Karl Vennberg

CHRONOMETRY

A critic and leading figure of the 1940's, modern Swedish literature's most vital and controversial decade, Karl Vennberg was educated at Lund and Stockholm universities. He has published eight volumes of poetry as well as translations of Kafka and Eliot.

Some people have got the idea that I, in pure defiance and out of youthful desire to rebel, would deny the usual chronometries

but I have the greatest respect for chronometries:
Julian, Jewish, Gregorian, Mohammedan
and never embark on any of my important enterprises
without establishing their place in time
their position in relation to the world's creation
the founding of Rome
the flight to Medina and so forth

Those who charge that I have blasphemously violated the chronological sense presumably suffer from personal ill-will Who could seriously wish to do away with these threadbare calendars with all their domesticated swindle who would dare meet without time's masks and concatenations all the silent stipulations of history in the dark's hollowed stairs

There really isn't much that in itself is worth loving and contrary traits can as a rule shake hands with each other Even truth can be bisexual and beget monstrous children with itself And how moreover can the hunter's truth be reconciled with the quarry's Conscience and sense of justice can dupe us with the simplest fits of ague

Altogether it seems as if the bones which the world's history throws us are right thin and gnawed on

But I haven't yet heard that it had succeeded in tossing truths, consciences, or meatbones outside of time

Even if I perhaps ordinarily need wool rags and warming wraps to keep life in my small weaknesses and articles of belief I must unmistakably deny that I have coldbloodedly set myself against anything so beneficent and all embracing as chronometry

Gunnar Ekelof

BAL
DES PETITS
LITS BLANCS

Educated at Uppsala, and in London and Paris, Mr. Ekelöf has edited two "little magazines" and is credited with introducing modern forms of poetry into Sweden. His eight volumes of poetry include Non Serviam (1949), from which this poem is taken.

A small boy stands before the aquarium's darkness Full fathoms five thy father— (But the Prince of Monaco departs

with a band of gunmen pistols in their belts and twisted moustaches to the little mermaids)

It is in hot August when the peppercorns redden on the trees in the Oceanographic Museum. He dreams: