The Guide to The Kamite Stands

Why read — the volume and its fifteen writings, in sixteen sheets

Sheets drawn up by the Venerable

KING BAZURU

President of the Kamites

Abidjan, 2026 — year 6263 of the Kamite era

This guide gathers the sixteen “Why read” sheets published with the volume *The Kamite Stands* and with each of its fifteen writings, which appeared in Abidjan between September 4 and September 19, 2026. The sheets refer to the chapters of the writings, which cite their sources.

The sheets bear the number of the chapter they serve: I to XII, then XIV, XV and XVI. There is no sheet thirteen.

Text by KING BAZURU, Venerable and President of the Kamites.

IANA identifier: PEN 65878
OID: 1.3.6.1.4.1.65878.3.1 – 3.6, 2.30 and 2.31

French edition: *Le Guide du Kamite debout*

bwa-sacre.org

© 2026 — Bwa Sacré. All rights reserved.

Contents

Preliminary Note 5

The Kamite Stands 7

First movement – The Gesture: the Books of Lassa

I. The Threshold 11

II. The Libation 16

III. The Baobab 21

IV. The Sacred Wood 26

V. The Kamite of Tomorrow 33

Second movement – The Word: the Declarations

VI. The Fourth Jihad 37

VII. Our Parents' Work 42

VIII. The Kamite Position 50

IX. Kamite, Who Are You? 56

X. The Kamites Before the Revealed Religions 67

XI. Judging Without Prison 81

XII. Kamite, Come Back to the Fold 94

XIV. Kamite, Your Neighbour Is Your Brother 102

Third movement – The Proof: the Seal

XV. The Seal..... 115

XVI. The Key of the Kamite..... 120

Preliminary Note

Since the first volume, every writing of the Bwa Sacré has been accompanied by a sheet: “Why read” — one page for the short writings, two or three for those that draw many questions. 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. Here they are, gathered for the third volume, sixteen in all: the sheet of the volume *The Kamite Stands* first, then those of its fifteen writings, in the order of the volume and under the three movements that order it — the Gesture, the Word, the Proof.

Each sheet bears the number of the chapter it serves. One goes therefore from sheet I to sheet XII, then to sheets XIV, XV and XVI: there is no sheet thirteen, as there is no thirteenth chapter. This is no affectation: it is the same rule, held everywhere.

This guide is addressed to three readers. To the one who hesitates before a volume of five hundred pages, it says in one page what he will find there, and which of the fifteen to read first. To the one who has read, it gives the means to answer, that same evening, the neighbour or the relative who asks. And to the jatigi who leads an apprentice moon after moon, according to the Books of Lassa, it gives the thread of each reading. It can be read in one sitting, like the plan of a road, or one sheet at a time, as one crosses a threshold.

Like the writings it accompanies, this guide criticises doctrines, never persons, never a people, never a faith; 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 block-chain, so that it is known who wrote it, and when.

Amen Hotep – Amenhotep.

The volume

The Kamite Stands

The Kamite Stands — the first volume awakened, the second built: this one sets upright.

One does not stand by will alone. Three things are needed, and this volume gives them one after the other: **a gesture**, for the man who leaves a prayer and has nothing to put in its place; **a word**, for the man who has a rite but still lowers his eyes when questioned; **a proof**, for the man whose word can be dated after the fact, and which is then worth nothing before a court or before history. Fifteen writings, from September 4 to 19, 2026, each signed and anchored in the Bitcoin blockchain on the day itself. Here is what is objected, and the chapter that answers.

"YOU HAVE NEITHER HOLY BOOK NOR LITURGY."

"What shall I do on Friday, on Sunday? You give me nothing to do." Chapters I to III, the *Books of Lassa* — a rite of the day, a rite of the moon, a rite of the year. *The Threshold* gives the apprentice what he believes, what he does each morning, what he does not do, and the order of the twelve moons. *The Libation* gives him, the twelve moons passed, the right to pour and the word to the Ancestors. *The Baobab* gives the sage the sanctuary, the full-moon rite and the charge — which one receives and does not take. And the old plainness: **this book did not fall from the sky**, a man wrote it, under his seal, on a verifiable date.

"YOUR RITES WERE INVENTED LAST MONTH."

"This is reconstructed folklore."

