. Then a month later, while I was going through what electronic equipment remained, I came across a blackened tape recorder that had been running while I was in session with my client when the fire broke out. Amazingly, a tape recording had survived and it had been recording for a full fifteen minutes into the blaze before the power had finally gone out. I had captured the voice of my secretary running into the office, as well the voices of two men in the house, after everyone had left, rummaging through filing cabinets!

I was chilled. I tried to get the police and fire officials to

listen to the tape but they would not. I tried to play it on the air during my next appearance on the Art Bell show, but we ran out of time. Then we requested copies of the 911 tapes. They had been altered. We requested copies of the fire department logs. They had also been altered. We tried for months to get someone to listen to us, but no one would. A year later I was sued by the insurance company for the house owners. I presented our case and it was finally settled out of court with minimal cost to me. To this day, no one has ever listened to us about this fire. The tape and all our investigation reports still exist, including reports from a private investigator we hired to look into the blaze. All of these reports confirm arson by persons unknown.

The TV show, *Strange Universe*, subsequently did an investigative report on the house fire and they too concluded probable arson. Who did it and why they did it remain mysteries to this day, but the odours, dreams and reversals had warned of this. It was all too twilight zone-ish yet again.

A very good friend of mine, Santa Anna School District Police Officer, Jerry Hirsch, subsequently analysed the tape recording I had found of the fire and stated the following.

*David sent a copy of the found tape for me to listen to. I spent over a week listening and reversing as much of it as could be heard over the fire alarm and other sounds. What was clear to hear was that after the secretary ran in yelling 'David, the house is on fire', everyone ran out of the room. Within 30 seconds you began to hear sounds of cabinets being opened, footsteps and papers being shuffled. Meanwhile you can hear everyone else shouting from another part of the house until the fire alarm begins sounding you can clearly hear this activity continue. At one point you can even hear that the recorder mike was bumped or pushed. Someone was definitely ransack-*

*ing the office area. Also at one point whispered voices could be heard. Seems like there was one about getting out but I'd have to re-listen to the clips. Bottom line is that something was going on in that office while everyone else was busy with the fire.'*

### **the aftermath**

Life went on after the fire, but not smoothly. We rented a small house in the closest town and opened up new offices in the main shopping centre of Bonsall. My son came to stay with us again, but this time it was going to be for at least a year. It was good to have Michael with me again but drama still plagued me in my business life. My training classes continued in the new offices but Larry Ay was strangely missing. We never saw or heard from him again.

At the same time we had numerous break-ins into the new Reverse Speech offices. Our computers were hacked and files stolen. We were watched and followed. The stress got to me, and my personal life began to deteriorate, including my relationship with Karen. Then one day we discovered a program on my personal computer that was downloading data every night at 3 am in the morning to a server in Virginia. Virginia, I thought, right where the CIA headquarters were. Is this whole nightmare starting again? Was I under surveillance? Was the warning the FBI gave me coming true? I had no idea.

With wild thoughts of conspiracy I continued my therapy practice and radio show appearances, and the business kept on thriving, with clients flying in on a regular basis.

One such client, who flew in from Portland Oregon, was a young man named Jeff Toth. I liked Jeff immediately, and



his speech reversals told me he was a good guy. He did a whole round of session work and then hung around to help out with office work.

Karen and I finally parted ways in November 1997, seven months after the fire. She came into the office one day and told Jeff she was leaving. 'You're in charge now,' she said.

I subsequently moved into a new home with my three kids, on five acres of land surrounded by barbed wire fences. I installed an elaborate security system and kept on going. Jeff Toth moved permanently to San Diego to run the Reverse Speech office and lived in his camper trailer on my five acres of land. I was now down to two staff – Ruth and Jeff – plus Michael, who was working away furiously, finding me reversals to play on my radio shows.

### **the nude picture**

It was at this time that I made the first of several major mistakes. I remember the date well, because it was the first week I moved into the new house, the first week of November, after I separated from Karen.

Reverse Speech had developed quite a presence on the internet, with many bulletin boards and chat rooms, and the Reverse Speech internet community had grown large. There was one woman in this community named Melody who had become frisky with many of the men in this community, sending out semi-nude pictures of herself to several men – me included. We got into a chat that first week and she began telling me about the pleasures of cybersex. I had never heard of it before and I must admit I was tempted. After all, I was single again. We chatted for a while, it got steamy, and

the following day we exchanged provocative pictures of each other. Not much became of it, it was a onetime fling, and we both agreed to destroy the pictures. I dutifully destroyed the ones she sent me and life went on.

At the end of December it came time to award the prizes in a Reverse Speech location contest that I had held on the net. It was a tossup between two people, Melody and one other. I was in a slight ethical dilemma and finally decided to award the prize equally to both of them. The prize was a Reverse Speech training course.

A month or so later a major fight erupted on the net between Melody and my good mate, Jerry. Melody demanded I take her side. I tried as best as I could to keep out of it but then came the bombshell. She demanded I tell Jerry to take down his bulletin board. I refused. She sent me an email that contained these chilling words: *I still got your pictures David!* She didn't need to say any more and my stomach dropped to my boots. I thought about my reputation as founder of Reverse Speech and I gave in. I rang Jerry, told him what had happened, and asked him to take down his bulletin board. He did, and life did not go on too well.

Not one to learn my lesson, at the same time I started another internet romance with a woman. I flew to see her a few months later and we seemed to get on well. Seemed to, anyway. That would soon change.

### **a power surge**

In the midst of all this, the paranormal phenomenon I began experiencing first in Dallas and then again in San Diego, still continued. We had a second incidence of smoke odours. It

occurred as Jeff and I drove past the burnt-out old Goddess House. Suddenly the van was filled with the same overwhelming stench of fresh smoke that I had smelled in my office prior to the fire. We had to wind down the windows to get rid of it, and this was a year after the house fire.

My she-wolf groups still continued every month, and one month, not long after I had moved into the new house, a power transformer blew outside the house at the height of the trance. The following she-wolf group the next month, the same thing happened. At the height of the trance the transformer blew again. This was more than coincidence now.

The odours still continued and it became a standard joke with my kids. Is this odour real or manifested?

### **not a funny joke**

Meanwhile, as my classes continued, someone joked about all the reversals Art Bell had been listening to, wondering how long it would be before he went into reaction. The thought chilled me, and as if right on cue, the very next show Art asked me on air to look for his own reversals on a recent interview he did with LA Detective Mark Fuhrman. I moaned inside. I didn't like this idea but went ahead and did it anyway.

The next show I faithfully played him his reversals and one of them stood out amongst all the rest. **You're making ill maidens share the muck.**

'What does that mean, Art?' I asked.

There was a brief silence.

'No idea,' he replied. 'Play the next reversal.'

That wasn't a good idea either because the next reversal

said, **You make up your puke. This is bad snooker.**

‘Er, no idea, David,’ Art replied. ‘Let’s move on to the ones you found on NASA.’

I didn’t like the way Art quickly changed the subject, nor did I like the subtle tone alteration in his voice. It was first twangs of reaction. I had seen it too many times to count.

# 40

## the set-up

1998 CAME ALONG and things seemed to have settled down a bit. I was finishing off my latest training class in my new secured house with the eight students I had remaining out of thirty. We even had a real live wolf visit us for the last class. It belonged to a friend and had been domesticated. It was a grand send-off for the newly graduated students.

Then came the next major event. Art Bell asked me to do reversals on one of his most popular guests, a remote viewer named Major Ed Dames, a man who Bell had declared on-air to be 100% accurate. As I proceeded with this analysis it became plainly obvious to me that I was in trouble. Firstly, the

reversals showed Dames to be pulling a con job with false predictions. This was obvious by the reversal, **Received the big fund making it up**. Secondly, his reversals contained an extremely high proportion of metaphors, a topic that Art Bell had consistently avoided and had asked me to not cover on the air. I was in conflict over this, and kept on putting Art off when he asked me how the analysis was going.

Finally, we tentatively scheduled the Dames program, and Art did something quite strange a few days before the show was due to air, that had me both puzzled and hurt. He changed his home phone number and gave it to most of his other guests, except me. I faxed him a few hours before the Dames show was due to air and asked him to phone me. He did, and I told him of my dilemma with the metaphoric references in the Dames reversals. He told me to proceed as normal and play two or three simple metaphors if I had to, but not tell him the results of my analysis until we were live on the air.

The show began. I was a lot more nervous than normal. In the first hour, I was challenged on some of my reversal interpretations by a regular listener. They were minor points, but Art seemed to latch onto them.

In the second hour I was on with Richard Hoagland, the man who has become famous for the 'Face on Mars', who was also a good friend. We were playing reversals on a NASA spokesman that contained some cryptic references to life on Mars many thousands of years ago. Some of these were difficult to explain.

Then came the Dames reversals.

I could feel the tension in the air as soon as I played the first reversals that indicated Dames might not be as accurate

in his predictions as he claimed.

The first one said, 'We have evolved these techniques to the point where they are infallible when used by a professional team.' Backwards he said, **There's doubt. Offer the city** — indicating these techniques were not reliable, but he was offering them anyway.

A couple more reversals indicated Ed Dames was lying. The tension grew. Then I played a metaphor.

Art came to me during a break and asked me what I was doing playing metaphors. I didn't know what to say, as I thought I had obtained permission from him before the show to play a few simple ones. I immediately stammered out an apology and hurriedly edited out the remaining metaphors I was planning on playing. The next reversal I played, which I genuinely believed to be a normal straightforward statement, Art challenged on-air, believing it to be a metaphor. It was the beginning of the end. The show was terminated early and the next day he sent me an email with the simple words, 'I feel like I was set up'.

Set up? Over one metaphor? I didn't know how to reply. I believed I had acted in good faith, and kept within the guidelines he had set. In fact, if you go back and listen to the archives of that show posted on <<http://www.davidoates.com>> you will hear that of the eighteen reversals I played on Dames, only one was purely metaphoric, one other was half and half, and one other we disagreed about on-air. In trying to explain our falling-out on the air since that time, Art has said that he asked me three times during the breaks to stop playing metaphors on that night. I can genuinely only remember one time.

I wondered, who had really been set up here? Well of

course it had been me. Art was in reaction and I was his mirror.

Nevertheless, I issued an email explanation to him but the harm had been done. I only appeared on the show one more time after that – two weeks later with Richard Hoagland, exposing a fraud. Somehow, something happened the night my interview was terminated, that to this very day I do not understand, that permanently severed my very successful relationship with Art Bell and eventually all the people connected with him that I had grown to love and respect as my associates and peers. It had to be reaction, a setup or both.

From that time on, disaster fell upon disaster and I dreaded what was coming. I was soon to find out.

### **the rumblings of a feud**

A few weeks after my last show with Art Bell a discussion arose on one of the bulletin boards as to why I was not appearing on his show anymore. I was asked for my input. I was angry and hurt over what I perceived as injustice. Art Bell was not returning my emails or faxes. I wrote a post that said something about him being a disinformation agent, why else would he cut me off the air? After all, it couldn't be the metaphors, I had received prior permission to play them. Maybe he didn't want Dames exposed. I was about to post it but had second thoughts and left the room without hitting the send button – or so I thought.

Shortly afterwards an angry Art Bell rang. 'What's this post you made all about, David?'

What post? I didn't make it, I thought. Oh shit!

'You know, David,' he continued, raising his voice consid-



erably, 'I have a long history of destroying people, and I am going to publicly destroy you and discredit you if you don't take down that post and apologise.'

Destroy me? Over one post? He hung up and I looked at Jeff who had heard the call from across the other side of the room.

'Jeeez! What was that all about?'

I went to the online board, and sure enough, there was the post. Damn! I must have hit the button without realising it. I immediately deleted it and sheepishly issued an apology on the same bulletin board.

Next came Melody's homework for the Reverse Speech course she had won. She had emailed me some of her first examples. I was delaying getting around to marking them, having somewhat of a sour taste in my mouth about the provocative pictures I had been blackmailed with. Somehow I lost her homework examples. I cannot exactly remember how. I asked her to resend them to me. She reminded me yet again of the picture she had of me. I did not like this situation. Her sound files came in corrupted and I could only hear three of them. I asked her to resubmit them again. She became irritated and demanded a public marking of her homework. I agreed. She posted them on a bulletin board. They were corrupted. Only three of them were audible. I made some comment about the quality of her work and she publicly resigned from the Reverse Speech course in a fury. I accepted her resignation with great relief.

The following day I received an email from my webmaster, Keith Rowland, who was also Art Bell's webmaster. Attached to the email was the nude picture of me that I had sent to Melody, with a note from her complaining about my

behaviour. Keith asked me for an explanation. I gulped and told him the whole story. He seemed satisfied with it and we both let the matter drop. But the cat was out of the bag, and other people also contacted me. Melody was emailing out this nude picture of me across the internet. I shuddered as I remembered the words I had just written in the last paragraph of part one of my manuscript — *So I have no choice but to stand here naked before you.* Here I was living that sentence!

The conflicts between Art Bell and I accelerated over the next few months as the rumbles of reaction grew stronger. By this time rumours were rampant on the net as to why I was no longer on the Art Bell show. I had been one of his most regular and popular guests for over two years. One time, I appeared on the *Jeff Rense Program* and Jeff asked me a point-blank question: 'It has been rumoured that you have been banned from the Art Bell show. Is there any truth to this, and if so, why?'

I stammered out an answer in the affirmative, proceeded to explain what had happened but ended the show by saying I am confident we will sort things out and you will see me back on the air shortly. I was pleased the story was out. Art Bell was not.

He rang me, furious, demanding a retraction. A retraction, I thought, for what? I had only told the truth of what had happened. I began to see a different side to this man I used to have high respect for. I somewhat reluctantly issued a tongue-in-cheek reply the next time I was on Jeff Rense's show. The phone calls from Bell continued, complaining about this and that, and I started losing my patience. This was not the same man who I had known for the last two years, who I had considered my friend. His dark reversals

were certainly manifesting and they were directed at me! What a surprise.

Then strange rumours began to circulate the internet and the 'Behind the Scenes' radio circuit about Art Bell. (Or maybe I finally began to notice them for the first time – I'm not too sure which). Rumours of sexual impropriety, a hidden agenda, megalomania. They were truly concerning stories and many mouths were buzzing.

The most vivid of these stories was relayed to me by a radio talk show host who will remain anonymous. He told me an incredible story about a dating service in Monterey and pornography with teenage girls and an arrest. I remembered the ominous reversal I had played to Art a few months earlier: **You're making ill maidens share the muck**. Could this be related to the dating service, with ill maidens being his dates? I discussed it with a frequent visitor to the Reverse Speech bulletin boards, a private investigator named Clay Fondren, and began a quiet enquiry into the rumours.

### **the bombshell**

Then came October 1998, when Art Bell dropped a bombshell on the entire radio world and American media. Without any prior warning he resigned from the airwaves live on the air, citing life-threatening circumstances to his family that he was not at liberty to disclose. He said he was never returning and his fervent wish was that his unique and provocative forum would continue.

You could hear the stunned silence across the Art Bell world and a mad scramble began to find his replacement.

The following week I received a stunning phone call. It

was from Mark Masters, the CEO of Talk Radio Network, Art Bell's old network before he was bought out by Jacor. They offered me Art Bell's show!

'You are offering me what?' I couldn't believe what I was hearing.

'Well, not his show as such,' Mark continued. 'We sold Art Bell back in April but we still uplink his show to the satellite. If we move fast we can get the monopoly and all his 350 stations before someone else moves in. We want it to be done by both you and Richard Hoagland. Our surveys show that you were his two most popular guests when we carried him and we made the most money off of you two when we carried Art. It's a good commercial proposition and you are both the best suited to carry on Art's dream.'

'But I am only a guest. I have never hosted my own show before.' I was stunned.

'Don't worry,' Mark said. 'We are very confident in you and we will fly you out here and give you all the training you need before we go to air in two weeks from now.'

Man! I was flying. Art Bell's show! What an ironic turn around. I immediately called Richard Hoagland. He was as excited as I was and we hurriedly began to plan our new future – which lasted a little less than two days.

Why less than two days? Because Art Bell called Richard, less than a week after he had supposedly resigned forever, and told Richard he was going to be back on the air before the month was out and he wanted Richard to turn down TRN's offer and talk me into doing the same thing.

Oh. I see. I think that was my only reaction. I was not amused.

And will Art give me any assurances that he will have me

back on the air again as a regular guest if I do him this little favour and turn down the opportunity of a lifetime? After all he has said to me over the last few months?

You could almost hear the stammered thoughts in the background. Well, er, no. Maybe after a period of time, if Art thought I had towed the line ...

'I see. No thanks, Richard. I think I need a little more than that,' I said.

'That's the best you'll get,' came the reply.

'Well, that's good enough,' I continued. 'I'm booked to fly to TRN in Oregon this week to commence on-air training, and that's exactly what I still intend to do.'

### the radio show

Thus began an intense program by Art Bell associates to convince me not to take this job with TRN. They rang me morning, noon and night. Don't do it, David. But I was determined. I arrived in Oregon all ready to commence my training, a training that was destined to never happen because TRN were also being inundated with calls to not go to air with the new show. There were threats of legal action, there were threats to smash their transmitters if they aired the show. One of these phone calls was taped and I was played a copy of the tape. It was chilling. I didn't know people stooped to such low methods, and my eyes were opened like they never had been before.

One scheduled on-air training was cancelled, and then another. I can remember one time, when I spent all day preparing my show, the executives of TRN came into my hotel room, literally shaken and white with fear, cancelling the on-

air training session. We can't do it yet, David, they said. We need to sort out our legal options, you better go back to San Diego and we will be in touch. I went on the air that night on the Jeff Rense show instead and told the story as it happened. That show is still in the archives.

Next came the website fiasco.

Unfortunately for me, Keith Rowland, the webmaster of my site was also the webmaster of Art Bell's site, and Art Bell was none too pleased that David Oates, of all people, might be going up in competition against him. Mind you, the whole thing always seemed ridiculous to me because he had gone on nationwide talk radio and said he was never returning to the air and now, less than two weeks later, he was coming back and was pissed that someone was moving into his timeslot. What did he expect? And why did he expect that I would be so eager to toe the line when, in my mind, I had been treated none too well over the last few months over a stupid little misunderstanding about metaphors.

'Jeez, it was only a metaphor,' I used to mumble to myself. 'Now's he's in bloody reaction and what else is going to come?'

But now, I had a new problem. Art was telling Keith to remove my name and all references to Reverse Speech from his website.

'Yep, of course he is,' I muttered. 'Why am I not surprised?'

Keith was doing this. Then, it got even worse. Art gave Keith an ultimatum. It was either his site or mine. Keith chose Art's. I was given a week to move my site. I frantically scurried around for a new webmaster. I found one. We commenced transferring data, but things did not go well. The old

site went down sooner than expected, some of the data was corrupted, and some was not transferred at all. My email went down for weeks afterwards and we lost tens of thousands of dollars' worth of business, not to mention the several thousands of dollars it cost for the site transfer and rebuilding.

Then came the new radio show. According to Mark Masters, Jacor had filed an injunction to try to get the show stopped. Jacor had lost, so all systems were go. Richard Hoagland had been replaced with Sean David Morton, another Art Bell guest, whose name also mysteriously disappeared from Bell's site immediately afterwards. So it was the Morton/Oates, or Oates/Morton (depending on your point of view) *Overnight Talk Radio Show*, going up in direct competition with Art Bell who, by the end of October, had already returned to the airwaves as mysteriously as he had left.

I was concerned about the lack of training. What would I do? How would I go about it? Don't worry, Mark Masters promised, we will send you a program manager to help you the first week, as well as a technician who will be with you the whole time. You'll be fine.

The technician came two days before the show was due to air and started to wire up the studio. But there was a slight problem. It turns out this technician was a Jacor contractor and there were some slight ethical conflicts. Why on earth TRN sent a Jacor technician is beyond me. He left early, without finishing the wiring, and we were left with a half-wired studio. I was glad I had an electronics background and I did the best I could with the limited resources I had for the show.

