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Résumé de l'article

Joachim Du Bellay, poète de la contradiction, est connu pour la maîtrise d'une écriture architecturée et d'un style « froid » dans ses dernières oeuvres. Cet article suggère que – en conjonction avec une typographie et une mise en page uniques des poèmes dans leurs premières éditions – les réclames, marques en apparence fragmentaires et isolées à la fin des cahiers, ponctuent les vers et, parfois, constituent une partie intégrante de leur force. Apparaissant comme elles le font et où elles le font, ces réclames évoquent ce que le poète René Char nommait une « parole en archipel » et ce que Maurice Blanchot désignait comme une « parole de fragment » ou une « parole morcelée ». D'un intérêt singulièrement moderne, les réclames – intermédiaires, signes spatiaux uniques – sont un élément crucial de la mise en forme, de l'impact et de l'importance des recueils qui s'échelonnent de L'Olive et du Recueil de poesie (1549) aux belles premières éditions du Premier livre des Antiquitez de Rome et des Regrets (1558), soigneusement mises en page par Frédéric Morel.



# Du Bellay and the Catchword: From *L'Olive* (1549) to *Les Regrets* (1558)

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*Joachim Du Bellay, a poet of contradiction, is known in his later verse for mastering a sculpted and “cold” style of writing. This article proposes that in conjunction with a unique typography and formatting of the poems in their first editions, catchwords (or réclames), seemingly isolated and fragmentary marks at the end of gatherings of signatures, punctuate the verse and, now and again, become a function of its force. Appearing as they do and where they do, catchwords invoke what poet René Char called a parole en archipel (words comprising an archipelago and of an originary calling), and what Maurice Blanchot referred to as a parole de fragment (speech of fragment) or a parole morcelée (shattered speech). Of uncommonly modern appeal, catchwords—intermediaries, unique spatial signs—are vital elements in the design, impact, and consequence of collections that run from *L'Olive* and the *Recueil de poesie* (1549) to Frédéric Morel’s handsome and carefully formatted editions of *Le Premier livre des Antiquitez de Rome* and *Les Regrets* (1558).*

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“I e remplis d’un beau nom ce grand espace vuyde.”

—Du Bellay, *Les Regrets* (sonnet 189)

## Introduction

Vo-**V**otaries of the Pléiade, a group of six or seven poets who crafted and commanded an industry of lyric from 1549 to 1560, are quick to remark that Pierre de Ronsard (1524–85) and Joachim Du Bellay (1522–60), each of a different temper, were their leaders. First remembered for his polemical

*La Deffence, et illustration de la langue françoise* (1549), based upon (and even plagiarizing) Italian manuals of rhetoric, Du Bellay made an impassioned plea for imitation of classical authors and their styles. A champion of the ode and the sonnet, he sustained his appeal for renovation with the publication of *L'Olive*, a collection of fifty sonnets, to which was appended “L'Antérotique de la vieille, & de la jeune amyie,” a comical poem of 214 lines vilipending an old hag, along with a fascicule of *Vers lyriques*, thirteen odes capped by an epitaph for Clément Marot. The following year, in 1550, Du Bellay published an expanded version of different graphic design that included sixty-five sonnets, now under the title *L'Olive augmentee depuis la premiere edition*. In synchrony, he launched his *Recueil de poesie*, an assemblage that a few years later, in 1553, was “reveu et augmenté depuis la premiere edition” (revised and augmented since the first edition).<sup>1</sup> What Du Bellay set forward in the years 1549 and 1550 may have nudged Ronsard to assemble a collection of sonnets and odes in his *Amours*, appearing in 1552, whose flair and panache led to an expanded edition in 1553, which in turn was perhaps cause for Du Bellay to relaunch in 1554 his *Olive augmentée* and his *Vers lyriques*.<sup>2</sup> The force and the frenzy of genial creativity may have been decisive for the two authors in their quest to forge their signatures.

Today, thanks to the digitization of these editions, we are better able to grasp not only the shape, aspect, and status of these collections but also a sense of the excitement that must have driven their writing, editing, and preparation in printed copy. By drawing attention to how the formatting of the verse is related to what “it does” or “how it works,” we can surmise that in their initial editions, the force of the verse is felt directly and immediately. Despite its formidable erudition, which editors of our time elucidate at length, when read (in the words of Ronsard) “en sa belle jeunesse, en sa première fleur” (in its alluring youth, in its first flower),<sup>3</sup> the poetry of the poems cannot be dissociated from its formatting and its appearance on the printed page. In collusion with their

1. See Du Bellay, *Œuvres poétiques*, lxix–lxxi.

2. In *Poésie et Renaissance*, where the Petrarchan style is concerned, François Rigolot remarks that Du Bellay tends to precede and even set a model for Ronsard. Along a similar line of thought, Alfred Glauser has said that in the early *Amours*, Ronsard is affirmative, desirous of an inventively Petrarchan style, whereas Du Bellay endorses refusal, negation, and a critical, cool, or distanced relation whose form tends to be “sculpted” and chiseled rather than written (see Glauser, *Poème-symbole*).

3. Ronsard, *Œuvres complètes*, 1:254.

editors, so it seems, the Pléiade poets encourage us to appreciate a marriage of the graphic character and disposition of their collections with what they describe. Vital to its effects and reflective of its politics and ideology, as Michel de Montaigne stated about himself and his *Essais*, the “fashion” or aspect of the verse calls attention to “la matière même” (the very matter) of the poetry.<sup>4</sup>

The argument in the paragraphs to follow is that Du Bellay and Ronsard could be taken as authors who design, in the sense of a *disegno*—draw, depict, design—the shape of their verse. In collaboration with their editors, architects of the material they put to paper, they turn poems into enduring monuments.<sup>5</sup> It is here, in an intermediate zone between invention and execution, where, first, in line with a formula for which Gaston Bachelard is famous, a poetics of space is born and, second, signs of the mode of production of the books—indications of their condition of possibility and their economy—become manifest.

The paragraphs also contend that, however supplemental they may seem, catchwords in many of the editions of verse Du Bellay published in his lifetime are worth being considered as elements of the form and facture of the poetry as a whole. Generally overlooked or recognized as a sign a binder heeds to order the quires or signatures of a book, both in the early collections of 1549 (*L'Olive* and the *Recueil de poesie*) and the masterpieces of 1558 and 1559 (*Les Antiquitez de Rome* and *Les Regrets*), catchwords often play a significant role in an unspoken spatial and audio-visual design. They indicate how the verse is arranged and disposed, to be sure, but they also draw attention to the economy, mode of production, and commercial motivations that drive the writing. They indicate how the poetry can be seen as a composition of fragments or, in an oxymoronic turn, a cohering scatter of signs that inform, at the risk of a portmanteau formula, a unique *echology*. By a short skip and a jump, readers of Du Bellay who are versed in poetry and theory of the twentieth and twenty-first centuries would be wont to consider *réclames* (catchwords) less in the accepted sphere of advertisement—as pitches, spots, or teasers—than as something entirely other, the elements of a poetic cartography, in which they figure, in the words of poets

4. Montaigne, “Au lecteur,” fol. 1 r°. Online at <https://www.lib.uchicago.edu/efts/ARTFL/projects/montaigne/>.

5. See Pauwels, *L'Architecture*, which argues that poets worked in concert with the architects of their time, and that to better appreciate the shape of the verse it is wise to think of the impact of Sebastiano Serlio, especially in the context of analogy: where a poem is a flower, it is plucked from a garden. See also Paya, “Les Jardins,” 101–16.

