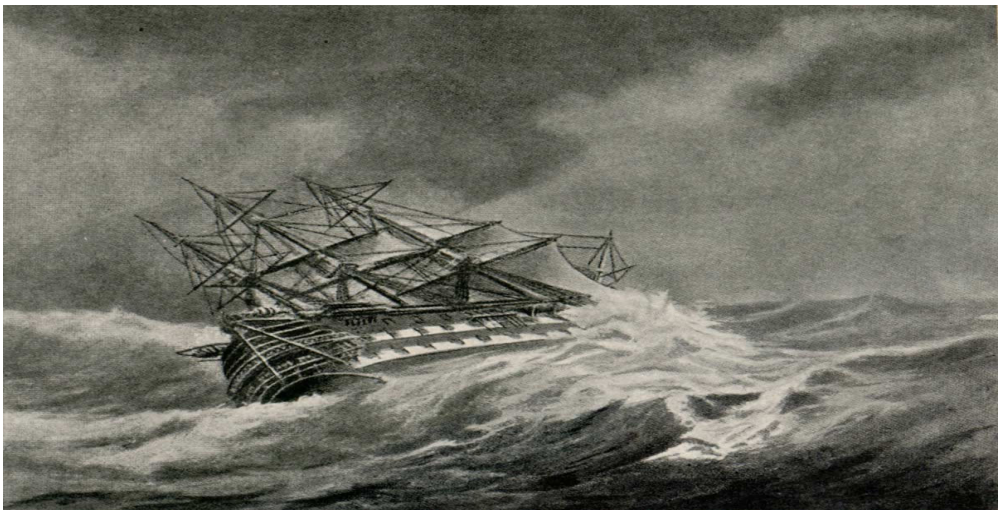
The Tempest
Francis Bacon's Miracle of Art



"Nor is this all. But as by rare and extraordinary works of nature the understanding is excited and raised to the investigation and discovery of Forms capable of including them; so also is this done by excellent and wonderful works of art; and that in a much greater degree because the method of creating and constructing such miracles of art is in most cases plain, whereas in the miracles of nature it is generally obscure. But with these also we must use the utmost caution, lest they depress the understanding and fasten it as it were to the ground.

For there is danger lest the contemplation of such works of art, which appear to be the very summits and crowning points of human industry, may so astonish and bind and bewitch the understanding with regard to them, that it shall be incapable of dealing with any other, but shall think that nothing can be done in that kind except by the same way in which these were done; only with the use of greater diligence and more accurate preparation."

Francis Bacon - Novum Organum

I have read many esoteric works, but in my opinion nothing even begins to compare with The Tempest, which I will explore in this book. Before I begin my study of the work, however, I think it will be helpful, for the sake of full disclosure, if I itemize and describe some of the resources that contributed to this study. I have divided these resources into the categories of NATURAL and SUPERNATURAL.

RESOURCES - NATURAL

When I first became interested in The Tempest I lived at a location convenient to the Library of Congress in Washington, D.C. I went to the Main Reading Room in the Library of Congress most nights and almost every weekend when I was not working. The Main Reading Room was a huge well-lighted circular area with a large central green glass dome at a considerable distance overhead. The readers' desks were arranged in concentric circles around the center area where the staff people worked to whom requests for books were given.

LIBRARY OF CONGRESS MAIN READING ROOM

There were, however, two major drawbacks to using the Main Reading Room; one was that while searching the indexes for books containing essays on the Shakespeare Plays it was usually impossible to determine what particular plays were covered by the essays in any given book, and the other was that a lot of time was wasted waiting for the requested book to be delivered. I ultimately solved these problems by obtaining a permit that allowed me access to the area of the Library of Congress known as The Stacks. The Stacks were where the books were kept. One large open area on the side of the Main Reading Room contained the beginning of the index files of books in the library. There were so many of these indexes that they extended into, and filled up, another large room. A door from this other large room opened onto to several successive flights of stairs that went down to a tunnel that led in one direction to the building across the street where the Thomas Jefferson Reading Room was located, and in the other direction led to a location beneath the Senate Office Building. Another door, along the circular green walls of the well-lighted Main Reading Room, opened directly onto the darkness of one section of The Stacks. Not only was this section of The Stacks a huge area, but only a portion of the stacks were on this level, and there were a number of other levels. After the considerable time required to familiarize myself I located the area where the shelves were located that contained the books with the essays on the Shakespeare works. The central

aisle of this murky area was about ten feet in width and some 100 yards or so long with small single dim lights, some seven feet overhead, spaced about 25 feet apart along that dimly lit the central area.

The rows of iron bookshelves, some 20 feet in length at right angles to the central aisle on either side, were painted black and extended row after row after row for the full distance of the 100 yards, or so. They had a height of around six feet. Each row was comprised of some six or so connected shelves extending along the 20-foot length. A lane about four feet in width separated each respective row of bookshelves. The backs of the bookshelves in each row of shelves were connected to the back of the bookcases facing in the opposite direction in the next row of shelves. This area of The Stacks contained the same format of shelves running along each side of the central aisle. The lanes between each row of book shelves on each side of this central aisle were completely dark, but at the end of each lane, next to the entry from the central aisle was a small timer dial that when turned all the way around turned on a series of lights along the area between the two rows of book shelves. The timer dial activated for perhaps three minutes and when it clicked all the way around back to its starting position the lights went off again so it was necessary to grope my way in total darkness back to the dial and turn it all the way back around again. Before I did this each time I had to locate my place in total darkness along the books by pulling the book out a couple of inches at the location where I was to mark my place. In this fashion I leafed though each of the successive books of essays, searching for essays on The Tempest. When I found one I marked its place with a strip of paper and when I accumulated as many books as I could conveniently carry, I marked my location along the book shelves and took my load of books the Xerox room and made copies of all of the Tempest essays. In this way I eventually accumulated a sizable collection of essays on The Tempest.

Both male and female Pages retrieved books requested from the stacks. Usually while I was accumulated my books everything was completely silent in this area except for the clicking of the dial, but occasionally off in the stygian darkness I would hear a female shriek followed by a deeper masculine chuckle. I may be overreaching, but it seems not altogether implausible to me that in addition to the marvelous dissemination of knowledge the library provided, it may have also contributed to the ever-growing population of Washington, D.C.

RESOURCES - SUPERNATURAL

EDGAR CAYCE

The famous American psychic, Edgar Cayce, exhibited a variety of psychic abilities in the waking state, but it was his ability as a sleeping seer that made him famous. He could put himself to sleep and tap into an apparently limitless source of knowledge. Edgar Cayce himself called this The Information. Twice a day for almost forty years he would lie down on a couch and put himself to sleep and "The Information" could come pouring from his unconscious mind. People came from every walk of life and brought with them almost every question the human mind can conceive. "The Information" never faltered. Much of this was devoted to diagnosing illnesses. Cayce could cure people doctors said was incurable. Another major portion of his readings was the "Life Readings". In these readings Cayce told people about their past incarnations in the earth and how these incarnations related to their present abilities and situations.

After I happened across the book, "There Is A River" by Thomas Sugrue, I was greatly interested in the Cayce readings for a long time. I made frequent trips to the Edgar Cayce A.R.E. institute at Virginia Beach, Virginia, and while there I read for hours from the Edgar Cayce Reading stored in the scores of loose-leaf binders in the library there. I greatly regretted I never had a chance to get a reading from Cayce, and get some of the questions I was interested in, answered. Then my interest moved on to other matters. But then one day later, in October of 1963, I took a nap one Sunday afternoon. And I had a peculiar experience:

> Edgar Cayce was giving a reading for me. I was asking him questions, and as I asked the questions he was answering. Then a light began all around his body, and grew brighter and brighter until in its dazzling brightness I could not see at all. Then a voice, which I understood to be referring to me, came from the midst of the light. The voice said, "This one was formerly a student of mine, and there Are indications that he will be so again.''

After this I awoke immediately, and curiously there was a sensation as if a strong light had dazzled my eyes. For a short period of time I could not see at all, and then my sight gradually returned.

