

## A Gallery of Words and Images

### John Donne and June Wayne

In 1958 artist June Wayne (b. 1918) produced, in collaboration with master printer Marcel Durassier, *John Donne Songs & Sonets*,<sup>1</sup> a *livre d'artiste* for which she created stone and zinc lithographs to illustrate selected Donne love lyrics.<sup>2</sup> While the following gallery of words and images by no means recreates that celebrated work, it does pair examples of Wayne's lithographs with the Donne poems that inspired them.<sup>3</sup>

---

<sup>1</sup>In several places in her *livre d'artiste*, Wayne varies the format and phrasing of the title, a feature of the work that the contributors to this cluster discussed during the final editing of their essays. Of particular note was her use of an ampersand in the phrasing of the title on the box containing the book and on the book's frontispiece, while she spells out the word "and" in the title on other opening pages. Based on the copies of the *livre d'artiste* that they have examined, the contributors have concluded that—although Wayne varies the title within each copy of the book—she seems to remain consistent in that variation across the print run. For a fuller description of the various iterations of the title, see Ann Hurley's and Jebah Baum's essay below (esp. pp. 236–237). In note 1 to his essay, Jonathan Post offers an intriguing conjecture about Wayne's aesthetic reasons for using the ampersand in the presentation of the title on the box and frontispiece (pp. 207–208).

<sup>2</sup>For additional information on June Wayne's life and work, see the web site, *The Art of June Wayne*, <[www.junewayne.com](http://www.junewayne.com)>; Robert P. Conway, *June Wayne: The Art of Everything. A Catalogue Raisonné 1936–2006* (New Brunswick, NJ: Rutgers University Press, 2007); and Mary W. Baskett, *The Art of June Wayne* (New York: Harry N. Abrams, 1969).

<sup>3</sup>Identification of the edition of Donne's poetry that Wayne used in her *livre d'artiste* remains a matter of debate; see note 2 in Hurley's and Baum's essay below (p. 233). For the Donne poems included in this gallery, we have used the

Accordingly, we hope that this gallery will serve as illustrative preface for the four interpretive essays that follow it.

Of the four essays on John Donne and June Wayne collected below, those by Helen Brooks, Jonathan F. S. Post, and Paul Parrish were presented as a panel at the 2009 John Donne Society Conference held on the campus of Louisiana State University, Baton Rouge.<sup>4</sup> In her essay, Brooks analyzes how the lithograph Wayne created for “Breake of Day” insightfully represents Donne’s dramatic re-writing (and re-gendering) of the aubade/*Alba* form and reveals in the process the poem’s response to changes in early modern conceptions of science, economics, and human psychology. Focusing especially on Donne’s “The Anniversarie,” Post finds in Wayne’s lithographs and Donne’s poems a shared “concrete expressionism” that helps to explain the “multi-performative appeal” of Donne’s work. In his study of the numerous lithographs Wayne made in response to “The Sunne Rising,” Parrish discovers a “romantic reading” of the hyperbolic imagery in Donne’s audacious poem.

In the fourth essay included here, Ann Hurley—who served as the Respondent for the presentations of Brooks, Post, and Parrish at the Donne Society Conference—has extended her commentary beyond a response to the papers on the panel. In close collaboration with visual artist Jebah Baum, she has established a framework for appreciating the technical aspects of Wayne’s lithographic art, developed a methodology for interpreting Wayne’s work with Donne’s poems, and demonstrated the application of both through detailed analysis of specific examples. Like the other essays in this cluster, Hurley’s and Baum’s collaboration presents a rich, sophisticated reading of the artistry of Wayne’s work—and Donne’s.

[Editor]

---

texts as edited by John T. Shawcross for *The Complete Poetry of John Donne* (Garden City, NY: Doubleday, 1967).

<sup>4</sup>At the John Donne Society Conference, Achsah Guibbory read for Jonathan Post, who was unable to attend the meeting in Baton Rouge. Prior to their panel presentation to the John Donne Society, Brooks, Post, and Parrish spoke about Wayne’s *John Donne Songs & Sonets* at the commemoration of the fiftieth anniversary of that work’s publication held 23 October 2008 at the Young Research Library, Department of Special Collections, University of California, Los Angeles. At this event, Wayne herself also spoke, presenting as the Bonnie Cashin Lecture a discussion of her *livre d’artiste*.