René Char and Maurice Blanchot, as a *parole de fragment* (speech of fragment) or a *parole en archipel* (words comprising an archipelago).<sup>6</sup> A calling, perhaps an originary appeal, but by all means a shard, fragment, or *lopin* of speech and voice, the catchword is first witnessed in *L'Olive* and, soon after, in the *Recueil de poesie*.<sup>7</sup>

### *L'Olive* (1549)

Arnoul L'Angelier published the first edition of *L'Olive et quelques autres œuvres poétiques* in April 1549. Its well-rounded sum of fifty sonnets was followed by “L'Anterotique de la vieille, & de la jeune amyè” (fols. Ai.v<sup>o</sup>–Ciii.v<sup>o</sup>), an assemblage of *vers lyriques* (thirteen circumstantial odes and an epitaph commemorating the then recently deceased Clément Marot). Only three times do catchwords appear. The first, below sonnet 23 of *L'Olive*, located near the midpoint of the volume, is the most telling. Playing on echoed verse of the kind seen and heard in a dialogue at the end of the *Recueil de poesie* (1549) and, later, on effects that will mark several sonnets of *Les Regrets* (1558), the sign of the goddess Echo's “pitiful voice” in the upper left corner of the folio has as its negation, as a complement and counterpart in a fragment or *lopin*, the eminently visible *réclame* at the bottom right (see also Fig. 1):

#### XXIII.

Piteuse Voix, qui ecoutes mes pleurs,  
 Et qui errant entre rochers, & boys  
 Avecques moy: m'as semblée maintesfoys  
 Avoir pitié de mes tristes douleurs.  
 Voix, qui tes plainctz mesles à mes clameurs,  
 Mon dueil au tien, si Olive est ma voix,  
 Olive aussi soubdain dire tu voys,  
 Et m'est avis, qu'avecques moy tu meurs.

6. Char, *La Parole en archipel*; also in *Œuvres complètes*, 164–66. And Maurice Blanchot on Char: “brisure, brisées sans débris, l'interruption comme parole quand l'arrêt de l'intermittence n'arrête pas le devenir, mais au contraire le provoque dans la rupture qui lui appartient” (a breach, a break without debris, interruption as speech with the arrest of intermittency does not arrest becoming, but to the contrary provokes it in the rupture of which it is a part). Blanchot, “Parole de fragment,” 451.

7. *Lopin* is tendered in the spirit of what long ago Albert Thibaudet called *lopinisme* to describe the fragmentary, incomplete, unfinished, often mosaic composition of the *Essais*; see Thibaudet, *Montaigne*.

*Seule ie t'ay pitoyable trouuée.*  
O noble Nymph! en qui (peult estre) encores  
L'antique feu de nouveau s'euertue.  
Pareille Amour nous auons eprouuée,  
Pareille peine aussi nous souffrons ores.  
Mais plus grande est la Beaulté qui me tue.

Ie ne

(Pitiful Voice, you who listen to my tears,  
And who, wandering among rocks and woods,  
With me: and have, so it seems,  
Often taken pity on my sad pains.  
Voice, whose cries, you mix with my cries,  
My grief with yours, if Olive is my voice  
Olive, suddenly said, you see,  
And so, I sense, with me you die.  
Alone, I found you pitiful.  
O noble Nymph! In whom perhaps still  
The antique fire, again is kindling.  
A similar Love we have experienced,  
Similar pain, too, we now are suffering.  
But greater still the Beauty that kills me.

I not)

“*Ie ne*,” here and elsewhere, it is a mark of a critical point of view, a sign of self-negation or critical distance that echoes the opening line of the collection.<sup>8</sup> Formatted to break the incipit into two pieces, a personal pronoun in the nominative case (that would respect the poet’s so-called identity), “*Ie*” is at once a picture and a shifter. One letter is in the frame of an elegant floral pattern of a historiated surround, and the other on the outside. Identical in shape to the roman numeral “*I*,” in smaller point-size and not far above the incipit towards the upper right corner of the page (fol. A.iii.r<sup>o</sup>), the historiated letter confers upon the typography an illusion of depth of field or even a latent perspective (see Fig. 2). From the outset, like a *Bartleby* who “would prefer not to” do what

8. On Du Bellay’s poetics of negation, see Glauser, *Le Poème-symbole*; Rigolot, *Poésie et Renaissance*; Gray, *La Poétique de Du Bellay*.

he is assigned, Du Bellay announces in preterition, "I do *not* seek" the laurels of immortality. He would, he affirms decisively, rather hold the olive branch, an emblem of concord and conciliation, which he esteems to be of greater import. The catchword lays immense stress on the conviction that runs through the rest of the work.

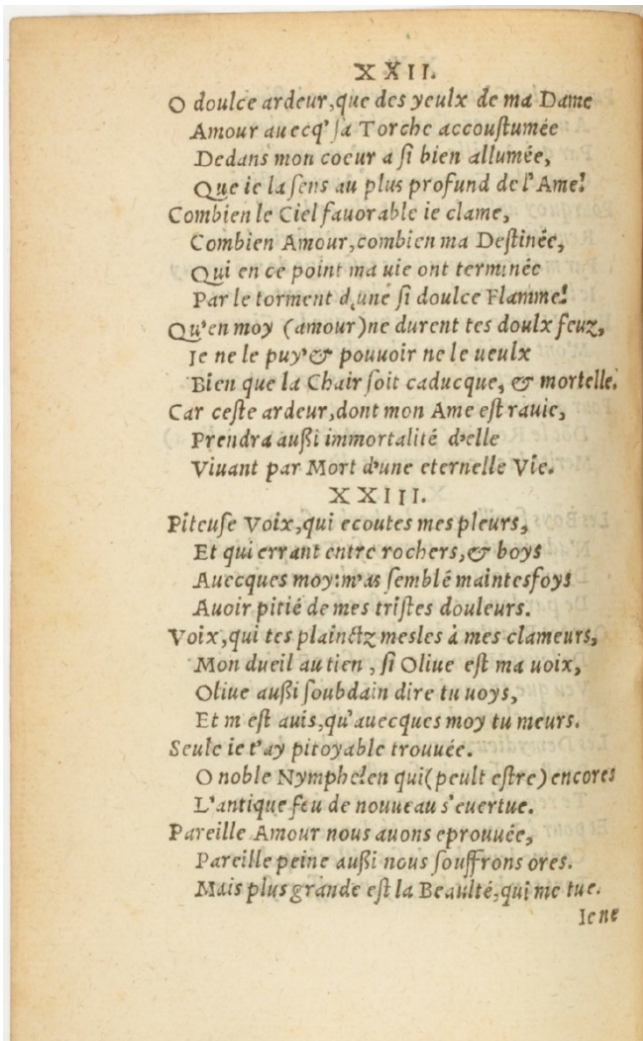


Fig. 1. Sonnets 22 and 23 of *L'Olive* (Paris: Arnoul l'Angelier, 1549).

