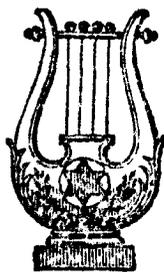


RUNES  
AND  
RIPPLES

BY

JOHAN G. R. BANER.



*To Theodore Tels.*

With the Author's Best Wishes.

# FROM MY HERBARIUM.

NORTH PARK COLLEGE.

Chicago, Ill., Dec. 3rd, 1914.

My dear friend Baner :

My belief is that opinions which Hubbard and others have given you are well deserved. It is really a wonderful interest you have in our old Mythology. If I should try to find something resembling your poetry among great antecessors, then Ling's creations would, I think, be chosen; both because of your interest in the world of Saga, and the ecstasy that bears your songs up. In our materialistic and dust-wise times, such poetic flights as yours certainly are refreshing. Thanks.

Your friend

David Nyvall.

East Aurora, N. Y., Dec. 1st 1914.

Dear Mr. Baner :—

The two poems ("Yggdrasil" and "The Vikings' Dialogue") you sent us are — wonderful. And there is nothing we would like better than to print them up in true Roycroft style....

Sincerely yours, Ingham.

Lindsborg, Kansas, Dec. 18th 1914.

I know you not, Baner, and yet I do,  
For e'en in "Flakes" you prove a singer true,  
With heart aglow with love for Northern lore —  
And hence I ask you: "Strike your lyre some more!"  
Alf. Bergin.

Duluth, Minn., Dec, 21st 1914.

Dear Mr. Baner :

I am much pleased with the poems you sent me. You have an imagination or fancy that is almost riotous in its luxuriance, a vocabulary that amazes me with its resources, a grasp of metrical feats that is bewildering, and a sense of harmony that is admirable.

Very truly

Stillman H. Bingham  
(Editor Duluth Herald).

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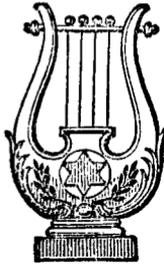
RUNES

AND

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JOHAN G. R. BANER.



MASSINEN'S PRINT,  
IRONWOOD, MICH.



## The Vikings' Dialogue.

LEIF :—

Strengthen thy eagle-wings, "Jarl", for flight over billowing water,

Give to thy iron-clad bow a becalming probation.

Polar-star, lead — I command! In gloom lurks but blood-rain and slaughter:

Eddies and shoals, without thee, would be numbing our passion.

Sinewy arms shall we need, ye war-tempered barsarks, when roaming

There on the uncharted sea; and your courage is needed!

Mighty is Ocean, when storms have angered him, when he is foaming!

But — with your lead can his strength not by viking be heeded.

Not for the glimmering gold satanical dangers we wrestle,

Go we, my dragon, to isle, where the sun is reposing;

No, but the Thunderer's bolt, commanded from fate-spinning trestle,

May under rumble and glare — be a kingdom disclosing.

Hjorwar, the rudder is thine: steer out to the unknown, the calling;

Unerring falcon-eyes strain toward realms occidental.

Ravens have sung me a lay of wine-fruit from silver-trees falling,

Whispered of glorious domain under sky oriental.

HJORWAR:—

Fill thy lungs, thou sea-steed prancing,  
And begin thy norn-sung dancing,  
    Where the music, ever lusty,  
    Never swung o'er orbits dusty.  
There, my copper-headed ranger,  
Shall we quench and conquer danger!

Fill thy lungs, thou sea-steed prancing,  
And begin thy norn-sung dancing;  
    Let us with the storm-gods clamber  
    On the sea-queen's boiling amber.  
If we reach the goal, our story  
Fame shall write in north-light's glory!

LEIF:—

Comrades, our tournament hard is a memory's frond:  
    Yonder I spy the contours of a cloud piercing pine,  
    Verdure like em'ralsds I see, I see rivulets shine;  
And to our war-eagle's scream I hear others respond.

Beautiful beaches and wild, like my Scandia's best!  
    Bloom-scattered coves, and the capes, where she  
    coos to her love,  
    Coos to her brood and the sun-beams, the gold-  
    feathered dove.  
Heavenly is she, my North, and entrailing, my West!

\* \* \*

Free like the fathomless churner,  
Dreaded, but also respected.  
Here I my castle erected,  
    Founded my throne.  
I, the destroyer, the burner,

I, who have crushed and — protected,  
Have as my kingdom selected  
Unbounded zone.