Fig. 1. June Wayne, "Hexastichon Bibliopolae" (Publisher's Sextuplet), *John Donne Songs & Sonets* 1, December 1958; lithograph printed by Marcel Durassier on Rives BFK; image size: 15 1/8 x 11 1/8 in.; photo credit: unknown. Art © June Wayne/Licensed by VAGA, New York, NY. Used by permission.

**Breake of day**

'Tis true, 'tis day, what though it be?  
O wilt thou therefore rise from me?  
Why should we rise, because 'tis light?  
Did we lie downe, because 'twas night?  
Love which in spight of darkness brought us hether, 5  
Should in despight of light keepe us together.

Light hath no tongue, but is all eye;  
If it could speake as well as spie,  
This were the worst, that it could say,  
That being well, I faine would stay, 10  
And that I lov'd my heart and honor so  
That I would not from him, that had them, goe.

Must businesse thee from hence remove?  
Oh, that's the worst disease of love,  
The poore, the foule, the false, love can 15  
Admit, but not the busied man.  
He which hath businesse, and makes love, doth doe  
Such wrong, as when a maryed man doth wooe.



Fig. 2. June Wayne, "Breake of Day," *John Donne Songs & Sonets* 6, December 1958; lithograph printed by Marcel Durassier on Rives BFK; image size: 15 1/8 x 11 1/8 in.; photo credit: unknown. Art © June Wayne/Licensed by VAGA, New York, NY. Used by permission.

**The Anniversarie**

All Kings, and all their favorites,  
 All glory' of honors, beauties, wits,  
 The Sun it selfe, which makes times, as they passe,  
 Is elder by a yeare, now, then it was  
 When thou and I first one another saw: 5  
 All other things, to their destruction draw,  
 Only our love hath no decay;  
 This, no to morrow hath, nor yesterday,  
 Running it never runs from us away,  
 But truly keepes his first, last, everlasting day. 10

Two graves must hide thine and my coarse,  
 If one might, death were no divorce.  
 Alas, as well as other Princes, wee,  
 (Who Prince enough in one another bee,) 15  
 Must leave at last in death, these eyes, and eares,  
 Oft fed with true oathes, and with sweet salt teares;  
 But soules where nothing dwells but love  
 (All other thoughts being inmates) then shall prove  
 This, or a love increased there above,  
 When bodies to their graves, soules from their graves remove. 20

And then wee shall be throughly blest,  
 But wee no more, then all the rest.  
 Here upon earth we're Kings, and none but wee  
 Can be such Kings, nor of such subjects bee;  
 Who is so safe as wee? where none can doe 25  
 Treason to us, except one of us two.  
 True and false feares let us refraine,  
 Let us love nobly, and live, and adde againe  
 Yeares and yeares unto yeares, till we attaine  
 To write threescore, this is the second of our raigne. 30





Fig. 3. June Wayne, "The Anniversarie" 2, *John Donne Songs & Sonets* 7, November 1958; lithograph printed by Marcel Durassier on Rives BFK; image size: 15 1/8 x 11 1/8 in.; photo credit: unknown. Art © June Wayne/Licensed by VAGA, New York, NY. Used by permission.

**The good-morrow**

I wonder by my troth, what thou, and I  
 Did, till we lov'd? were we not wean'd till then?  
 But suck'd on countrey pleasures, childishly?  
 Or snorted we in the'seaven sleepers den?  
 T'was so; But this, all pleasures fancies bee. 5  
 If ever any beauty I did see,  
 Which I desir'd, and got, t'was but a dreame of thee.

And now good morrow to our waking soules,  
 Which watch not one another out of feare;  
 For love, all love of other sights controules, 10  
 And makes one little roome, an every where.  
 Let sea-discoverers to new worlds have gone,  
 Let Maps to others, worlds on worlds have showne,  
 Let us possesse one world; each hath one, and is one.

