

# TONAL AND STRUCTURAL SYMBOLS IN MODERN FICTION - analysis and interpretation

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No critical concept in common use is more vaguely defined than is the *symbol*. In this article I propose to distinguish between *structural* and *tonal* symbolism, and to establish the distinction through the analysis of a number of prose passages. The yet wider question of thematic interpretation will be discussed in a subsequent paper.

It will be seen that by *tonal* symbolic usage I mean something not very different from the almost equally vague concept of literary imagery ; certainly, Frye's definition of a literary image -

A symbol in its aspect as a formal unit of art with a natural content.....(1) is close enough to what I have in mind. Through a similar definition, *structural* symbolic usage may be related to an *un-natural* or artificial content ; if - that is to say - it be granted that "a symbol only has meaning from its relation to other symbols in a pattern"(2), the pattern in question will be imposed upon the text by the author and will invariably be of the kind we call *thematic*. Thus the *tonal* symbols of Keats's *Ode to Autumn* relate, naturally enough, to autumn, while the *structural* symbols have to do with the author's attitude to death -

Then in a wailful choir the small gnats mourn  
Among the river shallows.....

To perceive only the former will be to fall in to the error of Aileen Ward (among many others) : "The poet himself is completely lost in his images, and the images are presented as meaning nothing but themselves." (3) Such a view inevitably fails to account for the peculiarly haunting power of the poem, and fails also to note the vital thematic linkage between it and the other great odes, which constitute, in effect, a magnificent Socratic dialogue on the topic of mutability.

Tonal symbols will normally convey an emotion that, however intense and enjoyable in itself, may be accounted incidental to the thematic structure ; the vast majority of literary symbols are of this kind. The tonal symbols of Shakespearean drama are notoriously striking and have elicited much critical attention ; yet when Angus says of Macbeth -

Now does he feel his title  
Hang loose about him, like a giant's robe  
Upon a dwarfish thief.....

(V, ii, 20-2)

the comparison, though verbally unspectacular, can be related to many others in which the theme of what Spurgeon has called the "clothes imagery" is developed and through which the broadly *dramatic* theme of the play (usurpation) is established. (4)

I have initiated my argument with examples drawn from two very famous works of poetry and of drama respectively ; if in what follows I confine my comments for the most part to works of modern fiction, this is not because the topic itself imposes any such limitations. It is because the distinction between tonal and structural symbolism is better demonstrated than expounded, and to limit in this way the range of the discussion will reduce (though not eliminate) the risk of confusion. I will begin by examining - and in the first place purely from a stylistic viewpoint - the opening paragraph of Hemingway's *A Farewell to Arms*:-

In the late summer of that year we lived in a house in a village that looked across the river and the plain to the mountains. In the bed of the river there were pebbles and boulders, dry and white in the sun, and the water was clear and swiftly moving and blue in the channels. Troops went by the house and down the road and the dust they raised powdered the leaves of the trees. The trunks of the trees too were dusty and the leaves fell early that year and we saw the troops marching along the road and the dust rising and leaves, stirred by the breeze, falling and the soldiers marching and afterward the road bare and white except for the leaves. The plain was rich with crops ; there were many orchards of fruit trees and beyond the plain the mountains were brown and bare. There was fighting in the mountains and at night we could see the flashes from the artillery. In the dark it was like summer lightning, but the nights were cool and there was not the feeling of a storm coming.

Students, when asked to comment on this passage, are usually quick to spot the foreshadowing of one of the novel's basic symbolic structures in the reference to the *mountains* and the *plain*; of this, more will later be said. It is usually noted that the "coming storm" will be a battle as much as a meteorological disturbance, just as the gunfire is paralleled to "summer lightning" ; and some view the "anticipation through a negative" of the last sentence as an ingenious technical trick. The mode of introduction of the "troops" is also seen to be symbolic in that they are entered casually, almost as if a part of the natural scenery that is also being described ; they raise a little dust that quickly settles, then are gone again. The mood is clearly anti-rhetorical, diametrically opposed to the high dramatic key of most "war novel" openings, as exemplified perhaps by Barbusse's *Le Feu*.

Stylistically, there is usually substantial agreement as to the simplicity and impersonal tone of the passage. Students will often observe the contribution made by the style to the symbolic effect ; the order and construction of sequential sentences are not merely simple, but clumsy, repetitive and lacking in variety. It is suggested that the short narrative sequence in which every succeeding sentence is introduced by the conjunction “and” conveys admirably the boring, ineffectual monotony of the soldiers’ march (and by implication, of war in general) and thus confirms the anti-rhetorical tone.