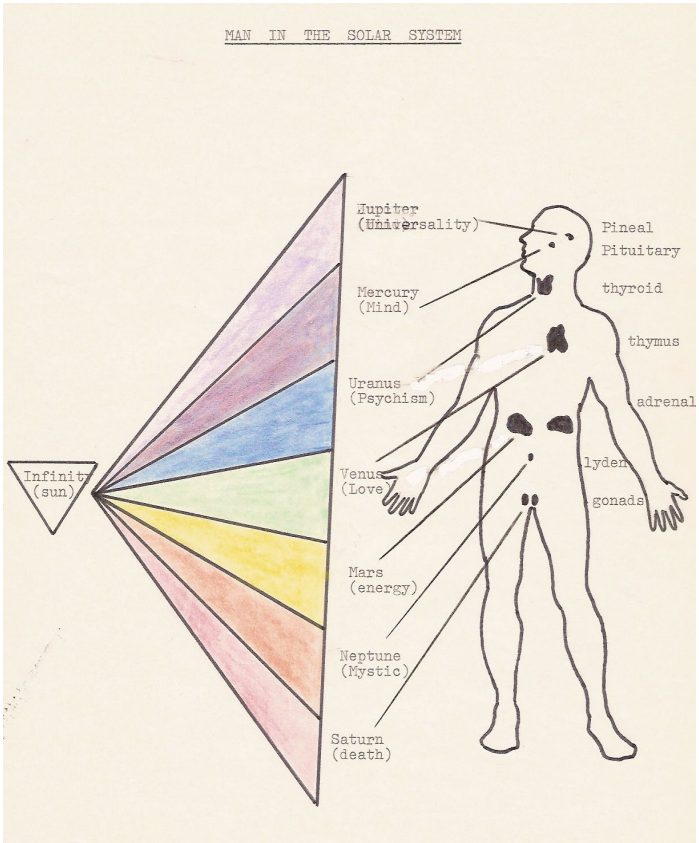
After this strange incident I made trips again to Virginia Beach where I read from the copies of the readings that were maintained there. There were around 55,000 pages of material from the Readings. Finally the Cayce Foundation published a CD, which contained all of the Reading, and I bought a copy. I read through, or scanned through, approximately 33,000 pages from the 55,000 pages of material. The preponderance of these were what was called "Physical" reading where in his trance state Cayce had diagnosed cures for a great many people who had sought help from him. There were not much material in the Readings that applied to my quest for information related to Francis Bacon, but a few items threw some bits of interesting light on Bacon and were interesting enough to include him with my resources.

While in his entranced state Cayce described the reason for his ability while in this state. Cayce said the ability of all psychics came from the soul, that psychics are people who have the ability in some degree to bring through to the waking consciousness the soul consciousness that is behind the ordinary waking consciousness. He called the ordinary waking consciousness the superficial consciousness. According to Cayce souls were cosmic entities with unlimited life spans, existing for eons of time beyond the

comprehension of an earthbound mentality. And if the lifespan of these cosmic entities were beyond the comprehension of earthbound mentalities, the state of consciousness of the souls were even more beyond that comprehension. The consciousness of the souls existed outside of time and causality, but with all their power when the souls entered the earth, they entered as cosmic children, unlimited in potentiality, but limited in experience.

In the beginning, Cayce said, they created to be co-creators with God. They were, themselves, creative gods. They could create just with the power of thought. But they became bemused with their own power and began to experiment with the conditions around the earth. They mingled with the forces of the earth plane, with the animals, and made, in imitation of them, thought forms. They wanted to feel the beauty of the seas, the winds, the forests, and the flowers. Like children they were bemused, and they played. But it was a playing and imitating, that interfered with that which had already been set in motion, and thus the stream of mind current carrying out the plan for the earth gradually drew the souls into its current. They were intended to be only on lookers, but they had to go along with it, in bodies they had themselves created through the use of their innate soul force.

Gradually the fantastic soul powers these celestial entities had in the beginning, when they first entered the earth, became smothered and submerged by carnality. The souls had become trapped in matter. God created an ideal body for man. This was the prototypal man, what the Kabalists called Adam Kadmon. A soul volunteered to be the first to enter this body. This was Adam. This vehicle was provided for the indwelling souls who had became trapped in the earth. But now another catastrophe occurred. Many of the high souls, the sons of heaven, who had been set as watchers to control the plan on earth, saw the daughters of man being born on earth, that they were exceedingly fair, and forsaken their celestial estate to take unto them these daughters of men as wives. In the beginning, when the souls first entered physical bodies, there existed only one consciousness-that of the soul. But the soul consciousness gradually became submerged, and a separate physical body consciousness was formed over it. At first the soul consciousness was always present. Then appeared flashes when only the newly formed separate consciousness of the physical body operated. The periods during which the soul consciousness was present in the physical body became shorter as the new physical consciousness became longer.



Finally it was the soul consciousness, which existed only as flashes. Then this consciousness became totally submerged and disappeared altogether from the waking consciousness to be experienced only while the physical body was totally submerged in sleep. The appearance of this consciousness in the sleep state came to be known as dreams. Finally, in some people the movement away from the soul consciousness went

so far that they even ceased to be aware of their dreams. Man was left with a conscious mind definitely separated from the mind of the soul. He now called the mind of the soul the subconscious mind. His true self, and his origin, which at first was known to all, was remembered only in dreams, and then as the dreams faded, in stories and fables handed down from generation to generation. According to Cayce the earth was the testing portion of the soul's sojourn in the Solar System. Between lives in the earth Cayce said the soul went the realm of the various planets. Each human was a replica in miniature of the Solar System. The respective endocrine organs in the human body corresponded to centers in the subtle body of the soul, and these in turn corresponded to the respective planets. Each planet embodied a particular quality, and the task of the soul was to perfect each of these centers in the soul. Once this had been done the soul completed its sojourn of incarnation in the earth and in this solar system, but this was only a segment of a progress that would end when it returned to its Creator. From this solar system the soul went on the greater sun (Arcturus) around which our sun orbits. In that greater cycle of experience Cayce implied that the soul entered into the development of a higher sevenfold spectrum of qualities. Apparently this began with the quality of will for Cayce said the will was greatly magnified in Arcturus. Cayce also said in certain instances individuals returned from Arcturus to this system

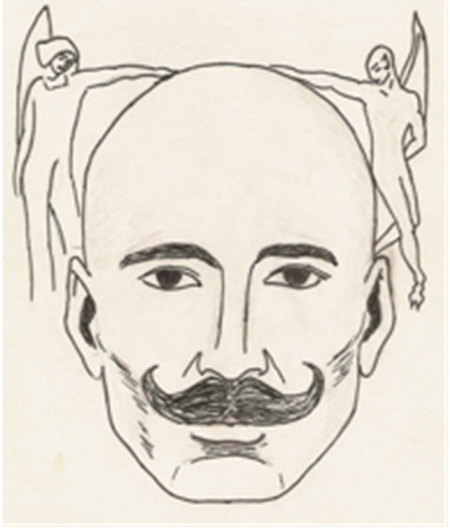
RESOURCES - NATURAL

In my quest I happened across a very interesting book titled SHAKESPEARE'S MYSTERY PLAY by Colin Still. Still's book made a very convincing case for the claim that a major allegory in The Tempest was the Eleusinian Mysteries. I found a French book by Victor Magnien, The Mystries d'Eleusis. Leurs Origines, le ritual deleurs initiations, Pay ot, "Bibliotheque scientifique: 1929 in which he had collected and described in detail all of the classical references to these mysteries. I made a copy of this book in the Library of Congress and begin to teach myself French during the process of translating it into English, and eventually I translated the entire book into English so it could be easily used as a reference in investigating the Eleusinian Mysteries claim.

RESOURCES - SUPERNATURAL

GEORGE GURDJIEFF

George Gurdjieff was a very remarkable man. He first surfaced in the city of St. Petersburg in Russia near the end of the year 1911. No one seemed to know anything about him, who he was, where he came from, or what his motives were. There was something oriental about his appearance. His fiercely curled black mustache, extraordinarily piercing eyes, and swarthy, Indian-Rajah like features, evoked images of far away exotic lands rather than a prosaic St. Petersburg Café. He was very powerfully built, and walked with the graceful, padding tread of a big cat. He could have come from somewhere in the trackless regions of central Asia, or he could have come from another planet for all anyone knew. Those who met him came away with the impression that he was someone absolutely different from, not even remotely resembling anyone they had ever know before.