My face in thine eye, thine in mine appeares, 15  
 And true plaine hearts doe in the faces rest,  
 Where can we finde two better hemispheares  
 Without sharpe North, without declining West?  
 What ever dyes, was not mixt equally;  
 If our two loves be one, or, thou and I 20  
 Love so alike, that none doe slacken, none can die.





Fig. 4. June Wayne, "The Good-Morrow," *John Donne Songs & Sonets 2*, December 1958; lithograph printed by Marcel Durassier on Rives BFK; image size: 15 1/8 x 11 1/8 in.; photo credit: unknown. Art © June Wayne/Licensed by VAGA, New York, NY. Used by permission.

**Song**

Goe, and catche a falling starre,  
 Get with child a mandrake roote,  
 Tell me, where all past yeares are,  
 Or who cleft the Divels foot,  
 Teach me to hear Mermaides singing, 5  
 Or to keep off envies stinging,  
 And finde  
 What winde  
 Serves to'advance an honest minde.

If thou beest born to strange sights, 10  
 Things invisible to see,  
 Ride ten thousand daies and nights,  
 Till age snow white haire on thee,  
 Thou, when thou retorn'st, wilt tell mee,  
 All strange wonders that befell thee, 15  
 And sweare  
 No where  
 Lives a woman true, and faire.

If thou findst one, let mee know,  
 Such a Pilgrimage were sweet, 20  
 Yet doe not, I would not goe,  
 Though at next doore we might meet,  
 Though she were true, when you met her,  
 And last, till you write your letter,  
 Yet shee 25  
 Will bee  
 False, ere I come, to two, or three.