.....and the leaves fell early that year  
and we saw the troops marching along the road  
and the dust rising  
and leaves, stirred by the breeze, falling  
and the soldiers marching  
and afterward the road bare and white  
except for the leaves.....

It can further be shown that throughout the novel Hemingway frequently employs this conjunction where normal usage might suggest the use of “so,” “because,” “then,” etc. The effect is to imply an insufficient sense of *causality*, of events therefore occurring by chance and at random.

One must agree that vocabulary and syntax could hardly be simpler. And yet the passage is shot through with ambiguities.(5) When, for example, Hemingway says :

.....we lived in a house in a village that looked across the river and the plain to the mountains.....

is it the *house* that looks across the river, etc., or is it the *village* ? When he says :

the water was clear and swiftly moving and blue in the channels.....

does he mean all three adjectives, or only the last, to be qualified by “in the channels” ? How can the “leaves, stirred by the breeze.” be “falling” if “the leaves fell early that year” - had, that is, presumably fallen already?

These and other questions can be legitimately raised, especially if it is the “clarity” of Hemingway’s style here that a student chooses to stress ; but they do not obviously present themselves at a first reading. One may in part be reminded of the third stanza of *The Tiger*, where Blake truncates one of his interrogatives so drastically as to leave it meaningless :

And when thy heart began to beat,  
What dread hand ? and what dread feet ?

The syntactic mutilation may seem to be obvious ; yet it is common for the reader - hypnotised by the rhythm and by the immediately succeeding flood of similarly shortened interrogatives - not consciously to notice the omission at all.

It may of course be maintained that he is *unconsciously* aware of it, and that this unconscious awareness makes its contribution to the mood of underlying perplexity that is characteristic of the poem's total effect.(6)

I should claim this also to be true of Hemingway's technique of emotive communication ; and that we are in this way first made aware of that uncertainty of moral commitment characteristic of Fredericks' attitude to the war. The ambiguities convey a sense of insecurity far more effectively than would any form of direct statement, since they persuade the reader unconsciously to share it. The solution suggested by the imagery, taken as it were in isolation - that this passage, and by implication the novel, is "about" the 1914-18 war - may be correct but seems to me incomplete ; it is not about *the* war, but specifically about Fredericks' war, and this the opening paragraph may be said to establish, even though the first person narrator, as an individual, has not yet appeared in the narrative.

As Jay Gellens epigrammatically puts it, in this passage "the style.....has been made the symbol."(7) Enlarging the comment into a generalisation, we might say that thematic symbolism reflects a purely intuitional awareness on the part of the author of the synthetic possibilities of certain conceptual conflicts, around which, in the process of writing, the appropriate images crystallise in syntactic form. That the generalisation holds can be best proved by reference to an author whose syntactic practices are as far removed as is conceivable from those of Hemingway ; Samuel Johnson will serve the purpose as well as any. Here is his description of the initial position - moral and physical - of Prince Rasselas :-

His imagination was now at a stand ; he had no prospect of entering into the world ; and, notwithstanding all his endeavours to support himself, discontent by degrees preyed upon him, and he began to lose his thoughts in sadness, when the rainy season, which in these countries is periodical, made it inconvenient to wander in the woods. The rain continued longer and with more violence than had been ever known : the clouds broke on the surrounding mountains, and the torrents streamed into the plain on every side, till the cavern was too narrow to discharge the water. The lake overflowed its banks, and all the level of the valley was covered with the inundation. The eminence, on which the palace was built, and some other spots of rising ground, were all that the eye could now discover. The herds and the flocks left the pastures, and both the wild beasts and the tame retreated to the mountains.....

In spite of the obvious impersonality of the descriptive technique ("all that *the eye* could now discover"), the modern critic will tend to see in these natural phenomena an objective correlative to Rasselas's gloomy mood. "The vividness of this picture helps to give the impression of Rasselas's state of mind, on the brink of moral discovery. There is an interplay between the moral and the

natural.”(8) The plain and the mountains are not to be related to the appearance of a flood, but of Rasselas’s flood.

