

Chapter 2: Point of View and Character

Chapter 1 'The Seashore' may be written in third person but it is definitely from the point of view of Felix – we hear his mind ticking as he assesses the damage to his life. We call this free indirect speech or free indirect discourse. The novel *Hag-Seed* is mostly in free indirect discourse, using third person to give us glimpses beyond Felix's ideas but depending on his POV to drive the narrative. WE have a **limited** view of the action and the other characters as what we see and learn is always through Felix's perspective.

Prospero similarly drives the action of the play orchestrating the situation of the tempest to initiate the plot but the play shares the views of other characters (Caliban with Trinculo and Stephano; Antonio, Alonso, and Gonzales); Prospero's point of view is clear in *The Tempest* in his dialogue and his soliloquies.

Look closely at these two passages one from Felix's POV and the other from Prospero's POV.

- What features of language in Hag-Seed suggest this is Felix's POV?
- Both passages are offering backstory so we can understand the impact of the past : in what way is each person's backstory similar or different?
- Look closely at the language each one uses. Which words suggest
 - criticism of the 'usurper'?
 - bitterness?
 - anger?
- What kind of person is revealed in each passage?
- Why is this chapter called 'High Charms'?

Chapter 2	Act 1 scene 2 lines 66-106
<p>That devious, twisted bastard, Tony, is Felix's own fault. Or mostly his fault. Over the past twelve years, he's often blamed himself. He gave Tony too much scope, he didn't supervise, he didn't look over Tony's nattily suited, padded, pinstriped shoulder. He didn't pick up on the clues, as anyone with half a brain and two ears might have done. Worse: he'd trusted the evil-hearted, social-clambering, Machiavellian footlicker. He'd fallen for the act: Let me do this chore for you, delegate that, send me instead. What a fool he'd been.</p> <p>His only excuse was that he'd been distracted by grief at that time. He'd recently lost his only child, and in such a terrible way. If only he had, if only he hadn't, if only he'd been aware ... No, too painful still. Don't think about it, he tells himself while doing up the buttons of his shirt. Hold it far back. Pretend it was only a movie.</p> <p>Even if that not-to-be-thought-about event hadn't occurred, he'd most likely still have been ambushed. He'd fallen into the habit of letting Tony run the mundane end of the show, because, after all, Felix was the Artistic Director, as Tony kept reminding him, and he was at the height of his powers, or so they kept saying in the reviews; therefore he ought to concern himself with higher aims.</p> <p>And he did concern himself with higher aims. To create the lushest, the most beautiful, the most awe-inspiring, the most inventive, the most numinous</p>	<p>PROSPERO My brother and thy uncle, call'd Antonio-- I pray thee, mark me--that a brother should Be so perfidious!--he whom next thyself Of all the world I loved and to him put The manage of my state; as at that time Through all the signories it was the first And Prospero the prime duke, being so reputed In dignity, and for the liberal arts Without a parallel; those being all my study, The government I cast upon my brother And to my state grew stranger, being transported And rapt in secret studies. Thy false uncle-- Dost thou attend me?</p> <p>MIRANDA Sir, most heedfully.</p> <p>PROSPERO Being once perfected how to grant suits, How to deny them, who to advance and who To trash for over-topping, new created The creatures that were mine, I say, or changed 'em, Or else new form'd 'em; having both the key Of officer and office, set all hearts i' the state To what tune pleased his ear; that now he was The ivy which had hid my princely trunk, And suck'd my verdure out on't. Thou attend'st not.</p> <p>MIRANDA O, good sir, I do.</p>

theatrical experiences ever. To raise the bar as high as the moon. To forge from every production an experience no one attending it would ever forget. To evoke the collective indrawn breath, the collective sigh; to have the audience leave, after the performance, staggering a little as if drunk. To make the Makeshiweg Festival the standard against which all lesser theatre festivals would be measured.

scenery and costume designers of his day, the ones he could persuade. All of them had to be top of the line, and beyond. If possible.

So he'd needed money.

Finding the money had been Tony's thing. A lesser thing: the money was only a means to an end, the end being transcendence: that had been understood by both of them. Felix the cloud-riding enchanter, Tony the earth-based factotum and gold-grubber. It had seemed an appropriate division of functions, considering their respective talents. As Tony himself had put it, each of them should do what he was good at.

Idiot, Felix berates himself. He'd understood nothing.

As for the height of his powers, the height is always ominous. From the height, there's nowhere to go but down.

Tony had been all too eager to liberate Felix from the rituals Felix hated, such as the attending of cocktail functions and the buttering-up of sponsors and patrons, and the hobnobbing with the Board, and the facilitating of grants from the various levels of government, and the writing of effective reports. That way – said Tony – Felix could devote himself to the things that really mattered, such as his perceptive script notes and his cutting-edge lighting schemes and the exact timing of the showers of glitter confetti of which he had made such genius use.

PROSPERO

I pray thee, mark me.

I, thus neglecting worldly ends, all dedicated
To closeness and the bettering of my mind
With that which, but by being so retired,
O'er-prized all popular rate, in my false brother
Awaked an evil nature; and my trust,
Like a good parent, did beget of him
A falsehood in its contrary as great
As my trust was; which had indeed no limit,
A confidence sans bound. He being thus lorded,
Not only with what my revenue yielded,
But what my power might else exact, like one
Who having into truth, by telling of it,
Made such a sinner of his memory,
To credit his own lie, he did believe
He was indeed the duke; out o' the substitution
And executing the outward face of royalty,
With all prerogative: hence his ambition growing--