The program manager arrived Monday in the form of

Mark Master's brother, David.

'What do I do the show on?' I asked.

'Do what you know,' I was told. 'Reverse Speech.'

Oh, Reverse Speech? Hell, I could do that with my eyes closed.

I booked a guest anyway for the last half of the show and, on instructions from TRN, spent the first half of the show talking about Reverse Speech. Now, this is actually a very important point because in an affidavit filed by Mark Masters in the lawsuit that eventually took place between me and Art Bell, Mark states that I did the show on Reverse Speech contrary to their instructions. That is simply not true. There were several witnesses to the show that night, including my mother who had flown out from Australia to help. They all heard David Masters constantly telling me and encouraging me to continue discussing Reverse Speech, while we were simultaneously plagued with technical difficulties.

The show went to air as planned and, despite the problems, was a great success. We had callers in from all over the country, coast to coast. My career as a radio talk show host was born, and Art Bell had some serious competition on his hands. Or so I thought.

The next morning Mark Masters called and cancelled the show.

He did what?! I was incredulous.

The reason given was that there was too much Reverse Speech content, and I was inexperienced as a host. He offered me a Saturday night spot on the condition that I issued a public statement saying that I was resigning from the show due to family and business pressures.

I was livid. There was no way I was going to issue a public



statement that was a blatant lie. So I left. As an adjunct to this story, several months later I was told by TRN board member, Roger Fredenburg, that the Reverse Speech thing was only an excuse. The real reason why I had been cancelled was due to massive pressure they received from Jacor and Bell.

I thought fast. I had to get another show, like quick! I contacted Jeff Rense. He offered me a Saturday night Reverse Speech show on his program. I accepted it and went to air that Saturday night. This was in the beginning of November 1998.

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## the month of December

NOVEMBER AND DECEMBER 1998 were intense months. My radio show, the *David Oates Reverse Speech Show*, was an instant success and was syndicated coast to coast on Jeff Rense's radio network. My son, Michael, became a regular guest on my show, playing reversals he had found while locked away in his bedroom.

Yet something was building. Speech reversals I was finding on clients and students said as much. They warned of pending disaster in the month of December. I presumed it meant December 1998. I had never known them to be wrong so I got increasingly nervous as December arrived.

Then the first bombshell came.

Art Bell suggested on-air and on his website that I had made racist posts on the internet under his name, forging his email address. He made this claim because someone had posted this rubbish from San Diego University, pretending to be Art Bell and, well, obviously it had to be me forging his name because I lived in San Diego.

Like, duh, dude, I thought. So do a couple of million other people.

Needless to say, I had not made that post, it is not my style, and I would never forge someone's name like that. I was pissed and demanded a retraction. Art told me to 'fuck off', as relayed to me less than politely through his webmaster, Keith Rowland, who I was still on sort of talking terms with at that stage.

Then came the ridiculous Doctor Reed 'dead alien in the freezer' story.

On his return, I can only assume that Art was looking for some hot stuff to get his show going again and he came across this guy without really checking his story. 'Doctor' Reed claimed he had killed an alien in the forest, taken it home and stored it in his freezer, but the darn thing came back to life again and ran away, and the secret government 'Men in Black' had come and stolen all the evidence. I got some of my people to do reversals on it and, surprise surprise, they revealed that the whole thing was a hoax. I exposed it as such on my radio show that week.

Shortly on the heels of that came the Pegasus hoax. A few weeks back I had found a rather obscure reversal on Defense Secretary Bill Cohen, that had said, **Bring in NASA with December's Seven**. I had no idea what it meant, but

had relayed the information anyway to Richard Hoagland, who was having a wonderful time pondering its significance.

Then, in November the entire UFO/alternate community began to buzz. It was claimed that some astronomer in England, a man named Paul Dore, had supposedly discovered a signal coming from the Pegasus star system. Then, someone started making claims about a faster-than-light vehicle heading straight for earth, also coming from the same star system. Richard Hoagland went on the Art Bell show claiming he had received secret information from an unnamed government source and, based on his calculations as well, this spaceship from Pegasus was going to land on December the seventh in some remote place in Arizona.

Hang on, I thought. What the hell is he talking about? That's not from a secret government source! That stuff is from my own very own speech reversals, and they sure as hell don't refer to an alien spaceship landing. I, and several others, got in contact with Paul Dore in England and it turns out the poor guy was just a regular bloke whose name had been used by person or persons unknown to perpetrate yet another hoax.

I watched the furore rise, and finally, two weeks later, I issued a public press release, denouncing the whole thing. I essentially called Hoagland a liar by saying this was no secret government source, it came from my very own speech reversals, and besides, I had done reversals on Paul Dore and he had nothing to do with this and the whole thing was yet another hoax. Don't worry folks, nothing's going to happen.

Of course, Art and Richard were none too pleased with me and December the seventh came and went with no alien spaceship landing and the whole thing faded away.

What did happen on December the seventh, however, was that NASA joined the first two sections together of the proposed space station, essentially bringing in a new era for the American space program. There were seven astronauts and the mission commander was on his seventh mission.

As December 1998 came to a close I began to wonder if the reversals I had heard about something happening in December were only transient references to the NASA mission. However, that thought was short-lived because on 30 December Art Bell did a scathing radio show attacking me and my credibility.

### **the Ramsgate affair**

To set the stage for this 30 December show, a bit of background information is necessary.

A newcomer had arrived on the scene in December 1998, an outspoken NASA contractor by the name of Robert A. M. Stephens, who was affectionately known as Rams. Rams had been putting out details of alleged NASA programs that were making the alternate screen drool with excitement. But he had also been taking great exception to what he perceived as false information and outright lies being propagated on the Art Bell show, particularly by Richard Hoagland. An email and internet flame war had begun, and Rams challenged Hoagland to an on-air debate. This was scheduled for 30 December, and Bell had promised Rams in email that he could have four hours of his show to do just that.

Rams prepared two hundred questions to ask Hoagland, and both sides were pairing off, ready for the great debate.

Also, an interview was scheduled at the start of the show with Paul Dore. Several of us went into a chatroom and were coaching Dore and Rams as the much anticipated show went to air. Bell began the show with a curious announcement that had some of us puzzled. He said there was going to be some shocking information announced that night that would really shake everyone up.

We waited. Paul Dore went on, calling Richard Hoagland a liar. Hoagland lost his cool. Then came Stephens's turn, his questions in hand. Something happened. He did not seem as coherent and prepared as he usually was. He called Hoagland a pathological liar, and the conversation went round and round in circles, with nothing really constructive happening. Finally, Bell terminated the interview, after only an hour. Then came the doosey!

With an attack team gathered in force in the form of Richard Hoagland, a chap named Mike Bara, and Keith Rowland, they proceeded for the next two hours to bash David John Oates, claiming that he had left the path of truth and was altering speech reversals according to his own hidden political agenda. He had declared Paul Dore innocent in this whole Pegasus hoax but that couldn't possibly be right because Hoagland knew he was guilty, therefore the speech reversals had to have been altered. They had an engineer who was going to come on the program and verify this claim.

The engineer was a man I knew well. We all waited for this engineer to come on the show with his proof. And we waited. No engineer.

Was I livid? Who, me? Little old Aussie from the outback? Nah. I had just been called a fraud and had had my entire life's work trashed on nationwide talk radio!

In a rage, I contacted the engineer, who was embarrassed to say the least. He told me he had no idea they were going to go that far, and he had refused to go on the air when he heard what was going on. He said they had been planning this show for a week. He had some technical questions about some of the ways I was documenting my findings but never claimed I had been altering speech reversals. I demanded he issue a public statement to this effect. He did just that and put it on his website and I put it on mine. But the damage had been done. My email was flooded with hate mail. The office phones rang off the hook.

I went on the air the following night on the Jeff Rense show and fired back a round or two, demanding a public retraction in full for this outrage. This was twice Bell had done this now. First, accusing me of making racist posts under his name, and now accusing me of altering tapes.

Rams and I chatted in email and realised that we had both been set up. Bell had obviously never intended to let Rams debate Richard Hoagland because he had planned this show a week beforehand.

This meant war! And war it was!

Over the next few weeks it got viscous, particularly between Rams and Bell. Rams bashed Bell in email and internet postings, Bell bashed Rams on the air, calling him a fraud. I bashed Bell on my show, with subtle sarcastic digs every now and then. Bell bashed me with subtle digs against me on his show and website. It was a schoolyard playground fight gone crazy!

Finally, Bell issued a public challenge to Rams. 'Take me out,' he said. 'Come on. Give me your best shot. Bigger men than you have tried and failed.'

‘OK,’ Rams replied. And the Ramsgate feud was officially born.

### **out come the big guns**

Rams contacted me. ‘David, did you ever get that porno data on Bell about his arrest and everything?’

‘Oh that. Yeah, I did,’ I replied. ‘It was all confirmed. I can get you a copy of the PI report if you like. You want to go public with it, do you?’

I contacted my attorney to check it all out. It seemed OK. I also instructed to him begin legal proceedings against Bell for defamation and slander. It had been three months at that stage since that infamous 30 December broadcast. No retraction was in sight and my business was really suffering as a result. We prepared the lawsuit and prepared to go public with these charges against Bell.

Around the same time this was all happening my son’s visa expired and we were unable to renew it. With reluctance he returned to Australia. In light of future events, I am glad he did. My twins, however, received some flak from the events that were soon to follow.

I announced my upcoming show on the net. ‘Don’t miss my show this Saturday night with Robert A. M. Stephens and big revelations about Art Bell.’ Rams got prepared, his website was all ready to go, and the PI report ready to post. Several people were in on it, watching nervously from the sidelines.

Lights. Action. Roll ’em!

The show aired on 3 April, which ironically was exactly two years to the day since my house fire on 3 April 1997.



The charges were aired. Rams's website went up, along with a lot of other data on Richard Hoagland and the entire alternate scene. It looked as though the whole house was about to come tumbling down. Then Art Bell rang a rival talk show host the following day and, in a recorded telephone conversation, admitted, 'What Stephens said last night is essentially correct'.

He then went on and explained that we had got the town wrong. The PI report had said that Bell was arrested in Monterey California, but Bell said that was incorrect. The dating service began in Monterey, he explained, and he moved it to San Diego shortly afterwards. He went on to say that the police didn't understand dating services at that time. They had come in and raided his premises, confiscated his records, then ten days later came back and said oops, we made a mistake. Bell claimed that he sued the city and was awarded US\$50,000 for false arrest. When asked if he could prove all of this, Bell said of course, he kept perfect records and it was all documented for anyone to see at any time.

Just to jump forward a couple of months here, we later discovered that no records existed anywhere for either the arrest or the settlement that Bell had claimed he had won against the city of San Diego. Bell subsequently admitted to the *New York Post* that this had happened and they published the article on 13 May 1999, saying, 'Bell did volunteer that he was busted when he later moved his dating service to San Diego. "They took all my stuff and files because they thought it was something else," said the popular all-night paranormal host'. Bell's lawyers also later admitted to me that all this happened but the records no longer existed. Rumours are still ripe about the whole affair, but I am afraid that the

whole truth will never be known unless Art Bell tells it publicly.

Anyway, back to the story at hand.

The following week my former internet girlfriend came forward with a bombshell: 'David Oates conspired to kill Art Bell and I have the evidence to prove it!'

What the fuck! What on earth was she talking about?

She then put up a website and proceeded to publish volumes and volumes of private emails and chat conversations we had together. Part of me shuddered at the irony of this. The nude picture. Now all my inner thoughts out for the world to see. This is just what I was doing with publishing reversals on public figures. Now it was happening to me.

However, she made further absolutely outrageous claims: David has already killed five people and will kill even more if he is not stopped, David programmed me with hypnotic trance techniques. Other people came forward, making claims. David is the Messiah; he is here to start Armageddon and we must stop him; David is a vicious killer, worse than Charles Manson. And the list went on and on and on. It read like cheap tabloid trash.

Then, further information came out. She had been in contact with Art Bell for months, sending him my chat logs, speaking to the FBI, who Bell had contacted early in the year claiming I was planning on killing him. If the whole thing wasn't so serious it would be laughable. That explained the mysterious visit I had from the FBI earlier in the year. They had contacted me at my offices. I had assumed they were investigating reports of the racist posts on the internet. However, I guess they were really checking me out to see if I was a threat to Art Bell. Personally I think they should have inter-

viewed Bell to see if he was a threat to me!

However, none of that was important now. Bell was after my blood. He linked my former girlfriend's site to his and went on the air, directing his millions of listeners to the site.

People were outraged. I was demonised. I began to receive literally thousands of terrible hate emails and dozens of death threats. My business plummeted overnight and my income dropped to nearly zero. Radio shows were cancelled. I became erratic and despondent. My kids were terrorised at school by other kids whose parents were Art Bell fans. Most of my friends wrote me off almost overnight.

Inevitably, a lynch mob mentality arose on the internet, and in Art Bell circles, and a major flame war erupted on the Reverse Speech bulletin boards.

However, throughout all of this, the original libellous statements that had started it all were completely ignored. Bell had claimed that I altered tapes. Through my lawyers I issued an official demand for retraction. In the meantime, Robert Stephens was still going great guns on his website, literally tearing Art Bell to pieces with all sorts of wild accusations. So crazy were some of them that I actually took his link down from my own site. However, I kept in daily contact while this whole nasty internet flame war raged out of control, destroying many people's lives in the process.

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## **the Jolly Roger**

I MOVED TO DENVER around that time. Business had dried up in San Diego and I was restless. All this negative sexual energy was not good for me. I had a small group of Reverse Speech people in Denver and they implored me to move there. So Jeff and I packed up shop and moved to Denver, with my two daughters and Tasha, the golden retriever.

I had barely unpacked in my new house when Art Bell posted a very curious picture on his site. It was an image of the back wall of his house with the single word 'Denver' superimposed on it. Then Bell went on his show, wearing a T-shirt that bore the emblem of the skull and crossbones (he

had a simultaneous video broadcast on the net, as did I), and quoted the infamous words of the pirate, H. L. Mencken: 'There comes a time in a man's life when he has to spit on his hands, hoist the black flag and begin slitting throats.'

My lawyer was livid, and saw this as a blatant death threat against me, broadcast live on the air. Art Bell fans around the country began to hoist black flags over their houses, flying the Jolly Roger. The following week Bell dropped a bombshell of his own and officially responded to my demand for a retraction by filing a US\$60 million lawsuit against Robert A. M. Stephens and me for conspiracy, defamation and slander. He went live on the air with his attorney for four hours, before I had even been served or knew anything about it, and laid out his case, essentially trying me on the airwaves with no right of response.

At the same time he also announced why he had left the air back in October. His son had been molested by a school-teacher who was HIV positive. In the public's mind, this was a horrendous thing, and how dare I take advantage of a man in such deep pain. I shook my head in dismay at the timing of the announcement of these two events. Both on the same show, obviously meant to inflame.

Bell also announced another lawsuit he had filed against a radio talk show host in Tennessee who had gone to air late 1997, claiming Art Bell had been arrested for molestation. Bell linked the two suits together and claimed we were operating in conspiracy. Nothing could be further from the truth. This was the first time I had heard about the Tennessee incident, and I knew very little about the charges of molestation, other than faint rumours on the net. My charges against Bell were for an arrest in San Diego.

However, the damage had been done, and a ‘Hate David Oates’ campaign began in earnest. Art Bell then linked his site to my infamous nude picture, and I was humiliated beyond measure. I filed a countersuit two weeks later for US\$140 million. My life was ruined. My emotional state a mess. My name defamed beyond repair, my business destroyed, and crazed Art Bell fans wanting ‘to slit some throats’ after my blood.

### **Armageddon**

Then came the affidavits and settlement offers. Bell contacted friends and clients, threatening them with lawsuits and other dire things if they didn’t side with him. Jeff Toth, who had moved back to Portland to set up Reverse Speech offices, told him to fuck off, but he was about the only one. Bell’s lawyers drew up affidavits for these people, containing vicious lies, accusing me of murder and drug use and running a cult using voodoo magic. People signed them and Bell posted them on his website.

Next, Bell wanted to settle. He wanted to fly me to LA and tell his lawyers everything I knew and he would let me off the suit – but I had to fire my lawyers first. Emotionally destroyed, I jumped at the idea. My lawyers and I parted company and I flew to LA and spilled my guts in a videotaped interview. The next day, back in Denver, Bell’s lawyers faxed me the settlement offer they wanted me to sign. I was given an hour to sign it with no opportunity to consult legal counsel. I read the agreement and it was totally unacceptable. The worst part was that I was not allowed to defend myself against any of these accusations against me. No com-

pensation was offered the horrendous damages that had been done to me and my reputation, plus numerous other clauses that were totally unreasonable.

With great sadness, I told Bell's lawyers I could not agree to their terms. I hired new lawyers and litigation continued with a new fervour.

I was totally lost at that stage. I was unable to work at all, my kids were desperately sad over all of this and even they had been harassed on the internet on their own websites, including my son Michael, in Australia, who was also dragged into it. My health started to deteriorate rapidly, and seventeen years of my life was flying out of the window.

Then came the pressure – the pressure to settle and sign the agreement. Bell spoke to friends and clients of mine, read them affidavits he had compiled against me, telling them I had no chance in court, I had better settle now or else. I was surprised at this. Why, if he had such a good case, was he so desperate to have me settle?

I'd had enough. The kids had finished school for the year so we hit the road in our campervan. It was not safe to stay at home anyway. We had already had one small crowd outside the house after my blood and the death threats really scared me. So, we just travelled and drove for the entire summer vacation while I kept in constant contact with my lawyers, my office, and the few remaining friends I had left. We chalked up almost 10,000 miles in two months, driving to Montana to visit Robert Stephens and Portland to visit Jeff Toth. I visited friends across the country. It was good therapy. The girls and I spent lots of time together and grew closer than we ever had before. Our loyal dog, Tasha, travelled with us.

In the meantime, my new lawyers were winning motion

after motion and the entire court case was turning around in my favour. Bell reported none of this on his website and the pressure to sign the settlement agreement increased beyond all measure. Finally, in the middle of August 1999, a friend of mine gave Art Bell my mobile phone number, without my consent, and Bell himself rang me, wanting me to settle. I tried to put him off but it didn't work. In my emotionally weakened state I signed the damn bloody thing and faxed him my signature. He asked me to mail him the original so the whole thing would be legal but I didn't. I ripped it up and threw it in the trash.

Then I collapsed like I have never collapsed before. I was in uncontrollable tears, almost vomiting. I locked myself in my room and refused to talk to anyone. My lawyers rang. I told my girls to tell them I didn't want to talk to them. My life was over as far as I was concerned. I would never recover from this. My girls rang Jeff Toth. I spoke to him through my tears and told him what I had done. He insisted that I check myself into hospital for treatment. I did.

He rang my lawyers and told them what had happened. They rang Bell's lawyers, furious that they had been short-circuited in what could only be called underhanded sneaky dealings, and immediately rescinded the settlement agreement I had signed. This rescission was at my absolute request. Bell did not have my original signature anyway and it had not been notarised, so it was unenforceable.

Four days later, while I was at a friend's house, I had massive chest pains and broke out into a cold sweat. They called the ambulance. My pulse was weak and fibrillating. I was rushed to hospital with a suspected heart attack – at 43 years of age. All the lab tests were OK, however. I was prescribed



medications for stress and ordered to have a complete physical check-up.

### **Australia calls**

I did not do my radio show that Saturday night, for obvious reasons, and seriously started considering packing the whole thing in and returning to Australia. Ironically enough, I coincidentally made contact with someone from my home town, Adelaide, on the net at that same time who began urging me to do just that – to return to Australia.

I spoke to my parents and they too implored me to return home. My twins were about to start high school so it was really now or never. I had said when I first moved to San Diego I would go home after five years. It was five years. So I decided to pack it all in and return home. It wasn't exactly the homecoming I had planned. I had expected to return home triumphant, but instead it was really with my tail between my legs.