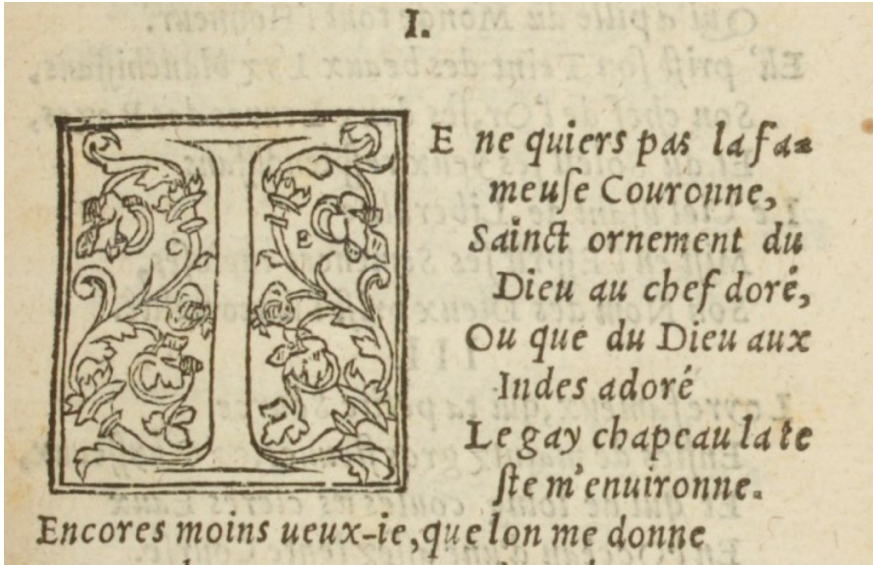


Fig. 2. Incipit to *L'Olive* (Paris: Arnoul l'Angelier, 1549).

Following the fifty sonnets honouring “l’Olive,” the next poem in the series, “L’Anterotique de la vieille, & de la jeune Amye” (The anterotic of the old lady and the young lady friend) strikes a telling contrast. Taking delight in ugliness exceeding François Villon’s famous “Regrets de la belle heaulmière” in *Le Grant Testament* (first printed in 1489), or Marot’s “Éloge du laid tétin” (that became a model of the paradoxical encomium in 1536), Du Bellay’s epic description of an old hag includes one pertinent catchword that underscores how the collection can be taken in a satirical vein. In a volley of anaphora comes the following:

*Vieille, Peur des chastes familles,  
Vieille, peste des ieunes Filles  
Que tout Pere avare & antique,  
Et toute Matrone pudique  
Craignent*

*Craignent trop plus, que le Berger  
Du Loup ne doute le danger.*



(Old shrew, the fear of chaste families,  
 Old shrew, the plague of young Maidens  
 Whom every antique and miserly Father,  
 And every modest Matron

Fear

Fear more than the Shepherd  
 suspects the danger of the Wolf.)

Repeated and isolated from the adjacent verse, “Fear” mocks the disquiet it is supposed to describe.

On the third occasion, ode 9—strategically placed between praise of his teacher Jean Daurat and ode 10, “Au Seigneur de Ronsard,” the poet’s rival and ego ideal—a “*Chant du Desespéré*,” sings a song of misery. The catchword at the bottom of the folio (always on the verso), on which are printed the first three stanzas and the first three lines of the fourth, announces the advent of a world yet to come:

*La Fortune aymable*  
*Est-ce pas moins que rien?*  
*O que tout est muable*  
*En ce*

*En ce Val terrien!*

(Is not good fortune  
 Less than nothing?  
 O, how all can change  
 In this

In this earthly valley!)

Could the words be “catching” the printer’s and the poet’s eyes? And, floating in space, do they play on iteration, echo, and spatial economy?<sup>9</sup> The question

9. In *L’Olive*, as it will be in other works, the first letter of each line is cast in roman majuscule, while what follows is in italic minuscule. Throughout the oeuvre, two styles, two cultures are conjoined. I have tried to respect the typography in the excerpts both above and below.

might find an answer in the *Recueil de poesie*, a slim collection of circumstantial verse Guillaume Cavellat published in the same year.

### ***Recueil de poesie* (1549)**

Smudged, inked with notes in Greek and French, in scripts of different times and styles, the handsomely blemished title page of the copy of *Recueil de poesie* in the Harvard Houghton Library qualifies as a genuine palimpsest (see Fig. 3). In lower case Garamond majuscule, fashioned to declare its author's boundless admiration of his patroness, Marguerite de France, the printed title stands over the following:

PAR I. D. B. A.

This is shorthand, we presume, for “Joachim Du Bellay Angoumoisain.” The majuscules are placed below “Princesse ma dame Marguerite seur unique du roy” (Princess Madame Marguerite, sole sister of the king) in obeisance to the author's patroness and protectress, who continued to grieve after the death of her brother, Francis I, in 1546. At his shop, located, as he puts it on the title page, “[a]t the sign of the ‘fat chicken’ hanging in front of the College of Cambray,” printer Guillaume Cavellat (perhaps in collaboration with the author) did well to design the volume in a minimal style, perhaps to entice readers to fill the white space of the wide margins with annotation and commentary. On the title page, under a dark cloud of ink under erasure, two right angles of different size are drawn beneath the author's initials, as if to imply rule and measure. In concert with what will become the squarish, sculpted shape of Du Bellay's verse in 1558, the perpendiculars suggest that a sense of “quadrature” guides the spatial rhetoric of the collection and those to follow.<sup>10</sup>

10. In *La Deffence, et illustration de la langue françoise*, “quadrature” is implied to mean caesura, but in a general sense, which seems appropriate here, it might also include spatial planning, architectural design, and a mathematics. Beyond its figural sense of sublimity, the word would suggest the description of a square whose area is the same as that of a circle of the same proportion.

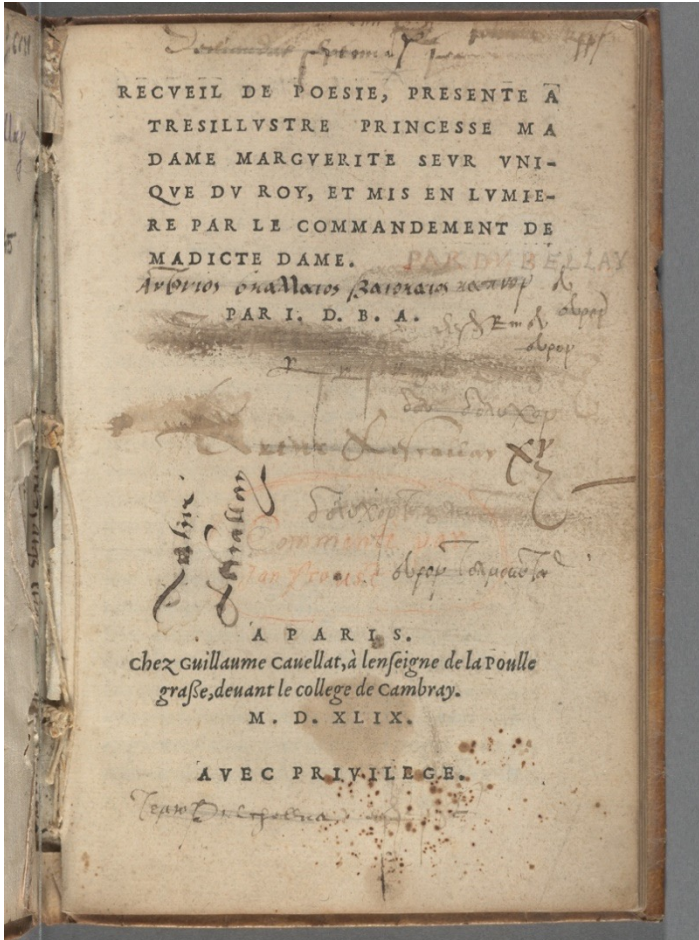


Fig. 3. Title page, *Recueil de poesie* (Paris: Cavellat, 1549). Harvard Houghton Library GEN (FC5.D8517.549r).