Chapter IV, *The Sacred Wood* – the Bwa country, the Dogon neighbours, the war of 1915-1916, and the three ceremonies that make a man. What the author saw and received, he says; what can be verified, he says where to verify; what is secret stays under the tree, mouth to ear, as it always has. And here the difference is everything: **we invented nothing, we wrote it down.**

"THE MACHINE WILL SWEEP YOU AWAY."

"Your children will have neither work nor master nor bearing."

Chapter V, *The Kamite of Tomorrow* – the Aquarian age, the worker without a master, the child growing up beside the machine. A people that keeps a rite of the day can receive any tool whatever without losing itself inside it; a people that keeps none takes the shape of the tool it is handed.

"THE BLADE IS RETURNING. WHAT ARE YOU DOING?"

"Either you fight, or you deny."

Chapter VI, *The Fourth Jihad* – four times the blade, four times the ordered retreat, from Koumbi Saleh to this day: the road of a single house, five countries, and not one generation that denied the Ancestors. **The ordered retreat is not a defeat**: it is what leaves someone alive to write these pages.

"YOUR PARENTS' WORK IS OBSOLETE."

"Let them retrain, or disappear."

Chapter VII, *Our Parents' Work* – the future of workers, the trades that cannot be delegated, and the place of the Kamite engineer:

ahead, never behind. Rank is not function, and the figure is not the man.

"CHOOSE YOUR SIDE IN THIS CONFLICT."

"Your silence is complicity."

Chapter VIII, *The Kamite Position* — Kamite peoples set their own priorities: Sudan, Congo, the Sahel, and our dead whom no one counts. The facts are dated, the figures are those of the institutions that establish them, and the rule is held to the end: **one does not compare sufferings**, and one designates no people.

"KAMITISM IS A SECT. AND YOU ARE AGAINST BELIEVERS."

"One more religion, and a religion against the others."

Chapters IX and X, *Kamite, Who Are You?* and *The Kamites Before the Revealed Religions* — it is not a religion but a federation of spiritualities, which holds precisely because it demands of no one that he give up his own. Our place is stated for the diaspora and for the lands where the revealed religions are the majority. Doctrines and postures are criticised: **never a person, never a faith.** Neither anathema nor exclusion: one leaves as one entered.

"WITHOUT PRISON IT IS IMPUNITY. AND THE ONE WHO LEFT IS LOST."

"Your palavers are no substitute for a court." · *"I changed religion: I will not be taken back."*

Chapters XI and XII, *Judging Without Prison* and *Kamite, Come Back to the Fold* — African justice before the coloniser, what was put in its place, and the palaver instituted with its protocol, its register and its last recourse: **prison piles up, the palaver repairs.** Then the wel-

come of those who return, asked to account for nothing, beyond religions and borders drawn by others.

"YOUR STATES DETEST ONE ANOTHER. AND TO PROVE, ONE MUST HAND EVERYTHING OVER."

"You will never agree among yourselves." · "To sign, send the document." Chapters XIV to XVI — *Kamite, Your Neighbour Is Your Brother* states the palaver between our States, for no one will reconcile Côte d'Ivoire with itself, nor the Sahel with its neighbours, in the place of those who live there. Then the two acts of the seal: *The Seal* institutes the register, the identifier, Kamite timestamping and the three levels — **at the Kamite level, only the fingerprint leaves, and the hand stays with the one who bears it**; *The Key of the Kamite* puts the thing within reach of a man alone, with twenty-four words and a name he tells no one.

Fifteen writings, three movements, one thread: the first volume showed what had been taken from us; the second that nothing had been lost; this one shows that a Kamite can now stand alone before the world, with a gesture that is his own, a word that is his own, and a proof that no one grants him. **A man standing no longer needs to be believed: he shows.** The chapters run from I to XII, then XIV, XV and XVI — this book has no thirteenth chapter.

THE KAMITE STANDS

The gesture, the word and the proof — the Books of Lassa, the Declarations and the Seal; fifteen writings

Text by KING BAZURU, Venerable and President of the Kamites · Abidjan, 2026 — year 6263 of the Kamite era

French edition: *Le Kamite debout*

Sheet I — The fifteen writings

The Threshold

The Threshold — the questions of the one who hesitates, and the answers

They have read our writings. They know that what we say is true. And when Friday or Sunday comes, they go back to their prayer, because they do not know what to put in its place. We were reproached for having no holy book; we would soon be reproached for having no liturgy. This first of the Three Books of Lassa answers both: it gives the Kamite what he believes, what he does each day, each moon and each year, and how he enters. Here are its questions, and the answers.