I contacted Bell's lawyers and negotiated a settlement agreement I could live with. We subsequently settled out of court two weeks later and made mutual apologies to each other on the air. One thing about that apology always bothered me though. I stated I had no evidence that Art Bell was arrested in Monterrey, which technically was true. It wasn't in Monterrey, it was in San Diego. It was a small but important point. I was essentially apologising for saying something that was basically true. Then Bell was supposed to post the apologies on his website. He never did. It didn't matter anymore anyway. It was all over. Reversal Reaction had reared its ugly head, and America had beaten me.

I sold my belongings and returned home to Australia, with my girls and dog, late November 1999, leaving my career and dreams behind me. I brushed the dust off my feet when I walked through passport control and into the international lounge of LAX.

# 43

## **a marvellous haven**

LANDING ON AUSTRALIAN soil, in my hometown of Adelaide, was like a breath of fresh air. I actually kissed the ground when I got off the plane. I could feel the difference in the energy as I walked into the hot Australian sun. It was light and breezy, relaxing and calm. A total contrast to the aggression and anger of America.

My whole family was there to greet me and we loaded all our luggage into the family car and drove back to my parents' house on Haven Way. That was the name of the street they lived on, and a haven it was indeed.

No more lawsuits, no more harassment, and also no more business.

The no more business didn't last long though because I still had clients back in America who wanted to continue working with me. So I learned how to work over the phone. It was pretty easy really because it was an audio phenomenon that I was working with anyway, and it was easy to record over the phone, then play the reversals back to the client, also over the phone. The hypnosis sessions were easy too. The hypnotic effect was caused mainly by my voice tones anyway, and besides, my clients had their eyes closed during my trances so whether it was over the phone, internet, or in person, there wasn't that much difference.

So I continued on with session work and metaphor restructuring while I rapidly settled back down in Australia.

I stayed at my parents' house for two months and then an opportunity arose at the local church my parents attended. The minister's house was vacant and they were looking for a tenant. I inspected the house and it was just what I was looking for. It had four bedrooms and an office, plus a large living area. Perfect for my family and business. Then, when I looked at the street sign the house was situated on I almost choked – Ramsgate Avenue!

Chills went down my spine. Ramsgate, after the feud. I was still manifesting those pictures into the collective, with the synchronicities travelling on before me. Nevertheless, we moved into our new house, with the street name a constant reminder of what happened back in America. My twins enrolled in school and I continued on with my business from the relative safety of Australia.

**energetic rapport**

My phone and internet business was growing quite rapidly at this stage and, as a result of some media coverage when I returned home, I was starting to get clients from around Australia in addition to those from America. By the time I had been doing session work for a few months over the phone I began to notice something quite surprising and refreshing. I was having no cases of reversal reaction, or the negative side-effects that had still continued to occasionally plague me in America. In fact, my success rate had also improved. I wondered if this was because of the physical distance between me and my clients. I now no longer worked in person and the energy was less intense, maybe at a more manageable level. Also vanishing from my life was the constant appearances of odours during session work – odours that had begun to spill over into my personal life in the last few months of America.

In the meantime, my daughters had become teenagers and were starting high school the next year. Jeff Toth came to visit me from the states and decided to move to Australia to be with me. He left to organise his affairs with plans to return as soon as he could. He was a good friend. Michael also came to stay and I had my little family and business back again, without all the horrible things that had happened back in America.

However, whilst my results with session work had improved, and reaction had virtually disappeared, the number of reversals I was getting from my clients were a lot less than when I worked in person. This made it a little difficult to get an accurate unconscious picture in the first session, sometimes necessitating me to do a second recording.

I figured that it had something to do with the phone connection, or maybe even the fact that because we were no longer in person, spontaneity of speech had reduced, right brain hemispheric activity had also reduced, and hence there were fewer reversals. I decided to try a little experiment to see if I could rectify this.

As was illustrated in the first part of this book, *Reverse Speech* talks a lot about the Whirlwind. It describes it as an actual force that surrounds the physical body and in turn interacts with the universal Whirlwind that surrounds the planet. It was a common word that I heard often, not as often as *Wolf and Soul*, but common nonetheless. It was partially responsible for the function of the Collective Unconscious and, in America, I used to ride the Whirlwind as a white she-wolf in my private *Metawalks*.

I wondered if I could use this Whirlwind to create a connection with my clients, increase right brain activity, and consequently get more reversals. Thus, as I placed the phone calls to my clients, I started to imagine that my physical body was surrounded by a Whirlwind, or energy vortex. I then imagined that this Whirlwind extended out across the planet, using the universal Whirlwind, and it surrounded my client's Whirlwind on the other side of the world, or country. Thus I was encompassing my clients in an energetic cocoon, linking them to me, and only me, for that brief moment of time.

What I discovered was similar to what I expected to find, but with a slightly different twist. Yes, the reversals did increase, but this was not necessarily because right brain activity had increased, but more because I had actually created a state of energetic rapport with my client. Their energies and

mine flowed together as one. I knew this because of my NLP training, which teaches techniques to create normal rapport. I had always used these techniques with my clients, students, and indeed the attendees of my many lectures, but I had never put the two together as having any effect on speech reversals.

I knew that the Whirlwind had created rapport because I could feel it. I began to feel my clients' emotions and reactions to a greater degree, and we flowed together more with more spontaneity in our conversations. The next week I smelt the faint whiff of cigarette smoke in my office as I worked with a client to give up cigarette smoking. It was only brief, certainly not overwhelming like it had been in America, but there nonetheless. Part of me was glad.

Thus I had made another significant discovery in my ongoing research into Reverse Speech. The frequency of reversals are directly affected by the amount of rapport that exists between two or more people speaking, not necessarily the amount of right brain hemispheric activity.

I later discovered this was also true of a crowd and speaker. If the speaker had good rapport with the crowd their reversals were more frequent. This was a radical departure to what I had taught in the past and I made some rapid changes to my Reverse Speech analyst training manual in preparation for the new online class I was starting that year. It was the first time I had taught over the internet. I had eight students, mainly from America, although one was from El Salvador. My student from El Salvador, Carlos Coto, subsequently graduated from the class and is still using Reverse Speech today in his practice as a clinical psychologist. He has added significantly to Reverse Speech research by writing his own

dictionary of Spanish metaphors, many of which are the same in Spanish as they are in English. This is more proof a common Universal Collective Unconscious.

### **putting down roots**

I lectured in Sydney in the middle of the year 2000, and got a surge of new clients, plus potential students for a live training class to be held in Sydney. I was putting down my roots in Australia fairly quickly and my Reverse Speech business was doing great. Ruth came to visit me that year from America and she worked as my secretary for two to three months before Jeff Toth arrived to live. We had a little fling, Ruth and I, at that time. I didn't know whether that was a good thing or a bad thing. My history with women and relationships had not been good and there was always that nagging fear of sourcing negative sexual energy again.

It all ended rather abruptly with a nasty fight, but saner temperaments prevailed, and we remained good friends. Ruth went back to America and continued with her own Reverse Speech business doing session work, and we stayed in regular contact.

Jeff Toth moved to Australia and rented a nice two-storey apartment just around the corner from my house. We managed to get him a five-year visa through the business and he settled into work managing the Reverse Speech office, the many websites and the technical side of things.

My Sydney class started but it didn't last long and all the students had dropped out by the fourth month. Instead, I started a class in Byron Bay, New South Wales. The town is a mecca for new-age and alternative modalities, so Reverse



Speech fit right in. The class was organised by a woman called Natasha, who I had met at a lecture in Byron Bay when I first started travelling there. I gave Natasha the class for free because she set the whole thing up for me and I foolishly forgot to get her to sign a course contract. This was a mistake I would later severely regret.

We started with twelve students, but this had dropped to six by the third class. I flew there once every six weeks for the weekend and the six students remaining all graduated from the Analyst Course and continued on to do the Practitioner Course. I was pleased, and so was someone else – another woman. But more on that later.

### **the saga continues**

Meanwhile, on the internet, the nasty little feud in America was not over. Maybe it was because I was living on Ramsgate Avenue and I couldn't let it go. The fights on the bulletin boards still raged, and the feud with my former girlfriend was just as vicious. She had accused me of murder, released personal logs, and, as I had suspected and was soon to discover, had colluded with Art Bell the whole time he had plotted and conspired my demise.

My radio show continued every Friday night in America, thanks to the marvels of modern technology, and I frequently had Robert A. M. Stephens (Rams) on as a guest. This was partially to piss everyone off over there. He was a pariah just as I was now, maybe even more so after his outrageous website that had torn Bell and his guests to pieces.

Also continuing were my regular shows with Jeff Rense. He, along with Clyde Lewis, was the only radio show host

who stuck with me after I returned home. I had been banned by most of the other shows in America because of the lawsuits. I did Jeff's show once a month and Clyde Lewis's show about once every six months. I was glad I had these shows and my own show. They kept my feet in America, and for the few people who still followed me there, it gave them an outlet to hear the wonders of Reverse Speech that I still extolled.

# 44

## **an unwanted intrusion**

IT WAS A BUSY day in mid-2001. I had seen several clients already, and had several more to go. Fortunately it was now almost eighteen years since I had begun listening to tapes backwards and I was really beginning to hone it down to a fine art. No longer did a thirty-minute recording take me two days to do, or even a day. I was doing them now in about three or four hours. This meant I could handle more clients and I still worked at a furious pace.

Michael came into my office, excitedly wanting to show me his latest reversal findings. I snapped at him and told him I would look at it later. I was too busy. I regret that now.

Then the phone rang. It was Natasha, who had organised the Byron Bay class.

‘David!’ she gushed, ‘I’ve got something important to tell you.’

‘What’s that?’ I asked.

‘We are meant to be together. I can’t get you out of my mind. I think about you night and day. We can build Reverse Speech together, go on lecture tours. I love you, I love you.’

I groaned inside. This was not what I wanted to hear. Firstly, she was happily married, and I was friends with her husband. Secondly, I was on a deadline for my next client and needed this like a hole in the head. And finally, she was totally not my type. Not even close.

‘Natasha,’ I said firmly, ‘it ain’t gonna happen. You’re married. It’s that simple.’

‘I’ll leave my husband!’ she exclaimed. ‘I’ll tell him tonight.’

‘No, Natasha!’ I became angry. ‘These are your feelings, not mine. I’m not in the least bit interested.’

‘I’ll kill myself if you don’t agree to be with me!’ She sobbed. ‘I will! I mean it!’

Oh jeez! I rolled my eyes. This was really going to convince me.

‘Natasha. I don’t have time for this,’ I said. ‘Go away!’

I hung up the phone in disgust. It put a bad stench over my day. I thought about calling her husband and telling him what had just happened but I decided against it.

‘Let it go,’ I said to myself and I continued with my clients for the day.

**a wolf is lost**

Michael left the following week to return to live with his mother in Melbourne. I felt a bit guilty about snapping at him the previous week and wondered if his departure had anything to do with that. But he had two families now – his mother's family in Melbourne and my family in Adelaide.

Life went on. Natasha was very sheepish at the next Byron Bay training class and never brought the subject of 'us' up again. I was relieved, but I developed quite a distaste for her after that, and kept her at arm's distance from then on.

Then, towards the end of December 2001, I had a phone call from Michael's mum. Michael was missing. Apparently they had a big fight and he stormed out of the house, hopped in his car and tore away. She hadn't seen him since. That was a day ago. She figured he would probably come to Adelaide to see me, so I watched out the window, waiting for him to pull up.

He never did.

At 3 o'clock in the morning, 22 December 2001, I got the phone call every parent dreads. It was Michael's mum. Michael was dead. They had just found his body at the edge of a lake. I was lost for words. She hung up in tears. I woke the girls. Your brother's dead, I told them. They screamed. *No!*

But it was true. Michael John Oates, budding Reverse Speech researcher and my only son, had gone, aged 21. Far too soon. Such a waste of a young life.

I managed to piece together some fragmented details over the next two days, before the funeral, of what had actually happened. I found this out by talking to Michael's family in Melbourne and the police. The police had found Michael's

car abandoned in the hills the day after his disappearance. There were no traces of him. His bank account had been accessed once. He had bought a pen and notepad. Then, two days later, they found his body, 25 miles away from where his car had been found. His shoes and shirt had been laid out neatly under a tree. His body was half submerged in the lake. They never found the notepad and pen.

My entire family drove to Melbourne for the funeral. We stayed in a hotel and I thought I saw him standing in the doorway of the hotel watching us that first night. The funeral was a funeral. What can I say? It was nice? No, not really. The strange thing is, I never cried, and to this day as I write now, fifteen years after his death, I still have not cried. I don't know why. Certainly the emotions are there. I miss him terribly. I feel guilty about his early childhood years when I wasn't there, and I feel guilty about how he was drawn into the feud. I have experienced other emotions that I have told my clients are normal after a death. I don't know what to say.

I contacted the coroner in Melbourne a week after the funeral and asked for an autopsy report. I wanted to know exactly how he died. But the report left me with more questions than answers. For a start, he hadn't drowned. There was no water in his lungs. Secondly, there was no alcohol or drugs in his system. There were no marks on his body except for a collapsed left eye socket. All his organs were normal and his official cause of death was listed as 'Undetermined'.

And that was it.

I was left with a mystery that would never be solved and closure is something that I will never have. The police did not pursue the matter any further due to lack of any other

IT'S ONLY A METAPHOR

evidence, and the case was closed.

Over the next two weeks I built a memorial for him on [davidoates.com](http://davidoates.com). It contained articles he had written, radio shows he had done, and a copy of his website. You can still visit that page if you want to learn more about the all too brief life of my son. He was going to carry on my legacy. Who would do it now?

Rest in peace, Michael. We will meet again.

# 45

## life goes on

NOTHING CAN EVER prepare you for the death of your own child. It is a horrendous experience that I hope no one has to ever go through. Even though I didn't cry, something had changed inside me. I was moody and depressed and found it hard to concentrate on work. But I continued on because life does go on and I had two other teenage children who still needed me, plus several clients who were almost as equally dependent on me. I had learned in America to just stick to the process and no matter what emotional storms are raging around you the process will work. So I did.

I stopped my own radio show to America after Michael's



death. My heart really wasn't in it anymore and my listenership had dropped right down anyway. However, I continued on with my regular monthly shows with Jeff Rense. I still followed American politics closely and regularly looked for reversals on all the latest events for the Rense show.

It was now 2002 and the 21<sup>st</sup> century was slowly taking over Reverse Speech. The analogue reversing machines I had used and sold for eighteen years were rapidly becoming obsolete, and Jeff was finding them harder and harder to find. The digital age had arrived and tapes had turned into recordings. Telephone calls were turning into Skype calls and instead of having thousands of audio tapes lying around, taking up ungodly amounts of space, I now had thousands of audio files in a neat little hard drive.

In the meantime Jeff was preparing a little surprise for me. Unbeknownst to me, he had been talking to a software designer in India. This chap, Ponnuchamy, had an audio software package that was very close to what we needed for Reverse Speech, to replace our dwindling supply of reversing machines. His software needed some modifications to make it suitable for our purposes, but Jeff had been working quietly away at it for several months. When the package was ready for testing he told me about it.

'Wow, Jeff!' I exclaimed. 'Our own software. Way cool.'

I hurriedly loaded it onto my computer and began testing. It was awesome. An instant forward and reverse U-turn button, independent speed controls for the forwards and backward tracks, a transcript box to prepare your transcripts as you go, an auto dump feature to prepare professional examples with the reversal at three speeds, and a full audio editing studio that rivalled the best on the market. All it needed was

a cluster button and I could throw my stopwatch out the window. Ponnuchamy added that in one day for me. Now what used to take me hours to do using conventional methods I could do in one second with the touch of a button.

We dedicated the new software to Michael and released it onto an excited Reverse Speech community.

### **my soul give the pain**

Despite the ongoing success that Reverse Speech was having, personally I was beginning to not cope. Michael's death had thrown me more than I cared to admit and the rumblings of the feud still continued to plague me. I had stopped she-wolf trances when I had come home. No more groups, no more personal journeys, and I didn't really care to continue them anymore. Part of me blamed them for what had happened to me in America. I had tried to fly too high and got energetic backlash. Besides, all the paranormal stuff and odours were all fine and dandy back then but quite frankly I really didn't understand it all anymore – if I ever really did.

When I'd fly away for my training classes in Byron Bay, and now the Gold Coast in Queensland as well, I was having to battle waves of depression that continued until I got home.

One weekend around that time I held a training class on the Gold Coast. I was teaching the techniques of Reversal Control, which I had perfected in America, and the students wanted to test me to see if I could turn my reversals off. Oh yeah, this would be easy, I chuckled.

They started questioning me. It was easy at first. Then the questioning got personal. How do you feel about the death

of your son? What about what happened to you in America? Those questions broke my composure. My students had beaten me.

When we played the recording backwards on my new software, there were more reversals than I felt comfortable with. One stood out like a beacon in the night. It was clear and emotional. Forwards I said, '[Yeah could be, well see I'm] very sensitive to energy. I'm ultra-sensitive to energy.' Backwards I said, in a voice that cried from the depths of being, **My soul give the pain.**

I knew instantly what it meant. My soul was poisoned and was creating my depression, just like I had unknowingly told it to do so. You see, Reverse Speech said the real power of creation lay in the soul. Yes, metaphors were a big part of it, but ultimately they acted on instructions from the soul itself. One of the soul's many functions is that of a sponge. It hungrily soaks up all the experiences we feed it and stores those experiences for all time. Then, it feeds those experiences back to us, using the metaphors of the unconscious, in the form of emotions and life events.

The soul does not judge. It faithfully delivers to us that which we tell it to do – good or bad, positive or negative. If we choose to live a life of passion and victory, the soul understands that that is what we want and it sparks the metaphors to create those experiences over and over again in our life. On the other hand, if we choose to live a life of depression or laziness then that is also what the soul will instruct the metaphors to bring to us, once again, over and over again. It is only doing what we tell it to do in the life experiences we choose. Sometimes this choice occurs as early as the womb, other times in childhood, and other times yet again we may

make this choice in our adulthood. *When* we make it doesn't matter. The soul does what it does and recreates those experiences continuously until we decide to feed it something different.

I found a reversal many years back that really illustrates this point. My client was talking about the soul: '[The lost soul of wisdom seems to make] a bit of sense. Backwards she said, **Beyond its mess, it seals the law solid.** What this metaphor essentially means is that beyond the mess that the soul picks up through our daily life, it is actively engaged in securing, and manifesting, the laws, or rules, that we feed it. I have other reversals that illustrate this point, including **Look your soul will feed the worries**, which is similar to **My soul give the pain.**

So, the experiences I had in America had programmed my soul. This, combined with the death of my son, had built up and was beginning to repeat itself over and over again in my life. I needed to get into session work fast!

### **want to go on a date**

I chose one of my newly-graduated practitioners from the Byron Bay class, a nice German lass named Rebeka. She and Natasha, also German, plus two others, had just graduated and were out practising their new skills. Natasha and Rebeka were both going on to become Reverse Speech trainers, which means repeating the entire course. If you repeated the first year you could train to analyst level, and if you repeated the second year as well you could train to practitioner level. I gave the courses to them for free but asked for a ten percent royalty on any training fees they collected when they were

out training their own students. I thought this was very reasonable.

Rebeka and Natasha both graduated from the first year trainer's course, meaning they could train students to analyst level. Rebeka went on and did the second year's trainers course, but Natasha never started the second year, meaning she was limited to training analyst students only. This is an important point and one which we will cover as my story continues.

My session work with Rebeka went well and after about eight sessions we found a reversal on me that said, **My soul is well**. We were making progress. I was feeling better too. I was thankful to Rebeka and glad that I had managed to train someone to the point where they could work with me.