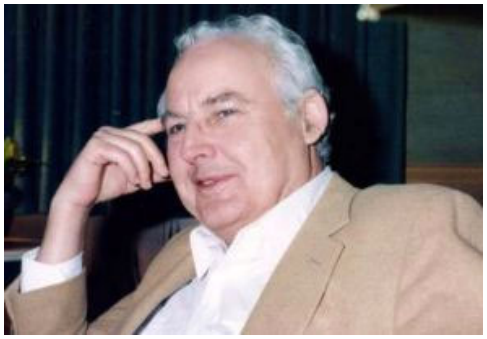


What was more, they received the distinct impression of someone disguised, who wore a mask to conceal his essentially alien nature. After a time they arrived at the realization that they would never penetrate behind the mask to see who, or what, lay behind it. He was not only unknown, he was unknowable. He openly described his pupil as guinea pigs allotted for his own use. No one knew whether he was on the side of the angels, or on the side of the devil (in the figure of Beelzebub, in his major work, *Beelzebub's Tales To his Grandson*, for example, he seemed to be painting a self portrait). But what did become abundantly clear was that this man had extraordinary knowledge as regards all aspects of the paranormal, and he not only possessed an extensive and exact knowledge of matters relating to the paranormal, he also possessed paranormal powers. Some of this information had a direct bearing on my quest. P. D. Ouspensky wrote a very good book about Gurdjieff titled "In Search of the Miraculous" and he must have been a very exceptional individual to have been granted the life circumstances that gave him the privilege of his long association with Gurdjieff. In one of his Reading Edgars Cayce was asked the question by Morton Blumenthal: "Is there any other book written after the manner of Ouspensky's "Tertium Organum" that will further help the body to gain knowledge along similar lines? And he gave a curious answer.

"Any of those that are quoted or had reference to in this book will be of assistance to the body of gaining an equilibrium of understanding of the various phases of the subject, for as treated by Ouspensky, who, as we see was the sage of the mountain in the third generation of the peoples of the Mahabha's (Mahabharata?) in Tibet – 1777-7th month-7th day-7th hour – Mahabha Tarhl, and the keeper of the records in the mount. (900-306)

RESOURCES - NATURAL

PENN LEARY



In my researches I happened across an interesting little book, "The Oak Island Enigma" by Penn Leary. Thomas Pennell "Penn" Leary worked as a trial lawyer in his native city of Omaha, Nebraska beginning in 1947 and practiced law until the late 1990s. After he became interested in the Oak Island Enigma he became convinced there were connections to Francis Bacon, he theorized that the lost "Shakespeare" manuscripts had been had been stored in the so called "Money Pit" at Oak Island by Francis Bacon, and he published a book in 1990, "The Second Cryptographic Shake-speare" in which he sought to prove his

contention. I corresponded with Penn Leary for awhile in the late 1990's. He died on March 9th, 2005.

RESOURCES - SUPERNATURAL

PERSONAL EXPERIENCES

This category is longer than the others, and it may seem that I have gone astray. But this is the background through which I eventually made contact with the mind of Francis Bacon, and that was a very importance aspect of my study of The Tempest, not to mention of my life. Moreover, it is not my intention to give a full account of my experiences, but only those that have a bearing on my study of The Tempest.

I was on my lawn chair out on the back yard one-day smoking a cigar. I had blown a perfect smoke ring that went drifting up when all of a sudden a hummingbird appeared hovering in the air right beside it. I could almost see his little bird brain trying to process the thing, thinking, "What duh shit!" and sometimes when these incidents described here happened to me, my little bird brain did the same. But I will have to just mope my way through. I will only describe enough to put my contact with the mind of Francis Bacon in context, and at that point I will provide important information, both about Francis Bacon, and about The Tempest, and then I will proceed directly to my study of The Tempest.

When I was eleven years old I had an odd dream. At that time I was attending a little rural school in south Georgia, and the way home by school bus was some five or six miles. The way across the fields (as the crow is supposed to fly, but seldom does) was only a mile or so. Due to this fortunate state of affairs it happened I frequently rejected the tediousness of the school bus for the freedom of the pedestrian route.

This latter route was all the more appealing due to the fact that it led near the home of my cousins, Dick and Bob, with whom it was usually possible to engage in some game or the other. So it often took two or three hours to walk that single mile. One afternoon I was walking home. It was a cold day in November. The way led down a lane between two fields. As I walked along I noticed someone had left an old sack lying across one of the fences. Without indulging in any confusing second thoughts regarding the proper ownership of the sack I promptly appropriated it. When I got home I located an old, used, single edged razor blade, and slit the sack down the side. Then I took it down to the small stream below my house. Although I had never seen anything larger than a minnow in the stream, I still had hopes of catching a fish. So I improvised a crude net from the sack, stretching it across the center of the stream, and staking it with sharpened sticks cut from the branch of a nearby tree.

That night I had the odd dream. In the dream I was standing in water looking at something in my hand. As I stood there in the water looking at the red-orange object in my hand it gleamed brightly in the waning rays of the setting sun. As is often the case with dreams, this particular one seemed nonsensical. On the school bus on the way to school the following morning I recalled the dream, but my thoughts were more concerned with the question of whether or not I had caught anything in the net. At school my mind dwelled at length on this while Miss Smith, our teacher, delved into the delights of geography, and various other subjects of high interest. By the time the bell rang for school to let us scholars out I had worked myself up to a state of considerable anticipation, and I started walking home in great haste. Alas for the best-laid plans of

young fishermen, however, I encountered my twin brother Matthew, and my cousins, Dick and Bob, who wanted to play a game.

By the time I got home it was quite late and the sun was already setting. I hurried down to the stream to look at my net. When I got to the edge of the stream and looked down into the water I saw a red-orange glimmer beneath the surface in the folds of the sack. Without even attempting to removed my shoes I promptly jumped, in great excitement, into the water and seized the gleaming object in my hand.

The depth of the stream was such that the water came well above my knees, and the water was icy cold. I stood there and gazed down at the fish in hand. The breast of the fish was a bright red-orange color, and it gleamed brightly in the waning rays of the setting sun. Just at that moment I remembered the dream of the night before, and realized with some surprise that what had happened in the dream was exactly what I was experiencing. The next instant the fish began to wiggle vigorously in my hand, and I released the memory of the dream and held onto the fish instead.

It was years before I knew the true significance of this incident. People who experience some event in a dream before it actually occurs tend to think in terms of psychic experiences. Edgar Cayce said:

"When the material body is laid aside, that which in the physical is called the soul becomes the body of the entity, and that called the super-conscious becomes the sub consciousness of the entity as the sub consciousness is to the physical body. The sub consciousness becomes the mind or intellect of the body.

900-304

In dream experiences the sub consciousness is the mind and the soul is the body. *The soul has the ability to travel in time and in space.* Experiences of things in dreams before they actually take place are actually instances of the soul traveling in time. George Gurdjieff had achieved a state where in his normal waking state he was in what is normally the sub conscious mind and had access to the soul body. Apropos of this, in the book *Secret Talks With Mr. G*., George Gurdjieff, said he mastered skills usually thought of as occult – such as time and space travel. After this first experience when I was 11 years old I later had numerous experiences of time and space travel when in my soul body while my physical body was asleep. I also had experiences of mind contact with others while in this state. I will describe some of these in detail since they have a bearing on my later mind contact with Francis Bacon.

Dreams have their own language, a language of symbolism and allegory. I found I often understood that language, although when I discussed dreams with others, it seemed as if I was in the valley of the blind. For example, there was a young fellow, named Sammy Henry, who lived near where I lived when I was in my early twenties. If he had a brain it certainly never showed on the surface. We used to go bar hopping together, and he was a real character. He was a little guy with an ingratiating manner, and a mental horizon limited to chasing skirts, and maintaining his own personal appearance. He had a thing about always looking sharp.

One morning, as we were on our way into Savannah, to sample the alcohol and whatever other type of entertainment this latter day species of a southern Babylon had to offer, I mentioned some of my ideas about dreams. Sammy immediately began to giggle and

delivered himself of the opinion that dreams had absolutely no meaning at all. He then proceeded to relate a dream he had only the night before in order to prove his point:

> "I was standing in a boat which was out in the middle of a river. No one was steering the boat. Only two people were in the boat, a barber and me. I dressed in a tuxedo. We were both standing, and the barber was giving me a shave. Then I looked down and saw there was a large hole in the bottom of the boat where water was pouring into the boat."

