

The Guide to the Kamite House

*Why read – the sheet of the volume,
and those of its twelve writings*

Sheets drawn up by the Venerable

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Abidjan, 2026 – year 6263 of the Kamite era

Corrected edition – September 17, 2026

This guide gathers the “Why read” sheet of the volume *The Kamite House* and the twelve sheets published with each of its writings, which appeared in Abidjan between August 21 and September 4, 2026. The sheets refer to the chapters of the writings, which cite their sources.

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

IANA identifier: PEN 65878

OID: 1.3.6.1.4.1.65878.2.27

French edition: *Le Guide de la Maison Kamite*

bwa-sacre.org

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Preliminary Note

Since the first volume, every writing of the Bwa Sacré has been 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. These sheets were distributed separately, and I was asked to gather them. Here they are: first the sheet of the volume *The Kamite House*, then the twelve sheets of its writings, in the order of the volume.

This guide is addressed to three readers. To the one who hesitates to open a volume of two hundred 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. It can be read in one sitting, like the plan of a house, or one sheet at a time, as one opens a door.

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.

This guide covers the volume *The Kamite House* and its twelve writings, closed on September 4, 2026. The writings that came after – on justice, the fold and the neighbor – have their own sheets, and it is they that prevail wherever they make precise what precedes.

Amen Hotep – Amenhotep.



Opening sheet – The volume

The Kamite House

The Kamite House – what the first volume awakened, this one builds.

“The Awakening of Kamite Consciousness” answered the questions we are asked. This second volume answers the one that comes next, the most formidable: *and now, what do you do?* Twelve writings, August 21 to September 4, 2026, each signed and anchored in the Bitcoin blockchain the same day. Six of them do not propose: they institute – a feast, a calendar, a door, a language, queen mothers, a front. Here are the rooms of the house, and what each one answers.

“YOU DON’T EVEN HAVE A FEAST OF YOUR OWN.”

“You celebrate other people’s May Day, other people’s Christmas, other people’s Eid.”

Chapter I, *The Feast of the Worker* – the five days outside time, July 21 to 25, given back to the Worker: the pregnant woman, the child, the Worker, the sages, the Ancestors. We no longer celebrate work: we celebrate the one who carries it – and the register TRAVAILLEUR-0 is opened.

“YOUR VILLAGES WERE VILLAGES, NOT CITIES.”

“Order, safety, welcome – that is the modern State.”

Chapter II, *The House Without a Door* – Benin City, 1691, larger than Lisbon, no doors on the houses because theft was unknown: European ink writes it. The register of the name closed better than iron; djatiguiya made the host a guarantor on his own name. And the lesson that costs: write the land, without closing the house.

“SLAVERY ENDED LONG AGO.”

“Stop living in the past.”

Chapter III, *The Residue* – a dated testimony: applauded in the hall and refused at the cash desk, congratulated by the highest and paid by no one. The facts are dated, the countries named. The visible chain is broken; the engraving remains.

“WHAT HAVE YOU INVENTED? AND MATHEMATICS IS NOT FOR YOU.”

“Name me a single Black inventor.” · “Africans are literary, not scientific.”

Chapters IV and V, *The Builders* and *The Alpha and the Omega* – from the blood bank to optical fiber: names, patents, dates. Then the first number of humanity, carved on a bone by a lake of ours, and the rule: the Kamite is a mathematician, or admires mathematicians – he never mocks them. Pride is worth something only if it produces institutions.

“AND WHEN YOU ARE ASKED THE TRAP QUESTION?”

“Where is your book? Where is your prophet? Did Noah not curse Ham?”

Chapters VI and VII, *The Book of Answers*, volumes I and II – from the silliest questions to the deepest, those of the world and then those of Jews, Christians and Muslims, text in hand: Genesis 9 curses Canaan, not Ham, and no color is mentioned there. One answers the question, never the insult.

“WHAT YEAR ARE YOU IN, AND WHEN DO YOU CELEBRATE?”

“Everyone celebrates when he wants: you are not a people, you are families.”

Chapter VIII, *The Kamite Pilgrimage* – the first year fixed at Narm-er: Gregorian year + 4236 until July 25, + 4237 thereafter; we are in 6263. A pilgrimage held by all the Kamites of the world on the same five days – a thousand centers, not one. A people that celebrates on the same day is a people.

“YOU SOLD US.” – “YOU FORGOT US.”

“Return is a social-media dream.”

Chapter IX, *The Door of Return* – the two reproaches laid side by side, two faces of one crime; the return two centuries old, from Freetown to Du Bois buried in Accra; Ghana and Benin, which wrote it into their laws. And seven articles: recognition of filiation on the word, and a reception that keeps its rules, the jatigi of return, the name given back on July 25, the Day of the Door.

“YOUR LANGUAGES ARE GOOD FOR THE VILLAGE.”

“For science and the world, you need ours.”

Chapter X, *My Mother’s Tongue* – the symbol hung around the child’s neck, come from the schoolyards into our houses; Diop translating Einstein into Wolof; and the memory of the machines that brings down the last excuse: the grandmother’s tongue is rare data. The rule of the house, the symbol set down, the register of voices.

“THE AFRICAN WOMAN IS SUBMISSIVE – IT IS YOUR TRADITION.”

“And your daughters must join the fight of the women of the world.”

Chapters XI and XII, *The Queen Mothers* and *The Other Front* – the head of Augustus under a threshold at Meroë, the ohemaa who designates the king, the women of Aba, the Nana Benz, the tontine: the Kamite woman is an institution, and guardianship an import. Then

Akron, 1851: “the woman you describe is not me.” She fought for a bank account; your grandmother was the bank. The other front has seven posts – the womb, the school, the body, the land, the water, the code, the memory – and it is waiting for its soldiers.

Twelve writings, six institutions, one method: steps, exact words, witnesses, and the seal. The reader of the first volume knew what had been taken from us; this one will know that nothing was lost, and that it is enough to institute it again. The house is built.

THE KAMITE HOUSE

The feasts, the answers and the institutions of the Kamites of the world – Twelve writings

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

Abidjan, 2026 – year 6263

French edition: *La Maison Kamite*

Sheet I – The twelve writings

The Feast of the Worker

The Feast of the Worker – the questions this decision answers

On August 21, 2026, the Bwa Sacré instituted the five epagomenal days, July 21 to 25, as the Days of the Worker. Such a decision invites questions – and they are good ones: an institution that cannot answer does not deserve to last. Here, then, one by one, are the questions we are asked, and the answers carried by the writing “The Feast of the Worker.”

“THE FIRST OF MAY ALREADY EXISTS – WHY ANOTHER FEAST?”

“Do you reject the workers’ struggles? Do you want to abolish the first of May?”

No. We salute the conquests of the first of May – the eight-hour day, rest, dignity – paid for with the blood of workers, and we bow before those who paid for them. But the first of May celebrates labor – the activity – and the activity is changing hands. Our feast takes nothing from anyone: it abolishes no people’s feast, it institutes our own. The first of May remains with the nations; our five days belong to our calendar.

“WHY NOW?”

“What has changed to make this feast necessary?”

Twenty-three centuries ago, Aristotle set out the hypothesis: if the shuttles wove by themselves, masters would need neither assistants nor slaves. Artificial intelligence is fulfilling that hypothesis before our eyes: labor is demystified and detaches itself from man. Celeb-

rating labor will little by little come to mean celebrating the machines. There remains, at the center, only the one who was there before labor and who will be there after it: the worker. One does not celebrate the hammer – one celebrates the hand.

“WHY THE EPAGOMENAL DAYS? WHY FIVE DAYS?”

“What do these days ‘outside of time’ have to do with a feast of the worker?”

Our ancestors of the Nile valley built an engineer’s year: twelve months of thirty days, then five days set outside the year. The days outside the calendar belong to the one who makes the calendar hold – he whose sweat fills the granaries, builds the cities, and pays for the schools. And five are needed, because the worker is celebrated across his entire arc: the pregnant woman and the unborn child (July 21), the child (22), the Worker in his apotheosis (23), the sages who have laid down the tool (24), the Ancestors (25) – before July 26 opens the new year. From conception to the Ancestors, not one link is forgotten.

“THOSE DAYS BELONGED TO GODS – ARE YOU BECOMING POLYTHEISTS AGAIN?”

“The ancient tradition placed sacred births upon those days. By taking them back, are you not worshipping many gods?”

