

"Peter Quince at the Clavier" is another call on Stevens part to the senses and the senses magnified by the imagination. O'Connor tells us, "The moon, the color blue, and musical instruments are constant symbols of the imagination. (3)" Imagination transforms music and silk into feeling, sound becomes feeling and solid objects in the external world become feeling, and from this premise Stevens starts out to relate a dreamlike scene from the Bible that deals with questions of the sensual. That the Susanna in the poem is deeply involved and immersed in a transcending, or transcendent, sense experience in the external world goes without saying, and is reflected heavily in the garden setting and the language. Was Susanna merely admonished for indecent exposure of sensuality or was ^{she} actually raped by the elders? These are two interpretations I have seen, but this factual doubt is not important on this level of abstraction, what is important is that she is brought to feel shame for her encounter with sensual bliss, (~~organized church can take the place of the female persona in this case due to Stevens view on it.~~) This produces a paradox of a sort in these two poems we have encountered so far. The first promotes a religion of the imagination, and the second makes a sexually orientated imagination the object of admonishment.

Susanna is only a symbol of the ~~possible~~ transcendence possible through a sensually orientated imagination, and ends the scene by making Susanna a positive symbol,

Now, In its immortality, it plays
 On the clear viol of her memory
 and makes a constant sacrament of praise.

Susanna is a creature much like the men of the orriastic movement of "Sunday Morning" she has realized the state modern man is striving for of full self-fulfillment and realization in an imaginative external world, she has left contemplation of the eternal behind and found herself in her own imaginative garden paradise celebrating her senses rather

Incoherent sentence

To relate Susanna to a realization of the state of modern man is difficult for me.

How again there are of those slips that make me wonder whether you know what you're saying.

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