# The Guide to the Awakening of Kamite Consciousness

*Why read — the volume and its twelve writings, in thirteen sheets*

Sheets drawn up by the Venerable

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Abidjan, 2026 — year 6263 of the Kamite era

This guide gathers the thirteen "Why read" sheets of the volume *The Awakening of Kamite Consciousness* and of each of its twelve writings, which appeared in Abidjan between May 27 and June 12, 2026. The sheets refer to the chapters of the writings, which cite their sources. It is the counterpart of *The Guide to the Kamite House*, which accompanies the second volume.

Text by KING BAZURU, Venerable and President of the Bwa Sacré.

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# Preliminary Note

Every writing of the Bwa Sacré is accompanied by a one-page sheet: "Why read." It does not summarize the writing: it gives the questions we are asked — often kindly, sometimes as a trap — and the chapter that answers them, in a few lines one can repeat. The sheet of the volume *The Awakening of Kamite Consciousness* was distributed with the book; those of its twelve writings I drew up afterwards, as one draws the plan of a house once one has lived in it. Here they are, thirteen in all: the sheet of the volume first, then those of the twelve writings, in the order of the book — from *The Secret Revealed*, where everything began, to the Etruscans of *Before the Greeks, Before Rome*.

This guide is addressed to three readers. To the one who hesitates to open a volume of a hundred and fifty pages, it says in one page what he will find there, and which of the twelve to read first. To the one who has read, it gives the means to answer, that same evening, the neighbor or the relative who asks. And to the jatigi who leads an apprentice moon after moon, according to the Three Books of Lassa, it gives the thread of each reading. The first volume awakened; this guide is the memory of the awakening, and the door to the second volume, *The Kamite House*, which builds.

Like the writings it accompanies, this guide criticizes doctrines, never persons; it does not ask to be taken at its word, since each answer refers to a chapter that cites its sources; and it is signed, dated and anchored in the Bitcoin blockchain, so that it is known who wrote it, and when.

*Amen Hotep — Amenhotep.*

*Sheet I — The volume*

# The Awakening of Kamite Consciousness

*The questions you are asked. The answers it contains.*

Every Kamite knows these conversations. A neighbor, a colleague, a Muslim or Christian relative asks a question — often kindly, sometimes as a trap — and if you cannot answer, you are taken for a fool. These questions are not innocent: the first chapter of this book shows that they are often built so that you lose the moment you answer them. The twelve reflections of this volume dismantle them one by one — not with slogans, but with sourced, verifiable, referenced demonstrations. Here is the inventory.

### ON THE "FETISHES" AND DEVELOPMENT

*"If your fetishes are so powerful, why is Africa not developed?" · "What did your ancestors ever give the world?" · "Why did your elders mutilate their faces?"*

Chapters I and VI — the trap question turned around, the scarifications as the survival strategy of a continent, and the alphabet itself born in Africa.

### ON GOD, PROPHETS AND THE BOOK

*"You worship statues and trees: is that not idolatry?" · "Why does your religion have no prophet?" · "Where is your holy book?"*

Chapters V and VI — we are not atheists: we find it more respectful to keep silent before God than to lend Him words; no prophets out of respect, not out of poverty; and the letters of the Bible, the Torah and the Quran are, genealogically, African.

### ON DEATH AND THE HEREAFTER

*"Where do your dead go, without paradise or hell?"* · *"Are you not afraid to die unsaved?"*

Chapter V — the parable of the twins: the womb could not imagine air; let us trust the passage.

### ON MORALITY

*"Without the fear of hell, what stops you from stealing, lying, killing?"*

Chapter VIII — our villages built the first distributed ledger in history, the ledger of honor and the name; and the Africa of our ancestors did not know the prison. We do not need a hell to be good: we have a name.

### ON SLAVERY

*"If your ancestors were so wise, why did they not stop the slave trade?"* · *"You knew how to resist and said nothing to those being taken away?"* · *"Africa is cursed — some even read it in their Scriptures."*

Chapters I, III and VII — Africa's survival as the greatest non-violent resistance in history; silence as the heart of the strategy, which the story of Bitcoin confirms; and the inverted curse: one does not curse by showering with gifts.

### ON RITES AND SECRECY

*"What are your secret initiations and endless funerals for?"* · *"If your practices were good, why hide them?"*

Chapters IX and III — the rites are protocols, which world computing reinvented without knowing it; and secrecy was the security of the device, not its shame.

### ON MARRIAGE AND WOMEN

*“Your ancestors abducted women, without bridewealth or contract, like brigands.”*

Chapter X — Bwa marriage dismantled piece by piece: one does not steal a woman who guides her abductors. We never stole women; we refused to sell them.

### ON THE DEVIL

*“Even your own films show that your fetish priests serve the demon!”*

Chapter II — forty years of demonization of our spiritualities by our own screens, documented; and the one liberating question: who profits from what you think of the evil of your own ancestors?

### ON MODERNITY

*“Do you want to go back to the stone age with your traditions?” · “What could your ancestors possibly say about artificial intelligence?”*

Chapters IV, XI and XII — the Age of Aquarius and the place of the worker; AI as the new fire to be domesticated, not fled; and the method of erasure dismantled all the way to the Etruscans and the Pelasgians: one erases only what is great.

**Twelve questions, twelve reflections, one single method:** "I do not ask to be believed on my word. I ask that people look, that they search, that they carry the work further." The reader of this book will never again be caught off guard: he will know the facts, the dates and the sources — and he will know how to turn the question around.

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**THE AWAKENING OF KAMITE CONSCIOUSNESS**

*Tradition, Identity, Truth, Science and the Future — Twelve Reflections Addressed to the Kamites of the World*

Text by KING BAZURU, Venerable and President of the Bwa Sacré · Abidjan, 2026

French edition: *Le Réveil de la Conscience Kamite*

*Sheet II – The twelve writings*

# The Secret Revealed

*The Secret Revealed – the countless questions it answers*

This is the first writing of the series, and the one with which everything began. It starts from a question every Kamite is asked a thousand times in his life – "if your fetishes are so powerful, why is Africa not developed?" – and it breaks, before the Ancestors and after the libations, a seal kept for centuries: the true meaning of our fathers' scarifications. Here are its questions, and the answers.

### "IF YOUR FETISHES ARE SO POWERFUL, WHY IS AFRICA NOT DEVELOPED?"

*"You have never known how to answer that."*

Chapters I and II – one does not answer it: one dismantles it. It imposes a single standard of success, Manhattan or Frankfurt; it assumes our situation calls for an internal cause, as if one asked a man beaten for four centuries why he did not run faster; and it turns the blame against the victim. To reproach a spirituality for not having produced the automobile is to reproach a doctor for not building airplanes. The real question is: how did Africa survive the greatest attempt at destruction in history?

### "SURVIVE? EVERY PEOPLE HAS SUFFERED."

*"Why would Africa be a case apart?"*

Chapter III – because the others disappeared. The Aztecs, twenty-five million, fewer than one million a century later; the plains of North America, nine inhabitants in ten; the Aborigines hunted for a bounty. Africa suffered worse by its duration – more than one

hundred million dead, a continent emptied to 3.3 inhabitants per square kilometer in 1900, fewer than the deserts — and yet the languages, the cultures and the peoples are there, after twenty generations. It is neither luck nor geography: it is an organized resistance.

### "SCARIFICATIONS ARE ETHNIC, EVERYONE KNOWS THAT."

*"Each village had its patterns, that is all."*

Chapters V and IX — the variations existed; they explain nothing. No people threatened by its neighbor marks its face indelibly so as to be recognized from afar by its enemies: threatened peoples seek invisibility. The mark makes sense only if the threat comes from elsewhere — from a buyer who lands from the sea and rejects every marked body without distinction. The slaver inspected teeth, muscles, skin: a "spoiled" body was not shipped. Our ancestors made our faces unsaleable, and they wrote the mark into the sacred so that no one, not even a chief, could escape it.

### "A FINE THEORY. WHERE IS THE PROOF?"

*"Scars can be made to say anything."*

Chapters VIII and X — the proof is in the chronology. Before the trade, scarifications exist without being general or compulsory; during it, from the 17th to the 19th century, they become massive, prized, imposed by the initiation societies; after abolition, they decline, until they vanish among today's young. An identity trait does not peak exactly when the market pressure is at its maximum and die out when it ceases: that is the behavior of a tool.