No – and this is the heart of the decision. We hold from our ancestors faith in the one Creator, whose bounty covers our continent: we are monotheists like them. That is precisely why these five days are not returned to gods: we do not celebrate gods, we give thanks to Him who gives – and we consecrate the days outside of time to a person, the worker. To take back our ancestors’ calendar is

not to take back a pantheon: it is to take back an architecture, and to inhabit it according to our faith.

“HONORING THE ANCESTORS – IS THAT NOT A CULT OF THE DEAD?”

“On July 25 you pour libation for the dead – is that not idolatry?”

The Ancestors are the Creator’s intercessors, not His rivals: we give thanks to Him who gives, and we honor those through whom the gift circulates. The dead are not dead: yesterday’s worker has left the ledger of the living to enter the council of the Ancestors, and he watches over today’s. Naming the departed workers and pouring the libation is memory and bond – not worship.

“BY WHAT RIGHT DO YOU INSTITUTE A FEAST?”

“Who authorized you? Can a text create a feast?”

Our rites do not describe the change – they execute it. A protocol requires four things: ordered steps, exact words, witnesses, a definitive entry. The writing gathers them: its chapters, its words, its readers – members of the Bwa Sacré and Kamites of the world – and its seal: the publication is electronically signed and timestamped in the Bitcoin blockchain, as the act of Genesis of the ledger TRAVAILLEUR-0 (WORKER-0) was sealed. When these four things are gathered, the change is not proposed – it is done.

“YET ANOTHER FEAST THAT WILL RUIN FAMILIES?”

“Your feasts and funerals already cost too much.”

The instruction is written into the institution itself: keep the protocol, prune the ornament. A shared meal, the names spoken, the libation poured – the dignity of these days is not measured in spending.

One feast, five days, a single logic: labor passes, the worker remains – let us celebrate the one who remains. And because we are monotheists like our ancestors, these days outside of time crown no gods: they crown, under the gaze of the one Creator, the one who carries the year on his shoulders.

THE FEAST OF THE WORKER

A Bwa Sacré writing instituting the five epagomenal days as the Days of the Worker – from conception to the Ancestors

A solemn writing by KING BAZURU, Venerable and President of the Bwa
Sacré · Abidjan, August 21, 2026

French edition: *La Fête du Travailleur*

Sheet II – The twelve writings

The House Without a Door

The House Without a Door – the countless questions it answers

Every Kamite knows them – the remarks thrown at him about his “noise,” his “naivety,” his past declared empty. And he also knows the questions he asks himself, without always daring to say them aloud. This writing answers both – not with slogans, but with period testimonies, published studies, and verifiable references. Here is the inventory.

“WHY ARE AFRICANS SO NOISY?”

“Your vigils are a racket, your dancing funerals are indecent.”

Chapter III – music, dance, and the palaver are devices of appeasement, not entertainments: shared rhythm attunes bodies, and modern science confirms it. And that principle belongs to no instrument: from the village drum to the world’s stages – from Youssou N’Dour to Pépé Kallé and to everything coming out of Abidjan, Dakar, or Lagos today – African music plays on every instrument of its century. The African “noise” is a public hygiene: nothing to blush for, everything to teach.

“SMASHING THINGS TO CALM DOWN – IT WORKS, DOESN’T IT?”

“Rage rooms, stress dolls, the piñata – everyone does it!”

Chapter II – science has tested catharsis-by-smashing and found it false: striking while thinking of your offender makes you more aggressive, not calmer (Bushman, 2002). The rage room sells fire against the blaze; shared music, for its part, works – and there is no

violence to compare it with: smashing destroys and one leaves alone, playing builds and one leaves together.

“AFRICA BEFORE, WASN’T IT JUST HUTS AND DISORDER?”

“You had no cities, no order, no government.”

Chapter IV – in 1691, the Portuguese captain Lourenço Pinto describes Benin City: larger than Lisbon, straight streets as far as the eye can see, so well governed that theft is unknown – and the houses without doors. A testimony of Western ink, before the British sack of 1897.

“WITHOUT POLICE OR PRISON, WHAT STOPPED PEOPLE FROM STEALING?”

“A city without locks is a legend.”

Chapter IV – the house had no door because the ledger was the door: the name, honor, and the gaze of the Ancestors closed better than iron. The lock was social – “The Invisible Ledger” applied to an entire city.

“YOUR HOSPITALITY – ISN’T IT JUST NAIVETY?”

“You welcome anyone, and then you weep.”

Chapters V and VII – the djatiguiya, the teranga, and the akwaba are institutions, with rules, duties, and guarantees: the host stakes his name. What cost us was not welcome: it was welcome without a register and without prudence – men came to us as guests, learned our roads, and when the day came they used them against us. The lesson is an engineer’s: the door stays open to the brother, never to the blade; we do not search his faith, we watch his hands. It is forbidden to let oneself be killed.

“SO ARE WHITE PEOPLE VIOLENT BY NATURE?”

The question we ask among ourselves – and must dare to face.

Chapter VI – no, and this writing refuses it flatly: “it is their nature” is the weapon that was turned against us for four centuries, and such a weapon is to be broken, not picked up. The explanation is better: Diop’s cradles – scarce land builds the enclosure, generous land builds alliance. What is taken for the character of peoples is the memory of their constraints – a method can be learned and fought; a nature cannot.

“WHY DID YOUR LANDS LET THEMSELVES BE TAKEN?”

“And why would it not continue?”

Chapter VII – where the land of the Ancestors belonged to all, the law come from elsewhere read: land without a master. There remain among us forests and lands no title has written – an immense wealth, an immense vulnerability. The answer: write the land without closing the house – titles, cadastres, deeds sealed and timestamped.

One testimony, one refutation, one method: the city without doors is attested by Western ink, the rage room is refuted by science, and the greatness of our institutions is explained without despising anyone. The reader of this writing will no longer lower his eyes when his “noise” is mentioned: he will know the facts, the dates, and the sources – and he will know how to turn the question around.

THE HOUSE WITHOUT A DOOR

*A Bwa Sacré writing on hospitality as a social technology – music, the djatiguiya,
and the testimony of Benin*

A solemn writing by KING BAZURU, Venerable and President of the Bwa
Sacré · Abidjan, August 23, 2026
French edition: *La Case sans Porte*

Sheet III – The twelve writings

The Residue

The Residue – the questions a lived word answers

The writings of the Bwa Sacré demonstrate with sources. This one does something else: it testifies. A man recounts here, in the first person, what slavery – said to be over – did to him, personally, in the hushed corridors of international missions, for years. No one is named, the facts are dated, the word is signed and sealed. Here are the questions this testimony answers.

“SLAVERY IS ANCIENT HISTORY, ISN’T IT?”

“It was abolished everywhere – why still talk about it?”

Chapters I and V – in Mauritania, official abolition dates from 1981, the last in the world; it took a 2007 law to make it a crime and a 2015 law to make it a crime against humanity – proof, by the texts themselves, that the crime persisted. Estimates still count in the tens of thousands of people. And the hierarchy engraved in heads is not abolished by decree: it survives as a residue.

“A CHIEF WHO DARES NOT COMMAND HIS SUBORDINATE – DOES THAT EXIST?”

“Rank protects, doesn’t it?”

Chapter II – Conakry, first mission: a Black supervisor who waits for his White subordinate in front of the hotel “the way one waits for a master,” who tolerates every lateness, who dares not call him to order – while the other expert sets out on foot to be on time. Rank weighs nothing against the engraving: that is the scene this testimony shows from the inside.

“WHY IS AN APPLAUDED EXPERT NOT PAID?”

“If the work was good, it would have been paid.”

Chapter III – the restitution before party leaders and ambassadors, the room applauding before the end, congratulations from the highest officials – then the refusal to pay, on the grounds that “the institution has no money.” And the reply that remains unanswered: if it has no money, why does it recruit experts? The humiliation that cannot be returned upward is returned downward – that is the mechanism of the residue.

“WHERE DID THE AFRICAN EXPERTS GO?”

“Why can the missions no longer find any?”

Chapter IV – a deputy who serves a full month in Niger without receiving a kopeck, while the country served, satisfied with the work, helps him pay his hotel; another engineer whose mission fizzles out; an expert applauded in the hall whom no one can “take the responsibility” of hiring in the light of day. The experts did not disappear: they were pushed out, one unpaid invoice at a time.

“THEY CALLED US LAZY – AND WE BELIEVED IT”

“As a student, I had decided never to work for anyone: all the books said Blacks were lazy, and I had believed it.”

Chapters IV and V – it is work itself that undeceives the author, and in the bitterest way: technique was not enough. His interlocutors “could not take the responsibility” of openly entrusting to a Black man something as serious as an electoral file – he was applauded in the hall and hidden on the contracts. The past is not past: it prowls in memories – in theirs, and, graver still, in ours, where the books deposited it. This testimony serves that purpose too: to dislodge the prejudice from our own heads.

“WHOSE FAULT IS IT? THE DESCENDANTS OF SLAVES’?”

The trap question – and the answer that disarms the trap.

Preliminary note and chapter V – no: they are the first victims of the residue, and the bravest in fighting it at home. This testimony accuses a system, never a people; and of the man who did the wrong, it says exactly this: “I do not accuse him of having been born into that system – no one chooses his engraving. I accuse him of having executed it on us.”

“AND THE INSTITUTION – IS IT GUILTY?”

“So it is the bad payer, then?”

Chapter V – the testimony does not accuse it: it informs it. It budgeted the missions, and among African experts it carries a bad payer’s reputation for refusals it probably never ordered. What is asked of it: audit its missions of yesterday, look for where the experts’ budgeted money went, settle its debts – and cleanse a name that did not deserve to be soiled.

“WHAT DO YOU DO WHEN IT HAPPENS TO YOU?”

“Keep silent and carry on, or smash everything?”

Chapter VI – neither: name the residue, without hatred and without proper names, for what is named can be fought and what is silenced is passed on. Work, excel, let your work be applauded – and demand your due in writing, by contract, by ledger, out loud. “It is not you who are worth less: it is an old chain looking for new wrists. Refuse it.”

One word, dated facts, one key: abolished slavery survives as a residue, the residue travels into international institutions, and it will only stop once named. “The visible chain has been broken; the engraving remains to be broken. It will not hold before men who testify.” We are not living in a normal world – and that is precisely why the Kamites speak of identity, of spirituality, and of pan-Africanism: because dignity is not received, it is built. **Here is what a career of more than twenty years has taught me: as long as there is no dignity, the Black man will never be anything but a “nègre” – and everything that happens will always be “the doing of a nègre.”** This testimony is one stone of that dignity.

THE RESIDUE

*A Bwa Sacré testimony on the slavery that does not say its name – what I saw
and lived through in international missions*

A solemn testimony by KING BAZURU, Venerable and President of the
Bwa Sacré · Abidjan, August 24, 2026
French edition: *Le Résidu*

Sheet IV – The twelve writings

The Builders

The Builders – the countless questions it answers

Every Kamite has heard it: “they invented nothing – not the wheel, not even a needle.” Generations were told this, and some of us ended up believing it. This writing answers – not with slogans, but with numbered patents, academies, space missions and verifiable sources. Here is the inventory.

“THEY NEVER EVEN INVENTED THE WHEEL”

“The Black man is a stranger to technology – that is a fact, is it not?”

Chapters I and II – this “fact” was born not of an inquiry but of a need: to justify the slave trade, the Black man had to be declared incapable – for one does not enslave an engineer. The prejudice preceded the facts, then organized their disappearance. This writing follows the technological chain link by link: at every link, Black hands – building.

“IF THEY HAD INVENTED, THERE WOULD BE PATENTS”

“The registers are empty – there is your proof.”

Chapter II – the registers were emptied by law: in 1858 the American Attorney General ruled the slave unpatentable – Ned’s invention was rejected, Benjamin Montgomery’s refused, and the Confederacy passed a law in 1861 so that masters could patent their slaves’ inventions: a legislative admission that they existed. Then Henry E. Baker, a Black official of the patent office, counted around 1900 more than a thousand African-American patents. The invent-

or was forbidden to exist – and then his absence was presented as proof he never had.

“NAME ME ONE, JUST ONE!”

“One single object of my daily life. One.”

Here are seven, chapters IV to VI: the microphone in your telephone (James E. West, electret, Bell Labs), the traffic light (lineage of Garrett Morgan), the cold chain that delivers your vaccines (Frederick McKinley Jones), automatic elevator doors (Alexander Miles), the street letter box (Philip Downing), zoned central heating (Alice Parker), the video doorbell (architecture of Marie Van Brittan Brown, 1969). Every entry is verifiable in the official pantheon of American inventors.

“THE PC, THE INTERNET, MOBILE – SURELY NOT THEM”

“The digital world is a Western affair.”

Chapters VI and VII – Mark Dean holds three of the nine founding patents of the IBM PC; Marian Croak patented the technologies that make voice over IP hold; Thomas Mensah (Ghana) industrialized optical fiber; Victor Lawrence (Ghana) pushed more data through the wire – the key to broadband; Jesse Russell digitized the mobile phone; Marc Hannah architected the 3D from which today’s AI processors descend; Skip Ellis invented the algorithm of collaborative editing; Emeagwali (Nigeria) made 65,000 processors cooperate – Gordon Bell Prize, 1989.

“SPACE IS TOO HIGH FOR YOU”

“Up there, there is no one of yours.”

Chapter VIII – when John Glenn left for orbit, it was Katherine Johnson who was asked to guarantee the calculations by hand.

George Carruthers's camera was set on the Moon by Apollo 16. Gladys West modeled the Earth – the foundation of GPS. And Cheick Modibo Diarra, of Mali, navigated Magellan to Venus, Galileo to Jupiter, Pathfinder to Mars, at NASA's Jet Propulsion Laboratory. A son of Mali, from planet to planet.

“MODERN MEDICINE OWES YOU NOTHING”

“You are healed by the science of others.”

Chapter X – Daniel Hale Williams opened a chest successfully as early as 1893; Vivien Thomas devised the technique that saved the “blue babies”; Charles Drew founded the modern blood bank; Patricia Bath invented the cataract laser – the first cause of blindness in Africa; Jane Wright, a pioneer of modern chemotherapy; and in 2020, Kizzmekia Corbett stood at the heart of the design of the messenger-RNA vaccine, while Tebello Nyokong (Lesotho) holds world authority in the photodynamic therapy of cancer – from an African laboratory.

“FINE – BUT THOSE ARE AMERICANS”

“Africa itself produces nothing.”

Chapter XI – Arthur Zang (Cameroon) invented the Cardiopad; Bright Simons (Ghana) protects patients from counterfeit medicine with mPedigree; Vêrone Mankou (Congo) designed Central Africa's first tablet; Thérèse Izay's robots direct the traffic of Kinshasa; Kamkwamba electrified his village at fourteen; and Paystack, coded by Nigerian engineers, was acquired by Stripe in 2020 – when Silicon Valley buys African engineering, it is because it recognizes its worth.

“THEN WHY HAVE WE NEVER HEARD OF THEM?”

The question that comes to every honest reader.

Chapter XII – because oblivion has four mechanisms: the patent confiscated, or sold to survive; the tale of the solitary hero, which drops subordinates, women and Blacks out of the story; the school that does not transmit – absence from the textbook becomes absence from memory, then “proof”; and the demanded double excellence – to invent, then to pass through closed doors. One believes one is observing a void that was manufactured.

A proof, then a demand: this volume establishes that our people built at every link of modernity – and it refuses to stop at pride. Its true question: what institutions must we build – research universities, patents, capital, public procurement – so that the next generation of builders, born on the continent, will be impossible to erase? The reader will no longer lower his eyes before the refrain: he will know the names, the dates and the patent numbers – and he will know how to turn the question around.

THE BUILDERS

A Bwa Sacré writing on the Black inventors of technological modernity – from the workshop of 1821 to the laboratories of artificial intelligence

Solemn writing of KING BAZURU, Venerable and President of the Bwa

Sacré · Abidjan, August 30, 2026

French edition: *Les Bâtisseurs*

Sheet V – The twelve writings

The Alpha and the Omega

The Alpha and the Omega – the countless questions it answers

“What is mathematics for?” – the question is always asked in the tone of victory, and the laughter that follows passes to the children. This writing answers – not with slogans, but with museum bones, numbered papyri, theorems become machines, and verifiable references. Here is the inventory.

“WHAT IS MATHEMATICS FOR?”

The title question, asked with the smile of one who believes he holds a self-evident truth.

Chapter I – the answer holds in one sentence, which the whole writing unfolds: mathematics is for not being the perpetual customer of those who know it. A people that laughs at its mathematicians condemns itself to buy from others everything that is calculated – which is, in our century, nearly everything: the airplane, the network, the medicine, and even the price of its own cocoa.

“I HAVE NEVER USED MATHEMATICS SINCE SCHOOL”

“Since I began working, not one equation. There is your proof!”

Chapter II – follow that person through a single day: the mobile money that guards his mother’s savings (number theory), the GPS he follows (Gladys West’s geodesy and relativistic corrections), the photo he sends (mathematical compression), the call he makes (Fourier and error-correcting codes), the forecast he checks (fluid mechanics), the dam’s electricity that lights him. He does not use mathematics the way a fish does not use water: he lives inside it.

The real question is not “who uses the equations?” but “who sets them up?”.

“MATHEMATICS IS NOT FOR US”

“It is a Western thing; we have other strengths.”

Chapter III – the oldest arithmetical witness of humanity is an African bone: the Ishango bone (D.R. Congo, c. 20,000 years, kept in Brussels), and the Lebombo bone is older still. The first signed mathematics manual in history is Egyptian – the scribe Ahmes, Rhind papyrus, British Museum. The 365-day calendar that rules the planet was born with us. And the ancient tradition itself – Herodotus, Iamblichus – sends Thales and Pythagoras to study with the priests of Egypt. He who laughs at mathematics laughs at his own Ancestors.

“WE CAN DEVELOP WITH TRADE AND COMMON SENSE”

“No need for equations to move forward.”

Chapter IV – take any object of development and look inside: the airplane’s wing obeys the Navier-Stokes equations (one of the seven Millennium Problems); the dam’s concrete cannot be persuaded, it is calculated or it fails; the vaccine is validated only by statistics; and the mining contract signed without mathematicians on one’s side of the table is signed blind: the subsoil is ours, the formula is theirs – and it is the formula that decides who wins.

“AI WILL DO EVERYTHING – NO NEED TO LEARN”

“Why suffer over equations when the machine calculates?”

Chapter IV – let the mystery be removed: an AI is not a spirit, it is a mathematical object – linear algebra by the billions of billions of operations. He who does not know what a matrix is may use other

people's AI; he will never build it, audit it or own it. The coming partition of the world is already written: there will be the peoples who multiply the matrices, and the peoples for whom they are multiplied.

“I AM A PHYSICIAN – MATHEMATICS IS OF NO USE TO ME”

The objection of the white coats – answered as a brother.

Chapter V – the scanner that makes your diagnoses is the Radon transform become machine (Nobel Prize in Medicine, 1979); MRI reconstructs by Fourier; your dosages are differential equations; the Ro of 2020 was the parameter of a system; and every medicine you prescribe stands on the statistics of clinical trials. You practice in the house of equations. And AI will replace first those who apply protocols without understanding their foundations: the mockery is sawing the branch on which it sits.

“THE MATHEMATICAL SUMMITS ARE NOT FOR US”

“Show me one great Black mathematician.”

Chapter VI – David Blackwell has his theorem in every faculty in the world; Wilkins was a doctor at 19; Katherine Johnson guaranteed astronauts' trajectories by hand; Emeagwali holds the Gordon Bell Prize; Diarra, of Mali, navigated probes from planet to planet; and the AIMS institutes have been training the continent's quantitative elite since 2003 under the motto “the next Einstein will be African.” The Fields Medal is not an absent shame: it is a designated summit – it will be taken.

“CONCRETELY, WHAT DO WE DO?”

The question of the one who is convinced.

Chapter VII – to the families: stop saying “mathematics is too hard” in front of a child; celebrate the good mark like a goal in a final. To the States: pay the mathematics teachers, endow the Olympiads, create AIMS of your own, put mathematicians at the table of contracts. To the young: the scientific track is an armory – every theorem mastered is a piece of sovereignty.

A refutation, a genealogy, a course: the mockery is refuted by the mocker’s own day, the genealogy runs from Ishango to Ahmes to the AIMS, and the course holds in one line – *the Kamite is mathematical, or he admires the mathematicians: he never mocks them. That is our salvation, and there is no other.* The reader will never laugh the same way again – and he will know what to answer those who laugh.

THE ALPHA AND THE OMEGA

*A Bwa Sacré writing on mathematics as the absolute condition of development –
from the Ishango bone to the equations that make airplanes fly*

Solemn writing of KING BAZURU, Venerable and President of the Bwa

Sacré · Abidjan, August 30, 2026

French edition: *L’Alpha et l’Oméga*

Sheet VI – The twelve writings

The Book of Answers

The Book of Answers – the countless questions it answers

Every Kamite knows the perpetual interrogation: questioned about his hair and his gods, his history and his lateness, his dead and his marriages – and each has known the sting of not having the answer at hand. A question without an answer humiliates twice: in the moment, through silence; and long afterwards, through regret. This book gathers the questions – all of them, from the silliest to the most philosophical – and their answers: calm, sourced, returnable. Here is the inventory.

“CAN I TOUCH YOUR HAIR?”

And the light palms, the tanning, the “gifted for sport,” the hygiene...

Chapter II – the body answers with science: melanin and its laws (all humanity was born pigmented, in Africa), coiled hair as architecture, the sporting compliment dismantled – *the twin brother of yesterday’s “built for heavy labor”* – and the hygiene question returned by the travelers’ archives: daily baths and black soap among us while the Europe of the sixteenth to the eighteenth century turned away from the bath, its medicine holding hot water to be dangerous.

“AFRICAN TIME – YOU JUST CAN’T HELP IT?”

And the money sent to the village, the endless funerals, polygamy, the children...

Chapter III – the customs explained without complacency: “my lateness has causes, not genes”; family solidarity as social security –

the continent's largest financing program, paid for by our work – and the truth told to our own as well: when funerals ruin the living, the custom has turned against its purpose.

“YOU HAVE NO HISTORY”

“The pyramids? Aliens. And you sold yourselves.”

Chapter IV – hieroglyphs, Meroe, Ge’ez, Timbuktu and N’ko answer the first; the logbooks and ration registers of Merer’s crew, papyri discovered at Wadi al-Jarf in 2013, answer the second; and the third: *the complicity of some of ours is our sorrow; the architecture of the crime is their inheritance.* With “turn the page”: *one does not turn a page one was never allowed to read.*

“IF AFRICA IS SO RICH, WHY IS IT POOR?”

The best question in the book – and it is treated as such.

Chapter V – rich in *stocks*, poor in *chains of transformation*: gold leaves raw and returns as jewelry, and the value stays where the transformation happens. With the figures that overturn the table: diaspora transfers exceed development aid, and the illicit outflows make Africa, by many accounts, a net creditor of the world. *Who feeds whom?*

“YOUR VOODOO – IS THAT SORCERY?”

“And why do you pray to the God of those who sold you? And Ham?”

Chapter VI – the sacred defended with the pieces in hand: our spiritualities are structured religions; the first attested monotheistic reform in history is African – that of Akhenaten – and the name Amen, which the world repeats at the end of its prayers, comes from us: *we did not borrow the God of the slavers, we reclaimed a family possession*; and the “curse of Ham” dismantled text in hand –

Noah curses Canaan, no color: *it is not God who spoke, it is the accountant.*

“ANTI-WHITE RACISM EXISTS TOO, DOESN’T IT?”

“And the Arab slave trade? And your dictators? Sweep your own house!”

Chapter VII – the political traps answered without dodging: every hatred condemned, no invented historical equivalence – *the insult is symmetrical, the system is not*; all the trades named crimes, without letting “what about the others?” change the subject; and the broom assumed: *we are sweeping – but the broom has two ends, and each will hold his own.*

“DEEP DOWN, WHAT IS IT TO BE BLACK?”

The true questions – the ones worth a lifetime.

Chapter VIII – “race” does not exist in biology, the condition exists in history, and the Kamite overturns the table: *the color is what was done to us; the lineage is what we do.* African and modern? *A pleonasm.* Forgiveness? On three conditions – avowal, repair, never demanded. Development? *The power to remain oneself.*

“AND HOW DO WE ANSWER WITHOUT ANGER?”

The question of method – for a good answer badly delivered is lost.

Chapter IX – the art of answering: qualify the question (sincere, trap or insult), teach instead of justifying, cite always – *“verify it, it is public” is the most elegant of retorts* – and remember that the definitive answer is not verbal: *this book arms your tongues; the other writings arm your hands.*

An arsenal, a school of calm, a gateway: thirty questions, nine chapters, and every answer refers to the writings of the series that develop it with proofs in support. The reader of this book will never again be caught off guard – *the Kamite no longer lowers his eyes: he answers, he proves, he builds.*

THE BOOK OF ANSWERS

A Bwa Sacré writing on the countless questions asked of the Kamites – from the silliest to the most profound – and on the way to answer them

Solemn writing of KING BAZURU, Venerable and President of the Bwa
Sacré · Abidjan, August 31, 2026

French edition: *Le Livre des Réponses* · Volume II: the questions of the Jews,
the Christians and the Muslims

Sheet VII – The twelve writings

The Book of Answers – Volume II

The Book of Answers – Volume II – the questions of the Jews, the Christians and the Muslims

No question is put to the Kamite with more insistence than that of his soul – by the pastor who wants to save him, by the imam who wants to bring him back, by the converted cousin, and by his own conscience, late at night. This volume answers – in three parts, in the order of the revelations – without attacking any faith: *our mothers pray in church, our brothers pray at the mosque*. When Scripture is invoked against us, it opens Scripture. Here is the inventory.

“YOU ARE PHARAOH’S PEOPLE”

The image of Africa written for billions – the oppressor of the Exodus.

Part One – the whole library answers: the Egypt that shelters Abraham, Joseph and the child Jesus as much as the Egypt of irons; Numbers 12, where God punishes those who murmur against Moses’s Kushite wife; and Amos 9:7 – *“Are you not to me like the children of the Kushites?”*: God equalizing his chosen people and the Africans. With the brotherly bridge: *we too have our Exodus – our forebears sang “Go Down Moses,” recognizing themselves in Israel*.

“ARE YOU SAVED? IF NOT – HELL.”

The opening question of all proselytism.

Chapter IV – the theologian’s answer (modern theology itself recognizes the salvation of those who never knew the Gospel) and the son’s: *you ask me to grant that my grandmother burns while the baptized slaver contemplates God – what God do you worship, if that is*

his justice? And Paul in Athens, who gave the Greeks credit for their “unknown God”: *give us the same credit.*

“YOUR ANCESTORS ARE IDOLS – BURN YOUR MASKS”

“Voodoo is of the Evil One. Your oral tradition is worthless.”

Chapter V – we do not worship our Ancestors, we honor them – *as you honor your saints, relics kissed and medals worn*; the masks are liturgical objects like icons; and the bonfires of African objects preceded by very little their inventory in Europe’s museums: *one only burns well what one intends to resell.* As for the Book: yours was oral first – and the Pyramid Texts make us *the people of the first book.*

“IT IS WRITTEN: HAM, THE CURSE”

“Jesus was white. And it was the Church that abolished slavery – say thank you.”

Chapter VI – Genesis 9 curses Canaan, no color: *he who repeats the curse quotes the slaver’s accountant, not the Bible.* The Christ of the stained glass is a fact of art history – Revelation describes hair “like wool,” and *when the child had to be hidden, it was in Africa that he was put to safety.* On slavery: both archives held together – bulls and Code Noir on one side, Quakers and maroon pastors on the other: *the Book served both camps; it was men who chose the camp.*

“RETURN TO THE RELIGION OF YOUR ANCESTORS: ISLAM”

“Your grandfather was a Muslim – you betray your family.”

Chapter VIII – the genealogy verified: Islam arrived by caravan in the eighth century – *yesterday morning, on the scale of our tens of millennia: for my lineage, it was an arrival, not a return.* And religious

freedom does not run one way only: *fidelity is not measured by the direction of prayer, but by the uprightness of the man who prays.*

“YOUR PRACTICES ARE SHIRK – AND MUSIC IS FORBIDDEN”

“Throw away your gris-gris.”

Chapter IX – the brotherhoods that carried African Islam honor their sheikhs and their mausoleums: the accusation of shirk, which dynamited Timbuktu in 2012, is *a machine for excommunicating everything African, African Islam included.* The gris-gris? *The amulet has simply changed supplier.* Music? The Islam of Africa sang for a thousand years – qasidas, dhikr, Mansa Musa’s drums in Cairo: *an African Islam that amputates its music amputates an African limb.*

“NO BOOK, NO PROPHET – NO REAL RELIGION”

“And if your way were right, God would not have let you be dominated.”

Chapter XI – *who wrote the specification?* Half of humanity’s religious experience passes through initiation, rite and lineage; and our titles exist: the world’s oldest sacred texts, and a canon sealing itself today on the blockchain – *you are reading its second volume.* The argument from victory? *Jerusalem fell, Rome burned, Baghdad was razed – the trial is not the sentence: God does not referee matches, he weighs hearts.*

“AND HOW DO WE ANSWER WITHOUT WOUNDING FAITH?”

The method proper to religious questions.

Chapter XII – never wound the faith, aim at the argument; refuse the funnel of the professional debate – *“I did not come to debate your God; I came to stop you from despising mine”*; and keep the peace of the shores, our treasure: *Africa is the place in the world where the*

mosque and the church share the same street – the Kamite is the guardian of that peace.

A shield for the soul: twelve chapters, three parts, and Scripture opened every time it is invoked against us. The reader will be able to love his God, honor his Ancestors and look any preacher in the eye – *the Kamite honors God, honors his Ancestors, honors his brother's faith, and lowers his eyes before no one.*

THE BOOK OF ANSWERS – VOLUME II

A Bwa Sacré writing on the questions that Jews, Christians and Muslims ask the Kamites – and on the way to answer them

Solemn writing of KING BAZURU, Venerable and President of the Bwa
Sacré · Abidjan, August 31, 2026

French edition: *Le Livre des Réponses – Tome II* · Volume I: the questions of
the world

Sheet VIII – The twelve writings

The Kamite Pilgrimage

The Kamite Pilgrimage – the countless questions it answers

Every Kamite has lived it: a feast here in July, the same one there in August, a third in January; new years following one another months apart; and, when asked what year he lives in, an embarrassed silence. This writing is not a proposal: it institutes – a common reference of time, and a pilgrimage held by all the Kamites of the world on the same days. Here are its questions, and its answers.

“EVERYONE CELEBRATES WHEN HE WANTS – WHERE IS THE HARM?”

“The diversity of our feasts is our wealth.”

Chapter I – diversity of rites is a wealth; disorder of dates is a weakness. A people that celebrates without cease and never together is not yet a people, it is a crowd of families; the world does not take it seriously – rightly; and if every day of the year is a feast somewhere, the community is in permanent festivity, and the worker we have just exalted has no room left in it.

“BY WHAT RIGHT DOES ONE DECIDE TIME?”

“A calendar is observed, not decreed.”

Chapter II – all peoples decided their time, and long afterwards: the Christian era invented in 525 by a monk who was four years off; the Hegira fixed by the caliph Omar seventeen years later; Gregory XIII striking out ten days in 1582. And the world’s calendar is a copy of ours: Caesar sent for Sosigenes of Alexandria to

copy the Egyptian year. We take nothing from anyone: we take back what is ours.

“SO WHAT YEAR IS IT?”

“Give me a number, one only, the same for all.”

Chapter III – the first year is fixed at -4236, the origin of the civil calendar computed from the Sothic cycle and attached by tradition to Narmer. A rule to know by heart: Gregorian year + 4236 until July 25, + 4237 from July 26. We are in 6263; July 26, 2027 will open 6264. Egyptologists today date Narmer to around -3100, and we do not claim to settle the matter: a reference is not a dating, it is a convention, and its value is to be one, common, and counted by all.

“AND THE RISING OF SIRIUS, AND THE FLOOD OF THE NILE?”

“Our ancestors watched the sky, not a calendar.”

Chapter IV – the star does not rise on the same day in Memphis, Abidjan or Port-au-Prince, and it drifts with the centuries; the flood went out in the Aswan reservoir in 1970. And look at those who still observe: every year the moon divides Ramadan and Eid according to the cloud cover. We calculate from a reference: it is clean, and it is clear. Our ancestors, engineers of time, had already chosen calculation over the moon.

“WERE THE FIVE DAYS NOT THOSE OF THE GODS?”

“Osiris, Horus, Seth, Isis, Nephthys – are you erasing them?”

Chapter V – we do not hide what the sources say, but we hold from our ancestors the faith in the one Creator and in the Ancestors as intercessors: we do not celebrate gods. The five days outside of time are given back to man, in the order already instituted by “The Feast

of the Worker”: the pregnant woman on the 21st, the child on the 22nd, the Worker on the 23rd, the wise on the 24th, the Ancestors on the 25th. The gods withdraw of their own accord: their place is occupied.

“A PILGRIMAGE TO WHICH MECCA?”

“Do you want everyone to go to the same place?”

Chapter VI – no: a thousand centers, not one. Every sanctuary is a destination, and each organizes its pilgrimage where it wishes, according to its own rites, as before. What is common is the date and the meaning; what remains free is the place and the form. And all our scattered feasts – initiations, sacrifices, libations, Djibons, feasts of the Menu – find within the five days the day that corresponds to them. The rest of the year is given back to work.

“IS THIS NOT MAKING EVERYTHING UNIFORM?”

“You are doing as the West does: one model for all.”

Chapter VII – diversity is the signature of God: the colors of men, the languages, the climates. Bwiti, Vodun, Poro, Komo, Candomblé are not competitors but the rooms of one house. But an orchestra plays a hundred instruments at the same tempo: we institute the tempo, not the instrument. Order takes nothing from freedom: it gives it a stage.

“AND THOSE WHO WILL NOT FOLLOW?”

“Every institution of time has ended in anathema or the sword.”

Chapter VIII – not this one. Firm in substance, without constraint in form: no holy war, no anathema, no exclusion – we impose this calendar on no one. This says nothing of our defense, which is another matter and which remains entire: no one imposes his feast,

and no one lets himself be killed. He who does not follow remains our brother, and his feast remains his feast. Our ancestors instituted by palaver and example, and what is useful prevails on its own: the first pilgrimage will gather a few sanctuaries, the hundredth, all of them – and no one will remember that it was ever otherwise.

One reference, one pilgrimage, seven articles: the era, the year, the five days, the pilgrimage proper to each sanctuary, the gathering of the feasts, freedom of conscience, the seal – signed and anchored in the Bitcoin blockchain. The reader will close this volume knowing what year he lives in, when he celebrates and when he works; and he will say to himself what the author said before writing: this decision was needed, it comes at the right time, it is just and necessary. A people that celebrates on the same day is a people.

THE KAMITE PILGRIMAGE

*A Bwa Sacré writing instituting the pilgrimage of the five days outside of time
and the common reference of the calendar – so that all the Kamites of the world
may celebrate on the same day*

Solemn writing of KING BAZURU, Venerable and President of the Bwa
Sacré · Abidjan, September 2, 2026 – year 6263

French edition: *Le Pèlerinage Kamite*

Sheet IX – The twelve writings

The Door of Return

The Door of Return – the countless questions it answers

At Gorée, at Ouidah, at Cape Coast, at Elmina, doors through which millions of ours passed toward the sea bear the name of doors of no return. In 1998, at Cape Coast, two of ours, who had died in slavery, passed through them the other way, and on the face that looks toward Africa a second plaque was fixed: *Door of Return*. This writing, addressed to the Kamites of the diaspora, is not a proposal: it declares the door open, and tells those who will pass through it what they will find on the other side. Here are its questions, and its answers.

“YOU SOLD US.” – “YOU FORGOT US.”

“How can one speak of return with these two reproaches across the door?”

Chapter II – they are not erased by decree: they are laid side by side. The first we almost came to believe by dint of repetition: yet the peoples of the interior sold no one – they were the target, and they fought back: as many men under arms holding the tracks and the granaries as men in the fields, and the villages were never emptied without costing dear. Let the trading posts and the slaving houses be named where they stood, and let the center of the system be looked at: it was not among us. The second is an injustice: the masters’ names were put on like a brand on cattle, the languages whipped into silence; and those said to have forgotten encoded our rhythms under new names and made of Haiti, 1804, a nation born

in a sacred grove. Two faces of one crime; neither committed by the one who receives it.

“RETURN – A SOCIAL-MEDIA DREAM?”

“Nobody has ever really come back.”

Chapter III – the return is two centuries old, with neighborhoods, languages and graves. Freetown, 1792, and the Krio language; Liberia, 1822; the Agudas back from Bahia after the Malê revolt of 1835, the Tabom of Accra, and the Olympio family, which gave Togo its first president; Manchester 1945, Du Bois buried in Accra in 1963; and Priscilla, sold at ten in 1756, whose descendant came back to Bunce Island in 2005 with the register intact. The door never stopped turning.

“AND THE STATES – WHAT HAVE THEY DONE?”

“Fine words, never a passport.”

Chapter IV – Ghana proclaimed the Year of Return in 2019 and granted its nationality, by the hundreds, in 2019 and 2024; Benin, the land of Ouidah, passed in September 2024 a law recognizing its nationality to every descendant of a deported African; Sierra Leone did the same for lineages traced to its soil. The writing names them so that they set the example: the door of return must be African, not the door of two countries.

“AM I KAMITE, OR MUST I PROVE IT?”

“I would need a test, an archive, a village.”

Chapter V – you are Kamite by full right, neither second-class nor pending a test: the lineage is here, only the register’s precision is missing, and it is being rebuilt. The DNA test informs; the name given back and the sanctuary welcome. And the continent owes you

more than you owe it: what you built without village, language or name – from Haiti to civil rights and the builders – you did with a whip at your back. It does not receive prodigal children: it receives elders who came back standing.

“MUST I LEAVE EVERYTHING AND MOVE?”

“Return means a plane ticket and a disillusion.”

Chapter VI – the return is neither an obligation, nor tourism, nor naivety, nor a renunciation. Harlem, Kingston and Bahia are Kamite lands by your blood, and you have two homes. Weeping at the door with a guide is passing through, not coming home: coming home is a protocol – a host, a name, the same days every year. And one enters a real house, with its leaking roof and its touts, to take one’s share of the repair.

“WHAT DO YOU OWE ME, AND WHAT DO YOU ASK OF ME?”

“Alms from the continent to its lost children?”

Chapters VII and VIII – an alliance. We owe you a name, a host who answers for you on his own, all of the memory exact – the raided villages, the watchmen, the trading posts named where they stood –, the same time – 6263, July 21 to 25 – and the truth about ourselves, not the shop window. We ask you for your hands and not only your tears, a return without contempt, a language, and entry into the register. And of our own: stop selling the return – whoever puts a price on it sells his brothers a second time.

“CONCRETELY, WHAT HAPPENS THE DAY I COME BACK?”

“Who is waiting for me, and under what name?”

Chapter IX – seven articles: recognition of filiation on the word

alone, with no test or proof required – but a reception that keeps its rules: no one is received under arms or in secret, and where war is under way, the welcome takes place outside the village, by day, before witnesses; the jatigi of return, a host entered in the register and never paid, under djatiguiya; the name given back, found or given by adoption, before witnesses, on July 25, the day of the Ancestors; that July 25 declared the Day of the Door, when those who left are named and the doors are passed through toward the land; the call to every State from which captives departed; freedom – the return is a right, never a duty; the seal.

“AND THOSE WHO STAYED – WHAT MUST THEY DO?”

“The door is opened – and behind it, who prepares the house?”

Chapter X – to the families of the continent: welcome the brother without rancor and without making him pay for his years of absence – and welcome him with prudence: our fathers held for a thousand years because they knew how to do both, open their door and keep their weapon within reach. And tell him of the watchmen in the trees and the village that stayed open. To the sanctuaries: designate your jatigis before the pilgrimage of July 21 to 25, 2027, year 6264, prepare the rite of the name given back and keep the register. To those on the other shore: do not come alone the first time, come during the five days, toward a host – and if you cannot come, keep the five days where you are, and tell your children the door is open.

One door, one direction, seven articles: signed and anchored in the Bitcoin blockchain. The reader on the other shore will close this volume knowing that he is expected, by whom, on what day and under what name; the reader on the continent, knowing what he owes and what he must no longer sell. The ships took four centuries to empty a continent; it will take a name, a host, five days and one generation to reopen the door. It is open.

THE DOOR OF RETURN

A Bwa Sacré writing addressed to the Kamites of the diaspora – the door of no return crossed the other way, the name given back and the hospitality of return

Solemn writing of KING BAZURU, Venerable and President of the Bwa Sacré · Abidjan, September 4, 2026, corrected edition of September 5 – year

6263

French edition: *La Porte du Retour*

Sheet X – The twelve writings

My Mother's Tongue

My Mother's Tongue – the countless questions it answers

Enter, on a Sunday, an educated house in Abidjan, Bamako or Douala: the grandmother speaks to her grandchildren in the language of her village; they answer her in French. This is not a change of fashion: it is the closing, without a sound, of a register that had held for five thousand years. This writing is not a proposal: it institutes – the rule of the house, the symbol set down, the register of voices. Here are its questions, and its answers.