Lauding the king’s force and power, the inaugural and grandiose “Prosphonématique au Roy treschrestien Henry II” (Prosphonématic to the very Christian Henry II) takes a topographical turn in personifying several of the great rivers irrigating the kingdom (the rivers Seine, Marne, Oise, and Yonne) before enumerating some of its cities (Lyon, Rouen, Bordeaux, Orléans, Tours, and Paris above all else), finally avowing,

*Comment te peut assez chanter la France*  
O *grand FRANCOYS, des neuf seurs adoré?*

(How can France be praised enough,  
O great FRANCIS, adored by the nine sisters?)

The vocative is disposed to have *grand* signal that the following word be in majuscule before the folio ends (felicitously) by addressing the nation and naming the king in a strategic turn, the formulation finally doubling the nation's name:

E n ton HENRY a mesme vertu né,  
**France** (p. 11, my emphasis)

**F rance**, tu vois l'excellence revivre,  
D ont les haulx Dieux rien meilleur n'ont dōné. (p. 12, my emphasis)

(In your HENRY with virtue born,  
**France**

**France**, you see excellence revive,  
For whom great Gods have offered nothing more.)

In the same vein, the last catchword of the poem lauds the rebirth of the nation under the king while alluding to (or making a pitch for) *L'Olive*. The laurels go to the king, but implicitly they will be equal to the title of the poet's recently published collection. The catchword on the tail of the allusion to the olive branch announces that Henry's glorious future will attest to a renaissance of the classical past—but only thanks to what the poet-olive is making of him:

E t de laurier ta teste couronnee,  
A donq'sera d'olive enuironnee.  
Ce nouveau (p. 14)

C e nouveau siècle, à l'antique semblable,  
V erra fleurir le sceptre de Valois. (p. 15)

(And your head crowned with the laurel  
Will immediately be adorned with the olive.

This new

This new century, like the antique past,  
Will see the Valois scepter flourish.)

In 1549, close to its middle, the century is “renewed” and “reclaimed” by dint of repetition of a laudatory adjective. In sum, the nascent presence of *réclames* in the first edition of *L'Olive* and, only months later, their proliferation in serial form in the *Recueil* may have been what enterprising printer and publisher Frédéric Morel took pains to establish in his editions of *Les Antiquitez* and *Les Regrets*, the masterworks of 1558 (their *privilege* granted on 3 March 1557).

Replete with sublime irony and flagrant contradiction, the *Recueil* sparkles with the formulas that later mark the pathos or grandeur associated with the poems printed two years before Du Bellay's death in 1560. A dedication to Marguerite de Navarre precedes the “Prosphonématique” in praise of Henry II's recent exploits and a circumstantial “Chant triumphal sur le voyage de Bovlongne M.D. XLIX. Au moys d'aoust” (triumphal song on the Boulogne campaign of 1549), which lauds the leader's victory over the English, who had occupied the territory throughout and after the Hundred Years' War.<sup>11</sup> Then follows a volley of sixteen odes, titled “Vers liriques.” First, to the queen, Marguerite de Navarre (odes 1 and 2); then, to Mellin de Saint-Gelais (ode 3); to writing in French (ode 4); to the Cardinal de Guise (ode 5); to Cardinal Odet de Châtillon (ode 6); and to Cardinal Jean du Bellay on his return to France (ode 7). There follows an ode admonishing cheapskates and misers (ode 8), prior to a poem addressed to secretary Jacques Bouju; another, on “Les conditions du vrai poëte” (ode 9); another on innocence, with advice “not to protest divine majesty” (ode 10); an ode to the Seigneur Boys, dauphin and the king's *maitre d'hôtel* (ode 11); a short ode dedicated to a Carles (in effect, ode 12); another to poet Antoine de Héroët (ode 13); one to Mercury and his lyre, to “Soften his Lady's Cruelty” (ode 14); one to the memory of Francis I, addressed to the “treschrestien Roy Henry” (ode 15); and finally, an ode honouring Madame la Contesse de Tonnerre (ode 16).<sup>12</sup> An ample addendum elucidates the odes'

11. Du Bellay, *Recueil*, 3–24.

12. Du Bellay, *Recueil*, 25–67.

many allusions to classical mythology.<sup>13</sup> Striking a contrast to its erudition, a “Dialogue d’un amoureux, & d’Echo,” a crisp and memorable piece of eighteen decasyllabic lines, caps the volume (see Fig. 4).

