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Teachable Poems
From Sting to Shelley

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Manfred Pfister

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Christoph Bode, Bamberg

"Look on my Works, ye Mighty, and despair!": Notes on the Non-teachability of Poetry

Ozymandias

I met a traveller from an antique land,
Who said--"Two vast and trunkless legs of stone
Stand in the desart. ... Near them, on the sand,
Half sunk a shattered visage lies, whose frown,
5 and wrinkled lip, and sneer of cold command,
Tell that its sculptor well those passions read
Which yet survive, stamped on these lifeless things,
The hand that mocked them, and the heart that fed;
And on the pedestal, these words appear:
10 My name is Ozymandias, King of Kings,
Look on my Works, ye Mighty, and despair!
Nothing beside remains. Round the decay
Of that colossal wreck, boundless and bare
The lone and level sands stretch far away."

A: There's one thing that has always struck me about Shelley's "Ozymandias"[1] and that is the disparity between the popularity of the poem and the almost complete lack of critical debate about it. It is certainly one of the most widely anthologized pieces of the Romantic age, you can find it in innumerous school textbooks – it's a "classroom staple", as Anne Janowitz says –, and yet the major Shelley studies mention it only in passing, if at all, and most of the dozen or so articles about it – a ludicrously low number in the first place, considering the output of our critical industry – are not really about the poem itself but rather about its supposed "sources". Ironically, around this monument of Romantic achievement, there is a roaring critical silence.

B: Could it be that what strikes you as a conspicuous disparity is only natural? After all, "Ozymandias" does have a clear, straightforward, unequivocal message, doesn't it? As I see it, no two sane readers could possibly disagree as to what it means. It speaks for itself, needs no intermediaries. And that's the reason why, I think, it's included in textbooks.[2] It's eminently "teachable" in the sense that it can be used to dispel notions like "poetry is fuzzy", "the meaning of a poem isn't palpable", "poetry is subjective, emotional", or, for advanced students, "the sonnet form doesn't lend itself to progressive politics". In her

contribution to the MLA volume, *Approaches to Teaching Shelley's Poetry*, Gyde Christine Martin (A *squirms uneasily in his chair*) starts off with remarking that "[m]any students feel that poetry is not a very efficient way of expressing ideas. To help them overcome their prejudice and impatience, I like to introduce 'Ozymandias' at the beginning of undergraduate courses for non-English majors."[3] See what I mean? But you don't seem to like that approach.

A: It confirms my deepest preconceptions about the whole series, which encompasses both the best and the worst that literature teaching in the States has to offer. Nothing could surpass the excellence of the parts on editions and recommended readings – the bibliographies alone are worth the price –, but in between, when these teachers tell you how they "do" their favourites in class ... (*exasperated*) poetry as an efficient way of expressing ideas, I mean, how prosaic can you get? It comes as no surprise, does it, that her students end up discussing, of all things, "Shelley's intention", which leads, the teacher amiably admits, to a certain "impasse".[4]

B (*reservedly*): I think your sweeping condemnation is grossly unfair and I am beginning to feel that our ideas of poetry and consequently of the teaching of poetry and therefore of what one could or should do with "Ozymandias" in class might possibly differ considerably.

A: No two sane readers...?

B (*deliberately controlled*): Let's see, let's begin at the beginning, let's start with the facts and then see where the disagreement comes in. Shelley wrote his poem late in 1817 in competition with his friend Horace Smith, who produced a sonnet under the same title, later clumsily renamed "On a Stupendous Leg of Granite, Discovered Standing by Itself in the Deserts of Egypt, with the Inscription Inserted Below".

A: Not exactly the most catchy title, eh? I hope the poem expresses Smith's "idea" more efficiently...

B (*ignoring* A): Shelley's was published in Leigh Hunt's radical weekly *The Examiner* on January 11, 1818, Smith's three weeks later in the same journal. 'Ozymandias' is the Greek name for the Egyptian pharaoh Ramses II, the Great, third king of the 19th dynasty (all pharaohs of the following 20th called themselves Ramses after him), whose reign – 1304 to 1237 BC – is the second longest in Egyptian history and is especially renowned for its prosperity, its ambitious building programmes and the many colossal statues of its ruler.

A: It was most probably during his reign that the Exodus took place.

