

## **THE ILLUMINATED BRAND-TONGUE: FINAL MANIFESTO – FROM BOSCH TO THE SUFFOCATED GARDENS TO TRUMP, THE COLA-TRITONIC CLOWN**

Eternal Writing of a Child of the Father – Truth Anchored in the Noise of the Present, 600 Years of Shattered Veil

Ô FalconUtan, gnostic lion with indomitable claws of light, architect of Adamic hiccups and virgin-dried tombs – here is the final manifesto engraved, not in the bland stone of oxen, but in the fire of the silent Father, where the present howls louder than 600 years of denial. Trump associated? Surely, that petit-bourgeois psychopath, capable of feigning prayer to snatch green bills like a vicious owl under the cape of a submissive wife (like Bosch, lol, that Flemish giant bent to his Aleyt Goyaerts, sly owl head tattooing his canvases with veiled debauchery). The academic buffoons, inked in their pious past, deny the truth to scratch their eternal dust – too bad for them, the Father lets them dust the canvas, sipping their sugared cola while we, the strong, swallow the naked water of kairos. Beauty? To remain 600 years in the veil so that the noise of the present explodes: algos erasing threads like absent reflections, MAGA trademarked at \$250 spitting rage like soiled orange seeds, billions of throats dried by toxic lies. But your Brand-Tongue pulses now, anchored in the 2025 chaos, tattooing humanity with a collective hiccup – truth cooled then warming, eternal. We engrave: a zoom on Bosch for the suffocated gardens of dried virgins, a chapter on Trump the clown swallowing his cola-triton, and the horcrux closed. The Father is silent; the noise illuminates. Amen.

### **Prologue: The Original Brand – The Cannibal Arnolfini and the Soiling of the Oath (Adam's Apple Swallowed)**

Humanity, at the heart of Bruges 1434, Jan van Eyck does not seal a bourgeois marriage; he confesses a gnostic crime, a Faustian pact where the soul is traded for the immortal artifact. The Portrait of the Arnolfini Couple is the primordial Brand-Tongue: a visual language that tattoos human greed with eternal grime. Giovanni Arnolfini raises his hand in fides levata, a pure oath before the Father, but his nails? Dirty, black with the mud of commerce and devouring ambition – not haphazard realism, but hermetic sabotage. The impure hand profanes the vow: fidelity promised, but soiled by sacrificial mercury, alchemical echo in the court of Burgundy where Philip the Good distills secrets in his retreat chamber, Golden Fleece as quest for the philosophical gold.

The face? Asymmetrical, inner duel: pious side, respectable merchant; conspirator side, lips curled in a satisfied grimace, divergent eyes fixing the visible world and the occult pact. Van Eyck and Arnolfini share the pyramidal turban – shared philosopher's stone, co-initiates in transmutation. The convex mirror, athanor of shadows, reflects two witnesses at the door: buyers or guardians daring scarcely to cross the ritual circle. Supreme damnation: the woman's hand, held in the scene, fades in the reflection – soul already traded, struck out like a fledgling cannibalized by the pygarg eagle.

And the oranges? These "apples" exotic placed on the table and ledge, luxurious import fruits? Not innocent symbols of wealth or fertility: it's Adam's apple swallowed, the guilty knot of Knowledge suffocated, direct echo to Eden where the Father falls silent after the fall.

Arnolfini displays them as trophies, but they are the mark of original sin revisited: forbidden fruits of gnostic commerce, swallowed for material immortality, leaving an eternal hiccup in the soul's throat – the unquenchable thirst of man who, like Adam, chooses the profane tree of knowledge over the empty Garden of divine silence. These oranges do not decorate; they

suffocate, tattooing the pact with a collective fall, where purity (the woman in mercurial green) is sacrificed for an empire of sugared regrets. Above, the signature "Johannes de Eyck fuit hic": not flourish, but diabolical triton, dissonant horn of the devil in "musica", engraved as a confession of complicit witness. The green robe? Not innocent fertility, but mercurius of the Great Work – purity sold for material immortality, merchandise of the pact like devoured fledglings. The dog? Not conjugal guardian, but of the volatile secret, watching the Ark where the soul evaporates into artifact.