My little relationship with Rebeka had an unexpected turn a few months later, which caught me off-guard. I was in Brisbane doing an expo, and Rebeka was helping on the booth. We went out to dinner after the first day, talking about this and that. She told me that her marriage was breaking up. Then she looked me right in the eye.

'Do you want to go on a date with me, David?'

'A date?' I asked. I liked Rebeka. She was my type. 'Sure. The movies? Dinner?'

'No, David,' she said, leaning in closer. 'I mean a date. Do you want to sleep with me?'

'Oh,' I replied. I wasn't expecting that. 'When? Now?'

'Yes, David,' she said. 'Now.'

'OK, sure. Why not.'

So Rebeka and I started a little fling that lasted a year or so. Even though we tried to keep it quiet, Natasha later found out about it and quizzed me endlessly over lunch one

day. She was jealous. I didn't say a thing. It was none of her business.

It soon became apparent, though, that Rebeka wanted more from me than just a date, or a relationship. She wanted the secrets of she-wolf. She would bug me constantly. Tell me how it works, she would say. I don't know, I would reply, that was back in America, I really don't understand it at all anymore. It created a cloud over our relationship. I felt a little bit pressured and used.

### **making rain**

Meanwhile, my class in Byron Bay finally finished and I started a new class in Townsville in far north Queensland. There were eight people in class altogether.

They were excited by Reverse Speech and I really enjoyed this class. On the second weekend the topic of she-wolf came up. They wanted to try it. There had been no rain up north for a long time and two of my students had a large cattle station. They needed rain. Could she-wolf bring it?

'What the hell,' I said. 'Let's try it.'

I scheduled a group trance to be held over the internet the following week. It was my first she-wolf trance in five years. Once I had accessed the she-wolf metaphor, using techniques I won't detail here, I instructed each of them to see a small white wolf cub in a clearing in a primordial forest. They took the wolf cub to a stream to drink. She grew in size to that of an adolescent. Then the wolves went hunting as a pack. They caught rabbits and grew to full size. I then took the wolves to the top of a tall mountain that overlooked their property. The wolves rose into the air and flew. They flew to

some scattered clouds in the sky. They then shot laser beams out of their eyes, right into the clouds. The clouds burst open and the rains fell. I ended the trance by having them take their she-wolves to a cave and put them to sleep in the cave.

The next week it rained. And, boy, did it ever rain! It came down in torrents and far north Queensland was flooded. I don't know how it worked but it did. My students were elated. They wanted me to do more she-wolf trances, but I declined at that time. I didn't really feel up to it.

In another class the subject of the odours came up.

'Make some odours for us, David.'

'I can't do that,' I said. 'I have no idea how that works. They just appear out of nowhere and I've had hardly any since I've been back in Australia. I can't just manufacture them at will.'

Nevertheless, that afternoon after class, we were all in the car driving somewhere, except for our two farmer students, when suddenly the car was filled with the strong scent of cow manure. It was powerful. We looked around for the source but we were the only car on the road at the time, and in the city, not the country. No farms or cows in sight. It was another odour. What on earth did they mean and how were they being created?

Somehow, what was being created unconsciously was becoming conscious. Reverse Speech said that the scent of smell was a strong unconscious sense. The body transmitted and received odours all the time on an unconscious level. This was in addition to other unconscious forms of communication that included an energetic vibration, which Reverse Speech called sound. There were many more senses than the

five senses that we have come to accept as being true.

In fact, Reverse Speech says that these unconscious forms of communication are more powerful and more common than our conscious speech. Somehow my work with Reverse Speech was making these unconscious forms conscious. My session work with Rebeka had removed some of the negative emotions left over from America and I was becoming awake again. My unconscious was becoming conscious.



# 46

## Symone's fall

IT WAS JUNE 2005. I was sound asleep when the phone rang. It was one of Symone's friends, who she was staying with overnight – or so I thought.

'There's been an accident!' she exclaimed. 'Symone has fallen off a balcony at Marion Shopping Centre. She's in Flinders Medical Centre. Come now!'

I woke up Jaye and we drove to the hospital. Maybe she's got a couple of broken bones, I thought.

It was a lot worse than that. She had fallen two stories onto a concrete floor. She had a severe traumatic brain injury and was not expected to survive the night. I later discov-

ered she had been underage drinking at a nightclub. She was only seventeen. She had been sitting on the railing of a balcony, lost her balance, and fell all the way to the bottom. Her blood alcohol content had been .23%.

When I saw her she was in a deep coma and was being rushed to surgery. They were going to remove a portion of her skull to relieve pressure building up in the brain. The doctor warned me there was only a fifty-fifty chance of survival. My parents came and we waited. And waited.

‘God, I can’t lose another child,’ I cried. ‘Not two.’

It was more than any parent had to bare. I rang Rebeka in the Gold Coast and asked her to come to Adelaide. I needed emotional support on this one.

Symone survived the surgery but was in a deep coma. The doctors warned me she may never recover and if she did she would be institutionalised for the rest of her life. I was standing next to her bed when they told me that. I felt my knees collapse underneath me and I had to sit down. I’d never had that happen to me before.

### **rebuilding the house**

The next day, as she lay in a coma, an inner strength came over me. I felt a resolve. I was not going to lose my daughter, she would not be institutionalised, and she would recover fully. I don’t care what the doctors say!

First, I decided to enlist help and prayers from all over the world. I set up a website for her, called [symonerecovery.org](http://symonerecovery.org). It would document her daily progress right through to her eventual recovery. That website is still up today. It’s a marvellous testament to faith and belief and never giving up. I went

on the *Jeff Rense Program* and talked about Symone. I directed people to her website and told them to pray.

Next, I turned to what I know best – Reverse Speech. Her brain needed healing. I would use Reverse Speech to do just that. I created a Metawalk for her that used common metaphors I was familiar with, for mental healing and recovery. It went like this.

‘Hi Symone. This is Daddy speaking. We’re going to go on a little journey, a nice quiet peaceful journey inside your mind, and in this journey we are going to begin to heal your mind. To enable you to become peaceful and calm and to begin to rebuild and make parts of your mind stronger. And all I want you to do is to just relax, listen to the music and just allow the sound of my voice to speak to your deep inner self, to the part of the mind where metaphors are formed and personality and behaviour begins.

‘And to begin this journey today I want you to imagine in your mind the scene of a nice beautiful garden. Lovely green rolling plains, trees and flowers, nice sunshine in the sky above. Not too hot, not too cold, just a nice pleasant spring day. Good. And in this garden I want you to imagine you can see a lake, and there’s a waterfall flowing into the lake, just at a nice beautiful steady pace, nice gentle water flowing in the lake and the lake is peaceful, calm and serene. And around the lake I want you to imagine you can see a little lamb, just a nice young lamb and it’s just eating the grass and just gently grazing by the lake that is being fed by the waterfall in this beautiful garden.

‘As you see all these pictures in your mind the unconscious mind will process these images clearly and succinctly and allow these metaphors to become activated inside of you.

‘And just a little way beyond the lake I want you to imagine that you can see a house. It’s a nice tall house, two-storey house, land around the outside, but part of the house has been damaged. It’s like some of the walls have fallen down, and what we’re going to do is we’re going to get some people to come and rebuild this house. Make the house all nice and strong and whole again, and as the house is rebuilt, as it becomes strong and whole again then so too does your mind also begin to heal itself and become strong and whole.

‘And so what I want you to imagine is, I want you to imagine you can see some little elves just running along the garden and they come up to the house with their tools and hammers and saws and nails and they are going to begin to rebuild the house, and even as I’m speaking now, I want you to imagine that they are starting to repair the house. Build the walls stronger as they’re hammering and nailing and working hard away, and more elves are going to come and even more until there’s just a nice big bustle of activity. And I want you to watch as before your very eyes they begin to repair the house. The walls are being built, a new roof is being put on the house, and they’re going to paint the house a nice pretty colour.

And as the house is repaired then so too does your mind become repaired. And this image is going to allow the healing that is already taking place inside of you to accelerate and become stronger and stronger as the unconscious mind processes all these images clearly and succinctly, the healing that is taking place inside of you even now begins to accelerate as new cells grow, new neural pathways are being formed. The unconscious mind shifting and altering now as these images now begin to take place.

‘That’s all I want you to do now, is just to concentrate on the image and see the nice pretty garden, and the lamb grazing near the lake and the elves making the house all nice and new and wonderful. And you can drift away now and listen to the music and just allow your mind to heal. Excellent. As your unconscious mind shifts and alters accordingly.’

It was a quick Metawalk, only six minutes long, but it addressed the major metaphors that I knew would help heal her. The house is a metaphor for the mind. The damaged house represented her damaged brain. The elves in Reverse Speech are electrical impulses in the brain, carrying messages to other parts of the body and mind. As the elves are rebuilding her house, then so too is her mind healing. The water and the lake represent emotions, keeping them stable and calm and the lamb represents DNA. I wrote it into the journey to remind her who she was.

I then subliminally embedded this Metawalk at a very low audio level into nice calm, relaxing music and played it to her over and over again as she lay in a coma. And as the Metawalk played so did she begin to heal.

I should point out here that this was not the only method I used to heal her. Jeff Rense had recently had a young gifted psychic healer on his program, a young man named Adam. He worked remotely on Symone and that, combined with the prayers of thousands of people around the world, and the Metawalk I wrote for her, all made a huge difference, I believe. Her website details other methods I used to heal her, such as sound therapy and Reiki.

### waking up

Symone woke up two weeks later, on her 18<sup>th</sup> birthday, but she was a very sick young lady. She couldn't talk, her movements were erratic and jerky, and she seemed to have deep pain inside. She would often just cry out and make strange sounds. She didn't seem to know who we were at first, but as the days and weeks went on she slowly began to recover. She called my name one day and I was elated. Her speech slowly returned but she could not walk.

She was admitted to Hampstead Rehabilitation Centre after a few months, where she underwent intensive therapy to teach her how to walk again and perform basic functions. She was waking up more and more every day and was now able to carry on conversations and laugh with the family. However, her memory was shocking. She couldn't hold things for more than a few minutes and would often have the same conversation over and over again, not remembering she had already talked about it. Additionally, her emotions were erratic and intense, laughing one minute and filled with anger the next. Then there were the seizures. She had them regularly. Medications helped, but in those early days they were a real worry.

On the home front things were also happening. Jaye moved out of home to live with her boyfriend and I was suddenly alone with no kids. The church needed the house back, so I moved from Ramsgate Avenue to a new house. There was no particular significance in the street name this time and I thought maybe that's a good thing. The last leftovers of the feud, as if in timing with my house move, would soon cease.

At the same time, Jeff's visa was expiring. It was going to cost us significant amounts of money to renew it and even then there was no guarantee, so he decided to move back to America to live.

Symone came home finally, eight months after her accident. Her fast recovery was a miracle. It's that simple. Her seizures continued for several years and were a constant worry to us but, as at the time of writing, she hasn't had one for over a year now. Her emotions stabilised, her memory returned, and she got a new boyfriend! They moved in together a few months later and are still together today, twelve years later. Symone now works as a waitress and shows no sign of her horrible injury, except for a slight limp.

Rebeka and I broke up. Maybe it was because I refused to give her the secrets of she-wolf, or she was a little put out by all the attention I had been giving Symone. But I was single again and this was destined to be my last major relationship to the present day.

### **the feud finally dies**

On the bulletin boards things were finally starting to die down. Many of the original people involved in the feud had moved on, bulletin boards were closing, and the days of Facebook had arrived. The last two remaining players were my former girlfriend, and me, still jabbing each at other, plus a small party of onlookers. Finally, one day there seemed no point to it anymore. One of the people on the boards had been trying to broker peace between her and I for years and one day I agreed. I don't know why. Maybe it was because I had moved from Ramsgate Avenue, or the Metawalks I had

done with Rebeka were working. Whatever it was, I forgave her and let it go. It was a huge relief. Like a burden had been lifted from my shoulders. It was good that we finally decided to put it all behind us. Rams died a couple of years later and it really was finally all over.

In the meantime, however, my business had suffered in the year that I had been looking after Symone. Clients had been rescheduled and training classes cancelled. So I started to rebuild again and decided to expand my horizons beyond Australia. My goal had always been to get Reverse Speech across the world. The feud had put a temporary halt to that. It was time to get back to my original objectives.

I wrote out three goals I wanted to achieve and posted them in large letters on my office wall. These were: a TV documentary on Reverse Speech, twenty continuous clients a week, and \$200,000 to invest back into the business to make it grow.

I believe in pictures and the power of positive thought. As I saw the goals every day I knew my mind would process the images and make them come to pass. This was 2007.



# 47

## **interpreting gibberish**

AS 2007 CAME AROUND I started to hear stories about Natasha. She was promoting Reverse Speech in Germany. That was all fine and good but the stories I heard said that she was not playing her clients their reversals after analysing their tapes. She claimed they couldn't hear them because they hadn't been trained to hear them – or so I was told. This concerned me greatly. It is an important start to the process for the clients to hear their own reversals. As they hear consciously what has previously been unconscious, they begin to come into congruency. Many times I see my clients start to see shifts after merely hearing their own reversals.

Also, if her clients couldn't hear the reversals then the reversals were probably not there and that was an even greater danger. Genuine reversals are always very clear and can be heard readily by anyone. I constantly teach my students the importance of accuracy. The reversals have to be there. All checking points have to be met. This includes syllable count, consonant and vowel sounds, and beginnings and endings of words. The reversal also has to have a distinct singsong tone that is radically different from the monotonous sounds of the surrounding gibberish. Only if all these points are met can the reversal be documented. I teach my students to treat each reversal as though it is the one reversal upon which the entire theory of Reverse Speech stands or falls. Can others hear it? Would you defend it publicly?

Genuine reversals only occur approximately once every twenty or thirty seconds in a normal recording; more if the conversation has high energetic rapport, and significantly less if it is a media recording. Then they are only two or three seconds long, which means there is anywhere between twenty seconds or maybe two or three minutes of gibberish in between the genuine reversals. Anyone can imagine anything they want to, according to their own belief systems, into that gibberish if they don't know what they are doing.

One only has to search YouTube to see what I mean. I had been uploading videos to YouTube for a while at that stage with current reversals. The trend had taken off and others were following suit with their own versions of Reverse Speech. Unfortunately, many of these other videos were absolute rubbish containing nothing but gibberish. Some of them contained paragraphs and paragraphs of alleged reversed text that just couldn't be heard at all. How these peo-

ple managed to hear this stuff was beyond me.

A couple of them were quite dangerous. One man named Ken Welch was scaring people with warnings of doom. He claimed to have found reversals that said the US government was going to execute a false flag nuclear explosion in Houston. I started to get numerous emails from concerned citizens wondering if they should sell their houses and leave. I went to his website and checked his reversals. They simply weren't there. They were gibberish. I issued an official statement on my website, denouncing his work. The time of the alleged explosion came and went and Ken Welch claimed that his outing of the event beforehand had actually prevented it from happening. I rolled my eyes. He went on and predicted two more nuclear events, all of which came and went without incident.

Then there was Peggy Kane. She was a different kettle of fish. Her particular shtick was ETs. She claimed to have found reversals that detailed an elaborate alien plot to take over the earth. This included people being abducted and eaten by the bad aliens. She also interpreted metaphors as being fact. She claimed she was Eve, the bride of God. She had quite a following of people with her too. Once again, I checked her reversals and they were mainly gibberish. Certainly she wouldn't have graduated from my training course. She also predicted dates. Her predictions claimed a mass ET landing on the earth. Naturally her dates came and went without incident.

Reverse Speech is accurate only if you know what you're doing. I am constantly amazed at the number of people who call themselves Reverse Speech experts with no training at all. These people do the field a great disservice and only hin-

der the eventual academic acceptance of the phenomenon.

Even Natasha, who I had personally trained, didn't seem to know what she was doing anymore. Her website claimed that we never went to the moon. She posted alleged reversals that illustrated her point. I checked her reversals, and though they were better than those of Peggy Kane and Ken Welch, they were still mostly inaccurate, and those that were accurate had been interpreted incorrectly. I put up a counter-page on my website, critiquing her reversals, saying this was not evidence that we didn't go to the moon.

Natasha was irritating me even more. Then, when someone told me she was claiming that what happened to my kids was my fault, I hit the roof. We were headed for a showdown.

### **back to America**

I returned to America that year, but first I had the lump in my back – which had grown after the Denny Sludge incident – surgically removed. I didn't want to sit on a long plane flight with that pressing against the back of my seat. It was a large tissue of fat growing across half my back. Its removal under general anaesthetic meant, in my mind, that the last remnants of American troubles had gone.

I was met at LA airport by Ruth and we drove the familiar Californian freeways back to her house in the mountains. She had set up a couple of lectures for me in LA. One of them was at the Hypnosis Motivation Institute. This lecture was before a good-sized crowd and was filmed. This video is up on YouTube now on my own channel: redwolfe33. Additionally, a great article about Reverse Speech was published

in the institute's journal. The article is on my website.

We drove to Oregon first to see Jeff Rense. It was good to catch up with him in person again after all these years. He looked well. He had arranged a lecture for me, to a crowd of about one hundred people. After that it was on to Portland to see Jeff Toth and Clyde Lewis. Jeff had set up a little office and was, of course, still doing what he had always done with Reverse Speech. The internet really had changed the world. Now it was possible to work for someone and not even be in the same country. Jeff was still the office manager, still doing tech support for the growing Reverse Speech community, and still managing our websites.

I appeared on Clyde Lewis's radio show, live in studio, while I was there. I liked radio and studio work. It was fun. Then Clyde and I performed a stint at Dante's nightclub to a small crowd of people. That presentation is also on YouTube.

It was a successful trip, and destined to be the first of many trips I would now begin to take back to the States.

### **on to England**

Next, England called. I was becoming good friends with one of my clients and students in London, a lady named Beth. She suggested coming to London and being a part of the Whole Life Expo. I could start to get Reverse Speech established in England. It sounded like a good idea to me so we got pamphlets and banners printed up, I shipped some books over to England, and excitedly made the 24-hour flight to London.

Beth met me at the airport and immediately made some

comment about my behaviour. I worried too much – or something like that. I winced a bit. I don't like personal comments from people, especially within a few minutes of meeting them. It can cross as an invasion, and presumptuous. I usually like to take people at face value. What they believe and the way they live and act is their business, unless it intrudes on my personal space. It isn't my place to comment on their values or behaviour, unless of course they are paying clients. But even then I keep my comments to what their reversals say about them and nothing more. I teach my students the same thing, and I expect to be treated in the same fashion.

Nevertheless, things went well. The expo was a great success, with thousands of people passing through. Reverse Speech was new to England so it was a bit of a novelty. I did five-minute recordings for people, for £20. I had a huge line of people wanting to try out this new and exciting technology. As a result I gained some new clients and students, reached one of my goals with now having twenty clients, and the foundation stones for Reverse Speech in England were laid.

One of these new clients was a young, successful internet marketer who I will call Jitaan. He worked with me to improve his financial success and within a few months he had increased his turnover to seven figures a year! Jitaan and I would soon begin to work together at a much closer level.

### **a matter of copyright**

A few months later, during one of my trips to London, I received an email from someone in Germany. They were one

of Natasha's students. Natasha's student? I didn't know she was training students. I immediately went to her website, which I hadn't visited for over a year, and saw the advertisement for her training class. I emailed Natasha and asked what was going on. I found out she had been training students in Germany for three years by that stage. Three years? Where's my ten percent royalty, I asked, and how are you training them?

Natasha then told me she had translated my entire analyst training manual into German, and was using that. I was livid! I never gave her permission to translate my copyrighted training manual into German and reproduce it. I demanded she send it to me. She emailed me the German manual and I gave it to one of my German clients to check it out. The first thing my client pointed out to me was that Natasha claimed she owned the copyright on the manual. Cheeky bitch, I thought. And, apparently the manual was indeed a word for word accurate translation of my original English manual.