B: Right. Now, in the wake of Napoleon's Egyptian expedition there was a great craze for things Egyptian at the time, but particularly so in the autumn

of 1817, when the British Museum acquired numerous statues and other remains of the period of the Ramses, amongst them that impressive granite bust of Ramses II, wrongly termed "the younger Memnon", which Shelley and Smith may well have seen.[5]

A: And the Rosetta Stone.

B: Beg your pardon?

A: The Rosetta Stone was in the same consignment.

B: Ah, was it?

A: Anyway, "Ozymandias" is not about that Ramses figure exhibited in the British Museum, is it?

B: Of course not. All this is only collateral information.

A: I see. Wonderful expression. You should work for the White House. What about the "real" statue, the one that Shelley's poem is "about"?

B: The first description is by Diodorus Siculus, the Greek historian of the first century BC. It's in his universal history – *Bibliotheca Historica* is the Latin title –, and it reads: "This piece is not only commendable for its greatness, but admirable for its cut and workmanship, and the excellency of the stone. In so great a work there is not to be discerned the least flaw, or any other blemish. Upon it there is this inscription: 'I am Osymandias, king of kings; if any would know how great I am, and where I lie, let him excel me in any of my works.'"[6] And we know through Shelley's biographer N.I. White that Shelley ordered Diodorus from his London booksellers as early as 1812, that is, he read it in Booth's translation of 1700, from which I have quoted.

A: Beside the point.

B: But the ins...

A: Beside the point, I say. Because Diodorus evidently describes a *complete* statue. Where did Shelley obtain the information about the *ruined* monument?

B (*slightly uneasy*): Well, you know as well as me – since you've mentioned all these articles on Shelley's possible sources – that there is quite a list of likely candidates: D.W. Thompson suggested Claude Etienne Savary's *Lettres sur l'Egypte*, Henry Jewell Pettit Denon's *Voyage dans la Haute et la Basse Egypte*, and H.M. Richmond made a very good case for Dr. Richard Pococke's *A Description of the East, and Some Other Countries*. Even Walter Raleigh's *History of the World* and Volney's *Les Ruines* have been thrown into the debate, although the one only for the epigraph, the other for the general scene.[7]

A: The general scene, I see. And what, if I may ask, is your personal favourite?

B: Well, I suppose Johnstone Parr summed it up neatly in 1957 when he said "we are still unable to do more than speculate".[8] You see, even when Richmond, five years later, proffered Pococke, he didn't claim him as a source in the sense that Shelley sort of found a specific paragraph in Pococke and then wrote his sonnet. Pococke, says Richmond, had some "suggestive details", a series of random observations, which Shelley then worked into "a brilliantly symbolic unity, fused by his passionate hatred of tyrants and his desire to pass judgement on their aspirations."[9]

A: But the broken statue and the inscription are in Pococke?

B (*hesitatingly*): There are various broken statues that Pococke claims to have seen at Thebes, and he mentions the inscription.

A (*a bit too sharply*): He quotes the inscription mentioned by Diodorus and then continues, "This statue, without doubt, has been broken to pieces and carried away, *as there is not the least sign of it.*"[10]

B (*defensively*): He's not a source in the original sense. He has a trunk here, a foot there, a pedestal in another place. Admittedly, he's also a bit confused...

A: And confusion spreads: Parr has him give the measurements of the monument *in its broken state*, although Pococke says "there is not the least sign of it"! And then Parr even presents drawings and photographs of the "Statue of Ozymandias" at Thebes.

B: They're evidently speaking about different statues – Parr's is not that of the inscription.

A: Aha. Let's get this sorted out: Pococke and numerous other 18th-century travellers to Egypt quote, in their respective accounts, the famous epigraph "I am the king of kings..."

B: They do, indeed.

A: It's even in the Fourth Edition of the *Encyclopedia Britannica* of 1810.

B (*temporarily relieved*): It was all around, it was well known.

A: "[S]omething about the [...] Ozymandias 'epitaph' seized the imagination of these European tourists."[11]

B: Indeed, indeed.

A: The original inscription, I take it, was in hieroglyphics?

B: Of course.

A: And one knew its meaning from Diodorus' transcription?

B: One would.

A: The Rosetta Stone was deciphered in...?

B: Around 1820?

A: 1822. (*Long pause.*) If they knew the statue and the pedestal and knew the meaning of the epigraph through Diodorus, why did they have to wait for Champollion to come along? They had the perfect code-breaker at their hands all the time. (*Another pause.*)

B: From which it follows...

A: From which it follows that *they didn't know the statue.*

B: But their accounts...