Peace under birches and willows  
Ever its hymns shall be singing;  
Liberty-bells shall be ringing  
Here on my shore.  
Playful, but death-dealing billows,  
Here my farewell I am bringing  
Ye, who my dragon were swinging,  
Comrades of yore!

1890.—1914, 26—11.

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Jarl, earl, may or may not have been the name of Leif Ericson's dragon, the sea-king's battle-ship. Saga tells of more than one of the vikings of old ordering the powers of nature, stars, etc., to serve. Barsarks, the wildest and most dangerous of all the vikings; they despised shields, helmets and brynies; arrows and spears were by them looked upon with contempt, and their only weapons were swords "an ell long". The Thunderer, Thor, the God of Thunder. The fate-spinning trestle, Norn Urda's three-legged footstool, the sibyl's throne Ravens, Odin's all-knowing news-hunters. "Crushed and protected" points to the fact, that the vikings were builders and law-givers fully as often as despoilers. B.



## Gimle. \*)

Thugle-miles afar, on beaches where Immensity is  
    bounding  
To Infinite's sea, whose billows drape themselves in som-  
    ber gray;  
In the depths, where earthly spy-glass never shall be  
    rightly sounding,  
There is Gimle's world — your Fylgia may its realm  
    to you betray.  
As the em'rald and the ruby gleam upon a fillet golden  
When engulfed by heaven's flambeaux or in holy altar-  
    fire,  
So we dreamed her wings and hoped them, we and si-  
    res from ages olden,  
Saw the world that gives us chambers, when our leases  
    here expire.  
Shallow are interpretations of the starry scripts so bea-  
    ming—  
Weight and measure should not always be allowed to  
    so suffice!  
But the spying, soaring poets have their grand translati-  
    ons gleaming,  
Where we ever see their beauty plead with us from  
    cloudless skies.  
"Dreamers" know the springs of Bygone, they have cast  
    their lead in Dawning,  
O'er whose sanctuary's treasures gloomy curtains never  
    fall;

And they know the climes, the regions, know Ginungagap, the yawning,  
Know the world our fathers dreamed of, know domain awaiting all.

**There**, on Sirius, the perfect home of bliss and vernal beauty,  
Home of wondrous exultation, never known on Earth by name ;  
Home of privilege, but never fetter-bound or whipped by duty,  
Where Benev'ence owns the sceptre — **therefrom** all their wisdom came.

Their description of Olympus, of Valhalla, Gimle's presage.  
Came in olden times from Bragi's golden harp and Dvalin's song ;  
And I will, if reach is given, here relate their dual message  
From poetic, norne-empowered, asa-born norraena tongue.

\* \* \*

Ramparts are there none, no gateway; guards are unknown, nothing tightens  
There your throat, or gives vibrations, borne by fear to human hearts ;  
No! But friendly greeting bids you out from shadow world that frightens,  
In to eider-covered high-bench, where your former world departs.

If you "lost your way", if "errors" followed in your track for ages,

Were pursuing you in all your thousand lives from birth  
to grave,  
Or if sanctified by pious deeds you roamed : Allfather's  
pages  
Will have — neither "accusations", nor "rewards": they  
would enslave.

But from tablets consecrated, where your Fylgia carved  
your graces,  
From the slates of hallowed longings, golden deeds,  
angelic hopes,  
From that source alone, and Mem'ry's holy font, your  
father traces  
Your meand'ring incarnation's craggy cliffs and flow'ry  
slopes.

There we find that **one** life's hemlock bore **an other's**  
glowing honey,  
Find that we received, not drosses, but of purest gold  
our share ;  
And we learn that "darksome shadows" had their suns  
and planets bonny,  
That a "hostile fate" has led us with fidelity and care.

**Good** we, under ages thousand, wished and hoped for,  
there is hoarded,  
Good we dreamed of or believed in, good we loved, us  
there awaits :  
And upon Allfather's visage is in friendly smiles re-  
corded :  
These, my loved ones, **were** your dream-worlds! Now  
they **are** your real estates.

No chronometer is splitting Time in small decades and  
stages  
Here in marvel-timbered Gimle on our happy, blissful  
isle ;

No! Uncomprehended are they, "Hours" and "Centuries" and "Ages":

All where struck, with "Death", from word-book, which interprets **only** smiles.

Trans. by Author Nov. 8th '14.