I sought legal advice and was informed it was an actionable breach of copyright, but it was going to cost me a \$10,000 retainer to sue – and that was just the beginning of the expenses. Why is justice so expensive? At that stage I didn't have that sort of money to throw around and Natasha subsequently sent me a royalty check for that year's class – after I had screamed bloody murder. So I didn't pursue legal action at that stage. But I was not happy. Where was the last three years of royalties, and if she was training students with bad reversal location skills what on earth were her students documenting?

Then I found out she was teaching Year 2 practitioner students as well, in the techniques of metaphor restructur-

ing. This she was not certified to do. Where was my course contract when I needed it? She hadn't signed one. I told her to come and see me. We needed to resolve this. She asked me for half the air fares to visit me. When does this woman's outright cheek ever stop? Half the air fares? You're damn lucky you're not looking down the barrel of a lawsuit right now, lady!

### **the woolly mammoth**

I decided all this had to change. I needed to increase my income and achieve my next goal of \$200,000. Then I could tackle Natasha properly and start making a real impact with Reverse Speech. I was in my mid 50s at this stage and had been doing Reverse Speech for 27 years. I wasn't going to live forever.

So I entered a she-wolf trance. It was powerful and vivid, like my old trances in America.

I saw myself in the primordial forest. I felt the atmosphere of the forest and I heard the sounds of the forest. I went to the familiar clearing by the stream and the large white she-wolf walked in. She knew me and I knew her. It was a welcome sensation. Then, as the she-wolf started to walk through the forest, I suddenly became the wolf. I entered her body and saw through her eyes. The sights and sounds became intensely magnified, and the smells! Oh, the wonderful smells. They were intoxicating.

Then I noticed a powerful, earthy odour. I followed the scent to a warren of rabbits beyond a small rise in the ground. I lunged at the rabbits and attacked, then devoured them one by one. The blood stirred my primordial instincts.



But it was not enough. I needed something bigger, larger and stronger. Rabbits paid the bills, but I wanted to change the world. So I ran through the forest in my wolf form until I saw exactly what I wanted. It was a large woolly mammoth, one of the largest of all the beasts. Surely this was prey worthy of a revolution.

I leaped at the beast and bit into the jugular vein. It fell to the ground, dead. As I ate the flesh I felt strong and alive, primal, and I wondered what catching such large prey as a mammoth would lead to in the physical world. Yes, it was only a metaphor, but metaphors have power, and metaphors create our world, as this book has illustrated.

I came out of trance and waited.

My answer came a short two weeks later. Jitaan from London approached me. He wanted to market Reverse Speech for me. He had all sorts of dreams of creating massive amounts of clients, building an organisation across the world, and supplying all my existing analyst and practitioners with an ample supply of business.

It sounded good to me, so it was on the plane again for another trip to London.

# 48

## **the marketing man**

JITAAN LIVED ON Bishops Avenue in London – dubbed ‘Billionaires’ Row’. His house was worth millions. It was a beautiful three-storey mansion, with chandeliers, huge rooms, an indoor heated swimming pool, ample bedrooms and a gorgeous wood-panelled office. I was instantly impressed.

‘This is thanks to you, David,’ he said. ‘Your work with me helped me manifest it.’

He showed me to my rather spacious bedroom with my own private bathroom, and I set up my portable office. I always travelled with two laptops, a small audio mixer, profes-

sional headset and a small printer. All I needed was an internet connection and I could work from anywhere in the world. Even when I travelled I still saw my clients and worked on the *Jeff Rense Program*.

Jitaan wasted no time in getting down to business.

'We're going to contact everyone on our mailing lists,' he said, 'and tell them about a new secret and powerful technology we have heard about. They will be invited to attend an exclusive seminar at my house where I will tell them all about Reverse Speech and sell them the eight-session metaphor restructuring package.'

'OK. Sounds good,' I agreed.

'We will offer some sweeteners in the sale,' Jitaan continued. 'Such as an exclusive session with me where I will teach them the secrets of internet marketing, and a session with Akash where he teaches them about real-estate investments.'

'OK,' I said, trying to take it all in, thinking this was getting a little too salesy but what the hell. I didn't know much about marketing, and after 27 years of trying to promote Reverse Speech myself I hadn't really gotten very far. The real shock came when he started talking about the pricing.

'We're going to charge £2,997,' he said.

'Oh. I see.' That was significantly more than what I was charging.

'We will pay you your usual fee.'

My usual fee? That meant they would be making a lot of money. I wasn't too sure how I felt about that. I queried the price with Jitaan.

'David,' he replied, 'most similar programs sell for £5000 to £10,000 plus. What we are offering is cheap. I am giving you the benefit of my sales experience, bringing you all the

clients from my leads and doing the presentations. This is normal. And besides, you'll gain at least thirty new clients per presentation. You'll have so much work and be making so much money you won't even worry about it.'

Mmm. I wasn't sure. I pondered it for a while. Maybe this is how it was meant to be. I finally agreed.

'OK, good,' Jitaan said. We shook hands. 'I want you to bring out a digital product too. A series of generic Metawalks that we can sell through my sales funnels.'

'Sure, I can do that,' I agreed. 'I also have a home study course that I recently revamped. Eight audio files that teach the basics of Reverse Speech for the casual hobbyist.'

'Good, good,' Jitaan said. 'Perfect.'

Beth came to visit Jitaan and me too during that trip. She didn't like him. He's shifty, she told me afterwards.

I flew home with mixed feelings. Yes, I was excited about the prospects of more clients and even giving clients to my analysts, and if we could sell a lot of Metawalk series and home hobbyist courses I would be pleased. I was uneasy about the financial arrangements but at the same time I knew that marketing cost money. What did I know? I was a novice in this area.

I hurriedly made my Metawalk series. It was fourteen audio files consisting of the most common metaphors that I found in my work. Meanwhile, back in London, Jitaan was furiously working on a PowerPoint presentation. I was sending him reversals and extracts from my books and he was drawing on his own materials as well. He sent me the finished product and I must admit I was impressed. It was slick and professional. It first of all talked about manifestation and creation, how the human mind can create its own reali-

ty, which fit right in with all my theories, and the presentation of Reverse Speech with the reversals was absolutely spot on. It was just like one of my own presentations.

Jitaan sent out all the invites and we had a packed house. Almost one hundred people. His sales spiel was excellent. He told the audience that his work with me had made him a millionaire and brought him this wonderful mansion they were sitting in now on Billionaires' Row. They were convinced. Almost thirty people signed up for a full round of session work.

Along with my existing clients I now suddenly had almost fifty clients, and a large influx of cash. I had caught my woolly mammoth and vastly exceeded my goal of twenty clients!

### **troubles in the camp**

By that stage of my career I was now analysing thirty-minute recordings in about two hours. Having the new software helped in this process significantly. Metawalks, which used to take me about an hour to map out, were now taking me about ten minutes. I had done thousands of them by now. I knew all the metaphors and metaphor groups, I had dozens of standard scenarios for common metaphors that I knew worked, and the unconscious mind was really my ocean.

Even the *Rocelin* metaphor that had caused me so much grief in the past was being conquered. I had changed my Metawalk quite substantially with *Rocelin*. Now I no longer killed a witch in a forest, but rather I freed Merlin who had been enslaved by an evil fairy in the forest known as *Rocelin*. She-wolf banished this evil fairy from the forest and my client took Merlin back to Camelot. This new version was

much gentler than my previous version and it worked almost all the time. When I had killed *Rocelin* in the forest previously, many times she would come back to life, and reappear again in my client's reversals. Not with this new one. *Rocelin* was gone!

With all my new clients I started to work hard – very hard. I would start at six in the morning and work through till well after midnight, and this was on weekends as well. When I wasn't working with clients I was analysing recordings at lighting speed.

The presentations didn't stop. Jitaan held more and more and soon I had too many clients to handle. I passed some on to Beth, and some to a practitioner in New York State named Wayne. I took a small percentage off the top as my commission. The clients I sent to Wayne went well. Unfortunately, not so with Beth. She had major issues with the prices being charged and what she perceived to be a pittance as her share. Part of me understood how she felt but she was getting paid the same as her regular fee, with no advertising or marketing costs.

It was an issue that wouldn't go away, and the first two clients I sent her asked for their money back after two sessions. I sighed. I had never had anyone ask for their money back before. She was letting her money issues interfere with her work and passing it on to her clients. This was not going to work. Jitaan rang her and told her we couldn't use her anymore. She said fine and promptly set up in competition, using the name Reverse Speech with her substantially cheaper prices.

Oh dear. What do I do? Now I had two rogue practitioners on my hands – Natasha and Beth.

I went to see a lawyer. I could afford one now and I decided to activate one of the clauses in my course contracts that called for a biannual recertification to ensure everyone's reversal location and interpretation skills were up-to-date. Through my lawyer I contacted everyone I had ever certified, which wasn't many, via registered mail and asked them to submit a thirty-minute recording and analysis with twenty reversals dumped in the new software.

It was a move that took the Reverse Speech community by surprise.

Beth immediately took down her website and pulled out of Reverse Speech. This was followed by three or four others, including Rebeka. Not one person, including Natasha and Ruth, submitted their recertification requirements. All their websites went down – except for Natasha's.

Oh well, it was time to build Reverse Speech the right way.

### **building the business**

Up until that time I had only claimed Reverse Speech as a trademark. Now it was time to register it legally across the world. I registered both Reverse Speech® and Metawalk® in Australia, Europe and the United States. It wasn't cheap, but a move that was long overdue. I drew up new course contracts and for the first time ever I started to issue license agreements to new graduates, giving them the right to use the trademarks and copyrights for a year. I then charged a moderate annual license renewal fee. I started to strictly enforce the biannual recertification requirement for all new analysts. But to three trusted practitioners, who had been

with me a long time, I gave lifetime trademark rights.

Next came the websites. Our sites were all old and clunky. Jeff and I were from the old school. The internet had grown and modernised significantly since our sites first went online in 1996. So I hired a bright young web designer named Mike. He worked hard and whipped our sites right into shape. They looked professional and functional. I liked his work. He later made a Reverse Speech iPhone app for us, which we released in 2012. A short while later I bought the domain names, [backwardmasking.com](http://backwardmasking.com) and [backmasking.com](http://backmasking.com) for a substantial amount of money, and those sites went online too.

I hired my sister Annie again in 2012 to work for me full-time. My office work had become far too much for me to handle.

### **Jaye marries**

At around the same time, Jaye and her long-time boyfriend bought their own house together and married shortly afterwards. A few months later they gave birth to a wonderful baby boy, Logan, and I became a grandfather. This was followed two years later by a daughter, Aria, and my extended family began to grow.

### **a new home**

By this time I was starting to get amazingly close to my goal of AU\$200,000. A lot of it had gone back into the business but I had also been saving furiously to buy my own house. I needed a 20% deposit and I finally had it. I hadn't owned a



house since Dallas so this was a big move for me. I found a nice little house on a quiet street called Green Avenue. I hoped that 'green' meant more money was coming. It had three bedrooms, a large office area, and large living room, which was perfect for my big-screen 3D TV. The backyard was just big enough to allow me to put up some amateur radio antennas, so I bought it and moved in

At the same time Jeff Toth had also been doing well as a result of the upturn in business, so he moved out of Portland and bought a small property in southern Oregon, in an area of the country called the Oregon Outback. It was a very appropriate name for the location of the American offices of an Australian company, the founder of which was born near the Australian outback. I guess the synchronicities were still working in all of our lives but I had become used to them over the years.

Also about to surge to new heights was my radio career. As if to herald this upcoming event, I threw myself back into my old hobby of amateur radio. I installed a large radio tower and big antenna in my backyard. Wires crisscrossed my property. I updated all my equipment and bought a top-of-the-line, state-of-the-art, ham radio station, which I set up in my office next to my desk. Next I hit the airwaves. I worked country after country and soon had well over one hundred countries in my log. I qualified for a prestigious amateur radio award called the DXCC (DX Century Club), which is awarded to anyone who has confirmed on-the-air contacts in at least one hundred countries.

I placed this certificate proudly on my wall, along with other plaques and awards that are significant to me. These included my hypnosis certification, an old insurance award, a

couple of plaques for speaking gigs and, ironically, a plaque from the Art Bell chat club, thanking me for all my service.

### **the return of Greg Albrecht**

Greg Albrecht, my old friend and original research partner, came to visit me after I moved into my new home. He had retired from teaching and was getting back into Reverse Speech full-time. He lives in a houseboat on the river in Berri, the place where it had all started back in 1984. He has been researching Reverse Speech for many years in his spare time and is compiling an amazing collection of exceptionally clear speech reversals. He is writing a book about them: *Reverse Speech: Unmasking the United States Nazi Elite*. The title says it all. As at the time of writing, his book is now 300,000 words, quotes 659 reversals, and should be out in 2018.

Other Reverse Speech analysts were also writing and releasing books. These included a book by analyst Joshua Schmude, *Reverse Speech in Theory and Practice: How to use your unconscious mind to predict the outcome of future events*, and a novel by analyst Kathleen Hawkins, *The Insiders*. This book is the first in a series of books in which her characters use Reverse Speech to solve murder mysteries, discern hidden motives and agendas, and gain insights into human behaviour. I had known Kathleen for almost thirty years. She was a writer and speaker and edited my second book on Reverse Speech, *Hidden Messages in Human Communication*. She lived in Dallas and attended one of my Dallas training classes.

**a matter of deceit**

I conducted a live training class in London in late 2012. We were supposed to hold it at Jitaan's mansion but he was moving house. Apparently he had only been renting his house and couldn't afford the rent anymore. I was a little puzzled by this. He had been earning as much money as I had, and I had managed to buy my own house, plus build the foundations stones for a solid Reverse Speech organisation.

Several students in the class felt a bit deceived. So did I. They had all come from Jitaan's presentations and had bought the dream of the millionaire in the mansion on Billionaires' Row. Jitaan then fired his uncle Akash and I knew something was definitely amiss. After that, Jitaan was suddenly left with no names to market Reverse Speech to.

This, along with the fact that he wasn't selling any of the Metawalk series or home study courses that he had promised he would flood the market with, left me wondering if I had made the right decision.

Then there were the client expectations. Jitaan had oversold what Reverse Speech could do. People were expecting to do the Metawalks and someone would knock on their front door and give them a million dollars – and all of this in just one round. I remember one client who did session work to open up the 95% of her brain that was unconscious. She wanted access to all of it. In one round she expected to become Albert Einstein and Gandhi combined. I tried to tell her I thought it was a little bit unrealistic, but she was insistent. I did the Metawalks and nothing happened. The post-trance recording, however, gave us some clues. The reversals said she had a very negative view of the world and in order to

even begin opening her brain up a little bit she needed to change her negative view set. Well, she was furious. She sent Jitaan a nasty email, calling me a conman. She was in reaction and Jitaan didn't like it at all. No one likes reaction.

Also, no one likes to be screwed. And I was feeling somewhat screwed. Especially when Jitaan started doing sales presentations on the internet and sent me the bills for half the click costs. I made a recording with Jitaan that week and found a reversal on him that sad, **The bad voice is nearly dead.**

A week after that reversal he pulled out, saying he wasn't making any money out of it anymore. The bad voice did indeed die. It always amazes me how accurate reversals are.

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## **the path of truth**

REVERSE SPEECH demands a path of truth and high integrity. How can you expect to use a technology that is all about honesty when you, yourself, are dishonest? It was a dilemma I had seen time and time again in my work. Many people expect everyone else to be honest but they don't demand the same accountability of themselves. Or when they ask for the truth what they really mean is, I want my own belief systems validated.

So here I was faced with a dilemma. I needed to market Reverse Speech but most marketing systems were dishonest and choreographed. Certainly Jitaan had been. I was rapidly

approaching sixty at this stage and I still had so much work to do. My earlier dreams in San Diego of building Reverse Speech across the world had failed dismally. Now I was getting students graduating, they were looking for work, and all were looking to me to provide it.

On top of all that, Natasha was causing me continuing problems. Her website was changing and starting to look decidedly different from the model I had developed for Reverse Speech. I searched the web in Germany and found students she had trained selling metaphor restructuring on their websites. This was also not good. She was not certified to teach students metaphor restructuring and I had no idea who these people were or what dangers they could create. They were using my trademarks and theories with no acknowledgement of me. I sent Natasha a nasty email. She responded by sending me another royalty check with no names or details of who these people were. I'd had enough. I told my lawyer to send her a 'cease and desist' letter.

### **a new team**

At around the same time, I began to speak to another group of marketing people in London. After some discussion, recording the discussion and analysing for reversals, I decided to proceed with them. They were going to add an exciting addition to the program. As well as working with me, they would also work with a mentor who would work alongside me and assist the clients through the process. This meant eight sessions with me and eight sessions with the mentor. They were going to charge the same price but this time I didn't mind because there was much more value for money with

the addition of the mentor.

They also wanted me to release a new book. It had been almost twenty years since my last book, I had been doing Reverse Speech for thirty-two years, and my thinking on many of my previous ideas had changed. I had a manuscript I had written five years earlier but never published, so I started working on it again, updating and revising.

I expanded my definition of the human mind from three distinct areas, as defined by Jung and detailed in my second book, to five areas. I called these areas the Conscious Mind, the Subconscious Mind, the Deep Unconscious Mind, the Collective Unconscious, and the Spirit. I also commented on the Soul, but called it a separate entity altogether from the mind, so it wasn't categorised in the five areas. I called the new book, *A New Theory about Language*, and released it in mid-2015.

### **shout it from the rooftops**

While all this was going on with my new team, and I was forging ahead with client work and metaphor restructuring, another part of Reverse Speech was beginning to grow quite substantially. My radio career. I had increased my appearances on the *Jeff Rense Program* to twice a month and other American programs were beginning to ask me on as well. My shows were not about session work or metaphor restructuring, but all about politics and the hidden truths of public figures. No metaphors this time, only straightforward English reversals revealing truth and lies, and real motives and agenda, which in itself can be quite threatening.

I had neglected this side of Reverse Speech during my

career, for the most part, and had concentrated mainly on session work and developing the theories and practice, but for some reason the plain straightforward truth was suddenly becoming very important to me. I constantly thought about a pertinent Bible verse:

*Whatever is covered up will be uncovered, and every secret will be made known. So then, whatever you have said in the dark will be heard in broad daylight, and whatever you have whispered in private in a closed room will be shouted from the housetops.* (Luke 12:2&3, Good News Bible.)

I firmly believed that Reverse Speech was a fulfillment of this Bible prophesy but I had never publicly stated it. I wasn't going to, either, but I would certainly live in that fashion and continue to use Reverse Speech for that purpose.

So a remarkable new period of Reverse Speech began, separate from the people in London and session work.

It began with the reversals on the Pope. He visited America in 2015 and addressed the US Congress. My team did reversals on him and we were shocked. They contained graphic sexual images, with reversals such as, **Evil, suck cock / Eat the Holy cum**, and **I raped the other kid**. Other reversals said, **Murder was the Catholic answer**, and **We have lost the vault**. The sexual reversals were deeply disturbing. They either indicated that the Pope himself was involved in sex crimes, or they reflected the Collective Consciousness of the Roman Catholic Church, which had a shocking history of sexual abuse. Either way, they were bad.

The **Murder was the Catholic answer** reversal reflected the centuries of abuse and wars perpetrated by the Catholic Church, and **We have lost the vault** really said it all. The church had lost its authority, closed off access to the uncon-



scious, and no longer represented Christ on earth.

They were damning reversals and stunningly clear. The response I got to the show was overwhelming. No negative comments or attacks, just thanks for all my work and exposing this aberration.

Other stunning shows were soon to follow. The American presidential election campaign was in full swing and a newcomer had come on the scene — Donald Trump. He was shaking the campaign and Washington up with a new kind of politics. Having never held political office, and with no political experience, he tore through the primaries, beating sixteen other candidates to win the nomination of the Republican Party. Why was he so successful? Well, to put it simply, he was congruent and concerned for America. His backward messages matched his forward speech and created great power. The citizens of America unconsciously perceived this congruity and responded accordingly.