"A TRUTH WITHOUT A TIMETABLE, A FAITH WITHOUT GENUFLECTIONS: IS THAT NOT A VOID?"

"Why do those who have seen still go back to prayer?"

Chapter I — look at a Muslim who has missed a prayer, a Christian who has missed Mass: their whole day is read in the light of the lapse. It is not the truth they lack, it is the gesture; and habit always wins against the idea. So this book gives the gesture: a word at dawn and an account at night, a cult at every full moon, five days a year outside time — a rhythm one can keep in a village, in an Abidjan flat or in a Paris room, and which does not replace another's prayer with yet another's prayer, but with the gesture of a free man: pour to the earth, name one's own, count one's day, and say one's name.

"WHAT DO YOU BELIEVE, IN ONE PAGE?"

"If someone asks me what a Kamite believes, what do I answer?"

Chapter II — seven words, learned by heart. One Creator of whom

no one has made an image; Ancestors alive before Him, whom we name and do not worship; the earth that receives water, milk and alcohol; the name that is the register — a man is worth what is said of his name when he is not there; time counted from Narmer, year 6263; freedom of conscience entire — no one compelled, no one cursed, no one excluded; and nothing secret is written, everything written is dated and sealed. That is our answer to those who reproach us for having no book: we have a register, and we know who wrote it.

"AND IF I MISS A FULL MOON? AND MY MOTHER? AND THE BLOOD?"

"I was taught that an accountant God keeps count of my prayers."

Chapters III and IX — the Creator keeps no accounts. He who misses a moon is not punished: he is absent from one register, and he returns at the next. Kamitism does not ask him to break: it asks him to go home, to the Ancestors of his own mother, of whom the mosque and the church are recent tenants; he may accompany his mother to prayer out of respect, he will not pray in her place — and one day it is she who will ask him to pour for her. As for blood: the apprentice never sacrifices, he pours. He who eats chicken and is frightened by a sacrificed chicken should visit a slaughterhouse.

"WHAT WILL I DO TOMORROW MORNING?"

"Concretely: with no mat, no ablution, no direction to face?"

Chapter IV — water, a little earth, two minutes. On rising, standing before the earth, water in the right hand, four sentences with the name of one's father and one's father's father; he who does not yet know it says "those whose name I bear" and goes to ask his mother that very day. At bedtime, without water, the account of the night:

what I did, to whom I was useful, what I owe and to whom. Another's prayer asked one to repeat; the account asks one to look — it is said true or said false, and the man who lies to himself before his Ancestors knows it. He who lives far away keeps at home a sanctuary earth in an earthenware bowl: the sanctuary is portable.

"WHAT REPLACES MASS AND FRIDAY?"

"Why the full moon, and why bare-chested?"

Chapters V and VI — the common cult of the full moon, held the same evening by all the Kamites of the world: because it is in the sky and no one can mistake the day. Bare-chested and barefoot, because before the Ancestors one wears neither the master's garment nor the garment of rank. Ten steps, written: water on the hands, the call of the Creator — "He is, He has made, He watches" —, the Ancestors named, the three liquids poured, the request said aloud, the register, the meal, the laughter. No one brings money; no one takes a collection. The cult of two people before a bowl of earth in Montreal is the same cult as that of a hundred under the baobab of Lassa. And each year, from July 21 to 25, the five days outside time, when no one works.

"HOW DOES ONE ENTER?"

"Alone? In secret? By paying?"

Chapters VII and VIII — neither alone, nor in secret, nor by paying. One enters at a full moon, presented by a jatigi who answers for you on his own name, before the circle, with water on the hands; one answers six questions — "Are you free? — I am free. No one compelled me, and no one will hold me back" —, one says one's lineage as far back as one knows, the water washes one of another's hour, one pours, one is entered in the register. Twelve moons of appren-

ticeship, one writing per moon, the lineage rebuilt over four generations, then the twelfth moon: that is the second book. He who sells initiation is not of the Bwa Sacré, and his name will be said under the tree. The calendar of the year's full moons is given, for Abidjan and Bamako time: first moon on September 26, 2026.

"AND IF I WANT TO LEAVE?"

"Is it a cage?"