Of course the sufficiently famous circumstances under which Rasselas was composed may also have a bearing ; the flood (and the gloom) may be Rasselas’s, but that peculiar form of courage with which manic depression is analysed and transcended through the discipline of verbal expression is Johnson’s, and many will argue that the tension consequent upon this inner conflict constitutes the true vital centre of the narrative. “My nature is subdued / To what it works in, like the dyer’s hand.”

Writing of Conrad (and of whom more appropriately, in this context ? ), Desmond MacCarthy has said :-

The writer’s imagination has left so vivid an impress on all that he describes, that his reader finds it easy to adopt temporarily the same way of feeling and judging, and is aware of an inner emotional consistency, not necessarily logical, in the author’s whole response to experience. It may be a bubble world, but it holds together. There is an indefinable congruity between the author’s moral values, his sense of beauty, his sense of humour.....This is the difference between a creatively imaginative work and work which is the product of intelligence. Intelligence.....can achieve wonders, but it cannot do one thing - it cannot create that unity of apprehension which is the life-breath of a work of art.....

It is in this way that, in some forms of satire and notably Jane Austen’s, that mode of behaviour in relation to which the action narrated should be judged is postulated by the reader, never directly formulated by the author. In this way also, the terrifying drama of the 1914-18 war - though never specifically referred to by the writer - constitutes for many readers a kind of “unspoken commentary” on Eliot’s earlier poetry - *Prufrock* and *The Waste Land*.

In this connection we might more briefly examine a passage from another study of the boredom, misery and final futility of war in which, however, the events of war are scarcely given mention, namely, Cyril Connolly’s *The Unquiet Grave* :-

Early morning on the Mediterranean : bright air resinous with Aleppo pine, water spraying over the gleaming tarmac of the Route Nationale and darkly reflecting the spring - summer green of the planes ; swifts wheeling round the oleanders, waiters unpiling the wicker chairs and scrubbing the café tables ; armfuls of carnations on the flower - stalls, pyramids of aubergines and lemons, rascasses on the fishmonger’s slab goggling among the wine - dark urchins ; smell of brioches from the bakeries, sound of reed curtains jingling in the barber shops, clang of the tin kiosk opening for *Le Petit Var*. Rope-soles warming up on the cobbles by the harbour where the *Jean d’Agrève* prepares for a trip to the Islands and the Annamese boy scrubs her brass. Now cooks from many yachts

step ashore with their market-baskets, one-eyed cats scrounge among the fish-heads, while the hot sun refracts the dancing sea-glitter on the cafe awnings, awnings, and the sea becomes a green gin-fizz of stillness in whose depth a quiver of sprats charges and counter-charges in the pleasure of fishes.

The sensory excitement of this passage is conveyed through the speed with which, in brief space, the full range of the human senses are evoked : sight (with colour, form, movement), sound, smell, touch and taste. The physical world thus brilliantly created is the subject of an unstated contrast with the austere, fogbound isolation of wartime England ; nostalgia is raised by Connolly to the level of a passion, as indeed it is by Hemingway also :

At Capracotta, he had told me, there were trout in the stream below the town. It was forbidden to play the flute at night. When the young men serenaded only the flute was forbidden. Why, I had asked. Because it was bad for the girls to hear the flute at night. The peasants all called you "Don" and when you met them they took off their hats. His father hunted every day and stopped to eat at the houses of peasants. They were always honored. For a foreigner to hunt he must present a certificate that he had never been arrested. There were bears on the Gran Sasso d'Italia but it was a long way. Aquila was a fine town. It was cool in the summer at night and the spring in Abruzzi was the most beautiful in Italy. But what was lovely was the fall to go hunting through the chestnut woods. The birds were all good because they fed on grapes and you never took a lunch because the peasant were always honored if you would eat with them at their houses. After a while I went to sleep.

Hemingway's land of Cockaigne is here less clearly realised than Connolly's because it is, after all, a hearsay world ; but that it is invoked in deliberate contrast to the sordid actualities of the battlefield and the military hospital can hardly be denied.

As a final example of a more direct conceptual confrontation we might consider the first appearance of the heroine in Durrell's *Justine* :

Six o'clock. The shuffling of white-robed figures from the station yards. The shops filling and emptying like lungs in the Rue des Soeurs. The pale lengthening rays of the afternoon sun smear the long curves of the Esplanade, and the dazzled pigeons, like rings of scattered paper, climb above the minarets to take the last rays of the waning light on their wings. Ringing of silver on the money - changers' counters. The iron grille outside the bank still too hot to touch. Clip-clop of horse - drawn carriages carrying civil servants in red flowerpots towards the cafès in the sea - front. This is the hour least easy to bear, when from my balcony I catch an unexpected glimpse of her walking idly towards the town in her white sandals, still half asleep. The city unwrinkles like an old tortoise and peers about it. For a moment it relinquishes the torn rags of the flesh, while from some hidden alley by the slaughter-house, above the moans

and screams of the cattle, comes the nasal chipping of a Damascus love-song ; shrill quaternotes, like a sinus being ground to powder.