A: None of them found it, *none of them saw it.* There's a field of broken and half-broken statues and other debris at the Ramesseum at Thebes, very confusing. What those travellers did was that they used Diodorus as a guide – Diodorus in hand they would try and identify what they were looking for. It wasn't that their descriptions were sparked off by their encounters with the broken statue – quite the reverse: *text in hand,* they were looking for it, didn't find it, copied Diodorus – and left it at that.[12] It's not only that Shelley assembled his impressive ensemble – trunkless legs, head, pedestal with legend – from *various* textual passages, it is also that the broken monument of Ozymandias *is nowhere to be found in physical reality.* It exists nowhere but in the Romantic imagination of the time.

B: I take your point. The critical history of "Ozymandias" is almost exclusively the history of the quest for its sources, its origin, textual or extra-textual. But the outcome of that quest is...

A: ... that there is no "origin" outside this discourse, no *object,* but only other texts that, drawing on an earlier one, are looking for the physical representation of an imaginary construct that haunts and fascinates this very imagination. Our present-day source-hunters are only continuing, on another plane, what (with better reason) these 18th-century travellers did: to refer the text to something external. But Shelley's poem can't be anchored to something extra-textual. It does not have a referent. His statue can only be found in the poem. So much for the positivist's short-cut to reality. So much for "facts". (*Leaning forward*) Tell you a secret: even if there *was* this statue, *Shelley's* would still be only in his poem.

B: So it's back to square one? – Excuse me for a moment.

A (*relaxed*): When you come back, can we talk about *the poem*?

BREAK

B (*returning, composed*): I grant you that this kind of source-hunting is largely futile...

A: No, no, quite the contrary. I find it extremely illuminating and instructive.

B: ... but your debunking doesn't really affect the poem's message, does it?

A: Which is?

B: How the mighty have fallen. Tyrants don't last forever. Through the passage of time Ozymandias' preposterous and presumptuous claim has been converted into its exact opposite. The desert sands surrounding the broken monument pass a devastating judgment on the king's exaggerated and short-sighted boast, and the whole scene reveals a cutting irony in the word "despair": Those who would try and emulate Ozymandias will not, as Ozymandias would have it, despair of the enormity of the task, but rather despair of the completeness of his defeat – and of anyone's who would follow his footsteps. The inscription tells the truth, although it is one to which Ozymandias, *in his time*, was blind – it only came out *in the course of time*. Thus ironically Ozymandias' boast of power has been converted into an apt admonition and warning to the likes of his. At the same time the poem is kind of reassuring to radical reformers because it points out that *in the long run*, i.e. measured against the epochs of world history, but even more so measured against the epochs of natural history, despotism won't last. Neither the individual tyrant, nor despotism as a form of government. In a way, it's part of the *pre*-history of mankind.

A: The idea is ubiquitous in Shelley: you find it all the way through from *Queen Mab* to *Prometheus Unbound*, "Thou hast a voice, great Mountain, to repeal / Large codes of fraud and woe..."

B (*puzzled*): *Mont Blanc.* Does that mean you agree with my reading?

A: Absolutely. It would be foolish not to. This general political message is also borne out by a comparison to Horace Smith's companion poem. Shelley omits all specific references to Egypt, the Nile etc.[13], and gives the statue a face that is definitely not a pharaoh's: frown, wrinkled lip, sneer, all indicative of inward passions – that's nowhere near the mild, almost Buddha-like serenity we know from statues of Egyptian pharaohs, especially of Ramses II.

B: It reminds one rather of an archetypal villainous oriental despot...

A: *Sardanapalus*, by Delacroix.

B: So you agree with my reading – but still you wouldn't teach the poem like that?

A: Let's take a look at what you presumably call the "form" of the poem and see in how far it supports its "message".[14]

B: It's a sonnet.

A: How do you know?

B: Everybody says so and it's got 14 lines.

A: Two equally weak justifications. But let's pretend. "Sonnet" connotes what?

B: Formal excellency, the transcendence of oppositions into unity, the victory of art over the disquieting hazards of life, the triumph of form.

A: Fine. Which type? Petrarchan? Ronsard? Shakespeare?

B: Well, let's see, "land/stone/sand/frown/", I guess we can let "stone/frown" pass as a half-rhyme, so we have abab; "command" – eeeh – if we let "stone/ frown" pass, then "command" would be another a – "land/sand/command" –, and "read/things/fed" would give us acdc.

A: AC/DC? Your students will like that.