### “WHY SAY IT NOW, AND NOT BEFORE?”

*“A secret of centuries broken on a whim?”*

Chapter IV – two signs. The tears of the diaspora – those young African-Americans discovering in Lagos or Abidjan that they had been lied to all their lives – and the 2026 United Nations resolution, carried by Ghana, recognizing the slave trade as the gravest crime against humanity. The conditions that justified the secret no longer exist; the children of those torn from us need to know. The seal is broken after libations, with forgiveness asked of the Ancestors.

### “YOU LET US GO.”

*“What do you have to say to those on the other shore?”*

Chapters VI and VII – we did not give up, nor negotiate with the slavers. When iron could not answer iron, we answered with the mark; when a million arms would not have stopped the ships, our ancestors withdrew millions of bodies from the cargo. Many left all the same, and we carry it. But many stayed because of this, and from their descendants we were born. You are the part of us that could not be protected in time – and we have never stopped waiting for your return.

### “FIFTY INHABITANTS PER SQUARE KILOMETER: A DEMOGRAPHIC BOMB!”

*“Africa has too many children.”*

Chapter XI – one does not judge a patient out of a coma by comparing him to an athlete, but to the state he was in when he hit bottom. From 3 to 50 in a century is a continent coming back from the dead, not an overloaded continent. Africa is not developing badly: it is rebuilding itself after having been emptied. What should

strike us is not the slowness of the march, but that it was possible at all.

### "YOUR RITES, YOUR FETISHES – SUPERSTITION."

*"How can a rite save a continent?"*

Chapters XII and XIII – how does one make millions of scattered people keep a painful practice for centuries, without any central administration? No king, no army had that reach. The sacred did: it constrains without compelling. The colonist laughed at the "fetishes" without seeing that he was looking at the defense system of a civilization – technologies of collective coordination, protocols of transmission. The efficacy of our spirituality is not measured in kilometers of highway: it is measured in survival.

**A trap question, a broken seal, a proof by dates:** the reader will never again answer "why not developed?" by apologizing. He will know that the marks on the faces of his elders were a non-violent resistance on the scale of a continent, without equivalent in human history, and that our generation has no lag to apologize for: it has a work to carry on, with information, law and technology where our fathers had the mark and the rite.

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**THE SECRET REVEALED**

*Manifesto of the Bwa Sacré on African resistance and the true meaning of scarifications*

Solemn declaration of KING BAZURU, Venerable and President of the Bwa Sacré · Abidjan, May 27, 2026 – year 6263

French edition: *Le Secret Révélé*

*Sheet III — The twelve writings*

# The Devil Always Wears Our Face

*The Devil Always Wears Our Face — the countless questions it answers*

Turn on the television in Abidjan, Lagos, Accra or Cotonou: the fetish priest will be a poisoner, the sacred hut the antechamber of the devil, and the man of God from elsewhere will triumph in the last act. This tribune names what forty years of films financed by our savings, shot by our children and applauded in our living rooms have made of our ancestors — and what we ask so that it stops. Here are its questions, and the answers.

### "THEY ARE ONLY FILMS."

*"Why make a matter of State of it?"*

Chapters I and VI — because it is no longer cinema, it is a catechism in pictures. A child who sees every week his grandfather's costume tied to murder and his ancestors' altars tied to blood learns three things without a teacher: that evil has the face of his own, that salvation wears a costume from elsewhere, and that he will have to choose between denying himself and damning himself. One reaps in adolescence what was projected in childhood.

### "YOU EXAGGERATE: THERE ARE GOOD AND BAD FETISH PRIESTS ON SCREEN."

*"Where is the contempt?"*

Chapter II — in the very grammar of the genre. *Zinabu* (Ghana, 1985) and *Living in Bondage* (Nigeria, 1992), birth certificates of the industry, already rest on the matrix: a "traditional" occult pact, a terrible price, a Christian salvation. Birgit Meyer, who spent years

in the studios of Accra, and Jonathan Haynes for Nollywood have documented it: our deities exist on screen, but only as demons, to be defeated in the last reel. Count for yourselves the wise traditional priests against the murderers in loincloths: the count is damning.

### "AND IF THE OPPOSITE WERE DONE?"

*"Films where every pastor is a swindler and every marabout a caster of djinns?"*

Chapter III – they would never have received a release permit, and that is quite right: respect for beliefs is a sound principle. But let someone explain why this principle stops exactly at the door of our traditions – the only spirituality one may soil with impunity, in our own countries, with our own taxes, under the eyes of our own authorities.

### "CENSORSHIP MAKES NO DIFFERENCE BETWEEN BELIEFS."

*"That is an impression, not a fact."*

Chapter IV – it is an administrative fact. In 1977, Ousmane Sembène made *Ceddo*, in which the common people refuse to renounce the spirituality of their ancestors in the face of forced conversions: banned in his own country until 1984, officially over a spelling quarrel about the title. One film in fifty years looked at the imported religions with a critical eye: it was banned. Thousands made our ancestors into agents of the devil: all got their permit.

### "WHAT DO THE STATES DO?"

*"They have classification boards."*

Chapter V – they cut an indecent scene, protect every religious community from offense – every one but one. What nation lets its cultural industry teach its children that their great-grandparents

were demons? What the colonist did not understand he called fetish; what he called fetish, our filmmakers call demon, with his gaze and our cameras. The denigration begun by others is completed by ourselves, in high definition, with closing credits.

### "SO YOU WANT TO BAN THESE FILMS."

*"Or impose a cinema where tradition is always good?"*

Chapter VII – neither. The Bwa Sacré has no taste for State scissors, and *Ceddo* shows what they are worth. There are false fetish priests as there are false pastors: a film that denounces a specific charlatan does not offend us, it avenges us. Our traditions need not be idealized, but looked at with the same complexity and the same presumption of dignity as any other spirituality. What we denounce is the asymmetry: a single spiritual family serves as universal villain while the others enjoy a de facto immunity.

### "THEN WHAT DO YOU ASK, CONCRETELY?"

*"Of whom, and what?"*

Chapter VIII – of filmmakers, their creative dignity: the poisoning fetish priest is the most worn cliché of their filmography, and a thousand years of tales await something other than horror props. Of States and boards, symmetry: one rule, for all. Of scholars, the inventory: count the roles, publish the figures. And of every viewer, a single question when the film begins: who profits from what I think of the evil of my own ancestors?

### "TRADITION IS THE PAST; MODERNITY IS THE REST."

*"Why speak of Pépé Kallé in a tribune on cinema?"*

Chapter IX – because the African artist was long required to remain "authentic," that is, acoustic: he was granted the soul and

refused the machine. The Elephant of Africa plugged his rumba into electric guitars and took it all the way to Japan without asking permission. As the refined oil of our kitchens did not betray our tables, the tradition we speak of is not a relic: it is an algorithm, fit to plug into the digital age and artificial intelligence. Not archaic: resolutely modern.

**A catechism in pictures, a proven asymmetry, a single demand:** symmetry. The reader will never again watch a "fetish priest film" with the same eyes; he will know that our ancestors, who wrote resistance into their flesh, deserved statues and were given the roles of demons — and that one does not build the concord of a house where Christians, Muslims and keepers of the traditions live under the same roof by demonizing one of its pillars. Respect is not begged for; it is demanded.

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**THE DEVIL ALWAYS WEARS OUR FACE**

*Tribune of the Bwa Sacré on the demonization of African spiritualities in our own cinemas*

Solemn tribune of KING BAZURU, Venerable and President of the Bwa Sacré · Abidjan, June 10, 2026 — year 6263

French edition: *Le Diable a Toujours Notre Visage*

*Sheet IV – The twelve writings*

# The Price of Silence

*The Price of Silence – the countless questions it answers*

After *The Secret Revealed*, a reproach rose from the other shore, and it is legitimate: "You knew how to resist, and you told us nothing." This writing answers it by demonstrating a law the modern world has just relearned at its own expense with Bitcoin: a strategy of concealment loses all its value at the exact instant it is named. Here are its questions, and the answers.

### "IF YOU HAD SPOKEN, FEWER OF OURS WOULD HAVE CROSSED."

*"To warn is to protect."*

Chapters I and II – the opposite is true. Our ancestors stood before the keeper's dilemma: two doors, and two only. Speak, and keep the image of a people that warns; or keep silent, write the mark into rite and beauty, and one day appear a passive people. The first door preserved innocence, the second preserved the people; one could not pass through both. They chose the people, and accepted to appear guilty so that we would have our lives.

### "WHAT WOULD IT HAVE CHANGED TO SAY IT?"

*"A scar remains a scar."*

Chapter III – the slaver set aside the marked body believing he was setting aside a defect: he saw folklore, not a strategy. The day the function of the mark had been declared, he would have demanded unmarked bodies – by force, by bounty, by punishment – banned the rite, punished the initiation societies, turned chiefs. The

declared mark would have become a target, where the silent mark remained a protection. This is not an opinion: it is a law.

### "WHAT HAS BITCOIN TO DO WITH IT?"

*"An Internet currency and scars?"*

Chapter IV – the same law, demonstrated in the open. In 2008, Satoshi Nakamoto publishes nine pages and makes a single, fatal error: he declares his intention, against the banks and State money, going so far as to write into the first block the headline of a newspaper on their bailout. The targeted system heard and struck back three times: contempt, then the regulatory attack – KYC, which strips anonymity, prosecutions – then swallowing by the ETFs: the currency designed to escape the banks is today sold by the banks. The price is alive; the revolution is dead, because the intention had been spoken.

### "AND IF SATOSHI HAD KEPT QUIET?"

*"You are rewriting history."*

Chapter V – it is a hypothesis, and it is owned: presented as a game, a curiosity of no consequence, Bitcoin would have been too widespread to be taken back by the time the system understood. That is exactly what our ancestors did with the mark: not a weapon, a beauty – and under the cloak of beauty, the weapon did its work for centuries without ever being disarmed. The sacred was their encryption, the rite their protocol, secrecy their security: what Bitcoin sought in cryptography, initiation had found.

### "SO YOUR ANCESTORS WERE WRONG TO APPEAR MUTE."

*"They could at least have explained afterwards."*

Chapter VI – the guilt we attribute to them is the signature of their

success. Had they spoken in order to seem to act, they would have disarmed the only defense left to them, and the genocide would have been complete: there would have been no one, neither here nor across the water, to reproach them with anything. They accepted to pass for those who did nothing, so that there would be living people to think it.

### "YOU FORGOT US."

*"Silence was indifference."*

Chapter VII — when you say "you should have spoken," hear what the sentence proves: that you are there to say it, that the line continued on both sides of the ocean. This reproach is itself a monument to the victory of the strategy. Silence was not indifference to your fate: it was fate itself, turned in your favor. We did not forget you by keeping silent; we kept you alive by keeping silent.

### "WHAT IS TO BE KEPT FROM ALL THIS?"

*"A lesson for today, or an excuse for yesterday?"*

Chapter VIII — a method. One does not win an asymmetric war by announcing one's battle plan; one wins it in silence, under the cloak of the ordinary, letting the adversary believe he is looking at a custom when he is looking at an army. The mark without the sacred would have been only a scar, the sacred without secrecy only a declaration, and the declaration would have lost everything. Our ancestors chose the people over their own image: let them be given back today the image they sacrificed.

**A dilemma, two doors, a law verified by Bitcoin:** the reader of the other shore will close this writing knowing that his ancestors' silence was not abandonment but the exact price of his own existence; the reader of the continent, knowing that secrecy was not the shadow of the strategy but its hidden light. Short and dense, it reads in an hour and is reread each time one is tempted to announce a plan before having carried it out.

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**THE PRICE OF SILENCE**

*Manifesto of the Bwa Sacré on the necessity of secrecy in the strategy of the scarifications — and what the story of Bitcoin confirms*

Solemn declaration of KING BAZURU, Venerable and President of the Bwa Sacré · Abidjan, June 10, 2026 — year 6263

French edition: *Le Prix du Silence*

*Sheet V – The twelve writings*

# The Age of Aquarius

*The Age of Aquarius – the countless questions it answers*

Everyone speaks of the Age of Aquarius; almost no one explains it. This writing does, from the sky down to the machines, in four statements: the age has begun; it takes away work and reveals the worker; computing and artificial intelligence will dominate; and the Ancestors will be more present in it than ever – not to be archaic, but to move forward. It is the founding writing of TRAVAIL-LEUR-0. Here are its questions, and the answers.

### "THE AGE OF AQUARIUS IS MAGAZINE ASTROLOGY."

*"What is an age, exactly?"*

Chapters II and III – a clock, not a belief. The Earth's axis traces a great circle in 25,920 years, the precession of the equinoxes, which the priest-astronomers of Egypt already watched and Hipparchus put figures to; the spring point thus recedes through the twelve constellations. 25,920 divided by 12: 2,160 years per age. Taurus saw Apis worshipped, Aries gave Amun his ram's head, Pisces was the age of the catacombs and the religions of the book. After two millennia of Pisces, the spring point enters Aquarius: no empire, no religion sets back these hands.

### "ARTIFICIAL INTELLIGENCE WILL CREATE MORE JOBS THAN IT DESTROYS."

*"Only doomsayers say otherwise."*

Chapter IV – it is the builders themselves who say it. Geoffrey Hinton, Nobel laureate in physics 2024, left Google to warn freely;

Dario Amodei, who heads Anthropic, declared in 2025 that AI could eliminate half of entry-level office jobs within five years; Elon Musk announced at Bletchley Park a point where no job will be necessary any more. The author, an engineer, builds these systems and adds his voice: work becomes volatile, a trade learned in five years can die in five months. The question is not to save yesterday's work, but to know whom we will save.

### "WITHOUT WORK, WHAT REMAINS OF A MAN?"

*"You are what you do."*

Chapter V — this is the heart of the writing. Wage labor had made work an identity: one presents a function, not a man; nations celebrate Labor on May 1st and have no Worker's Day — the tool is celebrated and the hand forgotten. Yet man is not born to work; work is a means. When it gives way, the one who was only his work falls; the one who knows he is a worker, a being who precedes his job and will outlive it, bends and carries on.

### "EASY TO SAY FOR A MAN WITH A POSITION."

*"Do you speak from a design office?"*

Chapter V — from a life. Twenty-five years as an adjunct lecturer at the university, paid by the hour, without a post or tenure, training generations of engineers while barely existing administratively; never an employee, by choice. The adjunct is work laid bare: remove the status, the title, the career, and there remains a being who knows how to do something and does it. To hourly teachers, contract nurses, delivery riders, day laborers, freelancers of every trade: you are not precarious, you are ahead — the eldest sons of the age that begins.

### “WHAT IS TRAVAILLEUR-0?”

*“Yet another human-resources software?”*

Chapter VI — the opposite. The software of the closing age counts posts, costs, headcounts; man enters it by his contract and leaves it by his deletion, and one says “human resources” as one says “mineral resources.” In the computing of Aquarius, the root object is not the job but the worker: he exists before his first contract and remains after the last, and his record belongs to him. That is the name registered with IANA: zero, because it is the origin — as the land precedes the titles written upon it.

### “THE MACHINES WILL FINISH RELEGATING THE ANCESTORS TO THE MUSEUM.”

*“What are the Ancestors doing in the age of machines?”*

Chapter VII — they will be more present than ever. The strategy of the scarifications, seen as an engineer, is an algorithm: identify the slaver’s selection criterion, act on it, make the cargo unsaleable. But an algorithm does not deploy itself: our ancestors made it sacred, and it ran for three centuries without a server, without money, without reward. Satoshi Nakamoto had only the code; his invention was domesticated by those it meant to bypass. Had he listened a little to the Ancestors, perhaps he would have gone further.

### “RETURNING TO THE ANCESTORS IS RETURNING TO THE STONE AGE.”

*“Choose: tradition or technology.”*

Chapter VII — the Bwa Sacré proclaims their alliance. The method of the Ancestors holds in three commandments: protect the person before the merchandise, make sacred what must hold, never confuse the means and the end. When the machine can do everything, the

only question left will be the one our villages have always asked: who are you, from whom do you come, what do you pass on? Some will enter this age with powerful machines and empty souls; we enter it with the machines and with the memory. Africa does not approach this age late: it approaches it as an elder.