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\*) Gimle, pronounced "Gimlae", the gold-roofed hall in which the generations of coming ages are to enjoy eternal bliss; the ultimate Valhalla. Viktor Rydberg in "Fädernas Gudasaga".

Gimle, Eternal and Infinite Harmony. A. J. Lannes.

Gimle, the master-piece of all Creation; home-land of perfect happiness, where "The Great Unmentionable" is direct ruler.

Fylgia, the guardian angel. We all have our own, and she is our cicerone and protector through all of our incarnations. Our Conscience.

Ginungagap, pronounced Ginung-a-gap, the abyss of chaos.

Sirius, ALPHA CANIS MAJOR of Astronomy. By far the brightest fixed star in the sky. About 1,000,000 times further from us than our sun, and 20 times as great.

Valhalla, Oden's hall (Castle ?) in Asgaard, the North-mythological heaven.

Bragi, the bard of Asgaard. Dvalin, the skald of Vanaheim, the dream-poet.

Allfather, properly the Ruler of Gimlae, but also Asgaard's royal Chief. The father of all.

J. G. R. B.

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Among the eighty-seven "estimates" I received on my original "Gimle", two of the most interesting are here translated:

Gimle is well thought, well written and beautiful; but your liberality when distributing blessedness would probably not be acknowledged by Lector Waldenström.

Ernst Skarstedt.

I thank you very much for your poem, "Gimle". It is stately, but your philosophy is difficult to understand.

(Lector) P. Waldenström.

(Skarstedt is one of America's foremost Swedish "all around" Authors, but not exactly a churchman. Waldenström is the Ward Beecher of Sweden, the father of the "Mission Church". B.)

## “Clouds.”

(Nursery rhymes. 1.)

When "but a child" — yes, so we **brag**, and **sigh** for  
childhood's gold,  
Where we retained our hearts, before our birth-rights  
we had sold! —  
When but a child, my loving Nurse, Miss Fancy — her  
you knew? —  
Read many stories from her book for me, and **all** were  
true.

She read about the wondrous sky, where Heaven's chil-  
dren play;  
She read about **their** charming Nurse, **their** playmates  
bright and gay.  
"Tell me their names, dear Nurse", I said; "in dance they  
seem to go."  
"They are — a flock of Heaven's doves, are **Cirrus**; you  
should know!"

"And those, where Heaven ends — yes, there, where  
Day has gone to sleep?"  
"O, that, my dear, is God's own flock of playful lambs  
and sheep."  
He named them **Cum'lus**, when He built for them His  
boundless fold,  
When He upon their pasture strewd His beaming child-  
ren's gold".

"But who are they, those over there, where Morning  
soon should be?

They seem so dark, so threatening, as if they hated  
me!"

"They could not hate, they would not harm: they are the  
Dew-maids, dear!

Their name is **Nimbus**, they give rain and life, so do  
not fear.

"Above our heads, and edged with gold and silver, you  
may see

A living curtain, stretched between His children there  
and thee.

That curtain's name is **Stratus**, and behind its gleaming  
lace

Shall other questioners like you — some day perceive  
**Your face**".

Ironwood, Mich., Nov. 29th 1914,

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Sometimes the clouds are very high up, and look like delicate  
down or feathers, when they are called cirrus; at other times they  
look like masses of wool, and are then called cumulus. The heavy,  
black ones are known as nimbus, and those that stretch in straight  
lines over the sky are stratus.

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After having seen the above in manuscript, my friend A. J. Lan-  
nes wrote me as follows:

Jamestown, N. Y., Dec. 10th, 1914.

Friend Baner:

I appreciate your compliment, "Super-idealist", at the same time  
recognizing it to be in your usual style, exaggerated. But there is one  
thing I regret and that is your seeming unwillingness to look into that  
idealism that deals with realities, i. e. Christian Science. How far  
wouldn't you be able to raise your talent then:

I like your "Clouds" for the quaintness of the metaphors, but  
what is the message? I have amused myself by enlarging upon your  
idea in the following manner:

Speed on, o thought of "Heavenly Doves", rise o'er the  
fleecy clouds,  
Attain the realms of Truth where no mortality enshrouds.  
Your downy specks, when symbol-sensed, mean more  
than "Heaven's dove".  
The Cirrus-streamers — one and all proclaim unending  
Love.

The Cumuli — so named by men who vainly guess and  
brag —  
Unfold the changlessness of Truth, when piling crag on  
crag.  
Ye "Lambs and Sheep of heav'n", let men turn back  
from finite's quest  
And in the boundless fold of Love find full and perfect  
rest.

And what be yonder Nimbus-clouds along the eastern  
sky?  
Ah, "Dew-maids", — yes, their showers voice Love's in-  
finite supply.  
Of Life devoid, of lack they be a symbol true, indeed;  
And as before "will Love divine meet every Human  
need."

When darkling strata cover up the cupola above,  
It does seem hard to think of them as symbol-forms of  
Love,  
Yet, looking at their other side, their gold — and silver  
hem,  
We would perceive the symbol-streets of New Jerusa-  
lem.

Sincerely yours

A. J. Lannes.

These beautiful lines may not call for an answer, but I think they do. My old friend Lannes should be repaid for his subtle "exaggerated". And here is my "check":

Brother Lannes:

You may be either right or wrong — a friend should  
never doubt! —

But, seemingly, you are as well as I — a Fancy's scout.  
The only difference I can see between our argent realms  
Is that I rediscovered but you painted some their films,

All diagrams of higher worlds than ours may — hit or  
miss,

But ALL have message, if they bear to heart or brain  
their bliss.

Now, mine portrays a world like ours — the only one  
I know! —

But with the section-lines erased, which here us hamp-  
er so.

MY heaven must have spruce and fir — not ONLY  
laurel trees,

It must have roaring northern-storm — not only fawning  
breeze.

It must have streams and oceans wild, but springs and  
brooks as well,

I love the craggy mountain, but admire flowery dell.

The amaryllis and the rose I love, but thistles should  
Adorn my spirit-world as well, or feel forlorn I would!  
I love the mighty organ's roar, I love the wondrous  
harp —

But little more than herdsman's horn or clarion-voices  
sharp.

I love the snow-white linen, but — the verdure I adore;  
I love the jeweled crown, like you, but — a sombrero  
more.

I love the nightingale, but must—a jackdow judge it by;  
And thunder-clouds I love as much as gold-down on the  
sky.

The beasts, which I have loved on earth — and I have  
loved them all! —  
I shall expect behind the blue, with winter, spring and  
fall,  
A gilded ceiling I would hate, despise a woven floor;  
And boundless be my domicile, with spacious panes and  
door!

No ruler! But a comrade wise — a Father, always  
kind—  
Should be companion, not a guide, should neither free  
nor bind.  
Much rather through eternity I slumber here as free  
Than I would be an errand-page, though I — could serve  
with thee.

Each harmless wish should reach its goal, should reach  
it with its thought,  
Should reach it well enlarged and well with only bless-  
ings fraught.  
None should be sheep, none should be goat, and cachi-  
nations there  
Should be as free as harmless smiles are deemed among  
us here.

And there we are: YOUR heav'n is YOURS, created by  
YOUR taste!  
And mine, perhaps, is ONLY mine — may be to you a  
waste.  
I, therefore, would not paint it there, 'mong "Clouds"  
upon the blue:  
THAT slate belongs to ALL of us, not only me and you.

Your "exaggerating" friend

J. G. R. B.

Ironwood, Mich., Dec. 12th 1914.



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# READ!

Read poetry, all kinds of it. You will find some of it good, some better and some best; others will turn your estimates around a little, but all of us have a warm spot for poetry, the perfume and sunshine of life, if we are — rightly developed.

If you are a Swedish American and able to read the wonderful language of Saga, do so. But it is not necessary to have your Swedish poetry imported, not at all. The home-Swedes do not import ours. And we have here fully as good Swedish poets as they ever had over in our mother-land.

By following the alphabet down you will find all your favorites: Bonggren, Enander, Holmes, Lönquist, Linder, Norman, Peterson, Skarstedt, Sundell, Swärd, Stolpe, Tapper, Wærner, Wiklund, etc. Just make up your list and forward it to:

AUGUSTANA BOOK CONCERN,  
ROCK ISLAND, ILL.

And there you may get Shaw's translations of "Fri-thiof's Saga", "The Angel of Death", etc.

Write now.

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Invest your money in real estate; dependable such. Nothing else is absolutely sure. Duluth's is, perhaps, the very best; next to land in the right place and purchased at right prices. Write to the one that knows all about it:

J. G. R. Baner,  
Ironwood, Mich.