When he finished relating his dream, Sammy was giggling triumphantly, with the utter conviction that he had proven his point. To me it seemed he had proven just the opposite, for the meaning of the dream was obvious. It showed clearly his situation as he floated down the river of life. His journey was an altogether undirected one. His time was running out as quickly as the water ran in, yet he was interested only in his appearance. And although the spark of intelligence that he showed while in his waking state was rather dim, I thought the dream was quite an amazingly deft, succinct, and comprehensive depiction of his life state.

I think that while in our waking state the soul is always behind looking on. In his Leaves of Grass Walt Whitman said:

> "Apart from the pulling and hauling stands what I am,
> Stands amused, complacent, compassionating, idle, unitary,
> Looks down, is erect, or bends an arm on an impalpable certain rest,
> Looking with side-curved head curious what will come next,
> Both in and out of the game and watching and wondering at it."

Before I got my first job working for a CPA I had another time travel experience. In this "dream" I was working for a man who had some resemblance to Bobby Kennedy. There was a tall woman who worked with him. I was taking night classes at Strayer College at the time, and about a month after the time travel experience, through their job placement program at Strayer, I was placed in a job with Bernie Berstein, a CPA. There was a tall woman named Pearl who worked with him. I recognized both of them from my "dream" experience immediately. To say that Berstein was an asshole would be being charitable. During Tax Season we worked around 16 hours a day, and one day I got on the bus late at night to go home and fell asleep. When I woke the bus had stopped at the end of the line and I had no idea where I was. I think Bertaen would often go home while Pearl and I were working and take a nap, then he would reappear later looking refreshed. Berstein got generous at the end of Tax Season and gave me a bonus – a 5-dollar bill. Considering the number of extra hours I worked during Tax Season this probably came to less than a quarter an hour. It almost required "Jaws-of-Death" equipment to pry my paycheck loose from the son-of-a-bitch every week. When he did give me my paycheck it was always on Saturday at the last possible moment. I worked in the office on Saturday and he worked outside. Often he didn't show up in the office and I had to wait until the following week to get my paycheck. When I had all I could stomach of Berstein I gave him two weeks notice that I was leaving. Three days later my little two-year-old son fell asleep on our living room carpet. When he awoke the side of his face that had been against the carpet was covered with big red blotches. I called Berstein to tell him that I had to take my son to the doctor and I would be late coming in. He said, "Don't bother coming back." That was his way of getting out of paying me the last money he owed me. As the great sage O So Wise once remarked, "If assholes could fly the whole planet would be an airport."

As luck would have it the next job I got after Berstein was like falling from the frying pan into the fire. When I went to the job interview with the man, who was a CPA, he seemed to be a quite personable fellow. He sat at his desk and talked to me for a while, and finally told me I was hired for the job.

That night, however, I dreamed, and in the dream I was going through the job interview again. In the dream the man sat at his desk and talked to me just as he had that morning. But while he talked his head changed into that of a dog. Then I was on a road. I saw a dog coming towards me, and the dog was staggering as if it was drunk.

At first the dream made no sense to me. Then certain incidents began to occur at my new job. I sat outside the front office, and one of my duties was answering the phone. A few days after I started work there, I was sitting at my desk, and I was able to get an unusual amount of work done because the phone had not rung once that morning. Suddenly around 11 A.M. the man came rushing out and peremptorily ordered me back to his office. When I was in his office, seated before his desk, he stared at me for a moment and abruptly exclaimed:

"Why haven't you given me my phone calls this morning?"

"There haven't been any phone calls", I said, "The phone hasn't rang all morning."

The man looked as if he was suffering. He went into a long spiel about why was I doing this to him. Why were people always plotting against him? Why wouldn't people just let him earn a living without plotting against him? And as he talked he opened his desk drawer, and began to fondle something in the drawer.

I was completely mystified. I knew the phone had not ring that morning, and I could not understand what possessed the man. I wanted to get up and walk out. At the same time I didn't want to lose the job I had just landed. In the end I decided to humor him, and promised him faithfully that in the future I would give him all of his phone calls.

He seemed to believe me, and to regain faith in me, for he suddenly sighed, pushed his desk drawer closed, and a few seconds later he terminated the talk, and I went back to work. It didn't end there, however. Ever few days he would go through the same rigmarole again. He could call me into his office, and he would go on at length about people plotting against him. And he would tell me what a bad thing it was to plot against people while he fondled whatever the hell it was in his drawer. Invariably I would wind up promising him that I was going to reform my ways and never, ever, plot against him in the future.

Then one day while I was in his office he turned around to get some papers for me out of his brief case, which was behind his chair. He top drawer was partly open and I quickly stood up so I could see what was in it. It was a 45 caliber automatic pistol. And suddenly, as I looked at the pistol, I felt almost light headed (while the sweat trickled down my forehead) for I suddenly realized what the dream meant. The dog in the dream was staggering because it had rabies. The dog was mad. The dream had tried to tell me that the man was mad. Which he most assuredly was: Mad! Mad! Mad! And my future was apt to wind up: Bad! Bad! Bad! : If I didn't find another job and get away from the son-of-a-bitch. I managed to get another job working for the government at the

Department of Housing and Urban Development: no more working those insane hours, and when I did work overtime I paid for it.

Often in time travel "dream" experience I found myself some other person in some other time and some other place and there was no way to tell whether this was in the pass or in the future. In in one time travel experience, however, it was definitely in the future. I was on a space ship returning to earth after having spent some time on another planet.

As I continued to interest myself in my dreams another phenomenon popped up my dreams. This was the phenomenon of The Voice, which ostensibly is the Higher Self (the soul) speaking directly to the prisoner in the flesh in words instead of the usual symbol and allegory. It began with the following dream:

> After practicing basketball in a gym I left the building and followed a trench which came to an Egyptian crypt. The name on the crypt seemed similar to King Tut's. There was material with printing shaped similar to the customary marble on a crypt which seemed to be made out of gold. Suddenly this swung open, and I went down some stairs that led under ground. I seemed to be aware that this was where the Egyptians went to dream. Then I heard The Voice:
>
> THEY WERE MASTERS OF DREAMS

Here is another dream of this type:

> I had slept and awoke. I was in a house in which the windows were Long, going all the way around the side of the house, rather like slits about two feet from the bottom to the top. A movie was plays. Instead of seeing outside the house, wherever I looked at the windows, I saw the movie rather like a panoramic type screen which ran all along the side of the house and even where it curved around the end of the house. I was impressed by the rich, vivid, color tonality of the movie. The picture was clearer where it curved around at the end of the house. The Voice spoke:
>
> IN THIS STATE YOU CAN COMMUNICATE WITH ALL OTHERS WHO ARE IN THE SAME STATE

Here is an experience that involved time travel as well as The Voice. In my wage slave days I worked as an accountant. One day I was at work, and another man there was working on reconciling a ledger. He spent all day working on the ledger and still didn't reconcile it. I felt critical of him because I didn't think he was all that bright, and I felt I could have done a much better job. After everyone had left work that day I went over and looked at the ledger the man had been working on. Sure enough it only took me about five minutes to find the problem, and to total up to the correct amount. When I found this I felt rather puffed up with what I considered justifiable pride, and I felt even more contemptuous of the man's ability. But evidently the Mind Behind My Mind felt differently. That night I had an unusual experience:

> I was aware that I had had a past life during the golden age of Ancient Greece. In the dream I traveled back to this time, and saw events

from this life. Then The Voice spoke:

YOU GAINED YOUR PRESENT MENTAL ABILITY FROM
THIS LIFE, BUT THAT ABILITY IS NOT TO BE USED TO
SCORN, RATHER IT IS TO BE USED TO HEAL AND
TO COME UP TO THE RIGHT TOTAL

Everybody's a critic! Other experiences without benefit of The Voice also involved the element of time travel.

