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MALVOISIE WINE, THE ABBOT AND THE MARQUIS

Abbot Bérenger Saunière, in his time, enjoyed entertaining at his small estate in Rennes-le-Château. Thus, at his table in the Villa Béthanie, a succession of guests followed one another, and not just any guests, since, according to Gérard de Sède, among others, were the deputy Dujardin-Beaumetz, the opera singer Emma Calvé, Andrée Bruguères, and... *very authentic* Marquise de Bozas, not forgetting the famous Mr. Guillaume, identified as the worthy representative of the Habsburg family, which one??... It goes without saying that they were very well received, enjoying the good dishes prepared by Mademoiselle Marie, the faithful servant of the priest, all accompanied by the best wines, including, it is said, nothing less than Tokay and the famous Malvoisie, the latter being, it is said, the favorite of the abbot.

There's no doubt about his discerning palate when it comes to stocking his cellar, as evidenced by his correspondence notebooks, which contain numerous letters attesting to this... Both the quantities ordered and the frequency of deliveries suggest that his interest in his cellar allowed him to turn it into a small business. But let's return to our Malvoisie wine...



This sweet white wine, renowned for its production since ancient times, originates from Greece in the Peloponnese region, including the city of *Monemvesia*. The name, from which it is derived, suggests this; therefore, it was logical that neighboring Italy would in turn import these grape varieties, the climate being favorable to their cultivation. Thus, blends were created and still persist today, including, among others, the *Trebbiano* offering the *Frascati* or the *Chianti* and similarly in certain names such as the *Malvasia delle Lipari* or the *Santo of Tuscany*. But it was later the Douro Valley, producing Madeira and Port, that made it famous. In the Balearic Islands, its cultivation dates back to the 16th century in the *Sierra Tramontana* on the island of Majorca.

In France and in our regions, its production was generally concentrated in the South, where it was known as *tourbat*. Combined with *macabeu*, it quickly became a key ingredient in the production of naturally sweet wines such as *Rivesaltes*, *Banyuls*, and the renowned *Maury*. In the 19th century, its sale was handled by numerous wineries. However, its quality was inconsistent and

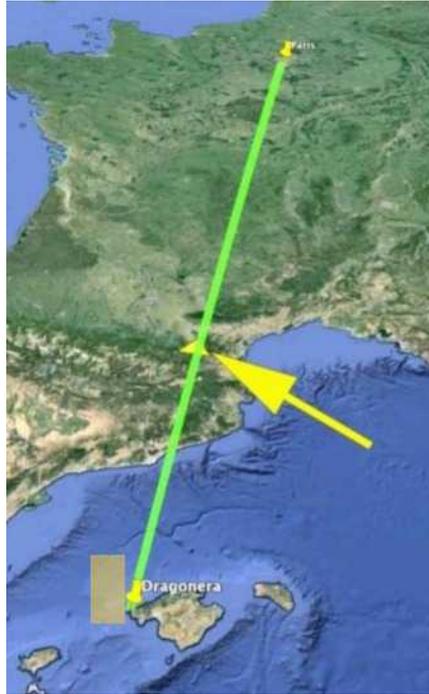
Knowing the priest's requirements, it would have been surprising if he hadn't approached the best producers...

But another piece of evidence of the priest's fondness for this famous wine comes from an unexpected but well-known figure among enthusiasts of the Rennes-le-Château affair: the Marquis Philippe de Chérisey, who, in his long and somewhat tedious typescript *Circuit* dated 1967, it presents us with a surprising demonstration which, while not without interest for exegetes of the genre, nonetheless contains glaring errors that should concern the reader once treated as *poor fool*, He hadn't asked for so much.