He had reversals with message such as, **America, wake up**, and the same message in this reversal, **Wake up America**. He continued with this theme with reversals like, **America now / America to serve God / Wake up, wake up, we are the best American yet / You're best America / United States, God blessing our woman, our women, and We love America**. So, despite all the attacks he took, the citizens perceived he loved America and had American interests at heart, and they voted for him.

Trump also went after Hillary Clinton very hard, using her name in reverse continuously, with reversals such as, **There is still Hillary / This will not kiss Hillary / We hate Hillary**. And directly attacking the email scandal Hillary Clinton was embroiled in at that time, he said backwards,

**Hillary, let's see this email.** Other candidates also used Hillary's name in reverse and I recalled back in 2008 when *Hillary* had actually become a metaphor. Was the metaphor emerging again?

These reversals were all broadcast on the *Jeff Rense Program* and uploaded to my website and YouTube. Once again, I received no attacks or threats, just praise and thanks for all my work. I wondered, why the difference? After all the troubles I had in America in the 1990s, why was it clean sailing now?

Hillary Clinton's reversals were not as congruent as Trump's. In fact, they were downright criminal, with reversals such as **My crime in the policy / Your final sin, yes and a crime / The crime will miss you / I am the crime / My crime, what a mess, and My crime with it loathes the law.** Crime, specifically her crimes, were all through Hillary's reversals.

Other reversals were just as scary. While she was saying, 'Over the past year I've laid out plans for defeating Isis. We need to take out their strongholds in Iraq] and Syria,' she was saying backwards **I'll bring us war.** Further on, when she was talking about trade deals, she said backwards, **I'm evil,** and when talking about helping children, she said in reverse, **Their bullshit, then the shot in anger.**

Reverse Speech declared that Hillary Clinton was pulling a con job on the America public, with reversals such as **Say you rave in my con,** and **I'll scam you.** It was ironic, therefore, that she was accusing Donald Trump of the same thing. It appeared as though she didn't even believe her own lies, because while she said, 'I have spent a very long time, my entire adult life, looking for ways to even the odds, to help

people have a chance to get ahead,' she said backwards. **Oh be quiet**, which was her own unconscious chastising her. Another amusing reversal had her saying backwards, **My own shit, it smells Hillary**.

On the subject of her emails, her reversals directly contradicted her forward comments. When she said she never sent a classified email to anyone, in reverse she said, **Message gone**, and, **That worst liar**, which directly contradicted what she said forwards. Later she said, **And I smashed those emails**, and **Now it's lost emails**, meaning she destroyed some of them. On the same note, as she talked about her emails she said backwards, **And I am their villain**, which is a confession that she is guilty.

All of these, and many others reversals, I played twice a month on the Jeff Rense show and an increasing number of other shows in America. My staff kept me supplied with a constant supply of new and current reversals.

Meanwhile, Natasha was not responding to any of our demand letters. I had no idea what she was doing, and so, despite the horrendous cost, I sued her. She hired a lawyer who filed a response to my suit and another legal battle in my life had begun.

### **the documentary**

At around the same time, I was approached by my webmaster, Mike, about making a documentary on Reverse Speech. He had just graduated from film making school and was itching for a new project. This was the last goal I had placed on my wall. I had achieved the first two, now I just had to make the documentary. However, it was going to be expensive —

\$100,000 at least. So Mike drew up a proposal and I started looking for investors. Some people initially showed interest but backed out at the last minute. So I was left with what I have always been left with – Reverse Speech – and that is to do it myself.

It had been that way for the last 32 years with Reverse Speech. It had been a lonely path most of the time. Few people could understand the depths of what I was doing and experimenting with. The sceptics ridiculed it, Wikipedia called it a pseudo-science, and those who I got close to frequently went into reaction and left.

So I funded it myself. I put up the first \$20,000 and they started work.

They first went to London to film clients and practitioners. Then they flew to Australia and spent several days filming me and some Australian practitioners. It was my 60<sup>th</sup> birthday at that time too so they filmed a marvellous birthday party, got some great shots of the family, and me playing with my grandkids. Then on to Berri to film Greg Albrecht in his houseboat and to get some shots of the original half-way house where it had all started. Finally, some shots in Sydney, then back to America to edit the first part of the documentary, release a trailer and raise additional money through grants and crowd-funding to continue the project.

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## the chilly highway

TOWARDS THE END of 2015 I was in London, lecturing, and did a radio interview with a new station in America on the Mutual Broadcast network. The show went well and the host asked me to reverse the whole show. This I did and faithfully played the reversals on the air the following week. They were congruent for the most part, but two reversals didn't make much sense. One was on the host (**One of us fucks us**) and the other was on me (**On a highway, there's a chill here**). I quizzed the host about the first reversal, asking him if there were any partners in his show who could cause harm, but he said no. All was well. As to the highway reversal on me, I had

no clue what it meant, but played it anyway.

A week later I flew to Portland Oregon to see Jeff Toth, Jeff Rense and other friends. Jeff Toth lived two hundred miles south of Portland in the Oregon Outback and I was going to fly to a regional airport where Jeff would meet me and take me the rest of the journey to his house. However, as the plane approached the airport, snow set in. The plane circled for thirty minutes or so and then the pilot announced that the airport had been closed due to snow and we had to return to Portland.

Well shit, I thought. I wanted to see Jeff. I hopped off the plane, walked straight over to a car rental counter and hired a 4-wheel drive vehicle. I wasn't going to let snow stop me. I would drive there. I rang Jeff and he waited for me to arrive.

The drive started out OK. Even driving on the wrong side of the road didn't bother me. I could drive on either side at that stage with no effort. However, as I started to ascend into the mountains, the snow came. It snowed and snowed, growing thicker the further I drove. Before too long I was driving through a raging blizzard, down to 15 miles an hour. It took me several hours to reach Jeff, who had since hired a hotel room. I almost had an accident on the icy roads when a car pulled out right in front of me. I slammed on my breaks but the car didn't stop. It just slid on the ice. Some quick movements with the steering wheel saved me by inches. That would not have been good, having an accident in a hired vehicle!

When I arrived at the hotel there was three feet of snow piled up in the car park. It was freezing! I immediately remembered the reversal, **On a highway, there's a chill here.** That had happened at least two weeks earlier and here I was,

living it right before my very eyes. There was no way I could have known at that time that I would be driving on a highway in a freezing blizzard. My plans were to fly to see Jeff. It was the twilight zone all over again. I remembered the earlier reversal I had found on my girlfriend in San Diego, **I will shift the bedroom**, and she did, both figuratively and literally.

Then I remembered other reversals, such as two I had found on clients a few weeks before the 911 event. They had said, **Soon plan evil on America**, and **They'll fuss with the USA**. These reversals seemed to predict the event, but they were found on Australians who had no contact with America. Other similar reversals flooded my mind and I started to wonder whether Reverse Speech was actually a window in time. Was it possible that the deep unconscious mind existed outside of time and space, and that all events, past present and future, could be accessed with Reverse Speech? It was an amazing thought.

### a new radio show

As 2016 came around, Mutual Broadcast approached me to have my own radio show on their network. I hadn't had my own show for almost fifteen years and thought what a great idea. We did some initial training and a week before the show was supposed to start I was telling Jeff Rense about it.

'Why not do your show on my network?' he said. 'It's established and I've got a large listener base.'

He was right, of course. I had been with Jeff Rense for twenty years and he was a faithful and loyal friend. I emailed Mutual Broadcast and told them of my decision, and boy,

were they ever upset. They sent me some nasty emails and I remembered the other reversal I found during my show with them, **One of us fucks us**. I guess that person had been me.

Nevertheless, my new show, the *David John Oates Reverse Speech Show*, started on the Rense Radio Network. Greg Albrecht was my first guest and I was back on the air again with my own show in America. This was in addition to my regular appearances on the *Jeff Rense Program* and other radio shows I was doing.

But, as is usual with my life, there were troubles on other fronts. My team in London had temporarily stopped giving presentations, which meant my income had been cut off. My legal costs were rapidly mounting; it's not cheap to sue someone. And the documentary costs were continually rising. My finances were becoming strained.

### the JFK assassination

At around the start of the year I began a research project that was destined to propel my career to new heights and give me a greater understanding of Reverse Speech's mission. It was the JFK assassination in Dallas, Texas, November 1963.

It started by chance, really. I was going through some old audio files, looking for material for my new radio show, when I saw a file that was simply marked '3men.wav'. I opened the file and it was Lee Harvey Oswald talking after his arrest for the assassination, denying that he had shot anyone. The full reversal was remarkably clear and said, **All three men are walking**. What three men? I thought. I already had a reversal on Lee Harvey Oswald from a radio show he had done in New Orleans that said, **Hear them, the**



**wish to kill President.** Was this a smoking gun? And who were the 'them' that he was listening to?

I was low on clients at that stage and had some time so I decided to reverse the whole radio interview. I went to YouTube and found it easily, along with a myriad of other material on the assassination. I found many reversals on Oswald's interview, most of which were unrelated to the forward dialogue, and all seemed to point to the assassination. Reversals such as, **The weakness is in the car** (JFK was killed in an exposed vehicle), **A week to kill President / A week's attack**, and **It's a mighty crime.**

These reversals seemed to show that Oswald knew, and had intimate details, of an assassination attempt. Then other reversals on that interview seemed to point to the involvement of other people in the plot (**They're powerful**), and another one that surprised me was, **Evil soul of Hoover.** J. Edgar Hoover? The head of the FBI at the time? What was he doing on Oswald's reversals? I found one more reversal of significance – **Here to serve White House.** Was Oswald working for the US government in some capacity?

I then moved on to his few short comments made in custody after his arrest. The first reversal I found was, **The killer was careful**, and then, **I'll reveal the killer.** These reversals, plus the earlier one of **All three men are walking**, seemed to indicate a killer or killers other than Oswald, and killers which Oswald knew about and was willing to reveal. Is that why he was murdered two days later by nightclub owner Jack Ruby? To silence him? The final reversal I found on Oswald after his arrest said, **See, I'm the give up**, which seemed to support his claims that he was only a patsy.

I rang Jeff Rense in excitement.

'I'm looking into the JFK assassination,' I said.

'Oh yeah?' Jeff replied

'Yeah, I don't think Oswald did it. Don't know who did yet, though.'

'Oswald didn't do it,' Jeff said. 'He was only a pasty. I did a show on it a few weeks back. Some remote viewers viewed the assassination.'

'OK. Well don't tell me what they found,' I continued. 'I want to look at this from a totally unbiased point of view.'

'Ok, well when you're ready let me know and we'll do a show on it.'

I hung up the phone and continued with my research. I wanted to look at J. Edgar Hoover next because his name had been specifically mentioned by Oswald. I found a recording of him talking to the new President Johnson a week after the assassination, discussing details of what had happened. But before I analysed that recording I took a quick look at Jack Ruby, who had killed Oswald. Two reversals of significance were, **The powerful helped me take him out**, and **Your masters were paid off**. There was that term 'the powerful' again, and the other reversal indicated that his 'masters' were paid for this hit. I needed to know who 'they' and 'the powerful' were.

I found one of the powerful when I analysed the recording of J. Edgar Hoover, just as Oswald had indicated. The first one said, **After the talk, we set it up**. Set what up? Who was 'we'? This was followed by, **Hit inaugural mistake**. Did he believe JFK should never have been inaugurated in the first place? After all, he had won in 1960 by only 100,000 votes. Was this a confession by Hoover to the 'hit'?

The reversals only became more ominous as I continued.

As he talked about three shots being fired, he said in reverse, **Two fallen, there's three or four that hit.** If he was talking about the shots fired then that means two shots missed and three or four hit. That's a total of five or six shots, not three. His reversal contradicted his forward statement. Then, as he talked about JFK on a stretcher in Parkland Hospital and a bullet fell out, he said, **Bullet part of the deal.** Many conspiracy theorists claimed the bullet was planted on the stretcher. Did Hoover know this and even arrange it?

Other reversals were even more damning as he described the shooting at Lyndon B. Johnson. One said, **And I financed this evil.** That was it. Hoover set it all up! This was followed by, **And I killed them all, I make you.** Does 'I make you' mean that he now has LBJ in his pocket? Did he make LBJ President? Were we dealing with a *coup d'état* here? My mind was racing.

He continued on to discuss what I can only imagine were co-conspirators in this whole thing, with reversals such as **The mob's silly, and Shit, met Houston mafia.** Then, **No one thought the man now belonged to the Knesset.** The Knesset was the Israeli Government. How were they involved and what were all these reversals doing on Hoover in a phone conversation with LBJ about the assassination? Another reversal said, **And no one sought the men.** This was similar to Oswald's reversal of **All three men are walking.** Did three real assassins get away and both Hoover and Oswald knew it? And, if Hoover set it up and financed the whole thing, what part did LBJ play?

I rang Jeff Rense in excitement again.

'Jeff, this thing is huge!' I said, 'Hoover's involved, the Israeli government, probably LBJ, and more who I haven't

found yet.'

'Damn!' Jeff exclaimed. 'I knew it was Hoover. That evil bastard. Keep going, David.'

'Don't worry, Jeff, I'm right on it.'

It was a long and exhaustive process because I had to analyse many recordings to find those little gems. I still continued to see clients and train students but my spare time was absorbed with JFK.

Next I turned to Lyndon B. Johnson's address to Congress on 27 November 1963, five days after the assassination, to find more answers. I was not disappointed.

His very first reversal as he started his speech said it all. **See the con.** He continued to say in reverse, **I shield the path of great sin,** and **Hush my fault here.** This is followed by **We knocked him off,** and **This is a good con.** There was no doubt now. LBJ was involved up to his neck. Finally he said, **Kill not sudden,** indicating that it had been in planning for a long time. I knew from Lee Harvey Oswald's reversals that it was at least three months in the planning, probably a lot longer.

I continued with LBJ and next I analysed a recording of him talking to Allen Dulles a week after the assassination. Dulles had been the head of the CIA until JFK fired him after the disastrous 'Bay of Pigs' fiasco. It was therefore quite a surprise when LBJ appointed him to the Warren Commission, which was formed to investigate the assassination.

It was only a quick conversation between the two of them but it contained an example of reversed dialogue. LBJ said to Dulles, in reverse, **I sent the money, you faked the gun.** Dulles replied, also in reverse, **Yes, it's better to see my con before we do the job.** This conversation seemed to be nothing

more than another confession, and now Allen Dulles was involved as one of 'the powerful', along with LBJ and Hoover. Was I uncovering a conspiracy that went to the height of power in the United States?

Also, on the same day LBJ talked to Gerald Ford, appointing him to the Warren Commission: **I made Nixon pull up the rap.** So I continued my research with Richard Nixon, in an interview he gave in Dallas on 21 November 1963, the day before the assassination.

In this interview he predicted the assassination by saying in reverse, **The crime that I bring, it must remove inaugural.** Then he says, **I hear the neck will suffer, the powerful helps.** Here was another reference to 'the powerful'. Finally, he said, **I have secret here.**

So Nixon was involved, Hoover, LBJ, Allen Dulles, maybe Gerald Ford, and the Israeli government. How deep did the rabbit hole go and why were these people so upset with JFK that they wanted to kill him? By this time there was no doubt in my mind that we were dealing with a *coup d'état*. The United States government was overthrown on 22 November 1963 and a new administration was installed. The general public were conned by J. Edgar Hoover, who had been the mastermind behind the assassination, to believe that a lone assassin named Lee Harvey Oswald had committed this crime, but in Oswald's own words (forwards and backwards) he was just a patsy. What I wanted to know now was, who actually pulled the trigger if it wasn't Oswald? Hoover's reversals talked about the mob. This brings in James Files.

James Files was a mafia hit-man, currently doing time at the Danville Correctional Centre in Danville, Illinois, who stated in a 1994 interview that he was the 'grassy knoll shoot-

er' in the assassination of President John F. Kennedy. He was sentenced to fifty years imprisonment in 1991 for the attempted murder of two policemen. I analysed an interview he did with JFK assassination researcher, Jim Marrs.

Not many reversals occurred in this interview, but those that did supported his tale. Files claimed that he was hired by the mafia as a backup shooter, to take out JFK with a headshot if the president had not already been hit when the motorcade went past the grassy knoll. When he described the actual kill shot itself he said this:

*Marrs* interviewing: 'Did you ever notice if any of those rounds hit that sign?'

*Files*: 'No, I don't know if anybody else's did or not. As far as I know their rounds never hit. I know [my round didn't hit it]. Like I say I fired one shot, I was on target.' **Hit him with my round.** This is a congruent reversal. As he said forwards that his round didn't hit the sign, in reverse he told us what his round did hit, or 'him' (JFK).

That was it. His reversals were congruent and confirmed his story. Now I had the actual shooter himself. This was big news. I needed to find more of the co-conspirators. I analysed a recording of George H. W. Bush talking at the funeral of Gerald Ford. In one part of his eulogy he talks about the JFK assassination and Ford's role in the Warren Commission.

As he said, 'Even when the dark clouds of political crisis [gathered over America] after a deluded gunman assassinated President Kennedy,' in reverse he said, **The crime avoided Ike.** Ike? Ike Eisenhower? The president who immediately preceded Kennedy?

So I looked at President Dwight Eisenhower. Essentially I

was following where the reversals led me. Eisenhower had never been implicated in the JFK assassination. You can see conspiracy theories on the internet that implicate Bush, Hoover and LBJ, plus others, but Eisenhower is never mentioned. Could this be why Bush said backwards, **The crime avoided Ike?**

Eisenhower, like the others, was not disappointing in the information he revealed in his reversals. I found a recording on YouTube of him talking about the death of JFK the day he was murdered. In his very first forward clip he said this, 'Mrs Eisenhower and I share the grief that Mrs Kennedy must now feel and we send her our prayerful thoughts and [sympathetic] sentiments.' Backwards he said, **He had to miss.** This was a very telling reversal. He was talking forwards about Jacqueline Kennedy. James Files claims that he was specifically told not to hit Jackie Kennedy. The reversal shows Eisenhower knew this and it connects both he and James Files to the assassination.

Other reversals on Eisenhower said, **There's a reason now**, referring to JFK's death, and, **We send terrible headache.** Then, in a December 1964 phone conversation with LBJ, he threatened backwards, **I made you, that's the deal.** This mirrored a previous reversal on Hoover and it goes to the why, or motive. The conspirators wanted Johnson to be president. Maybe it was a case of anyone but JFK!

In September 1978 President Gerald Ford testified before the United States House Select Committee on Assassinations about the Warren Commission Report. His reversals were very telling. He started off, saying backwards, **I'm the sham that made it up**, talking about the Commission's conclusions. The reversal speaks for itself. Then he says, **There**

was a deal and **Want to share the powerful, give doubt here**. Clearly he was lying at the hearing, trying to deflect attention away from anything other than the lone assassin theory.

But why did they want Kennedy dead? I did a lot of research into this question and came up with this theory.

What I discovered is that Kennedy was shaking up the status quo. The changes he was proposing, and the people he was upsetting, are too numerous to mention. There were many reasons for wanting Kennedy out of office. These included, but were certainly not limited to, Bobby Kennedy's aggressive prosecutions and investigations into the 'mob', who were involved in the assassination. There was also Kennedy's threat to shatter the CIA into a thousand pieces, as well as his desire to dismantle the 'vast military industrial complex.' Additionally, his Secret Society speech where he condemned all forms of secrecy, intimidated many people in power.

Another reason, I propose – and this is purely my conjecture – is that some of 'the powerful', or conspirators, needed a war for profits. However, Kennedy was talking about reducing the United States' involvement in Vietnam. He was also intimidating Israel, calling for nuclear inspections. Could this be why Israel was involved in the assassination conspiracy, as the reversals suggest?