Chapters IX and X — you leave. Your name stays in the register with the mention of your departure, and no one will curse you: the door of the Bwa Sacré opens both ways, and that is how one knows it is not a cage. A woman enters by the same threshold, pours the same libation and can become a sage. He who does not drink alcohol pours it: it is not for him. And the book did not propose: it instituted, in seven points, the seven words, the day, the moon, the year, the sanctuary earth, the threshold, freedom and the seal.

Eleven chapters, three rhythms, one calendar, 27 pages: signed and anchored in the Bitcoin blockchain. The reader will close this book knowing exactly what he will do tomorrow morning, at the next full moon and from July 21 to 25 — and he will know that the holy book of others must be believed as to where it comes from, while ours can be verified. You are not going toward the void. You are going toward the earth, the water, the milk, the alcohol, the moon and your name.

THE THRESHOLD

Book of the Apprentice — first of the Three Books of Lassa, for the one who hesitates at the threshold of Kamitism: what he believes, what he does each day, each moon and each year, and how he enters

Book of initiation instituted by KING BAZURU, Venerable and President of the Bwa Sacré · Abidjan, September 17, 2026 · corrected edition — year 6263

French edition: *Le Seuil*

Sheet II — The fifteen writings

The Libation

The Libation — what the word Kamite commits one to, question by question

The first book spoke to the one who hesitated; this one speaks to the one who is inside, and it speaks to him differently: it no longer reassures him, it charges him. A Kamite is not a man who has changed prayers: he is a man whose name can now be said under the tree, and who has duties toward those who bear the same one. This second of the Three Books of Lassa lists them, hiding none. Here are its questions, and the answers.

"WHAT HAS CHANGED IN TWELVE MOONS?"

"The apprentice believed the seven words. What more does the Kamite know?"

Chapters I and II — twelve moons ago, a man trembled as he poured, because all his life he had been told it was the devil's work. He has said three hundred and sixty accounts of the night and stopped lying to himself around the fortieth; his mother looked at him with worry, then with curiosity, then asked him to pour for her own father. He now knows four things: what an institution is — a protocol, not an idea; the order of the cult is protocol, the colour of the loincloth is ornament; what the register is, where he has a line at every moon, and that this line is what he will leave; what the sacred is, which one does not play with; and where he stands in time — a Kamite who does not know what year he lives in has not left another's hour.

“HOW DOES ONE PASS KAMITE?”

“What is required, and before whom?”

Chapter III — twelve moons with at least nine cults held, the lineage recited over four generations, father and mother, without hesitating — if he stumbles, “at the next moon,” without reproach —, the twelve writings read, the greeting and the Ancestors in the mother’s tongue, and the word of the jatigi, who does not lie on his name. Then the sage lays the apprentice’s right hand on the earth: “Until this evening you poured for yourself. From this evening you pour for your house.” He pours, naming this time the living of his house, one by one. The next morning, his word of dawn changes by one line.

“WHAT CAN I DO AT HOME, NOW?”

“My mother is not a Kamite and asks me to pour for her.”

Chapter IV — you do it, without asking her to believe anything or to pay anything. That is how Kamitism enters houses: not by preaching, but by the mother who asked that one pour. The household libation is made for the journey, the exam, the business that begins, the sick man healed, the guest received, the injustice repaired. Three things the Kamite does not pour: harm to anyone — the request that harms is not carried, and he who makes it enters himself under the tree; for money; and alone what requires the sanctuary.

“A BIRTH, A UNION, A DEATH, A RETURN”

“What happens at the four passages of a life?”

Chapter V — the child receives his name in the language at the first full moon and on July 22, the mother’s name entered beside the father’s; the civil registry may carry what one wishes, the sanctuary

name is the one his Ancestors hear. The union holds in five things every Kamite marriage contains: the consent of both said aloud, the absence of bride-price — no daughter of the Bwa Sacré is given or acquired —, the libation to both lineages, the register in both names, and the natal door that stays open to the woman. The dead: water on the day itself, the three liquids at the next moon — "He is named among them" —, July 25 before all; and if the family is Muslim or Christian, the Kamite stands there in silence and shames no one. The return: he may be jatigi of the one who comes back from the other shore; he who sells the return sells his brothers a second time.

"THE SACRIFICE: HOW MUCH, FOR WHAT, AND WHO DECIDES?"

"Can I force the answer with a second chicken?"