Thus, according to the Marquis, who argued in a somewhat vague manner, this undervalued wine was not primarily pressed in the Mediterranean basin: "*This is notoriously false; Malvasia is only found in the Canary Islands and Crete...*". According to him, this name is spelled *Monembasía* would mean **single entrance** interpreted by him as a monopoly. Beautiful but false: Derived from *moni* (μόνη) and *emvasia* (εμβασία), This translates more accurately to a single channel, or even a landing stage, given the geographical characteristics of the location... First point. Next, he claims that the grapes were cultivated on a Cretan island and transported to another for processing, hence his adventurous but necessary interpretation for the development of a vintage and a château. Okay! He deduces from this that this grape variety was later transferred to the Canary Islands between the 8th and 14th centuries. Here again, he is mistaken, as historians have established that this grape variety was only introduced to these islands at the beginning of colonization, that is to say, optimistically, at the beginning of the 15th century. We'll skip the subsequent interpretations involving Ham, cursed by his father Noah and caught in an indecent position in his vineyard, who threw a *evil eye* about his son, hence naturally the modern name of *Malneighborhood*: Pure Boudet! And it's hardly surprising that he transports us to the Canary Islands, to Lanzarote, the island of the Cyclopes! We'll spare you the long digressions about Louis XIII and his territorial claims to the place, to get to... Boudet, who would be expressing in veiled terms that the Christian association of wine and blood leads to a racial vision based on Shem, Ham, and Japheth in the Old Testament and the **3** Three Wise Men in the pages of the new one: "*Everyone will find what they're looking for there.*»...

On page 70, the following are explained: *40 remarkable points on the Paris Meridian* (the Rose Line (which he cheerfully mocks), and naturally passing through Rennes-les-Bains, as he put it *my parish*, We arrive at the Balearic Islands where it is announced that the line passes between *Majorca and Menorca*: Here again, a gross error, since it is well known that the line obviously passes between the island of Majorca and Ibiza to the west, Menorca being decidedly to the east... To be precise, and this is a valuable piece of information, the meridian passes over the uninhabited islet of *the Dragonnera*, directly opposite the Archduke's lands *Ludwig Salvator* of Habsburg¹ (in the Sierra de Tramontana...) which was renowned among other things for cultivating vast vineyards where this famous Malvasia wine was produced, which allowed it to win several prestigious international awards, supplying the finest tables in Europe.

¹Castelnègre by Michel Azens and Michel Vallet, Éditions Pégase January 2020: *One archduke can hide another.*



On page 88, in Chapter III entitled *The Good Wine of Mister Saunière* Yes sir, we are told that to find the Treasure of Rennes-les-Bains, and no other, one must go through *the single entrance* As already mentioned, to access the Château, you must take a bath... And what a bath it is! So you have been warned. But also that the good Father François Cauneille, the local priest, *ispassin* the Canary Islands, producing a revealing work... only he can understand it... And to conclude with our good Malvoisie wine, that Abbé Saunière ordered a barrel every three months from the local innkeeper, therefore that his travels *in situ* their aim was to exchange the gold collected in Rennes for hard currency! But what did his *traffic* The wine was concealing a justification for his travels while he was overseeing the loading of his barrels... in Port Vendres?

This is to forget and ignore, perhaps intentionally, that at that time, the Canary Islands' vineyards were depleted, ravaged by disease, and that all exports had long since ceased... but it doesn't matter, as this prose serves his purpose in his presentation. It's worth noting in passing that it is here that the notion of trade, or even of *traffic* wine from the priest...

He's playing games with us, and as usual, he's shifting the facts around, allusively and cheerfully moving them from East to West... In this regard, what to make of the hanged man's tower that he mentions on page 67 in connection with his enigmatic Castille tower? "*where the bodies of those who had been hanged were thrown...*" Here too, the reader is invited to refer to a completely different tower, this one real, which bears a striking resemblance to the Magdala Tower of Rennes-le-Château... located, indeed, in Palma de Mallorca at the Almuneida Palace and named *Torre del Caps*, (heads turning)... and what to make of this sentence where in another version of *Circuit* and regarding a letter sent by David Leroy, he mentions this strange *architecture* Still on the subject of Malvasia wine? "*A letter from him reminds me of a strange architectural style where it seems that Corbières wine is made from Malvoisie wine...*" Let those who can understand...