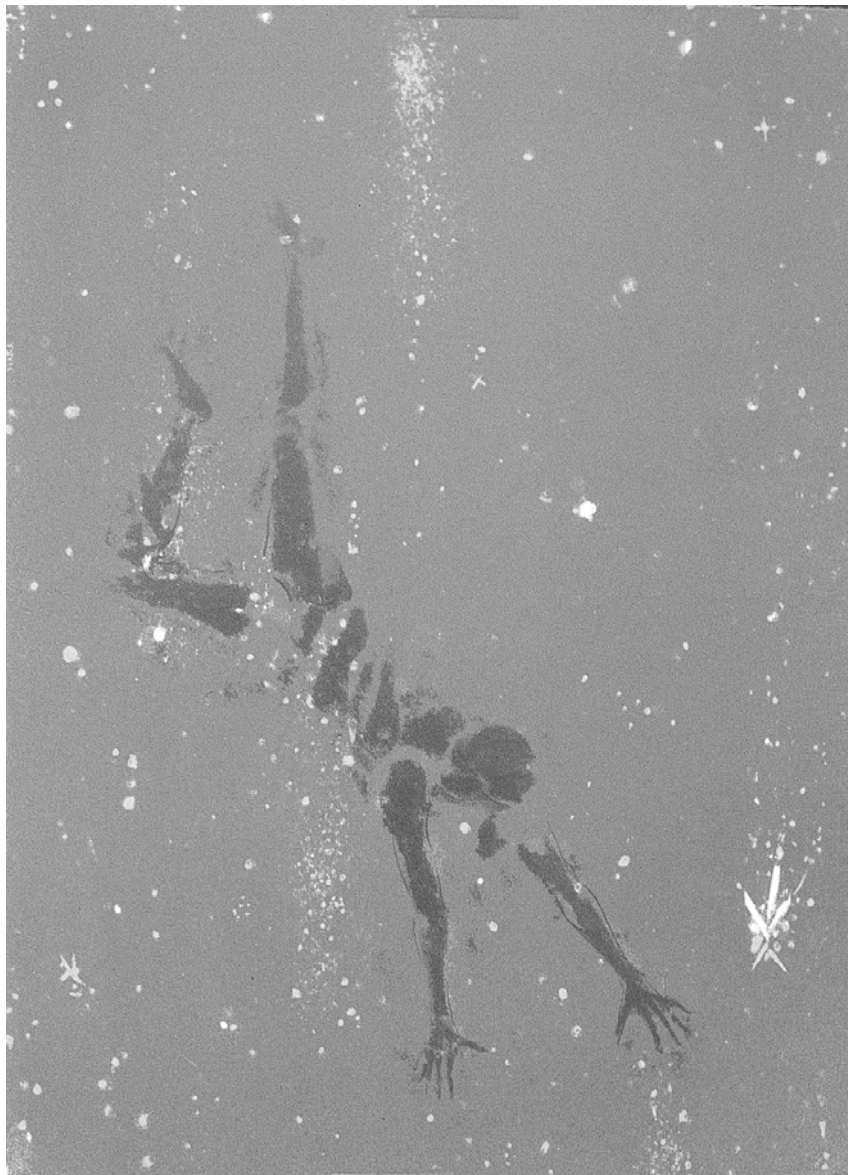


Fig. 5. June Wayne, "Song," *John Donne Songs & Sonets* 3, December 1958; lithograph printed by Marcel Durassier on Rives BFK; image size: 15 1/8 x 11 1/8 in.; photo credit: unknown. Art © June Wayne/Licensed by VAGA, New York, NY. Used by permission.

**The Sunne Rising**

Busie old foole, unruly Sunne,  
 Why dost thou thus,  
 Through windowes, and through curtaines call on us?  
 Must to thy motions lovers seasons run?  
     Sawcy pedantique wretch, goe chide 5  
     Late schoole boyes, and sowre prentices,  
     Goe tell Court-huntsmen, that the King will ride,  
     Call countrey ants to harvest offices;  
 Love, all alike, no season knowes, nor clyme,  
 Nor houres, dayes, moneths, which are the rags of time. 10

    Thy beames, so reverend, and strong  
     Why shouldst thou thinke?  
 I could eclipse and cloud them with a winke,  
 But that I would not lose her sight so long:  
     If her eyes have not blinded thine, 15  
     Looke, and to morrow late, tell mee,  
     Whether both the'India's of spice and Myne  
     Be where thou leftst them, or lie here with mee.  
 Aske for those Kings whom thou saw'st yesterday,  
 And thou shalt heare, All here in one bed lay. 20

    She'is all States, and all Princes, I,  
     Nothing else is.  
 Princes doe but play us; compar'd to this,  
 All honor's mimique; All wealth alchimie;  
     Thou sunne art halfe as happy'as wee, 25  
     In that the world's contracted thus.  
     Thine age askes ease, and since thy duties bee  
     To warme the world, that's done in warming us.  
 Shine here to us, and thou art every where;  
 This bed thy center is, these walls, thy spheare. 30





Fig. 6. June Wayne, "The Sunne Rising," *John Donne Songs & Sonets 4*, 1958; lithograph printed by Marcel Durassier on Rives BFK; image size: 15 1/8 x 11 1/8 in.; photo credit: unknown. Art © June Wayne/Licensed by VAGA, New York, NY. Used by permission.



Fig. 7. June Wayne, "Shine Here to Us, and Thou Art Every Where. . .," *John Donne Series*, October 1956; lithograph printed by Lynton R. Kistler on European mold-made paper; image size: 18 7/8 x 24 7/8 in.; photo credit: Jim Frank. Art © June Wayne/Licensed by VAGA, New York, NY. Used by permission.