“WHAT IS A LANGUAGE, FOR A PEOPLE SOMEONE TRIED TO ERASE?”

“Bodies, lands, books – everything was taken. What is left?”

Chapter II – the last register. Bodies could be taken, libraries burned, cults forbidden: the languages were in the mothers, and they prayed in a low voice. Four centuries of predation, and at independence the continent still spoke its two thousand languages, nearly a third of those on Earth. That register records: *kaso* comes from the French *cachot*, *jela* from *jail*, and no ancient word says “to colonize.” And those from whom it was taken made new ones in chains: Creole, Krio, Gullah.

“HOW DOES A REGISTER THAT WITHSTOOD THE WHIP CLOSE IN TWO GENERATIONS OF PEACE?”

“Nobody forbids us anything anymore.”

Chapter III – through the symbol: the bone, shell or jawbone hung around the neck of the child caught speaking his language in the schoolyard, which he passed to a classmate by denouncing him, and

which the last bearer paid for at nightfall. The language was not punished: each child was made its informer. It left the schools and entered the houses: “speak French, you sound like a villager.” The parent who silences his mother’s tongue is not a traitor: he is a child who had a bone hung around his neck, and who grew up.

“SO WHAT? THEY SPEAK FRENCH, THEY SUCCEED.”

“What exactly is lost?”

Chapter IV – knowledge: Hampâté Bâ’s burning library, the plants, the sky, the Yoruba count by twenties. The register: a name whose meaning is no longer understood is a label, and the exact words of the rites tolerate no approximation. The mother: the voice heard for nine months before birth, replaced by a learned voice – adults who could never say “I love you” in the language where she could hear it. And laughter: a people that no longer laughs in its language ends up laughing at itself with the words of those who laughed at it.

“AREN’T OUR LANGUAGES GOOD ONLY FOR THE VILLAGE?”

“For science and law, one needs the others’ language.”

Chapter V – the sentence is false, and men have proved it with the pieces in hand: Cheikh Anta Diop translating Einstein into Wolof in 1954; Nyerere translating Shakespeare into Swahili by his own hand and making it the language of a nation of a hundred tongues; the Vai script, King Njoya’s Bamum, the N’ko invented by Solomana Kanté in 1949 in answer to a journalist, Ajami, Tifinagh. There is no language incapable of saying science – only languages that were not allowed to say it.

“WON’T ARTIFICIAL INTELLIGENCE FINISH THE JOB?”

“The machine speaks English; our children will learn from it.”

Chapter VI – that is the threat, and here is the remedy, greater than it: for the first time, a language’s knowledge can be kept without a living speaker, learned and translated without end. The great excuse – “you need French to read the books” – has just fallen: the machine translates. Masakhane has been building language by language since 2019; Rwanda had its citizens record thousands of hours of Kinyarwanda. The grandmother’s tongue is no longer a handicap: it is a rare piece of data that her grandchildren alone in the world can provide. Only shame remains, and shame is not a reason: it is a symbol worn around the neck.

“TWO THOUSAND LANGUAGES – ISN’T THAT TOO MANY?”

“A modern people needs one common language.”

Chapter VII – diversity is God’s signature, and one does not correct His signature for the convenience of administrations. Our ancestors always stacked their languages – the mother’s, the market’s, the neighbor’s, the prayer’s – and Dyula, Hausa, Swahili, Lingala grew without killing the languages of the houses. An orchestra plays a hundred instruments at one tempo: one does not make music by breaking all but one.

“CONCRETELY, WHAT DOES THIS WRITING CHANGE IN MY HOUSE?”

“Principles, or a rule?”

Chapter VIII – seven articles: the rule of the house – the child’s first language is his mother’s, from the womb, French and English coming afterwards as tools, not as masters; the symbol set down –

no one shames a child for speaking like his mother; the register of voices – each sanctuary records its elders, tales, genealogies, plants, proverbs, public formulas, dated and sealed, deposited in an open repository for people and machines; the writings of this series rendered into Kamite languages; the name given back given in the sanctuary's language; the call to the States – school in the child's language, as UNESCO has recommended since 1953; freedom and the seal.

“AND ME, TOMORROW MORNING?”

“Where do I begin?”

Chapter IX – to the mothers: speak your language to the child from the womb and without apologizing; he will not take the accent, he will take his mother. To the fathers: sit the child beside the grandmother, keep quiet, and record her while she is here – a phone is enough. To the young: your grandmother's tongue is not your past, it is your exclusive share of the future. To those on the other shore: keep the languages remade in chains, they are Kamite by full right, and take that of the sanctuary that receives you.

One rule, one register, seven articles: signed and anchored in the Bitcoin blockchain. The reader will close this volume looking at what he holds in his hand – and setting it down. They could take our bodies, our lands and our books. They could not take our mothers' tongue. Let us not give it away.

MY MOTHER'S TONGUE

*A Bwa Sacré writing on our languages as the last register – the symbol, the
silence of the children and the memory of the machines*

Solemn writing of KING BAZURU, Venerable and President of the Bwa
Sacré · Abidjan, September 4, 2026 – year 6263

French edition: *La Langue de ma Mère*

Sheet XI – The twelve writings

The Queen Mothers

The Queen Mothers – the countless questions it answers

In 1910, at Meroë, archaeologists found beneath the threshold of a temple a bronze head: that of the emperor Augustus, taken from Rome by the armies of the kandake Amanirenas around 25 BCE and buried there so that every worshipper would walk on the face of Rome. Rome negotiated. This writing says, piece by piece, what that head announces: on our continent, the power of women is neither a recent conquest nor an import – it is an institution. It is not a proposal: it institutes. Here are its questions, and its answers.

“DID AFRICA EVER HAVE QUEENS?”

“Name me one who stood up to an empire.”

Chapter II – nine peoples, fifteen centuries: Hatshepsut, pharaoh in title and crown; the kandakes of Kush whom Rome could not subdue; Amina of Zazzau and her walls; Nzinga, forty years against the Portuguese, dead a sovereign in 1663; the Agojie of Dahomey; Kimpa Vita burned alive at twenty-two in 1706; Ndaté Yalla of Waalo against Faidherbe; Yaa Asantewaa, the War of the Golden Stool of 1900, deported to the Seychelles – and the stool never handed over; Aline Sitoé Diatta, dead in Timbuktu at twenty-four. A people that cannot name its queens believes it never had any.

“TOLERATED EXCEPTIONS, OR A RULE?”

“A queen now and then does not make an institution.”

Chapter III – behind every queen, a rule. The Asante *ohemaa* is an office, not the king’s mother: she designates the king, sits on the

council and may rebuke him in public – and Yaa Asantewaa took command because her office allowed it. Among the Akan, the blood that counts is the women's. Among the Mandé, peace itself bears the mother's name: *badenya*. And the Bwa country had stretched the net – private kitchen, orchard, trade, cults, and the status of daughter of the village that reopens the native door. The woman is not protected by the kindness of men: she is protected by the rule.

“AND THE ORDINARY WOMAN, THE ONE AT THE MARKET?”

“Queens are far away; tell me about my mother.”

Chapter IV – in 1929, tens of thousands of Igbo women “sat” on the warrant chiefs of the British Empire and forced its administration to reform: the Aba Women's War. In 1949, the market traders of Abeokuta made a king abdicate for taxing them. In Lomé, the Nana Benz dictated patterns and prices to the manufacturers of Europe: they asked no bank for credit, they were the bank. And nearly half the arms of African agriculture are women's arms – on land they do not own.

“WITHOUT BANKS, HOW DID THEY FINANCE ALL THAT?”

“Microcredit is a modern invention.”

Chapter V – the tontine: susu, esusu, ton, njangi. Thirty women, an equal stake, a rotating turn, and for sole guarantee the name – she who fails is struck from the invisible ledger, and no one fails. Distributed credit, without headquarters, without a rate, with near-zero default, for centuries. The microcredit crowned with a Nobel in 2006 is a tontine with a counter; and mobile money digitizes the mothers' tontine.

“WHY IS THE FIRST OF THE FIVE DAYS THE PREGNANT WOMAN’S?”

“The worker is the man in the field.”

Chapter VI – the worker begins in his mother’s womb, and his mother is the first worker: carrying, nursing, giving the language and the name, then farming, selling, keeping the cash, executing the protocols – the men speak, the women do. And in the age when work goes to the machines, there is one work no machine will take: bringing into the world a man who has a name. It was never counted in any gross domestic product. It is time.

