1. What is the prime importance to medicine of early opium use?
2. What is the mood effect?
3. What are the terms associated with these two?
4. Can you mention any appearance of opium in the lit. of before the 19th century?
5. What is laudanum?
6. What does it mean that early reactions to opium use were not “hysterical”?
7. When did these attitudes change?
8. Enumerate the steps of the change of attitude. Why opium use was considered to be dangerous? What are the socio-political implications of this change? Which classes was it associated with? Why was lower class use considered to be dangerous?
9. What are the reasons for the attitude change?
10. What does Berridge mean by the medicalisation of society? What does it have to do with Foucault?
11. What is the disease theory?
12. How did the focus of the problematisation of opium addiction change?

Preface to “Kubla Khan” (1816)

The following fragment is here published at the request of a poet of pt and deserved celebrity, and, as far as the author's own opinions are concerned, rather as a psychological curiosity, than on the grounds of any supposed poetic merits.

In the summer of the year 1797, the author, then in ill health, had retired to a lonely farmhouse between Porlock and Linton, on the Exmoor confines of Somerset and Devonshire. In consequence of a slight indisposition, an anodyne had been prescribed, from the effects of which he fell asleep in his chair at the moment that he was reading the following sentence, or words of the same substance, in Purchas's Pilgrimage: "Here the Khan Kubla commanded a palace to be built, and a stately garden thereunto. And thus ten miles of fertile ground were inclosed with a wall." The author continued for about three hours in a profound sleep, at least of the external senses, during which time he has the most vivid confidence that he could not have composed less than from two to three hundred lines; if that indeed can be called composition in which all the images rose up before him as things, with a parallel production of the correspondent expressions, without any sensation or consciousness of effort. On awaking he appeared to himself to have a distinct recollection of the whole, and taking his pen, ink, and paper, instantly and eagerly wrote down the lines that are here preserved. At this moment he was unforunately called out by a person on business from Porlock, and detained by him above an hour, and on his return to his room, found, to his no small surprise and mortification, that though he still retained some vague and dim recollection of the general purport of the vision, yet, with the exception of some eight or ten scattered lines and images, all the rest had passed away like the images on the surface of a stream into which a stone has been cast, but, alas! without the after restoration of the latter!

Then all the charm  
Is broken — all that phantom world so fair  
Vanishes, and a thousand circlets spread,  
And each misshape[s] the other. Stay awhile,  
Poor youth! who scarcely dar'st lift up thine eyes —   
The stream will soon renew its smoothness, soon  
The visions will return! And lo, he stays,  
And soon the fragments dim of lovely forms  
Come trembling back, unite, and now once more  
The pool becomes a mirror.

[From Coleridge's The Picture; or, the lover's Resolution, lines 91-100]

Yet from the still surviving recollections in his mind, the author has frequently purposed to finish for himself what had been originally, as were, given to him. [I shall sing a sweeter song today]: but the tomorrow is yet to come. As a contrast to this vision, I have annexed a fragment of a very different character, describing with equal fidelity the dream of pain and disease.

In Xanadu did KubIa Khan  
A stately pleasure dome decree:  
Where Alph, the sacred river, ran  
Through caverns measureless to man  
Down to a sunless sea.  
So twice five miles of fertile ground  
With walls and towers were girdled round:  
And there were gardens bright with sinuous rills,  
Where blossomed many an incense-bearing tree;  
And here were forests ancient as the hills,  
Enfolding sunny spots of greenery.  
  
But oh! that deep romantic chasm which slanted  
Down the green hill athwart a cedarn cover!  
A savage place! as holy and enchanted  
As e'er beneath a waning moon was haunted  
By woman wailing for her demon lover!  
And from this chasm, with ceaseless turmoil seething,  
As if this earth in fast thick pants were breathing,  
A mighty fountain momently was forced:  
Amid whose swift half-intermitted burst  
Huge fragments vaulted like rebounding hail,  
Or chafly grain beneath the thresher's flail:  
And `mid these dancing rocks at once and ever  
It flung up momently the sacred river.  
Five miles meandering with a mazy motion   
Through wood and dale the sacred river ran,  
Then reached the caverns measureless to man,  
And sank in tumult to a lifeless ocean:  
And `mid this tumult KubIa heard from far  
Ancestral voices prophesying war!  
The shadow of the dome of pleasure  
Floated midway on the waves;  
Where was heard the mingled measure  
From the fountain and the caves.  
It was a miracle of rare device,  
A sunny pleasure dome with caves of ice!  
  