Now tired men throw back the shutters of their balconies and step blinking into the pale hot light-etiolated flowers of afternoons spent in anguish, tossing upon ugly beds, bandaged by dreams. I have become one of these poor clerks of the conscience, a citizen of Alexandria. She passes below my window, smiling as if at some private satisfaction, softly fanning her cheeks with the little reed fan.....

The general stylistic similarities between this passage and that from *The Unquiet Grave* are too obvious to need specific indication. A similar sensory effect is conveyed through virtually identical means. Towards the end of the first paragraph, however, an abrupt change will be noticed in the connotations of the imagery, a change conveniently summarised in the two similes here employed - "like an old tortoise," "like a sinus being ground to powder." Quite suddenly the invocation might seem to be precisely of Hemingway's military hospital, the "slaughter-house" with its "torn rags of flesh" and its "moans and screams."

The reason for this we must assume to be the immediately previous appearance of the heroine, of whom the narrator (as the text later establishes) is acutely jealous ; the images thereafter, we may say, are those of sexual jealousy, with a powerful undertone of disgust. In *A Farewell to Arms* the love affair parallels and comments indirectly on the war, Fredericks' war ; in *Justine*, the love affair *is* the war, "the war of the sexes", as the cliché has it.

We have disposed of these few passages all too briefly, but our concern has been to establish a single point :-they all seem to be about something but are "really" about something else. Purporting, that is to say, to describe physical appearance, they are "really" descriptions of *states of mind*. We can no more define these states of mind than we can define the true subject of Blake's *The Tiger* ; I have spoken of "boredom," of "nostalgia," of "jealousy," but these are the broadest and bluntest of generalities. The characteristic of these literary "riddles" is that they *create* their solution ; it is newly synthesised in the reader's mind through his own effort to reconcile the conflict of concepts that the work in question offers.

Our chosen passage from *The Unquiet Grave* is not, in fact, taken from a novel ; and other than through a comparable "sense" of an unstated contrast we may discern in it no symbolic values whatever ; we may regard it as naturalistically depictive prose of a fine sensitivity and devoid of Hemingwayan ambiguities. There is an ingenious use of temporal movement ; the "early morning" coolness of the opening lines is replaced by the "hot sun" of the last sentence, so that time is invoked as surely as place ; but this does not detract from the representational effect. Durrell's description of the Alexandrian evening seems tonally similar, even to the touch of the "dazzled pigeons" that

“climb above the minarets” and parallel, in so doing, the movement of Connolly’s “swifts wheeling round the oleanders.” It is the entrance of Justine that appears to provoke that symbolic imagery which converts the narrator from impersonal to prejudiced observer - which reveals a “state of mind” as the true authorial objective in this passage. Yet impersonality is not the same as neutrality ; in the most naturalistic of descriptions we are aware of a selective intelligence that picks out the “significant detail” and dismisses the irrelevant, thus betraying an organising consciousness at the heart of the account, that of the authorial “personality.” To put forward a specific object - a pigeon, a swift, a wicker chair - as visually or sensorily representative of a greater whole - the scene described - is to employ it as a symbol, as the term is most usually defined. Are we then to say that Durrell’s pigeons and Connolly’s swifts are tonally symbolic ? The conclusion seems inescapable ; and yet to do so means that we must equate symbolism with imagery in the very widest of senses. Doubtless it is true that in this way all fictional propositions, and indeed all linguistic usages, are ultimately symbolic ; but this is to deprive the term of its instrumental usefulness.

Here, as in Keats’s *Ode to Autumn*, to distinguish tonal from structural symbolism may be important. The dust that rises and falls as Hemingway’s troops pass by affords a good example, as at first sight its significance will seem to be tonal ; it may be taken as a symbol of ineffectuality (as the swifts and pigeons of freedom and vital exuberance), of the vast impersonality of nature towards man’s brief passing. But this is not all. It is also possible to see in the rise and fall of the dust an emblem of *cyclicity*, of that Biblical concept of nature notably expressed in the epigraph to *The Sun Also Rises* -

A generation goes, and a generation comes, but the earth  
remains for ever.