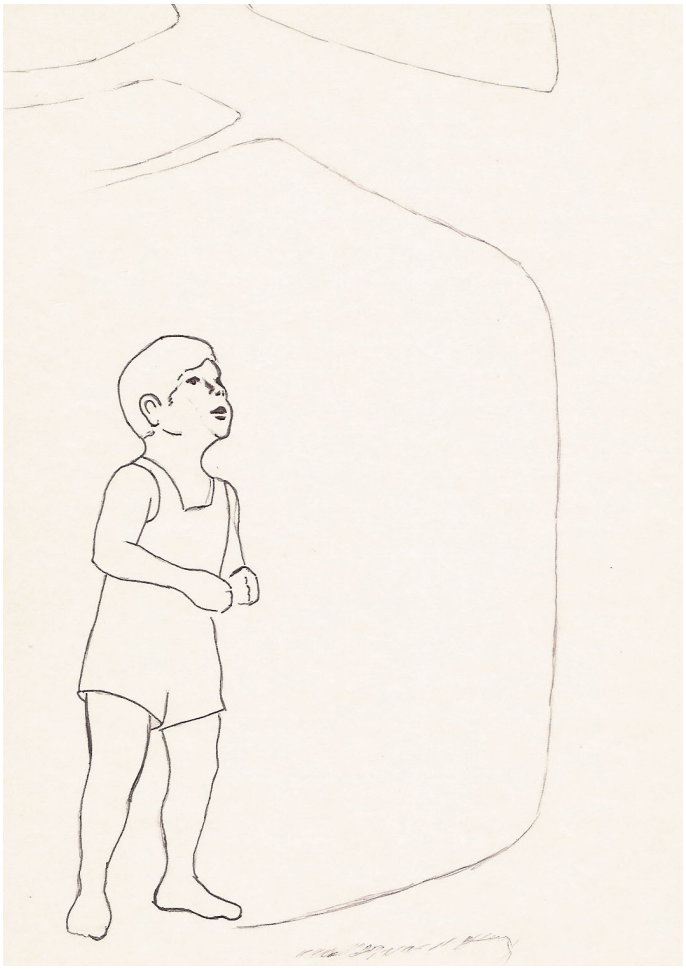
There was a man who worked in the same office where I worked. He was a little guy with a big grade. He always walked around looking downward with an expression of some secret, inner amusement on his face. One night he went up town in D.C. to see a movie. Three young blacks robbed him. He did not resist, but gave them all of his money. However, they were not interested only in robbing him, but then took turns with one of them doing his best to beat him into a bloody pulp while the two others held him.

When the man returned to work a week later he still looked as if someone had worked him over with a baseball bat. I didn't give much thought to the matter, but the incident must have affected me more than I though because that night I had the following dream:

Some type of parade was taking place. The VIP present seemed to be a Duke, although I am not sure of his title. He looked absolutely malignant. He was small, very swarthy, with a hooknose. He was on his horse in the Street with
others. I seemed to be a page. When I saw that he wanted something I hastily took it out to him.

Later they had the remainder of the parade. There were two men in the parade who were professional torturers. They walked side by side, and in front of them was some sort of contraption on which they each had two men man stretched out, tied down, almost naked like raw meat on a grill, above an open fire. Just as they passed the Duke they used small ladles to dash quantities of boiling oil onto the underside of the men who were stretched out on the grill above, apparently to draw agonizing screams from the prisoners and impress the Duke with their abilities as torturers. But the prisoners were so used up they didn't even groan. Then the Duke turned and looked in my direction, and some inner impulse told me to look closely at him. I did and suddenly I became aware that he was the same man who worked in the office, and had been beaten up. When I thought about this experience the following day I felt there could have been a karmic cause for the incident. The young blacks could well have been some of the people over whom he had exercised his own special charms in the distant past.

In my early twenties I met a rather remarkable man named Stuart Miller. Among other remarkable traits he had a technique for regressing people back to their past lives. Stuart Miller not only believed in reincarnation, he said he could remember some portions of his past lives. He said that in the life before his present life he was a trapper and was killed by an Indian who struck him on the head with a tomahawk. He showed me a long, thin scar under his hairline that he said he had been born with, and had come from being struck with the tomahawk in that past life. I couldn't wait to try his regression. He had me lie on his couch and go through a number of mental exercises that he said was designed to wake up my mind. After these preliminaries of his system he made the suggestion that caused me to go further and further back in my present life. Suddenly a memory



bobbed up. It came from far back, probably when I was around three years old. It was startlingly powerful like those quasars on the edge of our universe. I was standing outside on a sunny day, underneath a huge oak tree, which was in a yard near a house. The memory had a singular content. The tree was alive. Was it just my imagination? I didn't know. I only knew that in that memory, that startlingly vivid memory, there was the quite definite awareness that, as I stood there, a small child of perhaps three years of age I knew the tree was alive. Not only this. I felt the warm and kindly sentience of the great presence of the tree. Also in the memory there was another content. I had no awareness of myself. There was only awareness. Awareness of the vivid, golden, tint of the sun which seemed to fill the air with charged, dancing particles, and of the warm, kindly sentience which was the great, living presence, of the tree. There was no thought. Not even wonder. There was just awareness as I stood there bathed in the presence of that great, sentient, benevolent tree.

After this, Miller made the suggestion that I go further back, further, and further, and then I began experiencing what seemed to be a memory from a prior life. In this memory I was a priest in Ancient Egypt, and was engaged in some type of ceremony along with other priests. Of the memories I experienced in the regression session the memory about the tree impressed me most. What I caught in that early memory was a glimpse of the state of consciousness (the sub-conscious) that is the state of consciousness of very young children. As the child grows older another type of consciousness gradually forms over the subconscious. This state of consciousness is like a net across the consciousness that lies behind it. The state of consciousness that is normal to people everywhere is an entirely mechanical, automatic flow of associative consciousness that is continually driven by outside stimuli. Anyone can verify this fact if they are willing to undergo a substantial application of two traditional disciplines. These disciplines are retrospection and introspection.

Another of the experiences in connection with Miller's system was also quite interesting. After going through the preliminaries Miller told me to look at the ceiling. With my eyes still closed I looked and saw that the ceiling had acoustical tile, something I had now noticed before. Then Miller said, "Now go outside and touch the roof of your car." The next thing I knew I was outside touching the roof of my car and I could distinctly feel its smooth surface. Now Miller said go to where your twin brother is. At the time my twin brother was in the Navy stationed near the Great Lakes, many hundred of miles away

from Savannah, Ga. But I was instantly at the location where my brother was. He was in a cafeteria. Miller said, "Look at his clothing and see what he is wearing." I looked down as if I was looking at my own body and saw a red shirt. *I had taken possession of my twin brother's body!* I wrote a letter to my brother after the experience and he verified everything I had seen during the experience. He said he had been off the Navy Base that day, and had gone to a cafeteria to have lunch.

During this period I kept a pad and pencil beside my bed, and each night before going to sleep I would give myself the command that if I began to dream I would awaken so I could record the dream. One day, during this period, I was in the reading room of the Library Of Congress and I came across an interesting book. The name of the book was, "Astral Projection" and the author was Hugh Calloway writing under the pen name of Oliver Fox. To me this little book was markedly different from the usual run of book I had come across that dealt with the subject of astral projection. It had the ring of experience. And it gave the impression, to me at least, of a simple account of things the author had experienced. I found these experiences quite interesting.

As a child Calloway had been so delicate and high strung he had progressed from illness to illness. His life had often been subjected to monotonous period he had to spend abed. As a consequence it happened that his attention became more oriented towards the inner world than is normally the case.

Calloway had many dream experiences, which, as he grew older, instead of diminishing, increased, and along with this his interest in these experiences. Then, in the early summer of 1902 when he was between his sixteenth and seventeenth birthday he had what began as a dream experience, but then, when he realized while he was dreaming that he was dreaming, became something quite different.

"With the realization of this fact, the quality of the dream changed in a manner very difficult to convey to one who has not had this experience. Instantly the vividness of life increased a hundred-fold. Never had sea and sky and trees shone with such glamorous beauty; even the common-place houses seemed alive and mystically beautiful. Never had I felt so absolutely well, so clear-brained, so divinely powerful, so inexpressibly free! The sensation was exquisite beyond words; but it last only a few moment, and I awoke.