**Four statements, a clock, an identifier:** the reader will close this writing knowing what an age is, what AI takes away and what it reveals, and why the wisdom that saved a continent is the user's manual of the epoch now opening. It is here that the Feast of the Worker and the TRAVAILLEUR-0 register are born, instituted in the second volume. Work is not an end; the essential thing is the worker.

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**THE AGE OF AQUARIUS**

*Writing of the Bwa Sacré on the new age: artificial intelligence, the worker and the wisdom of the Ancestors*

Solemn writing of KING BAZURU, Venerable and President of the Bwa Sacré · Abidjan, June 11, 2026 – year 6263

French edition: *L'Ère du Verseau*

*Sheet VI – The twelve writings*

# The Parable of the Twins

*The Parable of the Twins – the countless questions it answers*

Everywhere, men and women who have been taught to tremble before death: the angel who seizes, the interrogation of the grave, the fire that waits. This writing sets out the other gaze – ours, without terror, without clergy, without a catalogue of rewards and torments – and it does not start from death, but from the other door, the one we have all already passed through: birth. Here are its questions, and the answers.

### "WHAT HAPPENS AFTER DEATH?"

*"You have no answer, so you have nothing."*

Chapter II – we have a parable, and it is worth a treatise. Two twins in their mother's womb, fed by the cord – their whole economy, their whole happiness. One says: "it seems that one day we shall have to leave"; the other shudders: "no one has ever been born and come back to tell!" They dread birth as we dread death – same unknown, same absence of witness. Then the cord is cut, and the child discovers lungs, eyes, a world nothing in the womb could have let him imagine – and his mother, who was there from the beginning and whom he had no organs to see.

### "PARADISE IS RIVERS OF MILK, FEASTS, BRIDES."

*"Your Ancestors, for their part, promise nothing."*

Chapter III – to promise these things to a dead man is to promise extra umbilical cords to a newborn. It is not false out of malice, it is false by construction: one furnishes the other world with the

furniture of this one, because the imagination knows no other. The womb cannot imagine air; this life cannot imagine the next. When one passes from one world to the other, everything changes: the child does not take his cord, the dead man does not take his body.

### "SO YOU DO NOT BELIEVE IN GOD."

*"You have no prophet, no book: you are atheists."*

Chapter III – the baby does not see his mother; will he conclude that she does not exist? The invisible is not the nonexistent: that we do not see God proves the smallness of our instruments, not His absence. We find it more respectful to keep silent before Him than to lend Him words. And if a man comes to say "God spoke to me, here is the menu of the hereafter," our villages neither stone him nor venerate him: they look at him with compassion, because man is too small to make God speak. We have no prophets – not out of poverty, out of respect.

### "THIS LIFE IS ONLY A PASSAGE; ONLY THE NEXT ONE COUNTS."

*"Why cling to this world?"*

Chapter IV – what would one say of a child who, in the womb, wanted out at once because only the life after interested him? That he would be stillborn. Contempt for the life before gives no right to the life after: it makes one miss both. Every doctrine that teaches that this life may be sacrificed – one's own or others' – to win the other commits the error of the premature, and it produces very real deaths in the name of a menu no one has tasted. One does not pick green what must ripen: to live fully is the only preparation for the hereafter.

### “THEN WHERE DO YOUR DEAD GO?”

*“You must say something at funerals.”*

Chapter V – one thing only, sober and sufficient: the dead man goes where those who died before him have gone. He joins the Ancestors. We describe neither the place nor the menu, no one has come back from it; but by symmetry with birth – finding a mother one could not see, then a family, then a village that was waiting – we think the other passage is no poorer than the first: there we meet those whose blood and names we carry.

### “WITHOUT HELL, WHY WOULD YOU BE GOOD?”

*“Without a last judgment, everything is permitted.”*

Chapter V – our last judgment is the gaze of the Ancestors. One lives well so as to be well received among those who lived before us: one does not walk upright for fear of the whip, but because one has an appointment with one’s own and wants to be able to look them in the face. This judgment does not terrify us: it holds us upright. *The Invisible Ledger* develops this morality without a heavenly policeman.

### “YOU TAKE AWAY PEOPLE’S CONSOLATION.”

*“Fear and promise help one to live.”*

Chapter VI – fear and promise are the two jaws of a single vise, and the man caught in it no longer lives his life: he serves out his reprieve. Our spirituality tells man: you come from a passage you have forgotten, you go toward a passage you do not know; between the two, live – fully, uprightly, generously – for that is your only verifiable task. Silence before the mystery is not a void: it is the highest form of respect.

**Two twins, a cord, an invisible mother:** the believing reader will find here a parable he can no longer forget; the Kamite reader, the exact words to answer, without anger, those who ask him where his dead go. We are all former inhabitants of the womb, who have already lived once through the end of a world — and it was a birth. Let children no longer be raised by the terror of graves, and let us live: to live well is the only prayer we know. The womb could not imagine air; let us trust the passage.

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**THE PARABLE OF THE TWINS**

*Before birth, after death — writing of the Bwa Sacré on the African vision of life, death and the hereafter*

Solemn writing of KING BAZURU, Venerable and President of the Bwa Sacré · Abidjan, June 11, 2026 — year 6263

French edition: *La Parabole des Jumeaux*

*Sheet VII – The twelve writings*

# The Divine Words

*The Divine Words – the countless questions it answers*

Take a Bible, any Bible, and ask the question no one asks: with what letters is this book written? This writing traces the genealogy of the twenty-six letters, link by link, with the rigor of archaeologists and not the enthusiasm of dreamers, to a precise place on earth: the banks of the Nile. It asks for no act of faith: every step is carved, dated, published, on display. Here are its questions, and the answers.

### "THE ALPHABET IS GREEK, OR PHOENICIAN, EVERYONE KNOWS THAT."

*"What has Africa to do with it?"*

Chapter II – let us climb the chain, without a single quarrel of schools. Latin comes from the Etruscans, who had it from the Greeks of Italy. Greek and Hebrew descend from Phoenician – the Greeks themselves called their letters *phoinikeia grammata*. Phoenician descends from Proto-Canaanite, which descends from Proto-Sinaitic, the oldest known alphabetic script. Three links, zero controversy. The whole question is therefore: where does Proto-Sinaitic come from?

### "AND WHERE DOES IT COME FROM?"

*"From the Sinai, therefore from Asia."*

Chapter III – from Egypt itself. Petrie discovers in 1905 at Serabit el-Khadim, in the pharaonic turquoise mines, signs that resemble hieroglyphs without being them; Gardiner deciphers them in 1916:

workers of Semitic tongue took Egyptian signs and gave each the value of the first sound of its name — the house, *bet*, is worth "b"; water, *mem*, is worth "m." Then John Darnell, of Yale, finds in the 1990s at Wadi el-Hol, in the heart of the Egyptian desert, inscriptions at least as old, around 1900 BCE. The discipline's conclusion: the alphabet was born in Egypt, at the heart of pharaonic writing.

**"THOSE ARE SCHOLARS' BOOKS. WHAT PROOF DO I HAVE, MYSELF?"**

*"Show it to me."*

Chapter IV — it is in your hand. Turn a capital A upside down: two horns and a muzzle — the ox head, the *alef*, borrowed from the Egyptian sign of the bovine, turned by the Greeks into alpha. The teeth of the M are the ripple of water, *mu* for the Egyptians, *mem* for the Semites: every child of Abidjan who writes "mama" draws the water of the Nile twice. The O is the eye, the N keeps the serpent. The alphabet is a small Egyptian museum that everyone carries in his hand.

**"WRITING ITSELF WAS BORN IN MESOPOTAMIA."**

*"Egypt followed."*

Chapter V — that lesson has wavered. Günter Dreyer, of the German Archaeological Institute in Cairo, unearthed at Abydos, in tomb U-j of King Scorpion, hundreds of bone and ivory labels bearing proto-hieroglyphs, dated to about 3300 BCE, and has held since 1998 that they are the oldest traces of writing in the world. Let us be exact: scholars remain divided on the Abydos–Uruk duel. The unassailable formula is therefore: at least as old as those of Mesopotamia, and according to their discoverer, older. For the alphabet, on the other hand, there is no debate at all.