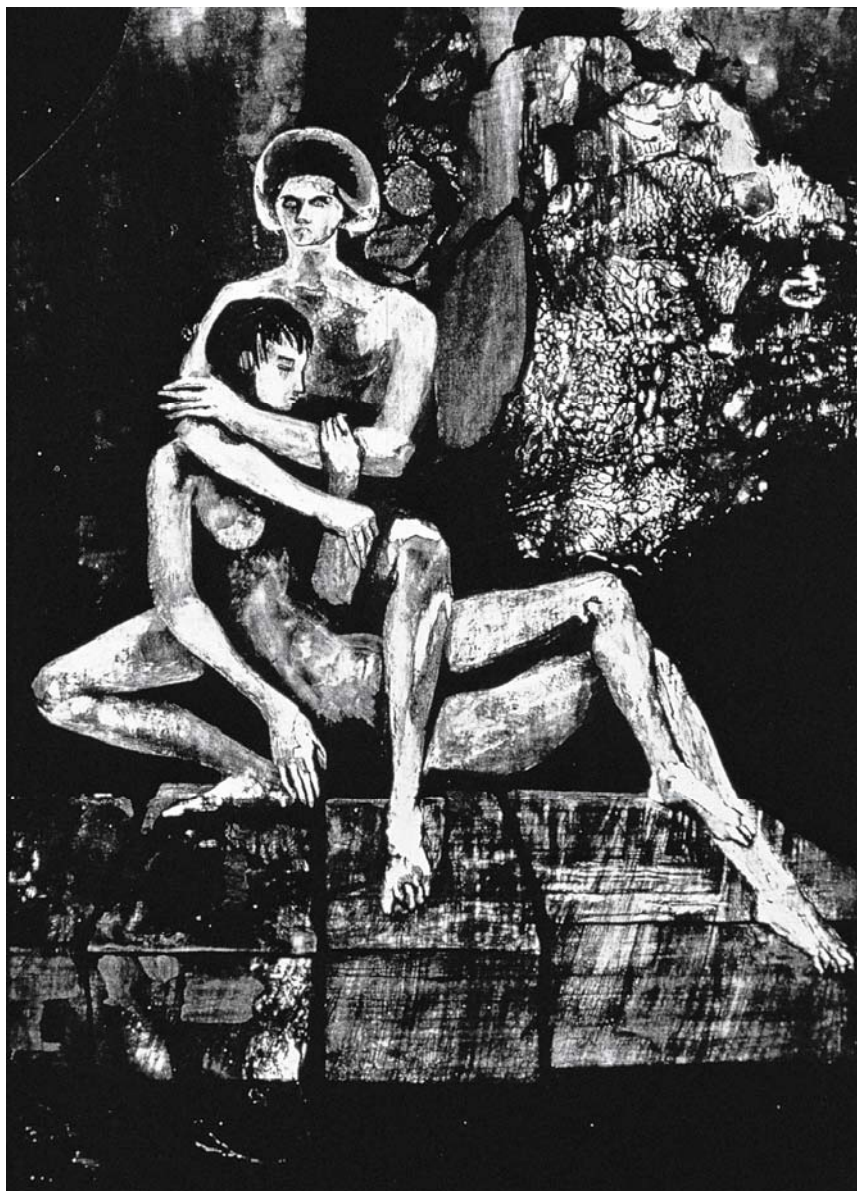


Fig. 8. June Wayne, "She Is All States, and All Princes, I" (State II), *John Donne Series*, May 1957; lithograph printed by Marcel Durassier on Rives BFK; image size: 25 1/4 x 18 3/8 in.; photo credit: unknown. Art © June Wayne/Licensed by VAGA, New York, NY. Used by permission.







Fig. 9. June Wayne, "Twicknam Garden," *John Donne Songs & Sonets* 8, December 1958; lithograph printed by Marcel Durassier on Rives BFK; image size: 15 1/8 x 11 1/8 in.; photo credit: unknown. Art © June Wayne/Licensed by VAGA, New York, NY. Used by permission.

**A Valediction forbidding mourning**

As virtuous men passe mildly away,  
 And whisper to their soules, to goe,  
 Whilst some of their sad friends doe say,  
 The breath goes now, and some say, no.

So let us melt, and make no noise, 5  
 No teare-floods, nor sigh-tempests move,  
 T'were prophanation of our joyes  
 To tell the layetie our love.

Moving of th'earth brings harmes and feares,  
 Men reckon what it did, and meant, 10  
 But trepidation of the spheares,  
 Though greater farre, is innocent.

Dull sublunary lovers love  
 (Whose soule is sense) cannot admit  
 Absence, because it doth remove 15  
 The things which elemented it.

But we by'a love, so much refin'd,  
 That our selves know not what it is,  
 Inter-assured of the mind,  
 Care lesse, eyes, lips, and hands to misse. 20

Our two soules therefore, which are one,  
 Though I must goe, endure not yet  
 A breach, but an expansion,  
 Like gold to ayery thinnesse beate.