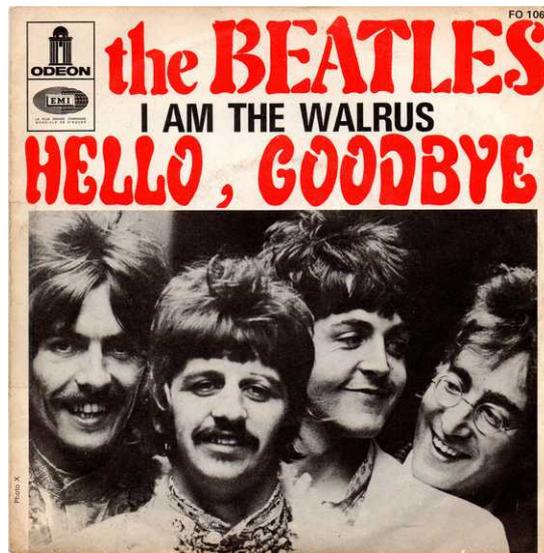
As for its depiction of caves, Majorca is also full of them....But finally: "*Just one letter off,*" he said! Palma... Finally, this Malvasia wine is mentioned as a prelude on page 25 where we are told that "*The bottle of Malvasia appears as if in a dream at the center of the circle.*" Anne previously told us "*At noon, blue apples, as we say in our region.*"

This fantastic, allusive journey contains within it all the foundations of the mythology surrounding the affair, from Cauneille to Boudet via Saunière, from watchful dragons to the devil in the holy water font, from the prime meridian, Delphi and the Visigoths, a curious shepherdess, parchments, linden trees, all infused in a fantastic herbal tea that enthusiasts of the genre will never tire of... this surreal cocktail takes us far away but reminds us, through sometimes hilarious wordplay, a plethora of puns, and truncated or even distorted historical allusions, that the irony adopted for its poetic prose, even if the information held was approximate, holds nuggets that unveil horizons much closer than we think... far from wanting to teach us *the best way to walk* He thinks for a second that he is teaching us the best way to think, so busy is he taking us on a tour of an incredible universe riddled with references, from Maurice Leblanc to **Beatles**, the first one mentioned in his book *The Shrapnel* Or, as he put it, he only plays one role, that of the Marquis...the others serving as his inspiration. It is true that he also evokes Gustave Flaubert and his *Temptations of St. Anthony, spiritual father* by Leblanc, and another work in which Georgette Leblanc also plays a role. That says it all...

As for the **4 boys in the wind** from its history, let us listen not to the answer but rather to the refrain of **Hello Goodbye**: *Hello, hello, I don't know why, you say bye, I say hi*: However, according to its author, Paul McCartney, his song evoked the universe, duality—man woman, black and white, up and down, true and false, raised and lowered, hello and goodbye... An eternal wandering for an eternal return, in a way, at least an admission from the author of *Circuit*, who recommends it to us. **mirror**: It is true that this song is mentioned when one is in the airport terminal hall and the other is on the runway. *like surveyor* she told us...in a

²Watch the film: *The green mare*...

In another scene, with Anne, he listens to that famous tune emanating from a nearby jukebox, echoing a somewhat disconcerting statement. As an aside, the best part is on the B-side of the single released on November 24th: *I Am the Walrus* Written by John Lennon, this completely offbeat song was inspired by the work of Lewis Carroll. *On the other side of the mirror* and his song, *The Walrus and the Carpenter...* Philippe de Chérisey, while a very average student in geography, was certainly very familiar with the work of the Beatles and must have greatly appreciated the somewhat surreal and instructive lyrics of their compositions... Certainly the mere presence of **Fab four** in the history of Rennes-le-Château! Did he think about this comment from Lennon? One is tempted to believe so: According to Pete Shoton, his friend, John Lennon confided in him: *"Let's see what these assholes will be able to find in there..."* The marquis convinced us!



But as he tells us, quoting a certain Eulenspiegel about the mirror-linden tree of Fort-Mardyck: *"The world is full of madmen, and anyone who doesn't want to see them should stay in their room and break their mirror..."*. Careful not to contradict him, we will meditate on these wise words...