### “HIEROGLYPHS, HIERATIC, DEMOTIC: WHAT IS THE DIFFERENCE?”

*“And why ‘divine words’?”*

Chapter VI – what the Greeks called hieroglyphs, the Egyptians called *medu netjer*, the words of the god, gift of Thoth. From the monumental script came a cursive, hieratic, then around the 7th century BCE demotic: three ages of one script, side by side on the Rosetta Stone, through which Champollion reopened the door in 1822. But the alphabet branched off a thousand years before demotic, directly from the medu netjer: the letters of our books descend from the divine words themselves.

### “EGYPT IS NOT AFRICA.”

*“It is the Near East.”*

Chapter VI – African by its land, bathed by a river born in the heart of the continent; by its peopling come from the south; by its deep culture. That is the demonstration to which Cheikh Anta Diop devoted his life, from *Nations nègres et culture* to the 1974 Cairo symposium organized by UNESCO, where his theses and those of Théophile Obenga shook official Egyptology. To say that the alphabet was born in Egypt is to say that it was born in Africa.

### “SO WHAT? THAT CHANGES NOTHING TODAY.”

*“Are you claiming royalties on the alphabet?”*

Chapter VII – no: inventions of that size belong to humanity. But the Bible, the Torah and the Quran – Arabic descends from the same ancestor through Aramaic – are written, genealogically, in African letters; whoever writes “God,” “Dieu” or “Allah” traces signs born on the Nile. The Scriptures that called our traditions darkness travel in a vehicle built among us. One does not despise the spring

one drinks from; and our children, at school, are not learning a foreign tool: they are taking back possession of a family inheritance.

**Seven links, four sites, one sentence:** English is written in Latin letters, Latin comes from Greek, Greek from Phoenician, Phoenician from Proto-Canaanite, that from Proto-Sinaitic, born in Egypt from the medu netjer. The reader will close this writing turning an A upside down to see the ox head in it, and knowing that those who claim this continent gave nothing to the world write their contempt in African letters. Africa did not receive writing from the world: it gave it.

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**THE DIVINE WORDS**

*Writing of the Bwa Sacré on the African origin of the alphabet – from the medu netjer to the letters of the Bible*

Solemn writing of KING BAZURU, Venerable and President of the Bwa Sacré · Abidjan, June 12, 2026 – year 6263

French edition: *Les Paroles Divines*

*Sheet VIII – The twelve writings*

# The Inverted Curse

*The Inverted Curse – the countless questions it answers*

There is a song we have been made to sing since childhood: your problem is yourselves – your leaders, your cursed continent, your mentalities. This writing examines the song verse by verse and demonstrates that it is false in its very principle: our problem is not endogenous, it is exogenous, and as long as the patient looks for the illness inside himself, he does not look at the hand that bleeds him. Here are its questions, and the answers.

### "AFRICA IS CURSED, IT IS WRITTEN."

*"God condemned it to serve."*

Chapter II – let us examine this curse. This continent carries in the bodies of its children the richest genetic diversity of humanity; its subsoil holds gold, copper, cobalt, uranium, oil and the rare earths of the new machines; its climate knows neither frost nor dead season; its land produces the coffee and cocoa the North fights over and cannot grow; and from it came writing itself. A God who curses does not lavish. If words have a meaning, Africa is the continent blessed above all – and it remains to understand why we do not enjoy this generosity. The answer is not in the sky.

### "SLAVERY ENDED LONG AGO."

*"Stop living in the past."*

Chapter III – we survived the genocide; the predators did not disappear. They changed method, never appetite. Yesterday the trade took bodies; then forced labor took arms – a law carried by

one of ours had to abolish it in 1946; then came the one-sided contract: no more capture, one makes people sign. Mining conventions for crumbs, "cooperation" agreements that organize dependence, prices set elsewhere. The subsoil is plundered in broad daylight, with signatures at the bottom of the page.

### "BUT YOUR LEADERS ARE CORRUPT!"

*"The problem is the quality of your men."*

Chapter IV – a corrupt man presupposes a corrupter: who pays for the contract to be signed at a loss? The finger pointed at the corrupt serves not to look at the corrupter. And what becomes of an honest leader? Sylvanus Olympio wanted a national currency: assassinated in January 1963. Patrice Lumumba wanted the Congo's wealth for his people: assassinated in January 1961, and Belgium eventually acknowledged its responsibility. Thomas Sankara refused the debt: assassinated in October 1987, three months after Addis Ababa. It is not honest leaders that Africa lacks: it is honesty that does not suit the plunderers.

### "THE FARMER ONLY HAS TO WORK HARDER."

*"Cotton feeds our countryside."*

Chapter V – check around you. Seeds and fertilizer supplied on credit by the sector, at its prices; a single buyer at harvest, the sector again, at its price; debts deducted; and what remains is not enough, so one takes credit again. Name a single farmer who became prosperous growing cotton in a century: he does not exist, because debt is the rope that brings him back to the field each year. The triangular trade imposed cotton, colonization kept it by forced labor, the modern economy by credit: three methods, the same bent backs.

And our great-grandparents planted cocoa without ever having tasted chocolate.

### "YOU SEE PLOTS EVERYWHERE."

*"Cotton, currency: what is the connection?"*

Chapter VI – follow the thread. Banknote paper is not tree paper: it is cotton paper; and the CFA franc of our fourteen countries is printed in France. The farmer goes into debt to produce cotton that does not feed him; that cotton goes north; and from the north comes back, printed on cotton, the very currency with which his harvest is bought back on credit – the currency a leader was killed for wanting to leave. The loop is so perfectly round one would swear it was drawn.

### "THEN LET HIM GROW SOMETHING ELSE!"

*"No one stops him."*

Chapter VII – it was tried. Farmers in Benin turned to soy, which Asia buys in cash, without a sector or a debt: taxes and export hindrances broke the momentum in the bud, while cotton remained cherished and prioritized. When the farmer finds the exit, it is closed: his poverty is not an accident, it is a policy. And Senegal shows the other face: decades of imposed groundnut, and a people of farmers fed on broken rice imported from Asia – even the contents of the plate were changed.

### "SO YOU WANT YOUR SHARE OF THE WINDFALL."

*"What exactly do you ask?"*

Chapter VIII – we do not seek wealth: we denounce the exploitation of man by man and ask for the liberation of the farmer. Let him be freed from the cycle of debt; let him grow food crops first –

a people that does not feed itself negotiates on its knees; let him then choose his crops and his buyers, in cash and with no rope around his neck; and let our States protect that freedom instead of taxing it. Now that the United Nations have recognized the slave trade as the greatest crime against humanity, silence on its extensions is no longer permitted: the farmer's debt is the granddaughter of slavery.

**A song dismantled, three dead men named, a loop drawn:** the reader will never again sing that the problem is inside him. He will know that God did not curse Africa — one does not curse by lavishing — that evil has an address, with the corrupter, the signer of one-sided contracts and the keeper of the debt register, and that a curse one stops believing in is a dead curse. The problem was never in us; the solution, for its part, is entirely there.

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**THE INVERTED CURSE**

*Writing of the Bwa Sacré on the plunder of Africa, the cycle of debt and the liberation of the farmer*

Solemn writing of KING BAZURU, Venerable and President of the Bwa Sacré · Abidjan, June 12, 2026 — year 6263

French edition: *La Malédiction Inversée*

*Sheet IX – The twelve writings*

# The Invisible Ledger

*The Invisible Ledger – the countless questions it answers*

"Without the fear of hell, why would you be good?" Those who ask believe that morality is a dog that obeys only the whip. This writing turns the question around, looking with an engineer's eyes at the invention that held our villages for centuries without hell or heavenly policeman: a ledger without paper, without ink and without lock – and more tamper-proof than all the safes in the world. Here are its questions, and the answers.

### "WITHOUT HELL, WHY ARE YOU GOOD?"

*"A man alone at night, without witness, takes what he finds."*
Chapter II – the religions of fear answer: he is seen all the same, an eye in the sky watches him. But that is not a good man, it is a watched man: his morality holds as long as the camera runs, and the evening his faith wavers, the deserted road becomes an opportunity again. Our villages have another answer, a question the man asks himself in the dark: who am I, I who am alone here? I am my father's son, I carry a name that does not begin with me. He puts the thing back – not because he is watched, because he is someone.