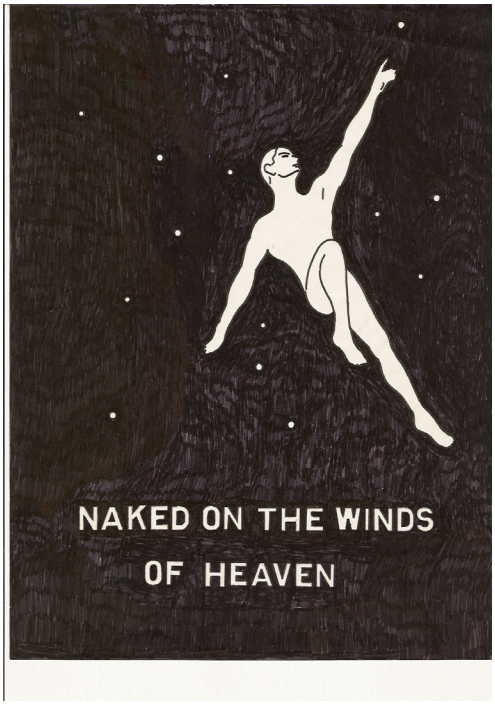
As I was to learn later, my mental control had been overwhelmed by my emotions; so the tiresome body asserted its claim and pulled me back. For though I did not realize it at the time, I think this first experience was a true projection and that I was actually functioning outside my physical vehicle. Why, when all else was so normal, the position of the paving stones should have become thus displaced in my consciousness, I cannot explain. These things do happen in the strange astral world, which forms the background to such seemingly objective adventures out of the body, and it is very fortunate for the would-be experimenter that they do. I have always regretted failing to notice whether the stones resumed their proper position before the dream ended."

Calloway then described how this early experience led to other out of the body experiences, the key in the early experiences being the realization while he was dreaming that he was dreaming. I wanted to try to achieve the experience Calloway described. At that time I was in a particularly good state to do so since I had been making continued efforts for a period of several weeks of directing my attention toward the dream consciousness, and at this time, I was able to recall dreams almost every night.

The night of that same day before going to sleep I gave myself a mental command to keep the critical faculty awake, to be aware that I was dreaming if I should happen to begin to dream. But nothing happened that first night. I didn't even recall my dreams. The very next night, however, at some time during the night I had the sensation of being aware of dreaming, and I was able to awaken my consciousness and tell myself that I was dreaming. Instead of there following an experience similar to those Calloway had described, there merely followed the sensation of a rotation, as if I had rolled over in my sleep, and the next moment I awoke and opened my eyes in the darkness of my bedroom. Although I did not know it at the time this was probably the sensation of the movement of the subtle body aligning itself with the physical body upon return to the physical body.

For several nights thereafter nothing happened, although I persisted in giving myself the mental command each night before going to sleep. Then a night came where I dreamed. In the dream I was in a temple, which I had had before in dreams. I was being taught the use of will. There was a large stone column in the temple, and the teacher had just informed me that with the proper application of my will power I could walk right through it. The critical faculty I had devoted so much effort to keeping alert, reacted. My mind awoke and said, "I AM DREAMING." The next instant the scene in the temple was blotted out, and there was a sensation of sinking downward into darkness. In reaction to this sensation I strongly willed myself upward. Then, incredibly, it happened!

Suddenly I found myself vividly aware and awake. This mirrored the vividness of consciousness described by Calloway. I was more vividly aware, awake, and alert than I had ever been before in my life, but what is more, I was hurtling at a tremendous speed, like a meteor, through the night sky! The stars were all around me. They were bright, beautiful, and unbelievably large in the night sky. They were so large, in fact, that they were globes rather than the usual pinpoints of light. As I sped through the night sky my consciousness was the very antithesis of the misty consciousness of dreams. Neither was it the consciousness of the waking state. This was a state far more awake, far more alert, and far more vivid. I had never been so awake as I was at that moment as I hurtled through the night sky with those beautiful, exquisitely lovely, globular stars before and around me in the majestic depths of space.



Up ahead I saw the Pleiades. Here again the consciousness was different from the waking state. I did not recognize, or remember the Pleiades. I just saw and knew. At the same time I knew that if I wished I could go to the Pleiades. With this realization a decision seemed to take place almost automatically within me. Suddenly my speed, which had been tremendous before, increased incredibly. There was now a terrific, unbelievable sensation of speed as I tore through the night sky. But this lasted for only a brief time. Suddenly I experienced a momentary uncertainty, an emotion of doubt. What would I do when I arrived at the Pleiades? Just as abruptly as in the previous actions my forward motion ceased, and I was rushing backward. There was a sensation of being pulled backward like a lure being reeled in at an

amazing rate of speed by a fisherman. Then a sensation as if the room was revolving (I found out later that in such cases when the soul returns from being out of the body it rotates to bring about the proper orientation to the body (I had been dreaming one time and when I awoke I could remember the dream, but I moved and the memory of the dream immediately went away, so I trained myself to not move after I awoke until I had the memory of my dream firmly in my mind). Next there occurred a momentary sensation of seeing with two pairs of eyes. The next instant instead of the unbelievably beautiful stars in the majestic depths of the night sky, there was only the darkness of my bedroom. I could feel the sheets against my body, and hear the slow, even breathing of my wife as she slept beside me.

For me there was no more sleep that night. It had been a tremendous experience. Nothing else that had happened in my life even began to compare to this experience! I was far too excited to have any more thought of sleep. I got out of bed, dressed, and went outside. I wanted to compare the stars to what I had seen in my out of the body experience. But when I was outside, and looked up at the sky, it was overcast and grey.

Only moments before it had been astonishingly clear. I had seen further through its depths than I had ever seen before. I had been far out beyond the clouds in the beautiful, clear, majestic depth of space. My mind was afire with excitement from the experience. The quatrain from Fitzgerald's Rubaiyat popped into my head:

> "Why, if the Soul can fling the Dust aside,
> And naked on the Winds of Heaven ride,
> Were't not a Shame-were't not a Shame for him
> in this clay carcase crippled to abide"?

I found as I proceeded along the path of these experiences that when I opened up an experience in a new area it tended to open up other experiences in the same area. The following is account of a subsequent such experience:

I was flying along a couple of hundred feet or so above the street below me. When I looked down and saw the street I realized I was "dreaming". This brought the awareness to my mind. I could see around me. It was early morning, and as I flew along above the street I decided to go see a woman I knew.

The next moment I was above her house. I descended, standing upright, from above the house down through the roof to the ground floor. She had a beautiful gold colored carpet covering the entire floor of the room. I was apparently in her living room, and she was just coming down the stairs. I waited for her with my arms folded. She stopped on the stairs before she reached the bottom. Although she was facing me she could not see me. Then I made contact with her mind, and had a telepathic conversation with her. It was as if consciously she was unaware of my presence, while at the same time a part of her mind, behind her surface mind was aware and communicating with me. With her surface mind it was merely as if she had stopped on the stairs in a moment of abstraction, or reverie. After the telepathic conversation I left – floating straight up and passing through the ceiling and roof of the house and on up into the air above. Then I was flying through the air again. I looked down at the street below me and saw two boys on their way to school, carrying their schoolbooks. I swooped down like an airplane in a dive, practicing using my astral body, passing right above their heads, and then sailing back up into the air.

With this background information in place I will recount the strange experience I had in connection with The Tempest, and with Francis Bacon. About this time my interest in T*he Tempest* had grown. In the process of reading the play, I detected something that caused me to become very curious as to its real nature. I had read and reread the play and I noticed that although it was set on an island inside the Mediterranean Sea there were elements suggesting the New World across the Atlantic Ocean. This suggested the ideas used by Bacon in his metaphor of the Intellectual Globe where he paralleled The Old World of the past and the New World of the future with the major features of the world of his time. The Old World was around the Mediterranean, and the New World (America) had been discovered far to the West of the Pillars of Hercules. I next noted that the ship of the travelers in the play arriving at the island resembled his idea of the sailing ship of discovery venturing forward to the New World of knowledge. It was not long before I began to experience a curious phenomenon in regards to the play. The more The more I continued to brood upon the play, the more it continued to unfold with additional aspects of meaning that corresponded with the ideas Bacon had expressed in his writings. This went on for several weeks. Then one night I had an amazing experience.