A damsel with a dulcimer  
In a vision once I saw:  
It was an Abyssinian maid,  
And on her dulcimer she played,  
Singing of Mount Abora.  
Could I revive within me  
Her symphony and song,  
To such a deep delight `twould win me,  
That with music loud and long,   
I would build that dome in air,  
That sunny dome! those caves of ice!  
And all who heard should see them there,  
And all should cry, Beware! Beware!  
His flashing eyes, his floating hair!  
Weave a circle round him thrice,  
And close your eyes with holy dread,  
For he on honeydew hath fed,  
And drunk the milk of Paradise. (ca. 1797-98, 1816)

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Context

”My indisposition originated in the stump of a tooth over which some matter had formed: this affected my eyes, my eyes my stomach, my stomach my head… Laudanum gave me repose” (Letter to George Coleridge, March, 10, 1798. in *SL,* 67).

“Had I but a few hundred pounds but 200, half to send to Mrs Coleridge, & half to place myself in a private madhouse, where I could procure nothing but what a Physician Thought proper, & where a medical attendant could be constantly with me for two or three months… then there might be Hope. Now there is none” (To Joseph Cottle, April 26, 1814, in *SL,* 173).

“the practice of taking opium is dreadfully spread – throughout Lancashire and Yorkshire, it is the common dram of the lower order of people” (Letter to T.G. Street, September 19. 1808, in CL, V. 125-26).

I did not “at any times taken the flattening poison as a stimulus, or for any craving after pleasurable sensations” (SL, 223).

“I know, it will be a vain attempt to persuade Mrs Morgan or Charlotte, that a man, whose moral feelings, reason and understanding, and senses are perfectly sane and vigourous, may yet have been *mad ­­*-- And yet nothing is more true. By the long long Habit of the accursed *Poison to my Volition* (by which I mean the faculty *instrumental* to the Will, and by which alone the Will can realise itself – it’s Hands, Legs, & Feet, as it were) was completely deranged, at times frenzied, dissevered itself from the Will, & became an independent faculty: so that I was perpetually in the state, in which you may have seen paralytic Persons, who attempting to push a step forward in one direction are violently forced round the opposite.” (Letter to John Morgan, Saturday, 14 May, 1814, *SL,* 175)

„The Imagination then I consider either as primary, or secondary. The primary Imagination I hold to be the living power and prime agent of all human perception, and as a repetition in the finite mind of the eternal act of creation in the infinite I AM. The secondary Imagination I consider as an echo of the former, co-existing with the conscious will, yet still as identical with the primary in the kind of its agency, and differing only in degree, and in the mode of its operation. It dissolves, diffuses, dissipates, in order to recreate: or where this process is rendered impossible, yet still at all events it struggles to idealize and to unify. It is essentially vital, even as all objects (as objects) are essentially fixed and dead.

FANCY, on the contrary, has no other counters to play with, but fixities and definites. The fancy is indeed no other than a mode of memory emancipated from the order of time and space; while it is blended with, and modified by that empirical phaenomenon of the will, which we express by the word Choice. But equally with the ordinary memory the Fancy must receive all its materials ready made from the law of association.” (*Biographia Literaria,* 1817.)

The sanity of the mind is between superstition with fanaticism on the one hand, and enthusiasm with indifference and a diseased slowness to action on the other. For the conceptions of the mind may be so vivid and adequate, as to preclude that impulse to the realizing of them, which is strongest and most restless in those, who possess more than mere talent, (or the faculty of appropriating and applying the knowledge of others,)—yet still want something of the creative and self-sufficing power of absolute genius. For this reason therefore, they are men of commanding genius. While the former rest content between thought and reality, as it were in an intermundium of which their own living spirit supplies the substance, and their imagination the ever-varying form; the latter must impress their preconceptions on the world without, in order to present them back to their own view with the satisfying degree of clearness, distinctness, and individuality. These in tranquil times are formed to exhibit a perfect poem in palace, or temple, or landscape-garden; or a tale of romance in canals that join sea with sea, or in walls of rock, which, shouldering back the billows, imitate the power, and supply the benevolence of nature to sheltered navies; or in aqueducts that, arching the wide vale from mountain to mountain, give a Palmyra to the desert. But alas! in times of tumult they are the men destined to come forth as the shaping spirit of ruin, to destroy the wisdom of ages in order to substitute the fancies of a day, and to change kings and kingdoms, as the wind shifts and shapes the clouds [8]. The records of biography seem to confirm this theory. The men of the greatest genius, as far as we can judge from their own works or from the accounts of their contemporaries, appear to have been of calm and tranquil temper in all that related to themselves. (*BL,* 1817)

C. searches for “an antidote to that *restless craving* for the *wonders of the day*, which in conjunction with the *appetite* for *publicity* is *spreading* like an efflorescence on the surface of [the] national character.” (*Lay Sermons,* 1816, 9, italics added)

“if there exists means for deriving resignation from the general discontent […] that antidote and these means must be sought for in the collation of the present with the past, in the habit of thoughtfully assimilating the events of our own age to those of the time before us.”(*Lay Sermons,* 1816, 9, italics added)