### "REPUTATION IS JUST GOSSIP."

*"A ledger, really?"*
Chapter III – a ledger in the sense the computer scientist gives the word. Every act is written into collective memory under the name of the lineage; and this ledger is distributed – replicated in every head, confiscable by no one – tamper-proof – to erase one line, one

would have to erase everyone's memory at once – consensual – a rumor does not make an entry, it takes testimonies cross-checked under the palaver tree – and inherited – the balance passes to the children. When Satoshi Nakamoto published his distributed ledger in 2008, the world cried genius; ours ran for millennia without a machine or a wage. Our ancestors did not invent the blockchain of money: they invented that of honor – and it has never been hacked.

### "SO YOU HAVE NO LAST JUDGMENT."

*"Who judges, among you?"*

Chapter IV – two hearings. That of the living sits permanently, everywhere your name circulates without you: a man may lose his fortune and rise again, but he who loses his name is dead on his feet. And the one that waits: one does not appear before heavenly strangers armed with a penal code, one comes home and looks one's own in the face. The question will not be "did you break the article?" but "what did you do with the name we lent you?" Fear guards prisons; honor guards men.

### "A SOCIETY WITHOUT FEAR IS A SOCIETY WITHOUT ORDER."

*"How did you punish, then?"*

Chapter IV – the Africa of our ancestors did not know prison. The palaver tried, the fine and reparation settled, and for the irrecoverable there was banishment – deletion from the ledger. Locking a man between four walls for years arrived in the colonizer's luggage, and our languages recorded it: the *kaso* of Bambara and Dioula comes from the French "cachot," the *jela* of so many languages comes from "jail." When a language borrows a word, the thing came

from elsewhere. A continent that held its men by the name had no need of walls.

**"FEAR, AT LEAST, WORKS."**

*"Look at countries without religion: they lose their way."*

Chapter V – look rather at the countries where hell is preached morning and evening: are their prisons empty, their powerful honest? Terror has only taught the guilty to pray afterwards. And a morality held by fear collapses as soon as fear falls: that is the moral panic the West is going through – God has withdrawn from it, and people sincerely wonder why be good. A morality of honor knows no such failure: one does not stop being one's father's son. It needs no network; it is on board.

**"THEN WHY ARE YOUR CITIES WAVERING?"**

*"The young fear nothing any more."*

Chapters VI and VII – wrong diagnosis. What was lost in our big cities is not fear, which never guarded anything: it is the ledger. The city is an anonymity machine; no one there knows your father, no one will cite your generosity. The thief of Treichville did not lose his faith, he lost the village: the crisis of our time is a crisis of the name. Now the machines of Aquarius can record everything – but they record man in order to sell him. TRAVAILLEUR-0 is the ledger given back to its owner: the Ancestors had the architecture, Aquarius has the machine.

**"CONCRETELY, WHAT DO YOU TEACH YOUR CHILDREN?"**

*"There must be a rule."*

Chapter VIII – to parents: educate by the name, not by terror. Let the child know from whom he comes, what that name cost; a child

who carries a name does not throw himself into the mud, he knows what he would soil. To each, the rule of the ledger, to be said before every act on all the deserted roads of life: write into the ledger only what you want to bequeath. And to communities: rebuild the spaces where names are known, for virtue does not grow in anonymity, any more than millet on asphalt.

**A man alone in the night, a ledger without a server, two hearings:** to the question "without hell, why are you good?" the reader will have the answer of our villages — because we are written down. Fear makes watched men; the name makes men. And when the surveillance goes out, the watched man loses his way — the man carries on, for he carries himself. We do not need a hell to be good. We have a name.

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**THE INVISIBLE LEDGER**

*Writing of the Bwa Sacré on morality without hell: the gaze of the Ancestors, honor and the name*

Solemn writing of KING BAZURU, Venerable and President of the Bwa Sacré · Abidjan, June 12, 2026 — year 6263

French edition: *Le Registre Invisible*

*Sheet X — The twelve writings*

# The Sacred Protocols

*The Sacred Protocols — the countless questions it answers*

We are told our rites are folklore — good for tourists and documentaries, useless to the modern man who does not need to dance to become an adult or seven days to bury his father. This writing demonstrates the contrary by looking at rites as an engineer looks at a system: what our ancestors bequeathed under the name of rites, computing reinvented under another name and cannot work without — protocols. Here are its questions, and the answers.

### "WHAT ARE RITES FOR, EXCEPT TO LOOK PRETTY?"

*"One can grow up, marry and die without ceremony."*
Chapter II — life is not a steady river but a series of states separated by passages, and these passages are invisible: nothing on a boy's face shows the day he becomes a man, nothing in a house of mourning shows the moment the deceased has joined the Ancestors. If nothing marks the passage, who can say on which side one stands? An unmarked passage is a passage not made: one stays stuck in the doorway. That is the problem the rites solve.

### "A RITE IS GESTURES AND FORMULAS WITHOUT REASON."

*"Why this rigidity?"*
Chapter III — watch it work. Steps that can be neither skipped nor reversed: a sequence. Required witnesses, without whom it is void: a validation. Exact words that tolerate no approximation: a syntax — a formula that can be said any way is a formula that can be con-

tested. And an irreversible before and after: a commit, the definitive write. The rite does not describe the change, it executes it: a single event, and the individual's state changes in every memory of the village at once. The invisible ledger keeps the accounts; the rites post the entries.

### "INITIATION IS CRUELTY TO CHILDREN."

*"Why the ordeal?"*

Chapter IV — separation, ordeal, secret, return: everywhere the same structure, which van Gennep and Turner ended up recognizing as the most effective universal mechanism of transformation humanity has found. The ordeal is the cost of the certificate: a status that costs nothing is worth nothing, and the adult who knows what his title cost him does not sell it cheap. Marriage, for its part, binds two lineages before witnesses — the bride-price there is the public write of the commitment, not a price — for one does not build a house on a feeling without witness.

### "YOUR FUNERALS LAST FOR DAYS AND RUIN FAMILIES."

*"An hour is enough to bury."*

Chapters IV and VI — funerals are the supreme protocol: leaving the register of the living to enter the council of the Ancestors is the greatest change of state a being can know, and a commit of that importance is not made lightly. That is why, once the protocol is accomplished, our mournings know how to end. But the Venerable says it to his own house: not everything that shines is protocol. Show funerals, the bride-price turned into commerce, feasts that last out of rivalry are ornament. Keep the protocol, prune the ornament: no Ancestor wants to settle on the ruin of his children.

### “MODERNITY DOES VERY WELL WITHOUT THEM.”

*“Where is the proof that rites are missing?”*

Chapter V – in the breakdown. The world that abolished initiation invented endless adolescence: forty-year-old men asking therapists whether they are adults, for want of having been able to ask an ordeal. The world that reduced funerals to a formality invented the mourning that never ends, and had to create “grief work,” rediscovering one by one and at an hourly rate what our funerals executed in community and in a week. It is not beliefs this world lacks, it is full of them: it is protocols.

### “YOU SET SUPERSTITION AGAINST SCIENCE.”

*“Or do you reduce the rite to the symbolic?”*

Chapter VI – neither. There is no need to settle what the invisible ones “do” to observe what the rite does: its efficacy is observable and comparable. But let no one reduce us to the symbolic: the sacred is the deployment layer, what makes a protocol non-negotiable. A rite that can be discussed is a rite that can be skipped, and a rite that can be skipped protects no one any more. The sacred is not the enemy of efficacy: it is its guarantee of execution.

### “AND IN THE WORLD OF MACHINES, WHAT WILL REMAIN OF RITES?”

*“The Age of Aquarius dissolves them.”*

Chapters VII and VIII – it dissolves thresholds: screens scroll without end, days have no evening any more, everything becomes flow – a world without doors where man, a being of passages, catches the vertigo of endless corridors. But the machines of this age, for their part, work only by rites: no network without a protocol, no transaction without sequence, witnesses and definitive

write. The machines have rites; it is modern man who no longer has any. To parents: mark your children's passages, with witnesses, a before and an after — or the street will charge for its initiations more dearly than the sacred grove.

**A problem, an invention, three protocols:** the reader will no longer say "folklore." He will know that initiation makes adults, that marriage binds lineages, that funerals install the Ancestors, and that the world that threw away these protocols wanders in its doorless corridors, paying one by one for what the village accomplished in community. Folklore is watched; a protocol is executed, and it carries those who execute it. The Ancestors did not leave us superstitions: they left us protocols.