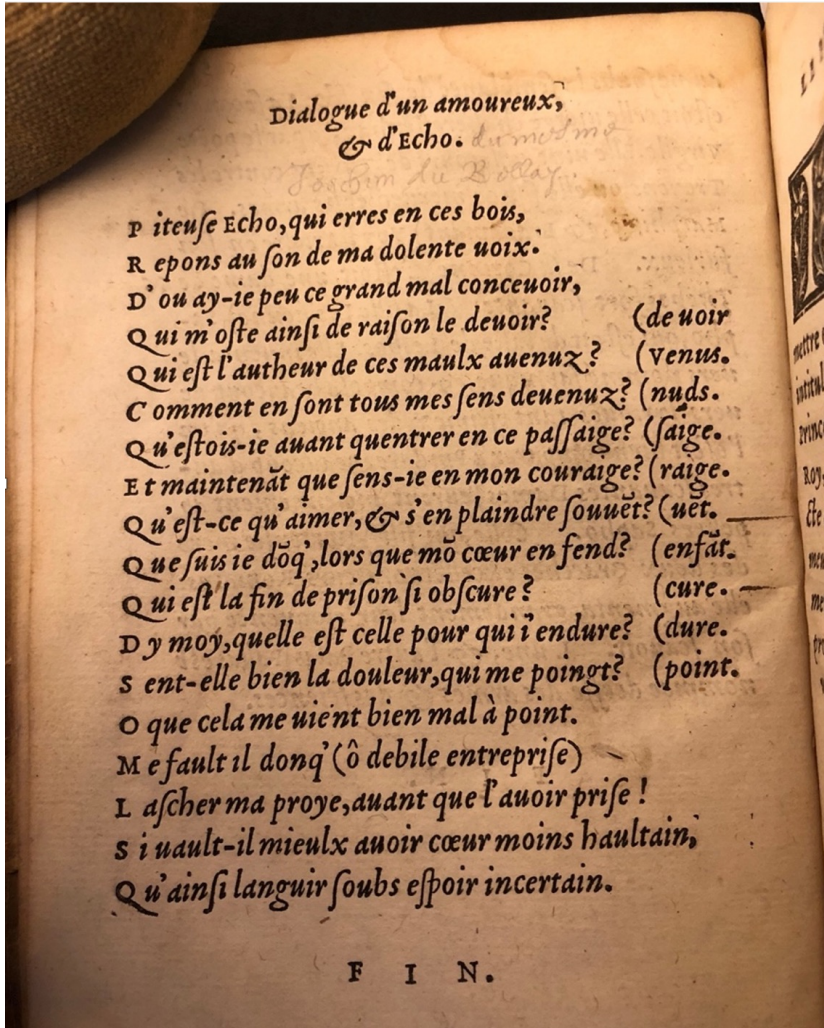


Fig. 4. Closing poem, “Dialogue d’un amoureux, & d’Echo,” in *Recueil de poesie* (Paris: Cavellat, 1549).

13. Du Bellay, *Recueil*, 67–86.

A miniature tour de force, the final poem grafts the voice of the forlorn poet (on the left), who poses ten questions in lines 4–13, next to that of Echo (to the right, in open parentheses), who responds in syllabic fragments. Critics often note that the appeal to the sylvan goddess “who wanders in these woods” (l. 1) bears strong resemblance to the plaintive bleats of the poet who represents himself in exile in sonnet 9 (and, with sonnet 31, “Heureux qui, comme Ulysse”), the most celebrated verse of *Les Regrets*, “France mere des arts, des armes, et des lois,” in which the poet compares himself to a lost and abandoned lamb who cries for its mother country.

The structure of the dialogue of 1549 and the sonnet of 1558 are related from the way catchwords or *réclames* are configured in the *Recueil de poesie* and the oeuvre in general. It begs us to wonder if the author worked in conjunction with editors and typesetters, or if, in view of political and aesthetic motivations, the layout betrays issues of poetic *design*, in which printed writing and *disegno* are correlated—where, fortuitously, *dessein* (pattern or plan) and *dessin* (drawing) comprise the spatial character, even the “dwelling” or spatial aspect of the poetry. The format of the *Recueil* indicates that Du Bellay and Cavellat may have collaborated in arranging the pieces; and, nine years later, that Frédéric Morel, publisher of *Les Antiquitez de Rome* and *Les Regrets*, followed suit, taking immense care to fashion his two collections as minimalist book- or art-objects.

### *Les Antiquitez de Rome and Les Regrets*

Printed shortly after Du Bellay’s return from his sojourn of three years in Rome (1553–57), *Le Premier livre des Antiquitez de Rome* is composed of thirteen folios, inaugurated by a dedicatory sonnet to Henry II, then followed by thirty-two others (fols. a2–c), with an additional fifteen enigmatic sonnets, his *Songe* (fols. c–c v), printed on eight folios. Two sonnets per page, unnumbered, seemingly in imitation of classical architecture, the lighter verse in decasyllable occupies the upper half of the page while the heavier counterparts, in alexandrine, are at the bottom. When the book is open, the folios present the sonnets as a virtual quadrangle. Catchwords are printed at intervals between units of four sonnets. The first lines of the quatrains and tercets establish the left margin, and those that follow are indented four spaces to the right. Set in upper case roman, the first letter of each line, as if disengaged, is detached from its word, the rest printed in lower case italic. The slightly isolated majuscules invite

acrostic reading (that tends to yield little or nothing). Yet, given the first sonnet, as witnessed in the margins of sonnet 23 of *L'Olive*, the I of “I e” suggests that the voice of the speaking poet is divided or splintered.

The first catchword comes late in the pagination (fol. 4 v<sup>o</sup>), after sonnet 12, “*T elz que lon vid iadis les enfans de la Terre*” (Such that the children of the Earth were ever seen), which ends by noting how senseless was the audacity with which the Roman monuments were conceived and constructed. Today, the sight of their ruin reassures us that gods need not worry, nor

*N e craindre plus la hault si effroyable audace.*  
Ny la

(Fear no longer from above such frightful audacity.  
Nor the)

“Nor the” ... what? On the next folio, in a cavalcade of negation, “Ny la” is iterated nine times in the quatrains and first tercet before the poem ends with an oxymoronic flourish, stating that the Romans’ grandeur was “*la grandeur du rien*” (the greatness of nothing; fol. 5 r<sup>o</sup>). Would the catchword marking denial be in play with the last words of the sonnet? If seen in correlation with the *réclame* (following sonnet 16), in which the waves of the angry sea, the force of the wind, and the heat of fire destroy all earthly things, the answer would be yes. Errant and wandering, the Roman monarchy in times past,

[...] *croissant tout ainsy*  
Q u’un flot, qu’un uent, qu’un feu, sa course uagabonde  
P ar un arrest fatale s’est uenue perdre icy. (ll. 12–14)  
Tant

([...] growing just as  
A wave, a wind, and a fire, its wandering course  
By a fatal arrest happened to be lost right here.  
So much)

Here? Where is *here* other than at the edge of the known, at the end of the line? And what might or might not come about in sonnet 17, where “*Tant*”



announces, invoking Jupiter's eagle at the onset, that nonetheless, Rome's "formerly bold mountains" would be "reduced to powder"? What was "here" and "so much" becomes, as sonnet 18 begins, "great stony heaps" (*grands monceaux pierreux*), comparable to a mass of spoken and written fragments.

Sometimes the *réclames* link the pages and poems, at other times they pose enigmas. Often products of happenstance and hazard, they may merely be what they are and nothing more: fragments, printers' marks, *lopins de mots*. A poetics of chance and design, of hazard and destiny, seems to prevail. Where, isolated, a proper name or a toponym is in evidence, the sonnets seem to concatenate, yet when an anodyne pronoun stands apart in the form of a catchword—"Celle" (fol. 6 v°), referring to the city of Rome—it bears effective potential by virtue of its contiguity to the antithesis—"tout en rien doit un jour devenir" (one day everything must become nothing)—that buckles sonnet 20 and motivates the allusion, at the outset of sonnet 21, to Pyrrhus and Hannibal, who were unable to conquer the Eternal City. Perhaps the last, sonnet 29 (fol. 8 v°), counts among the most pertinent. Its final tercet ends at a juncture where "all" is a sign of an eternal return:

Q ui tel chesne a peu voir, qu'il imagine encores  
 C omme entre les citez, qui plus florissant ores,  
 C e vieil honneur pouldreux est le plus honoré.  
 Tout

(Were anyone to have seen such an oak, indeed may still imagine,  
 Among the old cities, that were flourishing,  
 This old powdery honour is the most honoured.  
 All)