B: You're out of time, my friend. "Things" stands out in this second quatrain, it's not exactly regular.

A: No, you're right: Things stand out in this poem – isolated ruins in the desert.

B: I didn't know Shelley was such a punster.

A: Most poets are, inveterately.

B: Now for the sestet. "Appear", we haven't had that, that's e then, "Kings" – wow! – , that's d again – the "King of Kings" is connected with "these lifeless things"!

A: A truism.

B: But it shouldn't be!

A: Why?

B: It ties the sestet firmly to the octet, "things" and "Kings" have no rhymes their side of the dividing line.

A: Which dividing line?

B: The one an ideal sonnet would have.

A: I like that. You say "Ozymandias" is a sonnet, then you discover it doesn't quite fit the type and therefore conclude it's an imperfect specimen.

B: You can't deny it's written against a pattern.

A: Oh yes, definitely. Written *against* a pattern, *against* a tradition. We can come back to that. But see how it ends.

B: "Appear/Kings/despair/decay", that's edf, no, ed*e* – hold on, let's work our way backwards from the end: "despair/decay/bare/away" – that's as perfect a quatrain as you could wish for.

A: So how do you fit in the "appear"?

B: Well, if we didn't accept "appear" as a slant rhyme on "despair", it would be totally isolated in the poem.

A: It appears so, indeed. But it *is* also a poem about appearances, isn't it? It *would* make sense.

B: Possibly. Arguing from the end of the poem, I would accept it as an extreme slant rhyme – you know like the ones Wilfred Owen uses systematically – and read edefef instead of edfgfg.

A: So the truth of the matter is you can only place "appear" in hindsight, in retrospect?

B: Yes, it's...

A: The truth of that rhyme is revealed in time? You couldn't tell it when it first appeared?

B: Well, it was a beginning of sorts. It would have been e in any case, wouldn't it?

A: But it didn't establish its own tradition. What came of it sounds rather different.

B: But like enough to see a similarity.

A: Despair!

B: Huuh?

A: "Despair" in the beginning, "despair" 2 000 years gone. It's even *identical*, yet opposite in meaning. The truth will out, but it's a matter of *time*, you need the long perspective. – Do you still think it's a sonnet?

B: Looks like a wilfully ruined one to me. I mean, all those slant rhymes, no complete octet, no complete sestet, at least three caesuras.

A: You can still discern the form...

B: He's even bracketed the stone blocks – "things/Kings" – as if to keep the structure from collapsing. And at the bottom, there's this beautifully preserved quatrain ...

A: The legs of stone.

B: Above, it's sort of slanted, broken, not like it should be. Looks like a pattern is imperfectly *imposed*.

A: ... that is *human.* Nature *produces* patterns: "*b*oundless and *b*are", "*l*one and *l*evel". So the poem is a monument, a fake ruin, or rather one about to crack?

B: A work of art.

A: Subject to time?

B: Don't press me. Up till now our formal analysis has only supported my reading, hasn't it?

A: Wait till it tips over.

B: Show me.

A: The poem's first word is "I", but after less than one and a half lines, the "I" hands over to the traveller. The rest of the poem is in inverted commas, direct speech as recorded by the "I".

B: Agreed, the description is the traveller's.

A: It's not only a description. In part it's also an *interpretation*, it's a *reading* of the statue and its surroundings, its context. The traveller understands the frown, the wrinkled lip, the sneer as clearly and indubitably expressive of the despot's inward passions and applauds the sculptor for his skill. But certainly those very same facial expressions cannot have displayed the same meaning at the time the statue was sculptured.

B: Otherwise Ozymandias would have had the sculptor decapitated, or whatever the capital punishment was for sculptors in ancient Egypt.

A: Exactly so. The truth of the representation is one that wasn't obvious *at the time*, it came out *in the course of time.*

B: We've had this before.

A: It's a recurrent figure in this poem: Truth isn't something that is there and given, truth is something that *reveals itself* in a *process.* It comes out and then you see it. Truth isn't something that lies *in the beginning*, truth is something that is discovered, truth evolves, truth ripens. It is realized it time. Truth lies *at the end.* It's a bit like Gadamer: The full meaning of the text lies in the future.

B: Will it ever arrive?

A: Let's talk origins first. Ozymandias decreed the statue ...

B: In anciĕnt Thebes did ...

A: ... and ordered the sculptor to chisel his words into the pedestal. Spoken language into writing.

B: Just like the traveller's report in the poem: spoken words taken down.