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**THE SACRED PROTOCOLS**

*Writing of the Bwa Sacré on the meaning of rites: initiation, funerals and the technology of passages*

Solemn writing of KING BAZURU, Venerable and President of the Bwa Sacré · Abidjan, June 12, 2026 — year 6263

French edition: *Les Protocoles Sacrés*

*Sheet XI — The twelve writings*

# The Stealers of Women

*The Stealers of Women — the countless questions it answers*

For generations, those who came with their Books have looked at our marriages and pronounced their verdict: these people abduct girls, without bride-price, without contract, like brigands. This writing describes marriage in Bwa country as our ancestors practiced it, hiding nothing — including the night elopement that looks so much, seen from afar, like an abduction — and shows piece by piece a system whose every part serves a single purpose: to guarantee the woman the choice of the man of her life. Here are its questions, and the answers.

### "AMONG YOU, GIRLS WAIT TO BE GIVEN AWAY."

*"Where do the young meet?"*

Chapter II — the boy lives in the young men's house of the quarter until his marriage; the girl stays with her mother, and that school is no waiting: she learns there dolo, shea butter, soumbala, spinning — skills that will be her own income. And the young see each other in the fields, on the square, in the taverns. Bwa society does not lock up its daughters: it organizes the spaces where young people choose one another. The meeting is not a tolerated accident; it is provided for by the architecture.

### "AND THE PARENTS DECIDE."

*"As everywhere."*

Chapter III — courtship takes place at the tavern, in public, in the girl's own trade, under the eyes of her parents who size up the suitor

over time. If they have no objection, the date is set; if they object, they have no means of preventing the marriage. That is why it is always celebrated on the village square, on neutral ground: the union belongs to the spouses and the village, not to the families. Centuries before the declarations of rights, our villages had made free consent materially impossible to violate.

### "THE ELOPEMENT IS AN ABDUCTION."

*"Boys carry a girl off into the night: what else to call it?"*

Chapter IV – look at who is in command. The fiancé stays seated at the girl's home, that is the diversion; his friends run the operation; and it is she who gives them the meeting point, joins them in the dark and guides the party through the lanes. Look for the flaw as an engineer: if she does not want it, she only has to cry out – the whole village comes running and the "abductors" are beaten. The protocol rests on her voluntary walk, revocable by a cry at every step. One does not steal a woman who guides her abductors: the elopement is consent put to the test, the most determined proof a woman can give of her choice.

### "AND AFTERWARDS, THE FAMILIES ARE AT WAR."

*"A marriage that begins with an offense?"*

Chapter V – custom has provided for reconciliation. From the first days the parents are told that their child is safe, and forgiveness is asked again and again, for two or three weeks. Then the feast, on the square of the boy's village: the dolo flows, the village dances in a circle to the balafon, and at the end – among us the newlyweds close the ball – the griots invite the two families to "defend their honor" by dancing better than the other, until the whole village dances. The two families, one of which was perhaps still sulking,

have been thrown into the same dance: reconciliation executed in music.

### "THE MARRIED AFRICAN WOMAN IS SUBMISSIVE."

*"She has nothing of her own."*

Chapters VI and VII — she has a right to her hearth and to a private kitchen over which the husband has no right, to her orchard, to her tavern and her trade, and she has no religious obligation toward her husband: she keeps her cults, her goods and her gods. And if separation comes, even after several children, she returns with her young ones to her village, where she carries a title nothing can take from her: "daughter of the village," which confers immunity on her and hers. That is the keystone: a woman chooses freely only if failure cannot destroy her. Custom built the net before proclaiming freedom.

### "AND THE WIDOW IS GIVEN TO THE BROTHER."

*"The levirate is well known."*

Chapter VII — the widow had three paths, all hers: a brother of the deceased, the return home with her status, or staying alone with her children. And if she chose a brother, she waited for him to go and wash, gathered up his clothes, and brought them back before everyone when he called for help. Measure the depth: had anyone else announced her choice, that choice would have depended on the announcer; the ritual of the clothes makes the choice announce itself, by the act of the one who chooses, before all eyes — no messenger to corrupt.

### “WITHOUT BRIDE-PRICE, IT IS NOT A REAL MARRIAGE.”

*“Who are the savages, then?”*

Chapter VIII — while our villages were building this mechanics of consent, the Englishman who no longer wanted his wife sold her at auction at the market, a halter around her neck — English historians have documented it, throughout the 19th century. And in classical Islamic law, the contract is concluded between the suitor and the *wali*, the bride possibly absent; her permission, says the hadith, is her silence — and Maliki law knew *ijbar*. Among us, the woman’s voice is the veto; there, her silence is the yes. As for the bride-price, it creates a transaction, hence a creditor and an object: our ancestors did not forget it, they refused it.

**Two houses, an elopement, a net:** the reader will know that marriage for love is not a feeling fallen from the sky but an infrastructure — a society that organizes the meeting, validates in public, neutralizes the families’ veto, tests consent, reconciles in music, endows the wife with rights of her own and stretches beneath her the net of failure. This system belongs today to the past, and these pages keep its record for our children. The accusation is returned to its authors: we never stole women. We refused to sell them.

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**THE STEALERS OF WOMEN**

*Writing of the Bwa Sacré on marriage in Bwa country: the freedom of women, the elopement and the false accusation*

Solemn writing of KING BAZURU, Venerable and President of the Bwa Sacré · Abidjan, June 12, 2026 — year 6263

French edition: *Les Voleurs de Femmes*

*Sheet XII — The twelve writings*

# The New Fire

*The New Fire — the countless questions it answers*

We are generation one: our parents lived without the Internet, our children will have known only a world with artificial intelligence, and we, in between, saw everything born. This writing is the plea of the third hearing of a single trial — the author defended the Internet in 1995 and social networks in 2019, texts dated and archived — and it tells Africa what the new fire offers it, what it demands, and what it risks by fleeing it. Here are its questions, and the answers.

### "AI GIVES ANYONE A DOCTOR'S KNOWLEDGE: HOW DREADFUL."

*"Knowledge must stay with the competent."*

Chapter II — in 2015, Umberto Eco reproached social networks for giving "the right to speak to legions of idiots," the same as a Nobel laureate. AI is reproached today for giving the ordinary man the skills of the Nobel laureate. The crime is the same: the democratization of a privilege; and the prosecutors are the same: those who held the privilege. This is not the trial of the technology's dangers, it is the trial of its generosity.

### "EUROPEAN CAUTION IS WISDOM."

*"Why run after the Americans and the Chinese?"*

Chapter III — let us tell the story of the Minitel. In 1995, France defended tooth and nail its closed network, reserved for the French; comparing the Minitel to the Internet was lèse-majesté, and those

who, like the author, dared defend it were treated as pariahs. History decided: the Minitel died of its pride in 2012, and no French group figures among the giants of the network – those who chose the fortress ended up tenants of others. Today, once again: Europe legislates and congratulates itself on its caution, and Africa is invited to distrust. We have already paid to know the answer.

### "WE NEED A REFERENCE AI, CERTIFIED, CONTROLLED."

*"One does not entrust intelligence to the multitude."*

Chapter IV – with one watch you know the time, with two you no longer do: it takes one or many, and experience has ruled for many. DNA is replicated in every cell, which is why a faulty cell does not corrupt the organism; Satoshi replicated his ledger on every computer of the network; and the certified guardians of money manufactured the toxic assets of 2008. The danger is not that AI gives intelligence to all – that is its virtue. The danger would be a single AI in the hands of a single master: the guru resurrected in silicon. I do not fear the world where everyone has an AI; I fear the one where an AI would have everyone.

### "ARE WE AFRICANS ON THE SIDE OF THE PRIVILEGED OR OF THE VICTIMS?"

*"Why should Africa rejoice?"*

Chapter V – for half a century, RFI and AFP were the only reference sources of all French-speaking Africa, and we still live with the consequences: the demonization of our spiritualities, the infantilization, the conviction of inferiority. We are the victims of the single-source system; when a system appears that puts us on an equal footing, there is no hesitating. And measure the offer: doctors where

there are none, teachers for every child, translators of our languages – expertise brought within reach of the village. No technology in history has offered Africa such a thing.