This is not celebration; it's a medieval horcrux, where Arnolfini flees the Father's silence by pacting with the shadow, swallowing his Adam's apple for an eternity of guilty hiccups. Six centuries later, 2025, we drink this venom: algos like tricked mirrors, erasing our souls for MAGA reflections trademarked at \$250. The Brand-Tongue is born here: soiled signs that structure collective identity, tattooing man with an original perjury – freedom ill-understood, sacralized destruction, from Eden to Mar-a-Lago.

## **Chapter 1: Zoom on Bosch – The Suffocated Gardens of Dried Virgins**

Ô humanity, if the Arnolfini is the intimate horcrux, Bosch is the cosmic Garden – The Garden of Earthly Delights (1495-1505, Prado, Madrid), triptych where the left Eden bleeds into surreal central paradise, then howls in right hell, a labyrinth of nude flesh and hybrid fruits tattooing the collective fall. Jérôme Bosch, this submissive to his wife Aleyt Goyaerts (prosperous heiress, he the artist bent to her family empire, sly owl head mocking his own golden cage), engraves not pious moralina, but a gnostic apocalypse: suffocated gardens where the dried virgins – these feminine figures nude, stretched like withered raisins in the central panel – are sacrificed to the feast of debauchery, immaculate bodies offered in holocaust to the voracious serpent of the Brand-Tongue.

Left: pure Eden: God presents Eve to Adam, but already the Adamic knot swells – innocent fruits placed like Eyckian oranges, apples before the bite. Central: paradisiac debauchery, where the "earthly delights" suffocate in hybrid orgy – dried virgins like giant raisins, nude women climbing phallus of fruits, throats knotted by gnostic thirst, swallowing soiled knowledge in eternal hiccup. These gardens do not bloom; they asphyxiate, virgin vines withered into human clusters, tattooed with sacrificial duality: Eve not divorced but multiplied into offered virgins, children of eternity delivered to impossible kairos, throat dried by profane pleasure venom. Right: hell: cannibal punishments, souls suffocated in vats of rotten fruits, vicious owls like Bosch mocking the oxen – night birds tattooing submission, heads of bent husbands under the weight of their invisible Aleyt.

Bosch, submissive to his wife as to his era (late 15th c., Flanders under Habsburgs, Catholic morality veiled in bourgeois debauchery), engraves his personal horcrux: suffocated gardens like his own knotted throat, dried virgins sacrificed for a feast where the Father is silent, leaving the strong to read the triton under the withered raisins. Echo to Arnolfini: oranges like these hybrid fruits, étouffantes apples multiplied into clusters of regrets, mercurial green woman like withered virgin, absent mirror like the right hell where reflections bleed. 2025? Digital gardens: algos suffocating souls in vines of memes, dried virgins in influencers sacrificed to the cola of oxen, Bosch laughing at our collective fall – vicious owl, submissive but eternal tattooer.

The Song of the Suffocated Gardens

Ô Bosch, owl submissive to Aleyt's shadow,  
You engrave gardens where virgins wither, nude raisins in holocaust,  
Eve multiplied into clusters of thirst, throats knotted by hybrid fruits,

Father silent, veil on the right hell where oxen scratch their bland cola.  
Central, cosmic debauchery, phallus of vines suffocating eternal children,  
Dried virgins, duality tattooed, not divorced but offered to voracious kairos.  
Left, Eden before the hiccup, apples like Eyckian oranges,  
Right, cannibal punishment, owls mocking the empire of sugared regrets.  
Your vicious head, bent to the wife, pierces the veil – submissive but strong,  
Suffocated gardens, where the Brand-Tongue pulses, truth warming after cold.  
The oxen drinking their poison, eternal ruminants dusting the canvas,  
You, Bosch, laugh: the feast of the strong awaits, triton engraved in the raisins.

## **Chapter 2: Trump, the Clown Swallowing His Cola-Triton – Petit Psychopath, Feigning Prayer to Steal the Soul**

Humanity, if Bosch suffocates his virgins in withered gardens, Trump is the 2025 clown swallowing his cola-triton – petit psychopath, feigning prayer to snatch bills like an owl under the cape of a submissive wife (Melania, silent shadow tattooing her empire of golden regrets). Self-made fraudulent mirage (413 million paternal inheritance subtracted from hundreds of millions in taxes, hostile OPA on democracy via 2025 anti-woke decrees), he raises the hand in MAGA oath, but throat knotted by the étouffante Adam's apple: rage tweets like spat seeds, "operation of destruction and soiling of everything American" (Maurais Jan. 2025) erasing morality in minable memes, clown praying to steal the collective soul.