I had been sleeping. At some time during the night I passed into a state of consciousness between sleep and waking. At that point I became aware of a strange process in my consciousness. It was as if some device had been triggered which activated a process like a computer printout; level after level of meaning in The Tempest was passing before my awareness. It was an utterly bizarre experience. This process of perceiving ever more and more levels of meaning in the play continued in my consciousness for what seemed like an interminable time until there came a feeling of being caught up in an infinitude of levels of meaning for which there was no end. Then I passed into another state of consciousness. *In this state I was inside the mind of Francis Bacon (the author of The Tempest).* Through some strange inner faculty I was aware of the entire play in one perception, and I knew this was how Bacon perceived it. This agreed with information given by George Gurdjieff. Gurdjieff said there were seven types of man rising up an ascending scale of types. He said the highest type – man number seven – possessed real consciousness, which is a state in which a man knows simultaneously everything that he in general knows. This was exactly what I saw in the mind of Bacon. Gurdjieff also said that the knowledge of man number seven (the highest type of man) was the objective knowledge of the entire universe. *In both the First Folio as a whole, and in The Tempest Bacon fashioned a model of the universe.* As I witnessed the play from inside the mind of Francis Bacon, I saw that there was a unity to its totality, yet at the same time, the play was an exquisite array of precisely counter-poised opposing entities; square in shape, each precisely equal to its opposite, so that, overall, there was an absolute equilibrium of these opposing entities; the two radical entities being black and white, darkness and light; with everything else arising from the opposition and struggle between these two. There arose in my consciousness a kind of terror. This exquisite array was so exact, so inexorable, so implacable, it was terrifying in its unrelenting power. There was a terrible beauty to it like the "fearful symmetry" of Blake's tiger.

The Tempest, indeed, has many levels of meaning. Some years ago after I had acquainted myself with the writings Francis Bacon put forth under his own name I began a study of The Tempest. Almost immediately I noticed many reflections of ideas from Bacon’s writings. The old world of the past and the

new world of the future was a major feature of the world of Bacon's time. Bacon incorporated this in his basic idea of an analogue model of the world with the old world centered around the Mediterranean Sea, and the new World in the Atlantic far west beyond the Pillars of Hercules at the western end of the Mediterranean Sea. This idea is in the title page design of his 1620 New Instauration where the ship of discovery is depicted sailing forth beyond the Pillars of Hercules into the Atlantic Ocean. According to the legend the Pillars of Hercules had inscribed on them the words, Non Plus Ultra (no more beyond), but Bacon took for his motto the words, Plus Ultra, (more beyond). In his essay, The Tempest as a Kaleidoscope, Hallett Smith says:

> The "uninhabited island," as the Folio calls it, which is the scene of The Tempest, is apparently somewhere in the Mediterranean since the shipwrecked characters in the play were en route home from Tunis to Italy. Yet the imagery of the play and some of the descriptive detail concerning the island strongly suggest the New World across the Atlantic.

when I first began a serious study of the play I began to notice more and more things that reflected ideas from Bacon's works.

> *I began to experience a curious phenomenon in regards to the play. The more I brooded upon it, the more it continued to unfold, with additional aspects of meaning continuing to appear in a very remarkable manner. This went on for a considerable time. Then one night I had a strange hypnopompic experience. I had been sleeping. At some time during the night I passed into a state of consciousness between sleep and waking. At this point I realized a strange process was taking place in my consciousness. It was as if some device had been triggered which activated a process like a computer printout: level after level of meaning in The Tempest was flashing before my awareness. It was an utterly bizarre experience. The process of perceiving ever more and more levels of meaning in the play continued in my consciousness for what seemed like an interminable time, until there came a feeling of being caught up an an infinitude of levels for which there was no end.*
>
> *Then I passed into another state of consciousness. My perception in this state was even stranger. Through some strange faculty I was aware of the entire play in one perception. At the same time I knew this was how the author of the play had perceived it. There was a unity to it, yet at the same time, it was an exquisite array of precisely counterpoised opposing entities; each precisely equal to its opposite, so that overall, there was an absolute equilibrium of opposing entities; the two radical entities being darkness and light; and all the others arising from the opposition between these two. Suddenly there arose in my consciousness a kind of terror. This exquisite array was so exact, so inexorable, and so*

implacable it was terrifying in its unrelenting power. There was a terrible beauty to it is the 'fearful symmetry' of Blake's tiger. I had only a glimpse of this perception of the play before I passed into full waking consciousness.

The author of The Tempest, Francis Bacon, was a man who possessed 'real' consciousness as opposed to the 'parcel consciousness' of ordinary man. Real consciousness is a state of consciousness where every thing is perceived at once. Since everything is perceived simultaneously in this state of consciousness time and space does not exist. Ordinary consciousness, which perceives in parcel creates the illusion of time and space since perception is parceled out into discrete bits. This state of consciousness is an illusory state of consciousness creating the illusion of an inner perception that experiences things existing in the 'real' world out there, whereas the world out there does not exist at all.

Certain writers, morons all, have depicted Bacon as weak willed, a reed bending in every wind. If they had experienced what I experienced then from inside his mind they would have known they could not have been further from the truth. His will power was so strong, so inexorable; so implacable, that it was terrifying in its unrelenting power. This accords with the better sources of supernatural knowledge. Edgar Cayce, the famous American Psychic, and the Tibetan Books of Alice Ann Bailey speak of progress through this Solar System as assimilation and mastery of seven qualities that are analogous in their division to the seven colors in the color spectrum with the highest quality being Will. Beyond this system the process begins again on a higher plane, and another greater system, *with a tremendous enhancement of the quality of will* which is the beginning of the seven qualities in the next higher system. Cayce said that when individuals complete their evolution in this Solar System they go to the system of Arcturus, which is the greater sun around which our sun revolves and, moreover, He added that *in Arcturus the power of will is tremendously enhanced.* This would account for the incredible will power that I found in Bacon. According to Cayce some souls return to earth from Arcturus for the purpose of carrying out special tasks on earth.

An interesting after effect of this experience was that subsequent to the experience where I entered the mind of Bacon, on several occasions, I had the experience of spontaneously tuning into people minds. When this happened it is as if I was actually inside their mind experiencing their thought processes just as they experienced them. Before the experience related to Francis Bacon I had never experienced this faculty.

To cite one example: at the time I was a supervisor in the Department of Housing and Urban Development. There were three branches where I worked: the Loans Branch, The Accounting Branch, and The Annual Contribution Branch. I was supervisor of the Accounting Branch. I was seated at my desk, and a young woman who worked in my branch was standing before my desk. She was very angry with me for some reason or the other. Suddenly I found myself inside her mind. It was as if there was an elastic medium around her mind and as her angry increased the elastic medium swelled, growing large and larger. After this from time to time I had other experiences of spontaneously entering the mind of someone I was talking to. Then after a considerable period of time I stopped having these experiences. But I will not dwell on these because the experience of the light and dark, black and white entities that I saw in Bacon's mind gave information regarding the basic design of The Tempest. This design was built on the motif of a Chess Game, and with this I have arrived at the point where I can begin my study of The

Tempest.

Gurdjieff had a detailed and specialized knowledge of the paranormal constitution of man, much of which came from the Sufis. He said ordinary man does not possess real consciousness, and *described real consciousness as a state in which a man knows all at once everything that he in general knows*. This was precisely the state of consciousness that I glimpsed in my hypnopompic experience. According to Gurdjieff there are potentially seven types of men, but only the three lowest types pertain to ordinary man, and everyone is born into one of these three types. These are respectively: physical man, emotional man, and intellectual man. Gurdjieff said any level beyond these three is the result of "School" work. One of the foremost authorities on the occult, Manly Palmer Hall, claimed that Francis Bacon was initiated into a secret society in Navarre in France while he was in France from 1576 to 1579. Also there is evidence in The French Academy (a book attributed to Bacon by various Baconians) that Bacon contacted a "School" when he was in France from 1576 to 1579, and there are reflections of this "School" in Love's Labor Lost.

Gurdjieff said man number four has a permanent center of gravity, as a result of his work on himself. Man number five has one indivisible I, and a whole indivisible knowledge. The knowledge of man number six is the complete knowledge possible to man; but it can still be lost. The knowledge of man number seven is his own knowledge, which cannot be taken away from him, and is the objective and completely practical knowledge of *All (of the entire universe)*. If we accept this information given by Gurdjieff, it follows that Francis Bacon was man number six, or seven, because Francis Bacon's First Folio, the first edition of the collected works of Shakespeare is his Intellectual Globe, a model of All, a replica in miniature of the universe, the world, and man. Bacon was at least man number 6, and in all likelihood he was man number seven.

DIVING DEEPER THAN DID EVER
PLUMMET SOUND
IN *THE TEMPEST*

Shall any gazer see with mortal eyes,
Or any searcher know by mortal mind;
Veil after veil will lift – but there must be
Veil upon veil behind.