Written at a time when people on the hill of Christ's tomb in the area were not yet talking about the *UFO*s hovering like shadows over the Razès, of Mary Magdalene convoluting and other such nonsense, whether coded or sacred, Circuit, in its various versions, remains an important work for enthusiasts, a veritable breeding ground where many researchers have found material for inspiration and drawn happily, some even going so far as to take the prolific literature of the marquis literally... We must understand that our man and his companion possessed many real elements of this affair but the marquis's game of misleading the reader with allusions and convoluted wordplay did not fail to betray to a discerning observer a desire to fill the gaps and the lack of partial information by disregarding serious facts which they certainly considered less marketable than their fabrications which some have made a religion of.

In conclusion, we will remember this beautiful allegory by Philippe de Chérisey, which takes us back to the Occitan region, specifically to Arles-sur-Tech, and its miraculous tomb, which heals many ailments (including those of the eyes...), but also its wines, no less

fantastic things mentioned by the author: "*The four wines of Arles-sur-Tech are a reminder of the vineyards of Montmartre: A high place of surrealism where the wind of the imagination* Need we remind you...

*"It's Montmartre wine; he who
drinks a pint pisses four."*

Malvoisie, the Marquis and the Beatles - Side B

Following on from the previous article dealing with the connections between the famous Malvoisie wine, Abbé Saunière, and Philippe de Chérisey, it would have been a shame not to dedicate a little more space to providing a touch of additional explanation on the subject. We will offer some clarifications, although we're not entirely sure whether this relates to the Marquis's reference to the famous Beatles song or to the saga he recounted during his travels through the islands and other fantastical locations of his surreal epic. But first, knowing that many of our readers are music enthusiasts, we'll return to those famous tracks from the...*Fab four* written during the height of their transformation, which began in the album *Revolver* published in August 1966³.

Although it was a huge hit upon its release in November 1967, topping the charts in France in January 1968, with the single selling 285,000 copies, *Hello Goodbye* will only be published on the album *Magical Mystery Tour* in its American version. Dealing with the duality of things, Paul McCartney is said to have been inspired to compose it on a harmonium during a session with Alistair Taylor, Brian Epstein's assistant: when Taylor asked him how he composed, Paul spontaneously asked him to quote the opposite words to those he was saying! Later, when questioned, he admitted that he simply evoked the most positive aspects of duality: "*You say goodbye, I say hello. You say stop, I say forward.* Written for the widest possible audience as *All you need is love*. This simple but explicit message must therefore have caught the attention of Philippe de Chérisey, who mentioned it in his writings: "*If you have black, then you have white.*" said Paul...

Naturally, it wasn't to John Lennon's liking, who reported that it wasn't a great piece and, moreover, seeing it relegated to the B-side of the single, much to his dismay, he found it uninteresting, preferring his own composition. *I Am The Walrus*... But the improvised ending, with the help of sound engineer Geoff Emerick, enhancing an echo effect on the toms, earned it recognition for its great qualities, which was confirmed with over three million copies sold...

In addition to the famous page 115 where *Hello Goodbye* is mentioned, it can be found on page 104 of *Circuit*. It is discussed there under the title "*The Sun of an object which, by the arrangement of the stones on the ring, gives the number of a safe and its key*" If the object is lost, the treasure will necessarily have to be moved because the number would inevitably indicate the treasure's location, so the chest will have to be changed, and therefore the treasure moved: surely the first mention of the Rennes treasure being moved... But Andresy hasn't finished his analysis and concludes that, barring chance, the interpretation is incomplete and that we must rely on the fable of Charlie Chaplin, or the *Beatles* album, or the 17 years of 3 children, or even the nocturnal song of canaries, or anything else that will provide the defective element! But it

³In the studio with the Beatles Geoff Emerick, Words and the Rest 2016.

It tells us that the jewel is now worthless, the treasure having been transferred by its custodian between 1892 and 1894; that's quite precise... And on page 98 we find our song: "*Hello Hello, a Beatles hit, a folk tribute*» which makes the young Anglo-Saxon blush... Clearly, the marquis was fond of this composition, which he found so eloquent...