"Tout" (All) gives way to sonnet 13 (fol. 9 r°), enumerating the three classical orders in an anaphoric tour de force ("T out ce que," iterated six times) that stresses doubling and echoing (at the end, *honneur* [...] *honoré*), and that by dint of repetition of *tout* infers an absence of place or an "all" that is "nothing." But also, in the form of Blanchot's *parole morcelée*, "Tout" carries inflections of spatial indeterminacy, in the echo of *où* within what designates "all." (In Morel's edition, the sculpted decasyllables are set above the alexandrine cast of sonnet 13, whose rustic setting stands in strong contrast to the stone and mortar of the

poem standing above.) “*C omme le champ semé en uerdure foisonne*” (Just as the field sown in verdure abounds) ends in praise of the poet-gleaner or pillager (i.e., a relic hunter seeking treasure in ruins)—or else, if the poem turns on itself, its poet finds wealth and worth in the printed detritus of others, or even, in the text itself, the remainders or catchwords that fall at regular intervals (at the end of every fourth poem).<sup>14</sup>

The *réclames* carry their most resonant expression, however, in Morel’s edition of *Les Regrets*. First, in the dedicatory poem to Jean d’Avanson, in affected modesty and self-denial (that in Du Bellay’s world amounts to self-praise), the poet portrays himself enchanted by the Muses, the savvy huntresses who have caught the poet in his tracks. Like local hunters (as Maurice Scève ventured in an emblem in *Délie*) who apply glue to the branches of trees to catch birds who perch upon them, they have kept the poet at bay.<sup>15</sup> Yet, just as Ulysses had his crew tied to their craft (mode of transport or metaphor) so as not to fall victim to the sirens, the poet, his wings stickied, is caught in a soft trap.

*L eur chant flatteur a trompé mes esprits,  
E t les appaz aux quels elles m’ont pris  
D’ un doux lien ont englué mes ailes.*

*Non*

*N on autrement que d’une douce force  
D’ Vlyse estoient les compagnons liez* (fol. A.iii r°, ll. 46–50)

(Their flattering song fooled my wits,  
And the bait with which they caught me

14. “*Comme le champ semé en uerdure foisonne*” hits a high note for adepts of the late Agnès Varda’s film, *Les Glaneurs et la Glaneuse* (2001). Interviewing noted psychoanalyst Jean (Louis) Laplanche, co-author of the *Vocabulary of Psychoanalysis* and also (before his death in 2013) owner of the prestigious Château de Pommard, an estate renowned for its vintages of *pinot noir*, Varda and the vintner-savant recite the poem in unison, stressing the final tercet, which affiliates gleaning with poetry: there remains of Rome only antique fragments “*Q ue chascun va pillant: comme on voit le glaneur / C herchant pas à pas recueillir les reliques / De ce qui va tombant après le moissonneur*” (That everyone goes about stealing: just as we see the gleaner / Seeking, step by step, to gather relics / Of what falls in the harvester’s path; fol. 9 r°).

15. “*L’Oiseau au glu*” (the bird caught in the glue), the twelfth emblem that pictures birds fluttering about a stone (in the 1544 edition) or a tree (in the posthumous edition of 1564), is surrounded by the motto “*Où moins crains, plus suis pris*” (Where I least fear, I am the most taken).

has softly stickied my wings.  
 None other than with soft bonds  
 Ulysses was tied by the members of his crew.)

Doubled, “Non” is first felt negatively prior to its repetition on the next page, when, in an opposite sense, it allusively brings to the stage the Homeric “hero,” the collection’s commanding figure or ego-ideal.<sup>16</sup> Contradiction is made visible. The splitting is strongly pronounced in the visual character of the inaugural sonnet (fol. B r<sup>o</sup>; see Fig. 5).

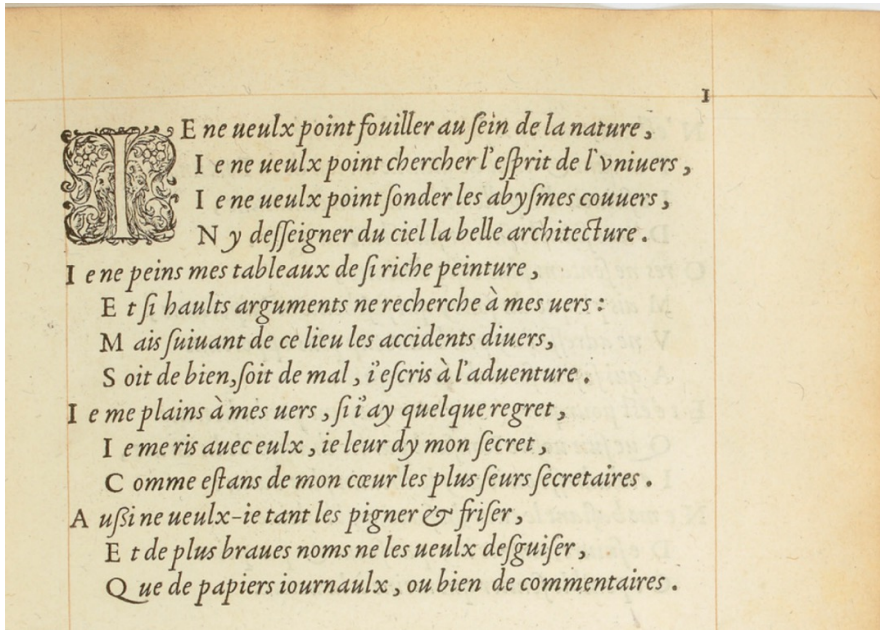


Fig. 5. Inaugural sonnet of *Les Regrets* (Paris: Fédéric Morel, 1558).

The incipit, like that of *L'Olive*, sets an “I” in the frame of a historiated initial where a Janus-like figure in profile is mirrored in the midst of garlands on either side of the majuscule. Inaugurating six lines and nestled twice more

16. On Ulysses as “ego-ideal” in *Les Regrets*, see Gadoffre, *Du Bellay*; Bizer, *Homer and Politics*.

(in minuscule) in the sonnet itself, “I e,” a function of repetition and difference, seems to split away from its identification with the first-person voice:

*I e ne veulx point fouiller au sein de la nature,  
 I e ne veulx point chercher l'esprit de l'univers,  
 I e ne veulz point sonder les abysmes couvers,  
 N y desseigner du ciel la belle architecture.  
 I e ne peins mes tableaux de si riche peinture,  
 E t si haults argumens ne recherche à mes vers,  
 M ais suivant de ce lieu les accidents divers,  
 S oit de bien, soit de mal, i'escris à l'aventure.  
 I e me plains à mes vers, si i'ay quelque regret:  
 I e me ris avec eulx, ie leur dy mon secret,  
 C omme estans de mon cœur les plus seurs secretaires.  
 A ussi ne veulx-ie tant les pigner & friser,  
 E t de plus braves noms ne les veulx desguiser,  
 Q ue de papiers iournalux, ou bien de commentaires.*

(I no longer wish to delve into the lap of nature,  
 I no longer wish to seek the spirit of the universe,  
 I no longer wish to probe the covert abysses,  
 Nor draw from the heavens handsome architecture.  
 I am not painting my pictures in such rich color,  
 And no longer seek in my verse such lofty arguments:  
 But, following from this place diverse twists and turns,  
 Whether good, whether bad, I write as I wander.  
 I confide in my verse if I have a regret,  
 I laugh with my lines, I tell them my secret,  
 As if they were the surest secretaries of my heart.  
 Thus I wish not to comb or dandy them with curls,  
 And with greater names I wish not to disguise them,  
 Other than papers of a journal, or perhaps commentaries.)