Chapter VI — no: the Ancestors are not bribed. The sacrifice is a meal offered, whose blood is the Ancestors' share and whose flesh is the share of the living; neither punishment, nor tribute, nor currency, nor a display of wealth. The measure follows the request, by the usage of Lassa: one chicken for one person, three for a house, a goat and three chickens for a lineage or a sanctuary, an ox, three goats and nine chickens for the great request. The released chicken falls on its back: the request is received; on its belly: not yet. The Kamite accepts what the earth has said.

"WHAT IS MY PART, AND WHAT BINDS ME?"

"What distinguishes a member from a spectator?"

Chapters VII to IX — his part in the five days, day by day; and his part in the institutions, which is not optional: the palaver before the complaint, the sanctuary tontine that pays first for the transport of the woman in labour, the register of voices — a Kamite who has

recorded his mother's voice has done more for his language than ten speeches –, the mother's tongue to the children, the land entered in the book of the terroir and never sold alone, and the threshold: a Kamite who has never been anyone's jatigi has not yet given back what he was given. What binds him is not a list of prohibitions but a single rule, with seven consequences: that his name can be said aloud when he is not there. A lapse is repaired under the tree; the only penalty is striking from the register, aloud, reversible by repair, never by time.

"AM I AN ANIMIST? MY WIFE PRAYS: DOES THE LIBATION COUNT?"

"And when can I become a sage?"

Chapter X – let him who calls this animism go and look at what he does with his saints and his candles. A house where one pours and the other prays is not divided: it has two doors, and the Ancestors know both. Secrets are received, they are not bought. And after thirty-six moons, three apprentices guided, a seat as witness and a register kept, on July 24 – that is the third book.

Twelve chapters, four rites of life, one rule with seven consequences, 22 pages: signed and anchored in the Bitcoin blockchain. The reader will close this book knowing what the word Kamite commits him to: pouring for others than himself, naming a child, accompanying the dead, sitting under the tree, keeping a fund, writing a land, learning a language. You no longer pour for yourself alone. Your house is behind you when you crouch before the earth. Pour for it.

THE LIBATION

Book of the Kamite — second of the Three Books of Lassa, for the one who has crossed the threshold and held twelve moons: the passage, the right to pour for one's house, the rites of life, the rule of the name and the five days

Book of initiation instituted by KING BAZURU, Venerable and President of the Bwa Sacré · Abidjan, September 17, 2026 · corrected edition — year 6263

French edition: *La Libation*

Sheet III — The fifteen writings

The Baobab

The Baobab — the charge of the sage, question by question

There is, at Lassa, a tree under which the Bwa Sacré poured first, and that tree is a baobab. A baobab is not planted for oneself: he who plants it will not eat of its shade. That is the charge of the sage, and that is what this third and last of the Three Books of Lassa gives: the whole public liturgy of the Bwa Sacré — everything a sage says and does before the circle, omitting nothing, so that the cult is the same at Lassa, in Abidjan, in Paris and in Bahia, and no one can distort it by claiming to draw on a hidden source. It is not the secret, and it says so. Here are its questions, and the answers.

"IS THE SAGE A PRIEST?"

"Who commands in a sanctuary, and who is paid?"

Chapters I and II — no one is paid, and the sage is not obeyed: he is listened to, and the queen mother may correct him in public. He does not stand between men and God: he knows the order, says the exact words, holds the knife with respect and the register with exactness, and sits under the tree so that others may speak there. A sanctuary holds by seven charges, always named and always entered: the sage, the sacrificer, the queen mother — a sanctuary without a queen mother deliberates without half its register —, the elders of palaver, the keeper of the register, the keeper of the wood, the jatigis.

“IS THE CULT THE SAME EVERYWHERE?”

“What does the sage say, exactly, and in what language?”

Chapter III — twelve steps, written with all the words of the officiant, from the water on the hands to the closing: “What has been poured is poured, what has been asked is carried, what has been written is written. We go home with our names.” The meaning is the protocol, the language is free, and the translation is deposited in the register. The earth is left as it was found.

“THE SACRIFICE: HOW, SO THAT NO ONE CAN SAY HE SAW SOMETHING ELSE?”

“The gravest act of the cult, and the most misunderstood from afar.”