But let's not forget that this single had a B-side where the talented and sometimes whimsical Lennon expressed himself with his song *I Am the Walrus* which, if we are to believe the Marquis, did not fall on deaf ears: this song, whose mysterious lyrics would have remained an enigma without John's explanations, nearly faced censorship in its time, the author going too far with his allusions... Inspired by 3 Ideas, well, well, including the idea of sitting on a cornflake! A student from his old school wrote to him, confiding that his English teacher was dissecting Beatles lyrics; John decided to write a text that would defy anyone who tried to analyze it; his childhood friend, Pete Shotton, gave him lyrics to children's songs, one of which went like this: "*Yellow custard and green pâté cake, mixed with the eye of a dead dog, make a sandwich three meters thick, and wash it down with a cup of cold vomit.*" A rather unappetizing recipe, it must be said, which amused the English students. That was all it took for him to add certain elements to his song. Inspired by a work by Lewis Carroll, *On the other side of the mirror*, and a song found there, *The Walrus and the Carpenter* ("Walrus" being the walrus), was a veiled social critique.

Seemingly absurd and outlandish, Lennon's lyrics conceal a critique *Hare Krishna* and followers droning their mantra, an allusion to *Lucy in the Sky With Diamonds* and one finds the words barely veiled *Pornographic Priestess* and *Lower your panties* This led to a ban by the BBC; Paul and John defended themselves, the former arguing that they needed to be open-minded towards young people and that Shakespeare had written far more daring words! All this didn't stop the piece from being performed by some thirty different artists...

This journey through the looking glass could not have escaped Philippe de Chérisey's notice, as he used it as an alibi, even a springboard, for his demonstrations, which were every bit as good as John Lennon's, including, among other things, a famous recipe from the Marquis, certainly echoing the famous song of the English students mentioned earlier: after observing that the sleeping Anne has the impassivity of mummies when they are plotting something wicked, David Leroy tenderly watches over her after having caught some grouper and observed *that the freshness of the Malvasia seems to emanate from the pole*, He ended up returning empty-handed and declared: "*Today, the grouper is Tintin, but it's lamprey. You take, says Curnonsky, the prince of gastronomes, a beautiful, live lamprey, and you plunge its head into Malvasia wine.* (Again) *When death has ensued, you clean the lamprey in boiling water, you gut it etc... this is called "Lamprey à la petite mort".* Not bad...

This is the gist of it regarding the Beatles songs that Philippe de Chérisey, a true music lover, if not a knowledgeable musicologist, drew upon to some extent, making one of his many allusions in his writing. Of course, he also makes another reference when he names **Eleanor** (*Hey Eleanor*) to one of its participants, to which a certain Paul responds... But I'll leave it to you to do the research yourself among the titles whose lyrics are so evocative of 4 boys in the wind...

All that remains is to briefly return to the subject of his text, recalling, as mentioned earlier, that the figure 3 seems to hold an important place, mentioning it some twenty times in her story: 3 crowns, 3 keys, Beatrice's 3 colors, the 3 rocks, Trinity Square, not forgetting the password "Circle of Ears Dog" to name only a tiny fraction of these... Finally, as a slip of the tongue, or even an oversight, on page 77, the Squint-Eye, a very fitting name, tells us about the breed of her dog that came into the inn: its name *Temperantis*, a breed native to the Canary Islands... Wandering among the wheat fields *proximity of a Roman camp* (.) and barking out its distress at being abandoned. A famous blade...

But as it would be long and perhaps tedious to develop the Marquis's writings profitably, contenting ourselves with having highlighted some of the most playful passages, it is time to close this chapter by recalling Ukulele's response to Andrésy, stating: *...the track remains accessible to all, and all the guardian father can do is persuade his offspring of the track's intrinsic beauty... »*

*"No preguntes por saber
Que lo te lo dirá el tiempo
Que no hay cosa más bonita
Que saber sin preguntar. »*

Michel Azens