Associated with the Roman numeral “I” above and to the right, distinct from the *e* to which it would be attached, the majuscule either flickers in the syntax or becomes, as it is read, an echo of itself. A virtual *parole de fragment*, close

to a *réclame* in its design and function in sonnets 1 and 4, “I e” leads the eye towards other, seemingly self-isolating iterations, including its own, in sonnet 28 (see Fig. 6):

*Q uand ie te dis adieu, pour m'en venir icy,  
 T u me dis (mon Lahaye) il m'en souvient encore,  
 S ouviennne toy Bellay de ce que tu es ore,  
 E t comme tu t'en vas retourne t'en ainsi.  
 E t tel comme Ie vins, ie m'en retourne aussi :*  
*H ors mis un repentir qui le cœur me devore,  
 Q ui me ride le front, qui mon chef decolore,  
 E t qui me fait plus bas enfoncer le sourcy.  
 C e triste repentir qui me ronge, & me lime,  
 N e vient (car i'en suis net) pour sentir quelque crime,  
 M ais pour m'estre trois ans à ce bord arresté :  
 E t pour m'estre abusé d'une ingrante esperance,  
 Q ui pour venir icy t[r]ouver la pauvreté,  
 M' a fait (sot que ie suis) abandonner la France.*  
 Ie

(When I bid adieu to you, to come to what is here,  
 You tell me (dear Lahaye), I still recall,  
 Remember Bellay what you are today,  
 And as you go so too do you return:  
 And such as I come, I return as well:  
 Except for a repentance that devours my heart,  
 That wrinkles my face, that whitens my hair,  
 And that makes me furrow my brow.  
 This sad repentance that bothers and rubs me so,  
 Does not come (and I am clear) for feeling over some crime,  
 But for three years been exiled on these shores,  
 And for disabusing myself of an ungrateful hope,  
 That in coming to find such poverty,  
 I've been made (fool that I am) to be gone from France.  
 I)

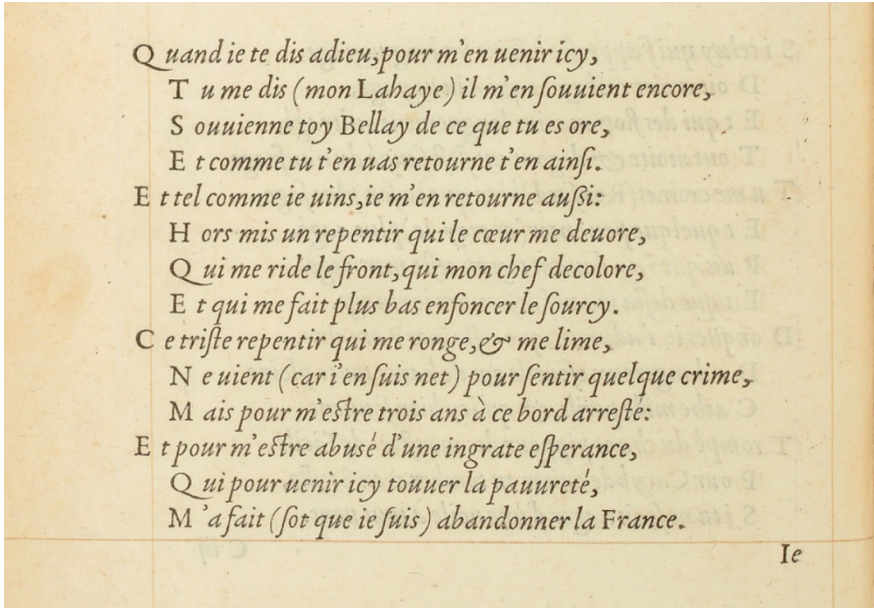


Fig. 6. Sonnet 28 of *Les Regrets* (Paris: Frédéric Morel, 1558).

Isolated, “Ie” tells much about what the self, the speaking “I,” is “saying” and how it plays on (and even satirizes) its narcissistic tenor. Contiguity has “la France” juxtaposed with “Ie,” and the *moi* close to but at a (paginally) unfathomable distance from the name of the nation, in exile, which he feels it is his duty to reclaim.

*Quand ie te dis adieu*

(When I say Adieu to you)

This line sets in motion a cavalcade of I’s: “comme *ie* vins, *ie* m’en retourne [...] *i’en suis net* [...] *sot que ie suis*” and, finally, *Ie*, the catchword at the edge of the verse separates the self from its own poem. Calling himself a fool (*sot*) for having left his motherland, the “Ie” on the tail of the preceding sonnet suddenly turns into an ambitious voyager in the poem that follows on the top of the next page: “*I e hay plus que la mort un ieune casanier*” (More than death I despise a

young homebody; fol. 7 v°), a prisoner of a household who is no worse, he adds in the second quatrain, than an old voyager who gains “unfortunate wisdom” in his travels. Like the youth and his or her elder counterpart in whose comparison no median position is possible, a split subject, the “I” is betwixt and between. The *réclame* at the corner of the page enhances the effect. “France” appears in isolation to the left of the lower right edge at the corner of sonnet 28, while “Ie,” adrift or unmoored from the name, is shown *literally* to have “abandoned” the nation as it is named. The sight of words detached from their syntax (or particles from their words) correlates with the topos of the poet in exile.

A paradigmatic instance among the forty-two (or, depending on the copy, forty-three) catchwords that “signify” or connect in the 1558 edition is famously set between sonnets 8 and 9.<sup>17</sup> Cast as an open letter addressed to Ronsard, sonnet 8 puts the writing self in the third person, seen from the addressee’s point of view, in Rimbaldian fashion, in an exchange where “I is an other,” a figure fashioned in relation to his interlocutor—but also, for cause of parataxis, an emblem of the nation from which he is dispossessed or in exile. He tells Ronsard that he ought not be astounded,

*S i de ton Dubellay France ne lit plus rien* (fol. 2 v°)  
(If of your Du Bellay France reads nothing)

The poet could be alluding to the gap of four years since the 1553 editions of *L’Olive* and other writings, but also, in view of the syntax, “Dubellay” is immediately adjacent to “France.” He (or his name) is close but no less separated from the homeland, either by geography or, in greater likelihood, by the hemistich. The poet is on one side of the line of divide and his country is on the other. At the same time, when set face to face, “Dubellay France” constitutes a unity. The formula anticipates what is given in the relation of the catchword at the bottom of the page and “F rance, mere des arts, des armes, & des loix” at the top of the following folio. We read in the Harvard Houghton copy of *Les Regrets*, in the passage from sonnet 8 to 9, the following:

17. The rubricated edition available online at Gallica (BNF Réserve Y4393) reproduces the text of 1558 that (perhaps for strategic reasons) does not include “France” on the quire preceding the beginning of sonnet 9, “France mere des arts,” whereas that of 1559 (the copy consulted in the Harvard Houghton Library), otherwise identical in aspect, prints “France” in the environing empty space.