“THEN WHERE DOES THE SUBMISSIVE AFRICAN WOMAN COME FROM?”

“It is your tradition that keeps her under guardianship.”

Chapter VII – the audit does not stop at the glories. The institution lost its offices to the colonial organization chart, which named only men; its rights to mimicry – the bride price imported where the Bwa country had refused it, guardianship come from elsewhere christened “African tradition”; and its net to ornaments that wound – mutilation, the child bride, widowhood that humiliates – which the Bwa Sacré does not defend: what tears the net is not from among us. The institution is returning – Sirleaf, Gbowee, Maathai, Rwanda’s parliament – but through the door of the State, when it had a door of its own.

“CONCRETELY, WHAT CHANGES IN THE SANCTUARY?”

“A tribute, or an office?”

Chapter VIII – seven articles: the queen mother of each sanctuary, chosen for her name, sitting by full right on the council and under the tree, and able to rebuke the Venerable himself; the mothers’

names written beside the fathers' at every generation; July 21, day of the Queen Mothers, when the market women, tontine mothers and healers are named; the sanctuary's tontine, entered in the sealed register; the net – no daughter given, acquired, married against her word or wounded in her body; the call to the States – the seat, the land, the credit, the law; freedom and the seal.

“AND WHAT IS SAID TO THE DAUGHTERS?”

“That they wait for a place to be made for them?”

Chapter IX – to the men: a council without a queen mother deliberates without half of the register. To the mothers: teach your daughters the names in this chapter as one teaches an alphabet – a girl who knows her ancestors stood up to Rome does not let herself be told she was born to keep quiet. To the daughters: the freedom our villages built for you is not a gift, it is an inheritance hidden from you – take it back, and answer with a bronze head buried under a threshold. To the sanctuaries: designate your queen mother before July 2027.

One institution, one net, seven articles: signed and anchored in the Bitcoin blockchain. The reader will close this volume knowing that half of the register was written, and that here is the other half. A lineage is written with both.

THE QUEEN MOTHERS

A Bwa Sacré writing on the Kamite woman as an institution – the queens who stood up to empires, the market women, the tontine and the first worker

Solemn writing of KING BAZURU, Venerable and President of the Bwa

Sacré · Abidjan, September 4, 2026 – year 6263

French edition: *Les Reines Mères*

Sheet XII – The twelve writings

The Other Front

The Other Front – the countless questions it answers

Akron, 1851: at a women's rights convention, a Black woman born a slave, Sojourner Truth, rises and says: nobody ever carried me over puddles; I have ploughed, I have planted – and ain't I a woman? For the first time, a daughter of Africa tells the women's movement of the West: the woman you describe is not me. This writing says it again to our daughters of the diaspora, with the archives: the two struggles have neither the same past, nor the same adversary, nor the same front. It is not a proposal: it names the other front. Here are its questions, and its answers.

“WHAT DID THE WESTERN WOMAN FIGHT AGAINST?”

“You despise her fight.”

Chapter II – no: one respects a fight only by knowing it, and hers is read without softening. Aristotle: the female is a mutilated male. Tertullian: the devil's gateway. Forty to sixty thousand witches burned. Blackstone, 1765: the woman's legal existence suspended by marriage. Code of 1804, arts. 213 and 1124: obedience, incapacity. A bank account without the husband's permission: 1965. The vote: 1944. “Head of the family”: until 1970. Then the parlor, the housewife, marital rape recognized in 1990. Her fight is the exact answer to that list, against the men of her house who wrote it. It is just, and it is hers.

“AND OUR MOTHERS – DID THEY LIVE THAT?”

“A woman is a woman, everywhere.”

Chapter III – lay the list on our mothers: not one line holds. Yoruba has no gendered pronouns and ordered by age, not sex (Oyěwùmí); the Igbo had male daughters and female husbands (Amadiume); the ohemaa designated the king, the omu governed beside the obi, the iyalode sat on the council, the Modjadji has reigned since 1800. The married Bwa woman was not suspended: she was doubled – a house at her husband’s, a door at her fathers’, an economy of her own. Our mothers had all of that, not by the kindness of men, but by the rule.

“WHERE IS THE DIFFERENCE, IN ONE SENTENCE?”

“Line by line, so that I see it.”

Chapter IV – she fought to leave the house; the Kamite woman never entered it. For a bank account; your grandmother was the bank. To speak in an assembly; yours sat on the chiefs until they yielded. And above all: she fought against her fathers and husbands, who had written her condition – a civil war between the sexes. The Kamite woman lost her offices by a decree that deposed her father the same day, by the same hand. Her struggle is a fadenya; ours can only be a badenya.

“BUT TODAY’S AFRICAN WOMAN DOES LIVE UNDER GUARDIANSHIP!”

“The husband as head, the permission, the housewife – that is us.”

Chapter V – it is us, and it was manufactured: the Code of 1804 left in the colonizer’s luggage. Côte d’Ivoire wrote in 1964 that the husband is head of the family – France struck the sentence in 1970, Côte d’Ivoire in 2013 and 2019; Senegal’s 1972 code still carries it. And the housewife herself came out of the colonial domestic-

science schools and social centers. The Western woman had to burn her past to be free; the Kamite woman must find hers again. It is not the same direction.

“WHAT HAPPENS TO THE KAMITE DAUGHTER IN PARIS?”

“She fights for women; where is the harm?”

Chapter VI – she is handed words, an anger, an enemy; she goes home for the funerals and looks at her uncles with the eyes she was given: jailers. She has struck her own grandmother from her register and fights to leave a parlor her ancestors never entered. Worse, the Western narrative assigns her a role: the victim to be saved – “white men saving brown women from brown men” (Spivak). Copenhagen, 1980: African women answered Western feminists: this front is ours, do not speak in our place. A borrowed woman.

“ISN’T THIS A MAN SPEAKING AGAINST WOMEN?”

“Easy, from the height of a sanctuary.”

Chapter VII – our scholars have said it for fifty years: Awa Thiam (1978), Filomina Steady (1981), Ogunyemi and African womanism (1985), Amadiume (1987), Acholonu and motherism (1995), Oyěwùmí (1997), Nnaemeka and nego-feminism (2004): African women do not fight against their men, but with them, against what dispossessed them together. Her own house wrote first.

“THEN WHAT IS THE FRONT?”

“You turn her away from a fight toward a void.”

Chapter VIII – seven posts, with figures. The womb: seven maternal deaths in ten worldwide – a regression, not a heritage: Bunyoro performed caesareans in 1879, mother and child alive. The school: one girl in three married before eighteen. The body: more than two

hundred and thirty million women mutilated – a fight won in the cutter’s hut, not in Paris. The land, written in men’s names. The water: two hundred million hours a day (UNICEF, 2016) with a basin on the head. The imported code. And memory. It is not a lack of courage: it is a lack of memory.

“CONCRETELY, WHAT DOES THE BWA SACRÉ INSTITUTE?”

“A speech, or a protocol?”

Chapters IX and X – the writing is neither contempt for the Western fight, nor an order to keep quiet, nor a weapon for the man who tears the net – he is the ally of the decree. Seven articles: the other front named; memory given back to the daughters before fifteen – the Kamite woman from before the decree, and the Western woman’s past, without contempt; the guest and the front – she lends her voice, not her memory nor her enemy; the husband is not the head; the count of the mothers – the sanctuary’s tontine pays the transport of the woman in labor, no woman of the Bwa Sacré dies of a road; the call to the States; freedom and the seal.

Two pasts, one front, seven articles: signed and anchored in the Bitcoin blockchain. The Kamite daughter will close this volume asking, of every word she is handed, from what past it comes – and rising for the other front. Our daughters have ploughed, held the market and made Rome negotiate: let them know it again.

THE OTHER FRONT

A Bwa Sacré writing on the Kamite woman and the fight that is not hers – two pasts, two memories, and the front she has left without soldiers

Solemn writing of KING BAZURU, Venerable and President of the Bwa Sacré · Abidjan, September 4, 2026, corrected edition of September 5 – year

6263

French edition: *L'Autre Front*

THE GUIDE TO THE KAMITE HOUSE

Why read – the sheet of the volume, and those of its twelve writings

KING BAZURU

President of the Bwa Sacré

First publication – English edition

Abidjan, September 5, 2026

year 6263 of the Kamite era

IANA identifier: PEN 65878

OID: 1.3.6.1.4.1.65878.2.27

French edition: *Le Guide de la Maison Kamite*

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