

It is with this in mind that we should approach the novel, its characters, and its symbolic structure, not looking for exact and mathematical equivalences, for the symbols take on different meanings at different times during the story. We have seen the cluster of imagery that surrounds the figure of Nicole, based in part on the nightingale and the moon, shift in meaning or emphasis. *Tender Is the Night* is an enchanting and disturbing work of art, but it can be fully understood and enjoyed only by those who approach it with the same respect as that with which they approach the court of Gloriana, as did Keats, through whom Fitzgerald caught a fleeting glimpse of "the Queen-Moon", her kingdom, and its strange and confusing landscape.

NOTES

1. F. Scott Fitzgerald, *Tender Is the Night*, ed. Malcolm Cowley (New York: Scribners, 1956), p. 91. All references are to this edition of the novel.
2. *Ibid.*, p. xii, Introduction.
3. R. P. Jameson et A. E. Heacox, eds., *Chants de France* (Boston: D. C. Heath & Co., 1922), p. 46.

PRODIGALS

Lawrence P. Spingarn

We who have asked why summer went
 To rack and riot, why our garments caught
 Their golden hems on thorn or nettle, fly
 Down paths that riddle at the maze of time,
 And from declension keep as substitute
 The empty summer house, a rustic doom
 For children banished there before we came.

The stricken leaf has told us what is meant
 By fall: the culprit wind; the lamp we sought
 Blown out in sudden darkness; all things dry,
 Dead like the stubble on the slopes we climb.
 Living, we patch the season's tattered suit
 And share with poverty this smaller room,
 The bench where lovers carved love's ghostly name.