*L es costaux soleillez de pampre sont couuers,  
 M ais des Hyperborez les eternels hyvers  
 N e portent que le froid, la neige, & la bruine.  
 France (fol. 2 v<sup>o</sup>)<sup>18</sup>*

(The sun-drenched hillsides of vines are covered,  
 But from the Hyperboreal realm the eternal winters  
 Bring only cold, snow and drizzle.  
 France)

Vis-à-vis “*France, mere des arts*” that follows, when taken at the foot of the letter, the *réclame* is a cry or bleat (from *beler*), an appeal, even a pitch for “France,” or else a graphic echo that inaugurates sonnet 9, when the name of the nation is doubled, close to the middle, at a vanishing point or “*vrai-lieu*,” at the outset of the first hemistich of line 7.<sup>19</sup>

*F rance, France respons à ma triste querelle*

(France, France, please respond to my sad dilemma)

This line stages a call and its echo before the name of the eponymous goddess, mentioned in line 8, indicates that the speaker is an avatar of Narcissus. Like the catchword on the preceding page, when spoken, “France” vanishes in passing, but when written, perdures on the printed page. The poet “hears” the name of his mother country in the *réclame*, or else, if he hears only a part of it (*-an ce*), it is audible only *in this space and place*, in the poem itself.<sup>20</sup>

The collection is marked by other shifts and alterations between what catchwords anticipate or promise and what they deliver. Some are anodyne,

18. *Pampre*, or “leafy vine,” may be of two inflections: first, of grapes bunched on branches and tendrils, but also of architectural ornament, as a festoon in the form of a foliated branch that decorates the hollow areas of twisted columns. The organic and inorganic connotations fit the ambiguous description of the Italian (and French) landscapes.

19. In his *Dictionarie of the French and English Tongues*, Randle Cotgrave registers *beler* and *beeller* as “to bleat, or crie, like a sheep,” and *beellement* as “a bleating; or, the crie of a sheep.” No early modern reader would miss the proximity of the two words to Du Bellay, who personifies himself as a lost lamb.

20. See Conley, “Cartography of Exile,” where, along a similar axis that correlates mapping and subjectivity, less stress is put on catchwords in this poem and others.



others are not. Less immediately, but no less pertinent in the frame of print, voice, and technology of book production, they attest to a poetics (and quite possibly, a political aesthetic) where disappearance, vanishment, and the “anticipation of the signifier” belong to a style and manner where poems and their formatting are in concert. Much like what John Cage called “empty words,” the *réclames* seem to be products of design and of chance. They embody what, noted above, can be called a *parole de fragment*, a *parole morcelée*, a writing we associate with René Char, but they also belong to a unique poetics of space. If, in the new canon of French poetry of the sixteenth century, Du Bellay has ascended to the rank of the “prince of poets,” a position that Ronsard had occupied in earlier years, it may be for reason of the minimal, shattered, and fragmentary aspect of the work that now, better than ever, we discern and behold in admiration.

In guise of a conclusion, we can arch back to the antepenultimate sonnet of *Les Regrets* (from which the epigraph above is taken), the *réclame* heralding it is at the tail of a sonnet—sonnet 188—whose first line recalls the beginning of the collection, and the fourth, the difficulty of *naming* the person about or to whom he writes:

*P aschal, ie ne veulx point Iuppiter assommer,  
N y comme fit Vulcan, luy rompre la ceruelle,  
P our en tirer dehors une Pallas nouvelle,  
P uis que de ce nom ma Princesse nommer.*

Paschal, I don't want to strike Jupiter down,  
Nor, as did Vulcan, bash his brains out  
To fashion a new Pallas Athena,  
So as from this name to name my Princess.

Uttering “*ie*” five times, the poem recalls the first sonnet of *Les Regrets* in professing simplicity and immediacy, at the antipodes, Du Bellay infers, of the *Amours* of Ronsard, in which, fraught with desire, the poet time and again begins his verse in the Petrarchan style of *je veulx*. Not so here:

*I e ne veulx deguiser ma simple poësie  
S ous le masque emprunté d'une fable moisie,  
N y souiller un beau nom de monstres tant hideux:*

*M ais suivant, comme toy, la ueritable histoire,  
 D' un uers non fabuleux ie veulx chanter la gloire  
 A nous, à noz enfans, & ceulx qui naistront d'eulx.*  
 Ce- (fol. 45 v<sup>o</sup>)

I don't want to disguise my simple poetry  
 Under the mask borrowed from a moldy fable,  
 Nor soil a pretty name for such hideous monsters:  
 But, like yourself, following the likely story,  
 In a non-fabulous verse I want to sing of such glory,  
 To us, to our children, and to those who will be born of them.  
 This-

“Ce-” announces “*C ependant*,” which, because of the fracture that isolates the first syllable from the rest of the adverb (*Ce-pendant*), whose first majuscule in sonnet 189 is slightly detached from the word (*C ependant*), allows or even promotes a “pendant” sense of praise.

*C e-pendant (Pelletier) que dessus ton Euclide  
 Tu monstres ce qu'en uain ont tant cherché les vieux* (ll. 1–2)

(However [Peletier], arched over your Euclid  
 You show in vain what elders have so much sought)

Hanging over the works of the Greek geometer (reprinted in many editions in the first half of the sixteenth century), Peletier nonetheless is compared to Alcides, the birth name—and hence a sign of great promise—of Hercules. Now, in flagrant creative contradiction, mantling his “simple poetry” under the mask of Greek fable, a new sign leads him towards the heavens (l. 6), ascending, and famously concluding the first quatrain thus:

*I e rempliz d'un beau nom ce grand espace vuyde.* (fol. 46 r<sup>o</sup>)

(I fill with a comely [handsome or else, colloquially, damned] name this great empty space.)

Implicit allusion to Danaë notwithstanding, whom Ronsard celebrated (in the guise of Jupiter) in sonnet 20 of the *Amours* (in 1552 and 1553), a “liquid” name is poured into an infinite void. If, as poets know well, poetry is concerned with poetry and not with representation, *ce grand espace vuyde*, as it would for Mallarmé, could be a blank page. And if the empty areas around and beyond a printed poem are included, in its isolation the *beau nom* could be an echo of a catchword. *Réclame* or not, “reclaiming” Du Bellay’s verse, the formula could also be thought of as a *parole de fragment* that tells him (or his reader) to move on and *upward*, to the next folio, “*au ciel monter aveques plus haulte aile*” (ascend to the heavens with a higher wing; l. 14). The line immediately recalls—or reclaims—the tenor of sonnet 9, in which the poet-lamb, in exile, bleats out for mother France:

*I e remplis de ton nom les antres & les bois.* (fol. 3 r°)

(I fill with your name the lairs and the woods.)

It is implied that he fills the landscape with the name that had just been a catchword. But what are *les antres*? Lairs and caverns, to be sure, but also spaces “in-between,” or even recipients. And *les bois*? Woodlands, possibly, but the indeterminate syntax suggests that having filled the leaky containers, like Danaë, he “drinks” their contents. By every mean, the lairs and the woods could be *poésie tout court*—as they were for Ronsard, who held that poetry is a forest and a poem a tree—and *ton nom* less the nation than the poem under the name of France, *mere des arts*. At the very least, the catchwords tell us so. Few collections do so much with so little.

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