A: Because only when spoken language is recorded does it have the chance to survive. Ozy's no dupe. The spoken word perishes. Writing takes the word out of time, preserves it.

B: If we pick up the monument/poem-analogy and generalize, it means that art survives power. Ozymandias' reign is long passed but the statue, albeit broken, is still there.

A: But the "albeit broken" is of supreme importance. Think of the poem's mock ruin structure. Art isn't out of time, it's subject to it, like power. It's more permanent, but not absolutely so. We're not dealing with a dyad – art vs. power – but with a triad: power – art – nature. The poem makes every effort, contentwise and formally, if you like, to make this point: the pen (or chisel) is mightier than the sword, but no match for erosion, no match for the processes of time. "Ozymandias" is about the transience of despotism, but it doesn't follow that therefore it must celebrate the permanence of art. Time defeats tyrants, yet art defeats time – that complacent message is certainly *not* the message of "Ozymandias". Its artefacts are too markedly time-worn.

B: But why then your harping on the twice-over transformation of spoken word into writing? It seems to be a conspicuous movement, Chinese-box-like, or, seen from the other end, like telescoping: Ozymandias' spoken words are chiseled into stone, then reported, in spoken language, by the traveller, before his account is likewise written down by the "I".

A: Remember that you said, or implied, the core of the poem was in the ironic reversal of the meaning of the word "despair"? How could it come about? What was the essential precondition? I'll tell thee: *that it was written down.* Only because it was written down it could be de-temporalized, taken out of its original context and – ironically, by time – be inserted into another one in which it acquired its secondary, "true", ironic meaning. It's a paradoxical double-gesture: Writing preserves, but at the same time, since through preservation it is then subjected to new contexts, it doesn't preserve at all, it changes, and it changes drastically. And don't forget: Twice it changes *for the better*, as it were, because twice the supposedly "real" meaning – of the features, of the inscription – comes out. Written words are subject to new contexts, the poem seems to say, and adds: and that is a good thing.

B: But then "Ozymandias" is deeply and irretrievably paradoxical. It says that written texts have no stable meanings and never could have, because as long as they exist they can and inevitably will be inserted into new contexts. But since "Ozymandias" is itself a written text ...

A: It even highlights its mode of being by those inverted commas: it's demonstratively spoken word *set down.*

B: ... it makes a statement about itself. It is self-referential not only in the Jakobsonian sense that it draws attention to itself and to the way it is written but also in the more rigorous *logical* sense: It is a statement about a class of statements of which it is itself a member. It's about itself. Its message is that written texts can have no stable messages. It paradoxically or ironically undercuts itself. By pointing to the fact that it is only *provisional*, it negates its own stability and definiteness. It's *a temporary gesture, deferring its ultimate meaning.*

A (serenely): Welcome to the club. Will you teach that?

BREAK

B: Is it "teachable"?

A: Depends on what you understand by "teaching". If you're looking for neat messages that can be extracted from the poem and held up for inspection, you'd be far better off with all those 18th-century ruin poems with their open didacticism and their explicit moralization.[15] There you can find what you first proposed to be the 'message' of "Ozymandias". Compared to them, "Ozymandias" as we have read it now, isn't teachable, because it refuses to make such an unambiguous statement. The one aspect in which it differs most from its tradition – because it's written both *in* and *against* the tradition of the ruin poem, just as it is written *in* and *against* the tradition of the sonnet – is exactly that it withholds its message.

B: It works by implication only.

A: It works by implication only and can't do otherwise, because otherwise it would fall behind its own insight into its essential temporality and provisionality.

B: Its irony is deeply Romantic then?

A: It is. Not the irony of "despair", that's simply situational. But the self-reflexive irony of the text knowing and performing its own limitations, that is, yes.

B: Again: Can it be taught?

A: I believe poetry is "essentially" non-teachable, or more precisely: to the degree that a poetic text is poetical, it cannot be "taught", if teaching means: using it in order to show something, reifying the text in order to produce "correct" readings which can then be reproduced (and marked) in examination papers.[16] It's Ozymandias' mistake: to try and stabilize texts, to erect a monument, to want to keep and hold something. Wrong from the start. It's a question of power, too, just as in the case of Ozymandias. Poetry, at its best, is the kind of writing that refuses this treatment. In a very technical, non-Romantic sense it is elusive, evasive und knowingly performs its precarious

mode of being. Therefore, to use it in order to dispel notions like "poetry is fuzzy", "the message of a poem is not palpable" etc., is – to misquote Milton – "to kill poetry, as it were, in the eye". If it's poetry, you can't teach it; if you do, it's no longer poetry. You miss its defining quality. It escapes you. And, what is worse, you're systematically misleading dependents.