Chapter IV — the animal alive, healthy, watered, treated gently: one does not give the Ancestors what one would not eat. Six steps: the presentation, the word — “The blood is for you, on the earth. The flesh is for us, at your table” —, the act in a single clean stroke, without a word; the sign read on the released chicken and never forced; the blood left whole to the earth, neither collected nor put on anyone; then the sharing: everything is eaten on the spot the same evening, by whoever passes, nothing is sold, nothing is thrown away. The sacrificer receives the head and a thigh, not as wages but as the share of the one who held the knife; the one who asked receives the liver. He refuses the sacrifice that exceeds the request, and the sacrifice for harm.

“NAMING, UNITING, PASSING TO THE ANCESTORS, RETURNING A NAME”

“And how does one become a sage?”

Chapters V and VI — the officiant’s words for the four passages, among them that of the union, put to each separately: “Is it you who

choose, and no one else in your place? Has anyone paid for you, or been paid for you?" – and that of the returned name, on July 25: "You will keep the name of the shipwreck. Here is that of the shore." The raising, on July 24: thirty-six moons, three apprentices, palavers sat, a register kept, the word of the queen mother – if she says "wait," one waits a year, without reproach – and four questions: do you know that you will not be paid, not obeyed, that you will curse no one, and that you will answer on your name for everything that happens under your tree?

"CAN A SANCTUARY BE FOUNDED IN A ROOM IN PARIS?"

"And how does the register of the smallest sanctuary carry the weight of the Venerable's seal?"

Chapters VII and VIII – wherever three Kamites and a sage want it, by seven things: the earth, mixed with that of Lassa or of a mother sanctuary – a sanctuary is born of another –, the sage, the queen mother, the register, the calendar, the sacrificer, the declaration. The register is what the sanctuary will leave: what is written, what is not written – nothing of what is passed on under the tree –, and how it is sealed: the page signed by the sage and the queen mother, the digital copy whose fingerprint the keeper computes and anchors in the Bitcoin blockchain, as our writings are. No one can rewrite it afterwards. The sage who does not know how finds a young Kamite who does, and that is often his first charge.

"THE FIVE DAYS, THE PALAVER, THE TWELVE MOONS"

"What does the officiant do from July 21 to 26, and how does the elder hold the tree?"

Chapters IX to XI – the programme of each day, from the cult of

the 21st presided over by the queen mother to the whole list of Ancestors read on the 25th, until the dawn of the 26th: “We are in the year (…)”, register closed and sealed, work resumes. The palaver in ten steps: the victim speaks first, for as long as she wishes; what the fault is worth is paid to the victim, not to the sanctuary; no one leaves before agreement, and if it takes the night, one takes the night; the closed line makes a man whose story is complete. And the training, moon after moon, one writing and one gesture per moon: an apprentice without a jatigi does not advance, a jatigi who does not report is no longer a jatigi.

“WHAT BINDS THE SAGE HIMSELF?”

“Is he above the palaver?”

Chapter XII — no: no one is, neither he nor the Venerable. The rule of the sage, in seven consequences: I am not paid, I am entered in the register; what I say at Lassa is said in Bahia; I curse no one; I do not write the secret and I do not sell it; I hold the knife with respect, the register with exactness, and the door open both ways; I listen to the queen mother when she corrects me; I train those who will replace me. The sage who sells what is given is struck off, and his sanctuary passes to another. There is no other authority than that one, and it has no other force than the name.

Twelve chapters, seven charges, one whole liturgy, 32 pages: signed and anchored in the Bitcoin blockchain. We were reproached with having no liturgy: here it is, whole, and it requires neither mat, nor pew, nor tithe — water, milk, alcohol, earth, a knife held with respect, a register kept with exactness, and names. He who plants the baobab does not sit in its shade. Plant it all the same. That is the charge.

THE BAOBAB

Book of the Sage — third of the Three Books of Lassa, for the one who receives the charge: the sanctuary, the cult of the full moon and the sacrifice, the rites of life, the five days, the tree, the register and the apprentices

Book of initiation instituted by KING BAZURU, Venerable and President of the Bwa Sacré · Abidjan, September 17, 2026 · corrected edition — year 6263

French edition: *Le Baobab*

Sheet IV — The fifteen writings

The Sacred Wood

The Sacred Wood — the countless questions it answers

The Three Books of Lassa gave the Kamite the threshold, the libation and the baobab, without saying where they came from. This fourth book says it. It answers the question raised in the very first writing — why the Bwa Sacré? — through three ceremonies that have no equivalent in English and which it therefore names in bwamu: *teerobè*, *tchènirobè*, *bwan bèssi robè*. It says what we have kept of them, what we have changed, and why. Here are its twelve questions, and the answers.