Two days after Kennedy died, the new president, Lyndon Baines Johnson, declared that he would not 'lose Vietnam', during a meeting with the US Ambassador to South Vietnam, Henry Cabot Lodge, and troop escalation in Vietnam began. Gradually, over the next few months, Johnson changed the whole power structure in Washington. The



CIA's existence was now assured and the direction in which Kennedy had been taking the country had been permanently altered. Additionally, Bobby Kennedy left the position of Attorney General a year later and mob harassment was significantly reduced.

The *coup d'état* had been successful, the conspirators got what they wanted, and no one suspected a thing.

I was elated. I had the who and the why, and Reverse Speech had just solved the greatest crime of the 20<sup>th</sup> century. One more thing needed to be done, and that was to look at reversals on John F. Kennedy himself. I started with his inauguration and I was in for a shock.

As he took the oath of office he said, 'I John Fitz[gerald Kennedy do solemnly swear] (Moderator) that you will faithfully execute the office of President of the United States.' Backwards he said, **They'll be watching in that void.** This reversal hinted that he is well aware he is being watched and scrutinised by people in dark places.

Then, in his inaugural address, following his swearing-in, I found this reversal.

'The small undoing of those human rights to which this nation has always been committed and to which we [are committed today] at home and around the world.' Backwards he says, **Head is hit in the car.** This was clearly a premonition of the future, similar to the 'chilly highway' reversal. The image of JFK being hit in the head in the car is etched into the minds of millions of people around the world because of the Zapruder film.

I added a new category to my training manual that day, calling it Premonition Reversals. I had enough examples now, over the last thirty-three years, to state with confidence

that Reverse Speech could indeed see into the future.

After I finished my analysis I contacted Jeff Rense again and he set up a show with myself, JFK assassination researcher, Jim Marrs, and remote viewer, Dick Allgire. At that stage I looked at the remote viewer videos and was stunned to see their results mirrored my own, even pinpointing Hoover as one of the people who set it all up.

The show was done over two nights because there was too much information to cover in one three-hour show. It was heralded the best show of my career and, despite the gravity of the accusations I was making, I received no backlash from it at all, just heaps of praise. In fact, many people who had been sceptical of my work were convinced because of that show. The show can be heard on my JFK website, <<http://www.jfkassassinationsolved.com>>.

Meanwhile, on the legal front, Natasha and I settled our lawsuit out of court. I would have taken it further but I had run out of money. It's a shame that real justice has to cost in the tens of thousands of dollars. She took down her Reverse Speech website, discontinued the use of the training manual, which she had stolen, and opened up again under a different name. It was only a small consolation and far too expensive for such little results.

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## **unveiling the truth**

THE KENNEDY ASSASSINATION project really spurred me on to new heights in my understanding of the power and purpose of Reverse Speech. It could propel civilisation into a new age of truth, once (and if) it was recognised. I think I also accepted at that time that it wasn't going to happen in my lifetime. What it offered was too powerful to be accepted overnight or even in the thirty-three years I had been doing it at that stage. I began to see my role even more as a messenger, paving the way for those who would come after me.

I still had a lot of spare time on my hands because business wasn't coming in from the London people. I was surviv-

ing on the scattered few clients I gained through my radio shows. These clients always seemed to come in after I did a she-wolf trance. What a surprise! I was doing group she-wolf trances again, too, online with a dozen or so students once a month. Nothing too dramatic seemed to be happening from them but I did them anyway.

I continued analysing political events for my shows with Jeff Rense, which were turning into three or four shows a month, with the US Presidential campaign rapidly becoming a mudslinging match.

As we saw earlier, Donald Trump went after Hillary with a vengeance in his reversals. He also went after President Obama with these ones: **It sucks, poor Barack / Barack sick / Don't serve Obama / Barack worse / Even I gave this mercy, Oh Barack.** And finally, when talking about Obama, he said backwards very clearly, **And he's a fucking asshole.** So, if you didn't like Obama in the first place, Trump's reversals only added fuel to the unconscious fire. Equally so with Hillary Clinton.

Also of note is a curious phenomenon in Reverse Speech. When a crowd chants in unison it can repeat the same phrase backwards. This is similar to music when a chorus can be singing but they will all have the same reversals. In the 2008 Presidential campaign there was a bit of controversy caused when a backward message was found on the crowd chanting for Obama. As they chanted, 'Yes we can! Yes we can!' the reversal was, **Thank you Satan, thank you Satan.** The reversal did the rounds on the internet back then, so I decided to look at the crowd's chant for Trump. I found two interesting reversals. As the crowd chanted, 'Trump, Trump, Trump!' it reversed to say the same thing. **Trump, Trump,**

**Trump.** And as they chanted, 'USA! USA! USA!' it reversed to say, **God love you, God love you.** It was the same with Hillary Clinton. As the crowd chanted 'Hillary, Hillary, Hillary!', backwards they said the same thing, **Hillary, Hillary, Hillary.**

It was an interesting observation but what was of far more importance was the vicious fight in the race for the Republican Party's Presidential nomination. The Republican Party had tried to stop Trump on numerous occasions. The reversals on Reince Priebus, the Chairman of the Republican National Committee, bear out the idea that there was a concerted effort to stop the seemingly unstoppable Donald Trump.

On the evening of the Wyoming election there were rumours that the vote was rigged. I did Reince Priebus's reversals the day after and one of them said, **We menace today.** The following week the state of Colorado gave Ted Cruz all of the states 34 delegates without a single vote by the people being cast! Yes indeed, that was certainly a menace in what was supposed to be the greatest democracy in the world.

Priebus continued on to say backwards, **The next thing is that there is mud.** Priebus' reversals also talked of deals being made in high places, with reversals such as, **Bring the deal,** and **But they will buy you.** Clearly there were fun and games going on in the Republican Party. Priebus was obviously upset, saying backwards, **Angry, in a sulk.** He also thought Donald Trump would do the party harm, with a reversal that said, **Upon his name they can abuse us.**

I played all these reversals on the *Jeff Rense Program* and the audience went wild. They loved it. I started to get more and more clients, plus people began approaching me about wanting to learn how to do it themselves. I decided to start

another online training class. Emails went out, advertisements posted, and I scheduled the class to start late June 2016.

On the political scene all the Republican candidates were dropping out one by one, until there was only two left standing: Donald Trump and Ted Cruz.

Ted Cruz's reversals were bad, using phrases such as, **I'll be destroying your freedom / The nasty game only gets horror** and **You molested a con man**. He was also after Trump's blood, with reversals such as, **I make this blood, trust the blood**. Then, when he was talking about Donald Trump, backwards he said, **Blood is so deep, I like to push blood**. He continued the theme with reversals such as, **I make much blood to suck**, and **See blood running now**.

These reversals, along with those I was playing on Hillary Clinton, plus other politicians, were an instant hit with the public. I decided to write a new book about these reversals and the JFK assassination. This book would also contain my new insights about Reverse Speech's mission to bring the truth to the world. I entitled the book, *Unveiling the Truth: The secrets of Reverse Speech*, and started writing.

### the fine con

At the beginning of 2016 it had been suggested to me that I should find the secrets of success of wealthy people. If we could find what metaphor they used, maybe we could pass it on. It sounded simple enough to me, so I started researching. My research began with billionaire, David Rockefeller.

Rockefeller's main operating metaphor was immediate. It was *She-wolf*. *She-wolf* is actually quite rare in Reverse Speech

but Rockefeller used it twice in a 30-minute interview where his was reminiscing about his life. One reversal said, **The lessons of she-wolf**, and he used it again in this reversal, **She-wolf, you feel it**.

Next I looked at Richard Branson. Like David Rockefeller, Branson had one metaphor that was prominent in his reversals. I analysed two recordings of Branson and found this metaphor on both recordings. The metaphor is *Whirlwind*. He used it as he talked about being the first person to cross the Atlantic in a hot air balloon. Backwards he said, **On the whirlwind I surf**. He also used it when he failed in his attempt to be the first person around the world in a hot air balloon. Backwards he said, opposite to the first one, **The whirlwind, I wreck surf**. Then when he was giving advice on success – ‘You should specialise in one area and try not to stray from that area and [the best businesses in the world are those] businesses that stick to their core’ – backwards he said, **That feathered whirlwind, this is it, set it up**.

Thus, I had two metaphors so far that were integral to success: *She-wolf* and *Whirlwind*. What else would I find?

The next person in my search for the secrets of success was motivational and self-help guru, Tony Robbins. I did find his secrets but they were different than Rockefeller and Branson – dark and foreboding. He was driven by a negative energy, not positive. I only analysed one recording of Tony Robbins, an interview he gave while flying in a private jet.

To his credit, he did have two congruent reversals that tell us how he made his money. The first one said, **In my name, power**. He believed in his own greatness and he believed that he could make his own success. In the second one, like Rockefeller, he also used the *She-wolf* metaphor. This is how he

has managed to grow his empire into such a huge conglomerate. The reversal said, **Won't she-wolf sign the sea.**

When it came to his teachings, however, he was downright incongruent. As he talked about money – ‘The most important decision of your life is deciding whether you’re truly committed to [being happy no matter what] – backwards he said, **I want our money buying it.** In other words, money buys happiness, which is contradictory to many teachings.

Further on he talked about giving and sharing and how he decided that early on in life he wouldn’t lack the money to be able to help others. Backwards he said, **I make it up.** This theme continued as he talked about how a client had given him a quarter of a million dollar bonus. He said he was blown away by the generosity, but backwards he said, **Your fine con.**

Finally, we see his real face in this reversal – ‘Get to the Truth, [the Truth is simple]. Money does not change people. Money makes you more of what you are, it’s a magnifying tool.’ Backwards: **I’ll mess with Lucifer.** *Lucifer* a metaphor for a master manipulator of great power who is treacherous and deceptive.

Another person I analysed was Oprah Winfrey. She had conflicting reversals that, like Tony Robbins, showed a rather dark side to her. However, she did reveal the secrets of her success and, like Branson, she also used the metaphor *Whirlwind* frequently. When she talked about being encouraged when she saw someone making a shift, she said backwards, **Whirlwind the force with this.** And when she said that she knew she could move into the world of talk she said backwards, **Got a deal when it cost the whirlwind.** Clearly she



was aware of, and used, the energy of the universe to create flow in her life.

However, this is where the secrets of her success stop, and then we see a different Oprah, an Oprah that is putting on a false face. When she talked about facing challenges she said backwards, **Hell's nice impersonating**, meaning she's pretending to be someone different than she actually is. Further on, as she talked about her show, she said backwards, **Let me share the love, the bigger the con**. This reversal suggests that the bigger the con job someone pulled on her, the more she bought into it.

This theme is continued in the following reversal as she talked about challenges, **But I would give con**. Then when she talked about creating our own reality she said backwards, **Hear the lie worry** – or, she didn't fully believe in it and she was worried about her uncertainty.

She is also rather incongruent in this following section – 'So I think if that is not a sign from Jesus himself, [so I never saw a sign] bigger than that, so I audition and I audition I hear nothing. I ended up months later calling the casting agent saying I haven't heard anything, he said you don't call me, what are you calling me for?' Backwards she said, **Our source will bring out my dark force** – or, she has a dark side that comes out when she is refused.

That dark side comes out again in this section of dialogue: 'So when I ask what should I do, should I do this, should I do this, the bigger [question is what would you], God, the universe have me do?' **We don't know Satan shock**. The reversal implied that she was confusing Satan and God, sometimes drawing on the dark energy, mistaking it for the light, and she was oblivious to this.

Wow! I was stunned. How the icons are falling. Yes, they have reversals that show their success, but their motives were hardly saintlike. Most of it was a choreographed con, at least according to Robbins and Oprah.

### the whirlwind

Steve Jobs was a welcome relief. The first thing I noticed with Jobs's reversals is that, like others in this chapter, he used the metaphor *Whirlwind*. This is significant. Here it is now on several successful people, some of them using it twice in less than an hour of recording analysed for each person.

The first time I found him using *Whirlwind* was when he was talking about his success with his animated movie company, Pixar. The reversal said, **Whirlwind I loot**, which is a little aggressive, but maybe aggression is necessary in business. The second time I found it was when he was also talking about Pixar, specifically the success of the animated movie, *Toy Story*. The reversal said, **Whirlwind, it cry loose**, meaning his energy is uninhibited.

This was getting to be a significant trend now. *Whirlwind* was definitely a metaphor for success – along with *She-wolf*.

I also found *Whirlwind* on British billionaire, Alan Sugar. As he said, 'And I'm not the greatest [businessman in the world], I've got my way, other people have got their ways, it's as simple as that,' backwards he said, **Whirlwind announces it**.

Whirlwind can also be heard on Facebook founder, Mark Zuckerberg. When he says, 'We took a step back and I thought all right well our mission isn't actually to get one in

seven people in the world to be connected, we want to connect everyone, so it's a big issue that only around a [third of the people in the world] had access to the internet.' Backwards he said, **Whirlwind, I'll beat with that earth.**

So, I had found two metaphors that successful people used – *She-wolf* and *Whirlwind*, with *Whirlwind* being the main one. The negative reversals, specifically those that mentioned *Con*, I wrote about in my book, but obviously left them out of my personal work. I designed a new Metawalk for my regular she-wolf group, which used the *Whirlwind*. I had them see money in a *Whirlwind* and the she-wolves flew into the *Whirlwind* to fetch the money. I will expand on this image as the she-wolf groups continue.

I finished writing my new book in June 2016 and sent it in to the publishers. It was released in August 2016.

### **the con continues**

In the meantime, nothing was happening with my London team at all. I received a message from them stating that for legal and insurance reasons they weren't doing Reverse Speech anymore. Oh well, another marketing team bites the dust. There has been quite an assortment of them over the years, all promising the world and all of them falling flat on their face when confronted with the reality of the truth that Reverse Speech contains. Each one of them over the years tried to make Reverse Speech fit into their own marketing model, and Reverse Speech just refuses to fit. One chap wanted to set up a franchise, another an MLM organisation, most wanted me to delete negative reversals, several wanted to market to my own mailing lists, and one team, believe it

or not, said the key to success was to have clean toilets and they spent the whole first day cleaning our bathrooms!

My last London marketing team were, as usual, upset by the negative reversals Reverse Speech contained. They particularly didn't like my analysis of Tony Robbins, who they greatly admired, and on the eve of their final presentation for me, I was asked to take down my Robbins YouTube video. It felt wrong, but I relented, I think, for a grand total of five days before I put it back up again.

Bugger it! Why does everyone want to change Reverse Speech? It's a lot easier to just accept its message, and modify their method to match that of Reverse Speech. That is where every one of them went wrong. They couldn't accept Reverse Speech at face value.

I went to America and England again in May 2017. The American trip went well, with a good crowd at my one and only lecture in Ashland Oregon. It was a good lecture, and can be seen on YouTube. The documentary crew filmed the lecture and the participants' reaction, as well as the all important interviews with Jeff Rense and Jeff Toth.

When I went to London I met with the old marketing team and was in for a bit of a shock. I discovered they had still been doing Reverse Speech lectures, using one of my trained practitioners, and giving him all the business. They had lied to me and cut me out of the picture. No wonder they didn't like the Tony Robbins reversals. They were a mirror for them.

It got worse. I met with this practitioner and he relayed me a sordid tale. Apparently, they had been telling people I hadn't been paying their commissions on time. My blood boiled! I paid them as soon as I got the money in. Further-

more, they claimed I had refused to sign an amended contract. The con continued. I had paid \$3,000 to have a contract drawn up between us and they had never signed it. I had reminded them on numerous occasions to follow through and they never did. So not only had they never signed the contract but they had never contacted me about amendments they claimed they had wanted.

How on earth can you represent Reverse Speech when you operate your business in such a fashion, I said to them in a rather scathing email. I am sick of being conned and lied to and manipulated. What is wrong with people!

I introduced a new affiliate program at the London workshop. No more marketing people, I vowed. We will grow Reverse Speech from the ground up. I offered everyone a flat 20% commission for all business referred to me, and we set it all up on the Reverse Speech website.

Additionally, I started an independent research society at the workshop. It was headed by Reverse Speech practitioner, Dina Patel. It would be the purpose of the society to conduct programs to validate Reverse Speech and begin the long road towards academic acceptance.

### **the CIA declassifies Reverse Speech**

I arrived back in Australia to somewhat of a surprise. One of my students informed me that Reverse Speech had been added to the CIA's website. It has? My mind raced back to the lectures I gave them back in 1991. I went to the CIA listing and there it was, quoting my 1991 book, *Reverse Speech: Hidden Messages in Human Communication*, by David John Oates. The listing had a PDF file, which had a copy of the title page,

a list of contents and footnotes. The body of the book was not there.

I dug a bit deeper and discovered it had been released on 4 November 2016 as a CREST document. I googled CREST (I love Google!) and discovered it was a CIA directive that automatically declassifies material after 25 years. It all fit. It was released exactly 25 years after I gave my lectures to them. This proved two things. Firstly, to the naysayers who claimed these lectures never took place, well here is proof that they did, and secondly, it shows that they took Reverse Speech seriously enough to do something with it.

The release also claimed it was part of the Stargate Project. I googled Stargate and discovered it was a program established to research the military potential of psychic phenomenon, particularly remote viewing. The program ended in 1996, but what have they done with Reverse Speech? What will future releases show over the next few years? Was I really under surveillance after I gave my lectures to them in 1991? Was the whole Denny Sludge incident a massive set-up? And the house fire and the people we heard in the office? Then there was the automatic download of data from my computer at 3 am every morning to a server in Virginia — coincidentally, where the CIA is based. And the lawsuit which chased me out of America. Suddenly all the pieces seemed to fall into place.

I received numerous emails following the news of this release. One from Scott Jones who informed me I had shaken the CIA up and one agent had said to him, 'This can't be true. If it was there can't be any secrets.' I also received an email from a former FBI agent who told me they had used Reverse Speech in the field, with good results.

I shook my head in amazement. Thirty-four years of my life's work vindicated. I *had* been taken seriously, and they were using my technology!

Furthermore, I also received emails from a small handful of academics and linguists, who said privately they endorsed my theories but could never go public with them. The academic community just doesn't work that way. I guess I was saying the world is round. Language is bilevel – forwards and backwards.

### **one final irony**

One final irony to relay on completion of this chapter. I received a surprising email on completion of this chapter. It was from a radio show called *Midnight in the Desert*, which was run by Art Bell. They wanted me on as a guest. I was honoured, actually, and thought it was a nice way to end this book – having Art Bell and me burying the hatchet. The producer rang and we set a date. And then, as an afterthought, I asked, 'You are aware of the conflicts between Art Bell and I twenty years ago, right?'

'No,' she replied.

I sighed inside. I didn't want to go through all this again. She said she would look into it and let me know. I got an email back saying she had researched the incident and the show was a definite 'No go!' Researched the incident? I hardly think so. She certainly didn't ask me for my side. It's all in this book. And to add irony to irony, Art Bell's old network, *Coast to Coast AM*, asked me on as a guest a week later. I accepted and the show went ahead.

My new training class started shortly afterwards, with fifteen students.

‘There are two main purposes for Reverse Speech that I see now,’ I began telling my new students. ‘That is the therapeutic aspect, which I will cover extensively in this course. And then there is the revelation of truth – the truth about our leaders and politicians, and the truth about ourselves. This aspect I will also cover extensively in this course. I want to see you skilled in both, metaphor and truth.

‘These are the two most important aspects of Reverse Speech, and, to be frank, they are really one and the same. The metaphor is the truth and the truth is a metaphor. That’s how we create. Through our own inner truth, which can be in contradiction to our conscious truth. The metaphors reflect this inner truth into the outer world. It is only by confronting this inner truth and recognising it for what it is, that we can begin to control what we create in the physical world in which we live. This too will be covered in this course.’

Then, because I was in a writing mood, I thought I would finish off *It’s Only a Metaphor*, which I had started twenty years earlier, so now here we are. I am only 61 and have much more work to do. The documentary should be out shortly, more students are being trained all the time, and Reverse Speech is on the move.