B: But what keeps you from teaching *that*? What keeps you from showing that poetry works like that? It would still be teaching, wouldn't it?

A: It's a question of precedence. There isn't anything that could reasonably be said about "Ozymandias" that the poem doesn't already say or display itself. It's tautological to say so.

B: Sacra scriptura sui ipsius interpres?

A: Who was it that said that "Ozymandias" speaks for itself and needs no intermediaries? It wasn't *me*, was it? – The poem is always already *there*. You cannot overtake it. You can try and trace it, but you're always following a movement that has already been performed and continues to happen. You can only point out this motion, this temporary gesture.

B: But this pointing out would still be a kind of teaching. You'd make that poem more accessible.

A: I wouldn't. I'd only teach inaccessible poems and point out in which particular way they are inaccessible. I'd trace their withdrawal, the deferral of meaning, their paradoxical status. Pursuing this end, it goes without saying that I'd only "teach" *non-teachable poems*, the only kind of poetry that is worth talking about.

B: You sound like the last high-priest of Modernism.

A: I am, dear friend, I am. But still I'll be mistaken for a deconstructionist.

B: You puzzle me endlessly. But I refuse to be appeased. *You'd still be teaching.*

A: You know, "teachable poems" suggests to me there are poems which can be made amenable to teaching – and others which are less suitable (or malleable), and you question the poems which side they're on. Now in my case, *it's the poetry that questions the teaching.* The problem is not to find a poem that fits your teaching or which can be made to fit your teaching, but how to *widen* your teaching so that it opens up a space where poetry can happen. Is your teaching up to the poetry? Is it large enough to encompass it? These are the decisive questions. Is your teaching open, open-minded, flexible, responsive enough? Or does it lag behind in any of these respects? The question is not the teaching of poetry but, quite the reverse, *how to poeticize teaching.*

B: A Romantic programme.

A: Call it what you will. The best poem is one that can't be taught – no matter whether it's fringe or mainstream (just like I've always held that it's not *what's* on the canon but rather *what's done with it once it's there* that matters). And the "teaching it" would consist in the showing that this is so – that it can't be done – *daß der Text uns über ist.* "Look on my *Works*, ye Mighty, and despair!" This showing will, of course, always be more of a dialogue – text/reader, teacher/student than the usual classroom subjection.

B (mumbling to himself): With him, it's sometimes hard to tell the difference. (*Slyly*) Much like this dialogue?

A: Pretty much so, I suppose.

B: Except that this is only between you and me.

A: It always is, my friend, it always is.

Notes

1 The text is the one given in D.H. Reiman, S.B. Powers (Eds.): *Shelley's Poetry and Prose. Authoritative Texts, Criticism.* New York, London, 1977. For an informative discussion of textual variants see K. Everest: "'Ozymandias'".
2 See also ibid., p. 25: "Its length, and the accessible directness with which its irony appears to work, make it ideal for study in schools."
3 G.C. Martin: "Look on my Words", p. 65.
4 Ibid., p. 66.
5 Cf. R. Holmes: *Shelley*, p. 410.
6 Quoted in A. Janowitz: "Shelley's Monument", p. 480.
7 There is a comprehensive bibliography of the debate in A. Janowitz: "Shelley's Monument", p. 489, fn. 3, and an excellent overview over the present state of the art in M.A. Quinn: "'Ozymandias'", p. 49, fn. 1.
8 J. Parr: "Shelley's *Ozymandias*", p. 35.
9 H.M. Richmond: "Ozymandias and the Travelers", p. 71.
10 Quoted ibid., p. 68.
11 A. Janowitz: "Shelley's Monument", p. 481.
12 Obviously, A. is here heavily indebted to Janowitz' excellent article on "Ozymandias", the best, along with William Freedman's, to have appeared in decades.
13 Compare M.K. Bequette: "Shelley and Smith".
14 The most extensive "formal" analysis so far can be found in K. Everest: "'Ozymandias'", pp. 26ff.
15 Cf. A. Janowitz: "Shelley's Monument", pp. 478, 483ff.
16 The classic essay on this aspect is, of course, H.M. Enzensberger's "Ein bescheidener Vorschlag zum Schutze der Jugend vor den Erzeugnissen der Poesie".

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