

Pandaemonium (2001)

Julien Temple's "Pandaemonium" is about a turbulent relationship played out in turbulent times. It focuses on the poets Samuel Taylor Coleridge and William Wordsworth.

The two geniuses are reunited at a party thrown by Wordsworth (John Hannah) in anticipation of him becoming Poet Laureate (Official poet). Coleridge (Linus Roache), ravaged by his opium addiction, moves unsteadily around the room and crashes to the floor. Wordsworth helps him but Coleridge stumbles again and finds himself back in time years earlier when he first met and collaborated with Wordsworth.

The story is set against tremendous political and technological upheaval which mirrors the nature of Coleridge and Wordsworth's relationship and gives us a view of the poets' worlds. Temple uses stunning visual effects to express the creative forces and drug-addiction that drove Coleridge.

"Pandaemonium" gets to the heart of the obsessions that drive great writers and will have you taking a closer look at the poetry of the time.

Samuel Taylor Coleridge

Kubla Khan

OR, A VISION IN A DREAM.
A FRAGMENT.

In Xanadu did Kubla 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 momentarily was forced :
Amid whose swift half-intermitted burst
Huge fragments vaulted like rebounding hail,
Or chaffy grain beneath the thresher's flail :
And 'mid these dancing rocks at once and ever
It flung up momentarily 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 Kubla 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 honey-dew hath fed,
And drunk the milk of Paradise.

Autumn of 1797 or (more likely) spring of 1798