If they be two, they are two so 25  
 As stiffe twin compasses are two,  
 Thy soule, the fixt foot, makes no show  
 To move, but doth, if the'other doe.





Fig. 10. June Wayne, "A Valediction: Forbidding Mourning," *John Donne Songs & Sonets* 12, December 1958; lithograph printed by Marcel Durassier on Rives BFK; image size: 15 1/8 x 11 1/8 in.; photo credit: unknown. Art © June Wayne/Licensed by VAGA, New York, NY. Used by permission.

And though it in the center sit,  
    Yet when the other far doth rome, 30  
It leanes, and hearkens after it,  
    And growes erect, as that comes home.

Such wilt thou be to mee, who must  
    Like th'other foot, obliquely runne.  
Thy firmnes makes my circle just, 35  
    And makes me end, where I begunne.

**The Extasie**

Where, like a pillow on a bed,  
A Pregnant banke swel'd up, to rest  
The violets reclining head,  
Sat we two, one anothers best;

Our hands were firmly cimented 5  
By a fast balme, which thence did spring,  
Our eye-beames twisted, and did thred  
Our eyes, upon one double string,

So to'entergraft our hands, as yet  
Was all the meanes to make us one, 10  
And pictures in our eyes to get  
Was all our propagation.

As, 'twixt two equal Armies, Fate  
Suspends uncertaine victorie,  
Our soules, (which to advance their state, 15  
Were gone out,) hung 'twixt her, and mee.

And whil'st our soules negotiate there,  
Wee like sepulchrall statues lay;  
All day, the same our postures were,  
And wee said nothing, all the day. 20

If any, so by love refin'd,  
That he soules language understood,  
And by good love were growen all minde,  
Within convenient distance stood,

He (though he knew not which soule spake, 25  
Because both meant, both spake the same)  
Might thence a new concoction take,  
And part farre purer then he came.

This Extasie doth unperplex  
     (We said) and tell us what we love, 30  
 Wee see by this, it was not sexe,  
     Wee see, we saw not what did move:

But as all severall soules containe  
     Mixture of things, they know not what,  
 Love, these mixt soules doth mixe againe, 35  
     And makes both one, each this and that.

A single violet transplant,  
     The strength, the colour, and the size,  
 (All which before was poore, and scant,) 40  
     Redoubles still, and multiplies.

When love, with one another so  
     Interanimates two soules,  
 That abler soule, which thence doth flow,  
     Defects of lonelinesse controules.

Wee then, who are this new soule, know, 45  
     Of what we are compos'd, and made,  
 For th'Atomies of which we grow,  
     Are soules, whom no change can invade.

But O alas, so long, so farre  
     Our bodies why doe wee forbear?  
 They're ours, though they're not wee, Wee are 50  
     The'intelligences, they the spheares.

We owe them thanks, because they thus,  
     Did us, to us, at first convay,  
 Yeelded their forces, sense, to us, 55  
     Nor are drosse to us, but allay.

On man heavens influence workes not so,  
     But that it first imprints the ayre,





Fig. 11. June Wayne, "The Extasie," *John Donne Songs & Sonets* 14, December 1958; lithograph printed by Marcel Durassier on Rives BFK; image size: 15 1/8 x 22 1/8 in.; photo credit: unknown. Art © June Wayne/Licensed by VAGA, New York, NY. Used by permission.

Soe soule into the soule may flow,  
     Though it to body first repaire.

60

As our blood labours to beget  
     Spirits, as like soules as it can,  
 Because such fingers need to knit  
     That subtile knot, which makes us man:

So must pure lovers soules descend  
     T'affections, and to faculties,  
 Which sense may reach and apprehend,  
     Else a great Prince in prison lies.

65

To'our bodies turne wee then, that so  
     Weake men on love reveal'd may looke;

70

Loves mysteries in soules doe grow,  
But yet the body is his booke.

And if some lover, such as wee,  
Have heard this dialogue of one,  
Let him still marke us, he shall see  
Small change, when we're to bodies gone.