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## **it's the voice in heaven**

NOW WE COME to the last chapter of this book. It has been quite a ride. From the initial discovery, to working out the theories, and in particular the metaphors. That was a big revelation; that we think in pictures, or metaphor, and these pictures create our world. But I think the biggest revelation is what resides in the deepest regions of the mind. And that is God, or heaven. When the Bible prophesises about the New Jerusalem coming down out of heaven, I propose that it is referring to the revelation of total consciousness, to the awakening of the total mind, to the 95% that is currently unconscious to become conscious. Then God really would live with

all men because we are all divine at the core of our being. We create every waking minute of every waking day; we just don't know it because we are unconscious. That is what Reverse Speech teaches.

One of the regular listeners of the *Jeff Rense Program* found an amazing reversal on me a few years back. It talks about the depths of the mind that Reverse Speech stems from, and its awe-inspiring message. Even the dialogue is significant:

'But sometimes people ask me does Reverse Speech endorse any particular religion and the answer to that is no. There are no deities or religions that Reverse Speech endorses or says this is right or this is wrong. It just talks about the soul and the endlessness of life [and that in itself is] very powerful.' Backwards I said, **It's the voice in heaven.**

Another reversal a Reverse Speech practitioner found on himself is also significant. He was asking for his Reverse Speech to reveal to him who or what was speaking backwards. He says, 'Is there the voice of God among you [or are you servants of divinity, servants of God], or is there the voice of God?' Backwards he said, **God was in the verse. He's the living force in the verse, we are Earl.**

Both of these reversals show that there is a divine source for Reverse Speech and it comes from heaven within. Heaven is buried very deep, though, underneath layers of lies and incongruities and dysfunctional metaphors. Most people don't even know it's there, let alone how to even begin to get past the sludge to reach the pearl inside. Reverse Speech says it plays a major part in that process of revelation.

I found a significant reversal on myself during a workshop I gave in Denver. I was speaking about some of my more apocalyptic beliefs:

'You know, I don't want to get too religious but I certainly believe it's the fulfillment of many biblical and other prophecies, [the voice of the soul speaking finally, in the last days every] secret hidden in the hearts of man will be shouted from the rooftops.' Backwards I said, **Here is their sound of the mouth, its loss of soul in the end times.**

This reversal has an amazing complementarity. The exact words where the reversal occurred was 'The voice of the soul speaking finally, in the last days.' Yes indeed, the voice of the soul, the voice in heaven, the voice in limbo, is finally speaking in the last days and its message is, 'Listen to your own words, you have lost your soul. Find it again and rediscover that you are divine!'

That is the message of this book. We can access amazing powers inside of us. If we understand the power of pictures and the secrets of metaphor, WE can literally create paradise on earth. God won't come and destroy the earth in a fire of judgement. That was never the message of the prophets. The apocalypse is about the unveiling of truth, the title of my latest book, about opening the seals of the mind and revealing the divine within. Yes, people will scream and run to hide themselves from their own truth. We saw what one man did with one metaphor and the truth he didn't want revealed.

It will be a tough long road before we achieve congruity and access the divine. Many people don't want their secrets revealed. They have too much invested in the illusion. So it will take more than a generation, I believe, maybe more than a dozen generations, but it will happen. Womankind will manifest paradise on earth when we learn the secrets of metaphor and truth. Then God WILL live with man because we will have found him inside of us where he was all the time.

**the whirlwind, let it speak**

The good news, however, is that we don't have to make this journey alone, like blind men wandering aimlessly in the dark, hoping one day by some freak chance we finally make it. We have a guide map and that is the Collective Unconscious. We have already seen in this book how the Collective Unconscious speaks through Reverse Speech. I'm not saying Reverse Speech is the only way it speaks. There are other modalities and disciplines, and other scriptures which also contain great wisdom, but Reverse Speech, according to itself, is the sound of the mouth, the most direct access ever yet offered to the human race. The following reversal, which I found on a client, gives us even more clues.

'Well yeah, finding peace within the world and with others, that it's all peaceful for them and that it all works great.' Backwards she says, **The whirlwind, let it speak. Your mouth by you.**

We need to connect to the Whirlwind, to learn to hear its voice. It is everywhere and pervades all things. It connects a lonely researcher in the Antarctic to a busy businessman in London. I told you in this book how to create energetic rapport. That's your first step. Feel the whirlwind, and if you want to hear its voice, or the sound of mouth, then we have some great software to get you started!

Seriously, though, get involved. This is a great adventure. You can be a pioneer and help create a new revolution – a revolution of enlightenment – and help our civilisation manifest the New Jerusalem on planet earth.

And that is only a metaphor.





## *Appendix*

# A

### **metaphors and the structures of the unconscious mind**

OUR LIFE IS SURROUNDED by pictures. We see them in the morning newspaper, we see them in the city streets, and we see them in the houses in which we live. Take a moment to glance around at the room where you are sitting right now. What do you see? Furniture, activity, people? My research with Reverse Speech tells me that what you are seeing is a reflection of who you are. Look at the clothes you are wearing and look at the clothes of those around you. Are they similar? The chances are that they are. This is because the world in which we live is a reflection of the pictures in our

mind and is manifested by the words of our mouth and the deeds of our hand.

On the deep structural level, the thoughts of the unconscious mind are orchestrated by a series of complex interwoven pictures. These pictures have become known as metaphors. A metaphor is a word that describes in pictures the various functions of the unconscious mind. The unconscious mind is the area of the psyche that is below consciousness. It is alive and active, constantly functioning and processing all aspects of behaviour. Each function of the unconscious mind has a specific metaphor that combines with other metaphors to create the movies of life. They can be seen in our fascination for wolves, the primordial call of the wild. They can be felt in our awe of the power of the tornado whirling through the desert, and they can be heard in the noises of the city as the sounds reflect the activity of the collective mind continually processing.

During my twelve years of research with Reverse Speech, I have extensively tracked and mapped many of these metaphors. I have connected some of them to specific areas of human behaviour and expression, and have found them to be acted out in the everyday dramas of life. So let me begin at the basics and give you some examples.

The metaphors *anima* and *animus* are prime structural metaphors. Carl Jung described them as the raw basic male, female energies. *Anima* is female and *animus* is male. My research shows that they form the foundation stones on which all else is built. The way they combine within the individual mind creates the expression of the whole. For example, up until two months ago I was living by myself, endeavouring to raise my twin daughters as a single dad. People who came



into my house commented that the energy was very male. I found this comment strange, but as I looked around I saw my figurines of Zeus and Socrates and the Lone Sailor and the Wolf. I realised these were all male figures and they reflected who I was. A researcher, scholar and explorer, living away from my home of Australia, strongly protecting my children.

Then, two months ago my sister came over from Australia to live with me. The house became brighter and neater and the furniture began to change. Female figurines appeared in the house. I became more creative and was able to write again. Meanwhile, my sister became stronger and more confident. My *animus* male metaphor had begun to merge with my sister's female *anima* metaphor and this combination was reflected in my surroundings and the way I lived. The combination could also be seen in my children as they became softer, more feminine, and tidier.

Just recently my cousin also arrived from Australia. The tidiness level dropped but the house seemed fuller and richer, less stagnant. My speed picked up and I worked faster. Another character had arrived on the scene and the movie set of the mind changed. Even my language changed and my speech, which had begun to show the first traces of an American accent, began to resume its original Aussie flavour – mate!

Human behaviour is exactly the same. Imagine the mind like a house. It has many rooms and characters. If the characters are asleep, the house is quiet. If one character is too loud, it will drown out the other characters and the house will not function properly. If the characters in the house decide to pool their resources the house will expand and grow,

affecting all those around.

Therefore, the key to understanding human behaviour is to understand the pictures that govern our world. The key to changing our world is to first of all recognise that the characters of our own plot are a reflection of our own pictures. An aggressive person will tend to associate with aggressive people. Like minds attract each other because the pictures are the same.

If you are continually having dysfunctional relationships, then I suspect that your family and friends are also. Many people will scream and complain, why is this happening to me, and they will search everywhere for the reason except for where the real cause resides. It resides within. Relationships are dysfunctional because the pictures are dysfunctional. If the dysfunction is in the area of male/female relationships, then one could suspect that there is an imbalance or incongruity with the *anima* and *animus* within. As this incongruity is repaired so will the metaphor change and behaviour alter in the external world, including the new pictures and movie plot that the metaphor begins to create.

So how do you change the metaphors? First of all, you must recognise what they are. I have a tremendous advantage with Reverse Speech because it allows me direct access to the core structures of the mind. Here I can see the actual metaphors or pictures that create the symptoms of the behaviour.

Without Reverse Speech you need to look at who you are. Look at the language you use. Do you say 'goddamn it' as a cuss and wonder why everything always falls apart? Change it to 'Godsave it'. You'll find it works a lot better. Some of us live in a dark world of despair. If you close your eyes, you'll see the pictures. Change the pictures and turn on the light.

You'll find that a connection is made and the movie plot will become enhanced.

Here's some basic pictures to start with. The *Wolf* is a metaphor for the ability to move forward, to hunt and protect. I have a strong *Wolf*, reflected by my success as a single dad and the founder of a technology. Now, obviously I needed more than a wolf to nurture my girls and business, like my feminine metaphor of *Eve*, the matured spiritual woman.

I have a successful practice where I use hypnosis, visualisations, and the lessons of Reverse Speech to change my clients' pictures. I find that as the pictures change so does the behaviour. My success rate is impressive. Take, for example, the *Wolf*. Close your eyes and picture a wolf. Is it small or big? It needs to be about waist high and well groomed. Change the picture in your mind and keep it stable. Try and feel what it would be like to become the wolf. You'll find that as you gain success with this image the behaviour will slowly change, because as you change the metaphor you change the movie, which changes the scenes you create around you.

Do you find you cannot relax and are constantly on the go? Close your eyes and picture a whirlwind spinning in a desert. Take a deep breath and slow the rotation of the wind down. Make sure it's spinning smoothly, with no kinks. You'll find that as the pictures alter so will the structures of the unconscious alter, and this change will be reflected throughout many different aspects of your life. The whirlwind is the energy system of the body. Its image affects all.

As we begin to understand the many pictures that create our world, and accept our own responsibility in creating them, we can begin to change the pictures and regain con-

trol. The human psyche is a product of the pictures of its history. Each event has etched its own mark on the psyche, becoming metaphors which access the many forces that drive us. In many respects we still live the curse of the garden as the snake still tempts us all. The metaphor remains; it's just the characters and settings that have altered. Ancient Rome still lives in the markets and battlefields of the world. Hitler still marches on in the repression and torture of individuality.

It is time to change the pictures of the planet, to access the healing metaphors within. Then, as we begin to change, so will the world around. Stop blaming others for the inadequacies of your own life, because the more you blame and complain, the more you allow the metaphor to have power over you. Change the pictures and change your world.

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David John Oates  
June 1996

## *Appendix*

# *B*

### **we now have no choice**

THE FOLLOWING TRANSCRIPT contains selected portions of an interview I conducted in February 1996. It was recorded on a local cable television program and aired in Long Beach California during the months of March and April. The dialogue where the reversals occurred are marked with brackets [ ]. This is so you can examine the exact speech complementarity.

As you read, note the vast differences between conscious communication and unconscious communication. See the underlying dialogue that occurred between the interviewer

and myself and you're now in the twilight zone. Two conversations in one. This type of reversed dialogue is also very typical of the phenomenon, so, once again, welcome to another aspect of yourself.

Additionally, I hope this transcript will ground you down into who I really am in the conscious world as you also examine the dialogue just by itself. I am not saying that this book does not present the real me. It does. It presents the real me in a way that goes beyond anything else ever presented before. This is because I showed you all of me in this book — faults and struggles — conscious as well as unconscious. Many sections of my book and conversations were coloured and altered by the inclusion of Reverse Speech language, as well as the many hidden messages contained therein.

I did this because this book is a mirror, and I was hoping that you would see and understand yourself through my eyes. I hope it worked. But now you can see more of who I really am because two halves of me are separated below, conscious and unconscious. The forwards is who you will meet in the street. The backwards is who you will meet as a White Wolf in your dreams.

*Interviewer:* You know, the implications here [is that] we are a bunch of dishonest people, con artists. **Aussie worry.**

*David:* The implications, [if this technology proves to be real], the implications will change the [whole face of the planet] because what I am saying is that once every ten seconds of speech you can hear very clear and precise English phrases backwards that are what you are thinking and feeling at the time of speaking. If my research proves to be correct, the implications are mind blowing to say the least. **Shout with me.**

**The Whirlwind surf beyond / Enough with the self.**

*Interviewer:* Well the only way we're going to get the truth out of each other is to record each other and then play back.

*David:* That's exactly what I'm saying.

*Interviewer:* And [that doesn't seem practical]. **Deal with nervous soul.**

*David:* It didn't seem practical for man to fly as well. Whenever any new discoveries [come into history] it takes us by surprise. Oh no! We can fly, the world is round, [you mean] we can play tapes backwards. It falls into the same category. **You seized your mark / You hear me.**

*Interviewer:* Do you see us arriving at a point [where all of us will be taping] each other and playing it back to determine the truth? **You face devil. Serve the law, Earl.**

*David:* If civilisation [lasts that long] once this hits, yeah. **Involve their soul.**

*Interviewer:* [Do you know if any other] countries are using this technology? **Lover. Ain't it horny.**

*David:* [I am the only person in the world] doing it. [Um, I'm the one] who discovered it and founded it, [and developed it. This is a brand new discovery]. This is a completely new quantum shift in the face of our planet. That's exactly what we're looking at. **You will surf your name / You're now with thou mark / It breaks this city now with the simple love in it.**

*Interviewer:* Have you been able to use this in any court situation?

*David:* I've worked with a couple of attorneys. It hasn't been presented [in court yet]. We've used it in depositions to [find out hidden information behind the deposition]. Now it

could be accepted in court cos the Judas Priest trial that happened four years ago actually [laid down the legal ruling] that [these things did exist]. What they didn't state is they didn't know whether they were subliminal or not. **Lay off me / They're afraid to know. Hide the shame with me / The Lord will heal them / Says get Eden.**

*Interviewer:* [Could this sometimes] cause embarrassment to people by [revealing something they really don't want to reveal]? **Madness. My sin look / I'll have you know, I do (crime deleted), I must believe you.**

*David:* [Let me ask you this. How would you like me to tape you] right now and play you back. [Do you have things] in your life you wouldn't want to have revealed? **Lust within. You may see the shaming / You sniff the hate.**

*Interviewer:* Probably so.

*David:* We all do, and that's the scary [thing about this whole technology]. **Use the wine. Gets to walk, see heaven.**

*Interviewer:* That was [my big concern about the legal status of this]. **Oates will deal with love. The nurse will give Mom. Arm the helm.**

*David:* Oh yeah. [This is going to] change the whole, this is going to throw the whole, once people realise that this is real, and I have all the [evidence to verify this], it's going to change [our whole approach to] life. **I can see war / Seen our purpose / You shout the law.**

*Interviewer:* It can be rather frightening cos I can see that it also has the potential for blackmail. Also for spouses, [a spouse using that in a divorce case], so there's going to have to be some [checks and balances on this because it could very well get out of hand]. **Sex solve an earth, naked. Damn your**



seas / **Your nerved because your sin was a slide.**

*David:* Absolutely. I've been standing up shouting for seven years and [it needs to be looked at]. It needs [to be seriously evaluated and I'm putting it out there and I'm saying here it is. [I have all the evidence to verify it's real]. What are we going to do with it? **They pull your sin beard / Love your face / Where's our purpose. Obey law.**

*Interviewer:* What do you see as its greatest value?

*David:* I see its greatest value as allowing mankind to come back to themselves again. For us to recapture our spiritual values, to look down inside and see who we really are. The human race can never grow, it can never evolve [until we become congruent]. There is [so much violence] out there in society and there's violence out there cos there's violence inside. And we need to look inside and see the violence, [see the demons] or the metaphors of the unconscious that live within. This will allow us to see who we are, what makes us function and then to change that. To move forwards. **Look. Mark mocking wisdom / Face the love / Where's the beast.**

*Interviewer:* You speak of people knowing themselves. David there are people who can't afford to know themselves. [If one should make certain admissions] about one's shortcomings, there are times when people could be destroyed [to really know who they really are]. **Your love was ashamed with your skin. Listen / You warn little lesson.**

*David:* Oh absolutely. When the light comes they will hide from the light. It's scary. We have learned as a society to be dishonest, to be incongruent. We have forgotten what it means to be truthful. [And this, it's ironic, you know]. It's almost like the universe is saying, wake up. [You now have no choice. You now have no choice] because your truth [is

imbedded] backwards into the sounds of your speech. **Your ass seeks divorce, semen / Ocean behind me. Ocean behind you / Let me see.**

*Interviewer:* Could this possibly [make us finally] into honest people? **Announce this again.**

*David:* That is my dream. [That is my dream]. I believe, I have great hope for humanity, I really do. I mean God's called us to be strong and to move forward and to love and to care. And we've forgotten how to do that, we really have. [We are afraid] to face the demons within us and this is the only way it can happen. **Use Aussie lad / They'll fry you.**

*Interviewer:* I can see some grey areas also.

*David:* Oh sure. There's a lot of grey areas. I don't pretend to have the answers by any means. I'm just an Aussie from the outback. It's true. I accidentally stumbled across this and I'm trying to get people to listen to me. I mean, I need help in interpreting it and [understanding it]. We're accessing [some very powerful forces] and we need a lot of help. **Bring an answer / This awful fire, nerves.**

*Interviewer:* In about thirty seconds, David, what do you see for the future of this Reverse Speech technology? **Here's the Lord. Get Jesus server.**

*David:* Personally, I see a lot of hard work. I believe I've made a very important discovery and I want it to be accepted and [recognised. Collectively], I think it's the way that humanity can begin to grow and expand and come back to our roots again. **You'll feed hell sound.**



DAVID JOHN OATES was born in rural Australia 30 October 1955, the firstborn son of a Methodist minister. He spent his childhood traveling with his family from church to church, and fiddling with electronics. By his early teens he was building amplifiers for his small rock and roll band, and experimenting with radio equipment.

He attended a private college for his high school years but left early, without graduating, and started work as an insurance clerk. In his spare time he was involved in church youth groups and working for drop-in centres catering for street kids.

At the age of twenty, despite having a severe speech stutter, he secured a job as a representative for life insurance, a career he excelled in, and also obtained his amateur radio license, a hobby that also required the ability to speak clearly. Additionally, he became a part-time youth pastor working with street kids.

In his mid twenties David left insurance and devoted himself to youth work. It was while running a halfway house for street kids in 1984 that he first heard about backward messages in rock and roll, and a new hobby was born – playing tapes backwards. He rapidly became obsessed and by 1987 he had developed his theory of Reverse Speech.

David has had an active career, now spanning 32 years, furthering the field of Reverse Speech. He has developed new theories and designed therapeutic and training techniques. He has published several books on Reverse Speech, including *Beyond Backward Masking*, *Voices from the Unconscious*, *A New Theory about Language* and *Unveiling the Truth*, as well as numerous tapes and training manuals.

Overcoming his speech stutter, he has lectured around the world to crowds of thousands, and trained hundreds of students. He has also instigated some of the first mainstream studies and presented Reverse Speech on thousands of radio shows, including his own show, *The David John Oates Reverse Speech Show*, that ran successfully for three years, syndicated coast to coast in the United States, where David lived for ten years in the 1990s.

While in the States he appeared on dozens of television programs, including CNN's *Larry King Live*, *Geraldo*, *Leeza Gibbons*, *Strange Universe*, and *Extra*, to name a few. In Australia he has appeared on such shows as *Good Morning Australia*, *Today Tonight*, *A Current Affair*, and *Today*. His work has also featured in hundreds of papers and well-known publications such as *The New York Times*, *Harpers Review*, *Omni* magazine and *Discover* magazine.