The sun rises and the sun goes down, and hastens to the place  
where it rises.....

All streams run to the sea, but the sea is not full ; to the place  
where the streams flow, there they flow again.....

(*Ecclesiastes* 1. 3-7)

and once this cyclic movement of the dust (“ashes to ashes, dust to dust”) is linked to the cyclic movement of the river (from the hills through the plains to the sea, returning as rain), we must finally make the necessary linkage and see the mountain/plain dichotomy as also, and similarly, expressive of the same innermost concept of time transcended through a mythic “eternal return.” The same idea animates Keats’ autumnal scene, with the gnats

.....borne aloft

Or sinking as the light wind lives and dies.....

(the punning contrast of “borne” and “dies” should not escape us) ; and we must



conclude the symbolic significance of Hemingway's dust, as of Keats's gnats, to be profoundly structural.

But it should not escape our notice, either, that Connolly's swifts are "wheeling," flying in circles ; does this mean that we should interpret their significance as being also structural ? Clearly, this will depend on whether or not the total context of *The Unquiet Grave* supports such an interpretation. I would prefer, however, to offer as a final object of discussion a passage rather more removed stylistically from Hemingway and Durrell. This is from Virginia Woolf's *To The Lighthouse* :-

They came there every evening drawn by some need. It was as if the water floated off and set sailing thoughts which had grown stagnant on dry land, and gave to their bodies even some sort of physical relief. First, the pulse of colour flooded the bay with blue, and the heart expanded with it and the body swam, only the next instant to be checked and chilled by the prickly blackness on the ruffled waves. Then, up behind the great black rock, almost every evening spurted irregularly, so that one had to watch for it and it was a delight when it came, a fountain of white water ; and then, while one waited for that, one watched, on the pale semi-circular beach, wave after wave shedding again and again a film of mother-of-pearl.

It would be hard to find a passage stylistically farther removed from that of Hemingway with which we commenced this examination ; nor can it be related very obviously in its context to any authorial "attitude" or "frame of mind." It might well pass for straightforward physical description, did not the novel justify our perceiving in it a number of sexual connotations - notably a basic opposition between "the great black rock" that "almost every evening spurted irregularly.....a fountain of white water" and "the pale semi-circular beach" with "wave after wave shedding again and again a film of mother-of-pearl." The suggestion is of a natural orgasmic ritual in which Lily and William Bankes are the hierophants, and is supported by the allusion to thoughts that are "floated off and set sailing" as in echo of Eliot's *The Waste Land* :-

*Damyata* : The boat responded  
Gaily, to the hand expert with sail and oar  
The sea was calm, your heart would have responded  
Gaily, when invited, beating obedient  
To controlling hands.....

while the black rock stands as subordinate image to the more obvious phallic symbol of the lighthouse itself with its "long steady stroke" :-

She thought, watching it with fascination, hypnotised, as if it were stroking with its silver fingers some sealed vessel in her brain whose bursting would flood her with delight, she had known happiness, exquisite happiness, intense happiness, and it silvered the rough waves a little more brightly, as daylight

faded, and the blue went out of the sea and it rolled in waves of pure lemon which curved and swelled and broke upon the beach and the ecstasy burst in her eyes and waves of pure delight raced over the floor of her mind and she felt, It is enough ! It is enough !

which internalises, in Mrs. Ramsay's mind, the external sensual ritual and so links, as does Lily Briscoe's painting, the subjective and the objective worlds.

As I have argued elsewhere,(10), these sea - symbols, like Woolf's use of colour, can be shown, most obviously, of course, in *The Waves* - to reflect an underlying thematic dichotomy the resolution of which, in fictional terms, is basic to Woolf's aesthetic purpose. But it must be admitted that these passages, even more than those earlier cited, are susceptible to "over - interpretation" ; Woolf, Eliot and Joyce have notoriously suffered from this form of critical aberration. I shall try to deal with this very vexed problem in the second part of this paper ; in conclusion of this present discussion, I shall merely point out that it is difficult to decide why, while the propositions advanced in the last two paragraphs seem to me valid and acceptable, those of another critic who offers an allegedly symbolic interpretation of *To The Lighthouse* I take to be nonsensical :-