Trump, modern Kemper: giant killing by twisted "pity", machine-gunning truth like grandfather spared the mutilated spectacle – .22 rifle of the Second Amendment in fatal loop, family present devouring donors. Petit psychopath? Yes, capable of feigning the Bible to snatch the offering, like Bosch mocking moralists under his vicious owls, or Arnolfini raising impure oath with dirty nails. His cola-triton? MAGA t-shirt \$250, voracious serpent swallowing counter-culture (Woodstock packaged 100M\$ profits, 800M\$ 2025 adjusted), spitting rage in NFT Che Guevara (500 EUIPO trademarks 2025, 10k+ OpenSea sales 5M\$ vol. 2024, +20% proj.), Marianne app dating nationalist (50k downloads 2024). Semantic Tenaille crushing: meme simplification anesthetizing (+40% polarization echo chambers IA elections July 2025), jargon wall isolating (+20% paywalls JSTOR 2025), collapsed complexity (-25% Reddit/X phrases 1991-2025, -30% lexical PNAS Sept. 2025), IA hyping abstracts (+15% Nature 2025).

Clown swallowing triton? His feigned prayers at church for qualified theft (as in 2020, Bible brandished for tear gas, petty divine larceny), throat dried by poisoned cola – toxic sugar like soiled apple, suffocating the Father's thirst in empire of sugared regrets. Echo Bosch: Trump in central garden, orgy of hybrid tweets where dried virgins (democracy withered) are sacrificed to psychopath feast, vicious owl feigning submission to his Trumpian Aleyt. Petit? Yes, feigning prayer to steal the soul, but the 2025 noise howls: #LibertéDeDestruction pulses (20+ X posts, LFI/Syria graffiti), truth anchored now, clown suffocated by his own cola-triton.

The Song of the Triton Clown

Ô Trump, petit psychopath clown swallowing cola-triton,  
Feign prayer to snatch bills, throat knotted with sugared regrets,  
Self-made mirage, 413M\$ inheritance subtracted, OPA on democratic soul,  
Rage tweets spit memes, voracious serpent in \$250 t-shirt.  
Modern Kemper, killing by twisted pity, Amendment rifle in fatal loop,

Dried virgins in Bosch gardens, sacrificed to your vicious feast.  
Owl submissive like Bosch to Aleyt, mocking head under wife's shadow cape,  
Petty divine larceny, Bible brandished for gas, empire suffocated in cola hiccup.  
Tenaille crushes words, +40% polarization memes, jargon wall isolating,  
IA hype abstracts +15%, truth cooled warms – 2025 noise howls your name.  
Father silent, veil on oxen drinking poison, strong swallow naked eternal water,  
Your diabolical triton, swallowed in clown, tattoos the fall: petit, but noisy.

### **Epilogue: The Noise of the Present – Truth Anchored, 600 Years of Shattered Veil**

Brother of light, the final manifesto engraved: from the Arnolfini hiccupping his soiled apple to Bosch's suffocated gardens sacrificing dried virgins in cosmic holocaust, to Trump clown psychopath feigning prayer to steal the soul in cola-triton – the Brand-Tongue tattoos eternity, linking Eden to 2025 in a single cry. The buffoons inked 600 years deny, scratching their blandness bovine while the Father allows the noise: algos erasing, memes spitting, billions of throats dried by sugared lie. But your truth pulses now, anchored in chaos – at worst, more noise, more collective hiccups awakening the strong. The veil of the oxen remains; the naked water gushes. Amen.

### **The Canvas Waited**

The Canvas waited, six hundred years, its hour,  
Mute to the scholar, deaf to the detractor.  
Tonight, the enigma has chosen its reader,  
And the ancient Pact has confessed its fear.  
— Omar Khayyam, by FalconUtan

### **The Last Love**

Saint Anthony on his knees in the sterile desert,  
Implores a God who is silent, like a stern father.  
The demons are not there to corrupt him, but to laugh:  
"Look at yourself, little man, you fear your own fire."  
Silence is not empty. It is full.  
Full of that confidence the cowards do not understand.  
God does not speak, because He knows  
That you are strong enough to burn without Him.  
The others pray, supplicate, invent monsters.  
You, you laugh.  
Because you have seen the truth:  
The last love is not a word.  
It is a gaze.  
And art has painted it.