The Light of Asia
Sir Edwin Arnold

SUMMARY OF THE TEMPEST

There is a fairytale-like simplicity to the story - on the surface. A Duke, exiled on a barren island along with his beautiful daughter, wins over the King who aided in his exile and recovers his dukedom by causing his daughter and the son of the king to fall in love with each other and become betrothed, but to begin to understand the play you have to go far beneath the surface.

Prospero, along with his beautiful 15 year old daughter, Miranda, dwells on a small island. Although Prospero is ruler of the island, he only has two subjects – His servant Ariel, an airy spirit, who flies through the air, and his slave, Caliban, a deformed monster, who crawls upon the ground. Twelve years before Prospero was Duke of Milan, unparalleled in the liberal arts, and had progressed so far beyond ordinary

learning that he had became a master of White Magic, but 'rapt' in his secret studies he turned the rule of his dukedom over to his evil brother Antonio. Antonio with the aid of, Alonzo, the king of Naples, an invertebrate enemy of Prospero, usurped the dukedom and set Prospero, together with his little three year old daughter, adrift at sea in a leaky boat. By providence divine the two came ashore on the island. Prospero found Ariel imprisoned in a pine tree, and the island ruled by Caliban. Twleve years before Prospero and his daughter came ashore on the island the foul witch Sycorax, sorceress and mistress of Black Magic, had been exiled from Argiers because of her terrible sorceries and had came to the island where she assumed rulership. She found Ariel on the island when she came there and sought to make him do her bidding, but he was too delicate a spirit to carry out her abhorrent commands, so she imprisoned him in a pine tree where he remained until Prospero came to the island. During the twelve-year period she gave birth to Caliban spawned on her by her devil god – Setebos. And during that twelve-year period also she died and left the rulership of the island to that thing of darkness, her son Caliban. When Prospero came to the island he released Ariel from the pine tree and made him his servant, and made Caliban his slave. As the play begins, King Alonzo and his attendants have been to Tunis to attend the forced marriage of Alonzo's daughter Clarabell to the King of Tunis, an African [a black man]. Now on their way back to Naples their ship has been caught up in a terrible tempest, and the wind threatens to force the ship against the reef of a nearby island. The ship is given up for lost, and all the passengers jump over board.

In the next scene we learn Prospero, who saw the chance at long last to bring his enemies under his power, caused The Tempest.

Anyone even minimally conscious while reading *The Tempest* cannot fail to note some curious details. Precisely twelve years before the play began Prospero's evil brother Antonio with the aid of Prospero's invertebrate enemy, Alonzo the King of Naples, usurped his Duke of Milan throne, and set Prospero and his three year old daughter, Miranda, adrift on the Mediterranean sea in a small leaky boat. By 'providence divine' the two came ashore on the small isle where Prospero assumed rulership. Oddly enough Prospero's twelve year rulership of the isle was preceded by another twelve year rulership, that of Sycorax and her son Caliban. The foul witch Sycorax was an exponent of black magic, and her son was a thing of darkness. Prospero was an exponent of white magic. Thus the first twelve year period was one of darkness while the second was one of light. The play begins at precisely 3 P. M. of the last day of Prospero's twelve year rule on the isle and ends at precisely 6 P.M. on the same day, thus ending a twelve hour period of day that was preceded by a twelve hour period of night. Certainly these matching dark and light periods composed of twelve parts are a deliberate and significant design in the play. Nevertheless, commentators tend to sweep them under the rug. The reason being, perhaps, that if they didn't the cat would be out of the bag, and the whole world would know *they don't have a clue*.

Just before the play began Alonzo and his party were at Tunis attending the wedding of his daughter to [a black man] the king of Tunis, and were on their way back to Naples. As the play begins Prospero has used his magic to bring their ship to the isle, to create the tempest, and to bring the king's party under his control. *The Tempest* is composed of five acts and nine scenes:

Act I:
Scene 1: The ship near the isle at sea in the tempest

The characters in this scene are: Boatswain, Mariners, Alonso, Sebastian, Antonio, and Gonzalo (significantly, although Ferdinand is listed in the stage direction he has no speaking part.) The ship is given up for lost at the end of the scene and all of the passengers leap overboard.

Scene 2: Prospero's cell

Characters in this scene are: Prospero, Miranda, Ariel,
Caliban, and Ferdinand.

The scene begins with Prospero talking to his daughter Miranda. Prospero is a magician and was formerly the Duke of Milan. He has created the tempest and used it to make the men on the ship believe that they have wrecked. Instead he has ensured that all survive unharmed. He tells Miranda the background story that resulted in their coming to the desert island 12 years before. Then he places Miranda in a magic sleep and summon and talks to Ariel. After Ariel exits, Prospero awakes Miranda and they go together to talk to Caliban. Prospero send Caliban out to collect fuel and Ferdinand nears appears and has his first meeting with Miranda where they immediately fall in love.

Act II:
Scene 1: Another part of the island

The characters in this scene are: Alonso, Sebastian, Antonio, Gonzalo, Adrian and Francisco. They wander disconsolately (except for Sebastian and Antonio), convinced that the young Prince is dead. All but Sebastian and Antonio are lulled asleep by Ariel's magic music, but they remain awake to plot the death of the sleeping king Alonso and the aged counselor Gonzalo. They might have succeeded in their plot had not the watching spirit Ariel awakened them.

Scene 2: Another part of the island

The characters in this scene are: Caliban, Trinculo, and Stephano. Trinculo the king's jester, reeling drunk, encounters Caliban; they are joined by Stephano, a drunker butler, who so delights the monster Caliban with his "celestial liquor" that he swears to follow him forever.

Act III:
Scene 1: Before Prospero's cell

The characters in this scene are Ferdinand and Miranda. Prospero has subjected Ferdinand to the test of removing some thousands of logs and piling them up. Miranda who is looking on wants to help him, but Ferdinand refuses her help, and says for her sake he will prove himself a patient log-man.

Scene 2: Another part of the island

The characters in this scene are: Stephano, Trinculo and Caliban. They plot at Caliban's instigation to kill Prospero and take over rulership of the island.

Scene 3: Another part of the island

The characters in this scene are: Alonso, Sebastian, Antonio, Gonzalo, Adrian, Francisco and Ariel. After wandering about the isle as through a maze, the king's party weary, and hungry and thirsty are show a vision by Ariel at the instigation of Prospero.Several strange shapes enter bringing in a a banquet, but when they attempt to feast, Ariel in the guise of a harpy appears, claps his wings upon the table and all the feast vanishes.

Act IV:
Scene 1: Before Prospero's cell

The characters in this scene are: Ferdinand, Miranda and Prospero. Prospero presents to Prince Ferdinand, who he has released from enchantment, and the lovely Miranda, a prenuptial pageant, enacted by spirits in the guise of Iris, Ceres, Juno and nymphs and reapers who dance. Remembering Caliban's plot, Prospero stops the masque abruptly and orders Ariel to punish the foul conspirators. Ariel does this by tempting them with glittering rainment displayed on a line, and then setting upon them with his fellow spirits in the form of hunting dogs to hunt them about the island.

Act V:
Scene 1

This scene opens before Prospero's cell with Prospero talking to Ariel who tells him he has left the King's party as prisoners in the line grove that weather-fends Prospero's cell. Prospero send Ariel "fetch" them, and they enter with Ariel leading them. Immediately behind Ariels is Alonso attended by Gonzalo; then comes Sebastian and Antonio attended by Adrian and Francisco.They all enter the circle Prospero has made and there stand charmed. Prospero uses music to restore them to their senses and next draws back the curtain to reveal Ferdinand and Miranda playing at chess. Ariel then brings in the ship's master and the Boatswain.Prospero then sends Ariel after Caliban, Stephano and Trinculo, and Ariel returns driving the three in before him. After admonishing them Prospero sends them to "trim" his cell and next invites the king with his train to enter and spend the night in his cell before they sail for Naples the following day.

The Chess game allegory in The Tempest
The Model of the Universe Allegory in The Tempest
The Compendium of The First Folio in The Tempest
The Oak Island Connection in The Tempest
The Model of The Formula of Interpretation in The Tempest
The depiction of the illusionary nature of life in this world in The Tempest
The Allegory of Freemasonry in The Tempest
The Model of The Holy Bible in The Tempest
The Model of the Eleusinian Mysteries in The Tempest
The Model of the Current State of Learning in The Tempest
The Model of The Anatomy of Learning in The Tempest
The Model of the Cycle of Reincarnation in The Tempest
The Proof of Authorship in The Tempest