If Mrs. Ramsay resembles Rhea, she appears almost an incarnation of Demeter. This divine being, the Goddess of the Corn, was the daughter of Cronos and Rhea and the sister of Zeus. But unlike him and the other Olympians, she was, with Dionysus, mankind's best friend. Hers was the divine power which made the earth fruitful.....Symbols of fruitfulness cluster about Mrs. Ramsay. She plants flowers and sees that they are tended. The others, thinking of her, associate flowers with her immediately. She adorns herself with a green shawl.....(11)

We would seem to be taken back to the first stanza of the *Ode to Autumn*, but this is an incidental *apercu*. The difficulty here is that the identifications are too precise(12) ; in a paradoxical sense the text is being *under* - interpreted. The ambiguities inherent in Woolf's symbolic method are being weakened through emphasis on a single parallel, and all other aspects (and irregularities) are being ignored.(13)

But to speak, as has regrettably become fashionable, of "reductivism" in criticism is to use a meaningless term ; *all* criticism is reductive, and as of necessity. Symbols, by virtue of their ambiguity, will always permit of a multiplicity of means of approach ; criticism, hence, involves techniques of selectivity. It is here, I feel, that the concept of a structural symbolism - once satisfactorily distinguished from tonal symbolism and thus granted a certain clarity of definition - may give check to the wilder excesses of some interpreters, since it will then be to the symbolic structure that "mythic" parallels, sociological analogies, etc., must be shown to be drawn - not to any mere tonal incidental (flowers and green shawls) that it may suit the critic's immediate purpose to select.

## NOTES

- 1 Northrop Frye, *Anatomy of Criticism*, (1957), 366.
- 2 Mary Douglas, *Natural Symbols*, (1970), 11.
- 3 Aileen Ward, *John Keats : the Making of a Poet*, (1955), 322.
- 4 See Cleanth Brooks, *The Well-Wrought Urn*, (1947), for further elaboration.
- 5 E. M. Halliday's detailed analysis of this passage stresses its inexactitude rather than its ambiguity : see Halliday, "Hemingway's Ambiguity ; Symbolism and Irony," *Twentieth Century Interpretations of 'A Farewell to Arms'*, (1970), 64 - 71.
- 6 It may be noted in this connection that ambiguous patterns of a visual kind - such as Rubin's double profile, the "rabbit-duck" drawing, etc., - are widely employed by psychologists in personality tests ; Frenkel-Brunswik claims that badly integrated personalities react to such patterns with anxiety, (see Else Frenkel-Brunswik, "Psychodynamics and Cognition," *Explorations in Psychoanalysis*, ed. Lindner, (1953,) but this is arguably an exaggeration of a normal reaction of perplexity. For a summary of reported reader-reactions to short unconnected sentences, similar to those used by Hemingway, see David J. A. Walton, "Some Theoretical Aspects of the Reading Process," *Bull. Fac. Hum. Univ. Qatar*, I, (1979), 67 - 8.
- 7 *Twentieth Century Interpretations of 'A Farewell to Arms,'* 14.
- 8 Ian White, "On Rasselas," *Cambridge Quarterly*, vol. 6, no. 1, (July, 1972), 25.
- 9 Desmond MacCarthy, *Portraits I*, (1931), 74.
- 10 See Shaun McCarthy, "The Pulse of Colour' in Virginia Woolf's 'To The Lighthouse'," *Bull. Fac. Hum. Univ. Qatar*, I, 32 - 45.
- 11 cit. William Righter, "Myth and Literature," (1975), 46. Righter withholds the author's name, and I shall follow his example.

- 12 Thus Virginia Woolf : "I meant *nothing* by the lighthouse.....I can't manage symbolism except in this vague, generalised way. Whether it's right or wrong I don't know ; but directly I'm told what a thing means, it becomes hateful to me ....." Letter to Roger Fry, cit. John Lehmann, *Virginia Woolf and her World*, (1975), 60.
- 13 Halliday has objected on these grounds to Carlos Baker's formulation of the structural polarities in *A Farewell to Arms*, accusing him of employing a "greatly over-elaborated critical gimmick." (See *Twentieth Century Interpretations of "A Farewell to Arms,"* 70 ; and also in this connection D. L. Corson, "The Symbolism in 'A Farewell to Arms,' " *English Studies*, vol. 53, (1972), 518 - 22.) Except on certain points of detail, however, these objections cannot be sustained.