### "BUT THESE MACHINES LEARN FROM OTHER PEOPLE'S BOOKS."

*"They will say of us what has always been said."*

Chapter V – that is the warning, and it is grave. An AI trained without our knowledge will be the third writing of our history by others, after the colonial chroniclers and the press agencies. If our wisdoms, our languages, our ancestral sciences are not written, published, poured into the great digital register, they will not exist for the intelligences that will educate our grandchildren. That is why this series exists, with its OIDs and its timestamped archives: we also write for tomorrow's machines. Feeding AI with our truth is an act of cultural survival, as the scarifications once were.

### "BUT IT IS DANGEROUS!"

*"It was said in 1995, in 2019, and it is said again."*

Chapter VI – had our ancestors not transcended their fear of fire, we would never have become the men we are: it is fire that cooked food, neutralized poisons and made our brain grow. Yet fire burns, and our ancestors knew it: they neither fled it nor let it run loose, they domesticated it – a hearth, rules, prohibitions. He who wants honey must face the bees. AI is the fire of our century: it will cook or it will burn, according to whether or not we build the hearth. To flee it is to choose to remain raw.

### "HOW DOES ONE BUILD THE HEARTH?"

*"Concretely, what do you ask?"*

Chapters VII and VIII – when the automobile spread and accidents

multiplied, the car was not banned: the highway code and the driving license were invented. Let an "artificial intelligence" subject be created from middle school, as the author demanded a "social networks" subject in 2019: when the trade is carried on in water, better learn to swim. To our States: do not remake the Minitel – infrastructure, sovereign data, AI in schools. To our scholars and elders: write, record, publish. To our children: AI is neither your idol nor your enemy, it is your tool, and the tool never excuses one from thinking.

**Three trials, one lesson, one fire:** three times in thirty years, a technology that democratizes a privilege appeared, the privileged put it on trial, and history proved them wrong – the Minitel is dead, its zealots are on the Internet, and in ten years those who demonize AI will dictate their memoirs to it. The reader will know that the choice is not between danger and safety but between cooking and remaining raw, and that one enters this age as a passenger or as a pilot. History does not remember those who feared fire; it remembers those who learned to use it.

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**THE NEW FIRE**

*Writing of the Bwa Sacré on artificial intelligence: fear, the lesson of the Minitel and the third battle*

Solemn writing of KING BAZURU, Venerable and President of the Bwa Sacré · Abidjan, June 12, 2026 – year 6263

French edition: *Le Feu Nouveau*

*Sheet XIII – The twelve writings*

# Before the Greeks, Before Rome

*Before the Greeks, Before Rome – the countless questions it answers*

We were made to believe that our erasure was an exception, the natural consequence of a particular inferiority – and that is the deepest of colonial wounds, the one carried in the gaze one casts upon oneself. The twelfth and last writing of the series leaves Africa for the supposed cradle of the West and finds there, beneath Greece and beneath Rome, two peoples erased exactly as we were: the Pelasgians and the Etruscans. Our erasure is not an exception: it is a method. Here are its questions, and the answers.

### "ERASED, EXTERMINATED: WHAT IS THE DIFFERENCE?"

*"You use big words."*

Chapter I – the Etruscans were not exterminated like the peoples of the Greater Antilles or the northern plains; they survived in their flesh, but their name, their language, their gods and their memory were dissolved. It is another crime, ethnocide – the death of a culture without the death of all its bodies – and confusing it with massacre would weaken both. To call each thing by its name is the first of honesties, and the last of weapons.

### "GREECE IS THE BEGINNING OF EVERYTHING."

*"Before the Greeks, there was no one."*

Chapter II – the Greeks themselves admitted the contrary. Herodotus, Thucydides, Homer: all speak of the Pelasgians, the people before the tribes from the north. And Herodotus writes that the

Greeks received the names of almost all their gods from the Pelasgians, who had them largely from Egypt. These builders of the cyclopean walls of Tiryns and Mycenae, which the classical Greeks could no longer imitate, were called *barbaroi*: earlier, hence founders; barbarians, hence negligible. We were told the same: cradle of humanity, but continent without history.

### "ROME INVENTED ROME."

*"Roman genius is the arch, the sewer, the law."*

Chapter III – before the Rasenna, Rome was only a string of shepherds' villages on muddy hills. Livy relates that three of the seven kings of Rome were Etruscan – Tarquin the Elder, Servius Tullius, Tarquin the Proud. The Latin alphabet derives from the Etruscan alphabet; the arch, the vault and the *Cloaca Maxima* are Etruscan; the lictors' fasces, the bordered toga, the eagle of the standards, the triumph and even the gladiatorial games are Etruscan. Half of Roman royalty was Rasenna.

### "THE ETRUSCANS WERE SUPERSTITIOUS SOOTHSAYERS."

*"Reading the liver of beasts, what a science!"*

Chapter III – the *Disciplina Etrusca* was an initiatory corpus of remarkable sophistication, of which Cicero speaks at length in his *On Divination*: haruspicy, fulguration – reading lightning by the region of the sky – the rituals of founding cities oriented on the cosmos. The Liver of Piacenza, a bronze found in 1877, divided into sixteen fields each bearing a divine name, is its surviving instrument: the body as microcosm of the macrocosm. That a son of the Bwa Sacré recognizes a kinship here should surprise no one – kinship and

resonance, not proven filiation: the author does not build on what he cannot demonstrate.

### "PELASGIANS IN THE EAST, ETRUSCANS IN THE WEST: NO CONNECTION."

*"You are inventing a lost world."*

Chapter IV – go and see the Lemnos stele in the Athens museum. Found in 1885 in the wall of a church, in the heart of the Pelasgian Aegean, it bears a language that is not Greek and shows striking kinship with Etruscan, spoken a thousand miles away. Helmut Rix drew from it in 1998 the Tyrsenian family – Etruscan, Lemnian, Rhaetic – pre-Indo-European. The direction of migration remains debated, and the author does not settle what he does not know; but a single continuum of peoples, languages and cults stretched from the Aegean to Italy before Greece and before Rome.

### "HOW DOES ONE ERASE A CIVILIZATION WITHOUT KILLING ITS MEN?"

*"That cannot be a method."*

Chapter V – Rome left the complete manual, in three steps. Absorb what is useful: techniques, alphabet, urbanism, insignia, rites. Destroy the memory: the books of the Disciplina have vanished, the language ceased to be written, and the history of the Etruscans in twenty books composed by the emperor Claudius is entirely lost – the last one who knew was not copied. Reattribute: the arch becomes Roman, the sewer Roman, the alphabet Roman – the pupil erases the master, then signs his work. Reread in this light what was done with our knowledge, our archives and the Africanness of Egypt: the same trade, plied by the same hands, on two sites a thousand years apart.

### “WHY SO MUCH CONTEMPT, IF ROME OWED SO MUCH?”

*“One does not hate those one admires.”*

Chapters VI and VII — one erases all the more fiercely the more one owes. Seneca lets the admission slip: we believe lightning arises from the clash of clouds, the Etruscan believes the clouds clash so that lightning may be produced — the vision of a world where everything is a sign, the very one reproached to our traditions as “magical thinking.” Contempt is not the cause of the plunder, it is its alibi. We were not erased because we were inferior, but because we possessed something worth taking. One erases only creditors.

**Two peoples, a stele, a method in three steps:** the reader will never again believe that Africa was erased because it was Africa. And he will hear the warning that justifies the whole series: the Etruscans never had a Bwa Sacré to speak in their name — their language died without an heir, and no one on earth still says their prayers. We are still here; the window is open, and it closes with every elder buried without having been listened to. Let it not be said one day of the sons of Africa what is said of the Rasenna: that they were great, and that no one knows anything of them any more.

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**BEFORE THE GREEKS, BEFORE ROME**

*Writing of the Bwa Sacré on the Etruscans and the Pelasgians*

Solemn writing of KING BAZURU, Venerable and President of the Bwa Sacré · Abidjan, June 12, 2026 — year 6263

French edition: *Avant les Grecs, Avant Rome*

# THE GUIDE TO THE AWAKENING OF KAMITE CONSCIOUSNESS

*Why read — the volume and its twelve writings, in thirteen sheets*

KING BAZURU
President of the Bwa Sacré

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