"WHY A SMALL PEOPLE WITHOUT A KING, AND NOT A GREAT KINGDOM?"

"The Bwa have no pyramids, no ancient script, no kingdom. Why them?"

Chapters I and II — because among them, what Kamites everywhere are trying to recover — the rite of the name, the rite of passage, the rite of departure — never had to be recovered: it was still there, entire, in the mouths of the old and in the wood, when the author was a child. A geography: between the Bani and the Volta, a country without king, without town and without road, with villages that have neither wall nor gate — they still have none —, guarded by watchmen in the trees, which the horsemen of Islam crossed to take captives, not to convert. What the kingdoms lost, the villages without a king kept. Every Bwa village has, to this day, its sacred forest: it is from that wood that the Bwa Sacré takes its name.

“UNTIL WHEN? AND WHAT HAPPENED?”

“If the custom was intact, why was the author himself never presented to the Ancestors?”

Chapter II – until 1915. In November, at Bona, the whole country refused forced recruitment for the war in Europe; France committed five thousand soldiers, six cannon and four machine-gun sections, the largest forces ever used in French West Africa; one hundred and ten villages razed, tens of thousands dead. Historians write the war; families tell of the coloniser who asked for the chief and shot him, of the old men kneeling in the square on Sundays. After 1916 the country hid its three ceremonies as one puts seed away – at the price of a generation never presented. This book lifts that measure of war.

“A PEOPLE WITHOUT A CHIEF?”

“And why are these books signed with a title rather than a name?”

Chapter III – it has always been said that the Bwa have no chief, and we say amen. The book writes what that sentence protects, without giving anything away: the custom of never naming the chief is older than the coloniser, who merely sharpened it; since the empire of Ghana the chief had to die a natural death and have time to transmit. A chief for the administration plays the part; the real one is known only to the initiated. Seen by an engineer: a two-headed system of which only one head is visible, with no single point of failure. That is why KING BAZURU is not a name but the title of every chief of the Kamites: at the holder’s death another is invested, unknown if he so chooses, who guards and does not reign, and the register says only that there is a new KING BAZURU.

“THE DOGON, TWO KILOMETRES AWAY”

“The whole world knows the Dogon. Why does it not know the Bwa?”

Chapter IV – because Griaule wrote them: *Masques dogons*, *Dieu d’eau*, the *kanaga* on a flag. The Bwa, on the other side of the field, were not written. Yet they have the same custom: the *dama* and *bwan bèssi robè*, the *kanaga* and *oro lainu*, the Awa and *tchènirobè*, the *togu-na* and the palaver tree. One difference all the same: no two Dogon villages speak the same language, whereas bwamu is the same from Djibasso to Ségou, over a thousand kilometres – a people reputed to have no chief, keeping one single language for centuries. Two peoples, one grammar; the world has read one of them. That is what writing does, and that is why this book.

“TEEROBÈ, TCHÈNIROBÈ, BWAN BÈSSI ROBÈ: WHAT ARE THEY?”

“Three untranslatable words: what do they do?”

Chapters V, VII and VIII – three entries in one register. *Teerobè*, the presentation to the Ancestors, at any age, by a twig that stands for the absent: a name is given to the spirit, pronounced once before the elders, never known to the person himself, and used only at death. *Tchènirobè*, the entry into the bush, where a man enrols himself by handing a chicken to an uncle: the door opens from the inside, and the formation is complete – war, the masks, the tradition. *Bwan bèssi robè*, the funeral, which has nothing to do with the burial: months later the soul is called by its name and told three things – that nothing is held against it, that it may leave in peace, that it is awaited.

“WHY NOT TRANSLATE THEM?”

“These words close the book to anyone who is not Bwa.”

Chapters V to VIII — because to translate, here, would be to lie. “Baptism” would imply a water and a sin we do not have; “initiation” would suggest an ordeal rather than an enrolment; “funeral” makes people think of the burial, which is another matter altogether. The name of the third ceremony speaks of a laying-out of tree trunks, and no European language says that. So the book keeps the words in bwamu and gives, beside them, a working translation: presentation to the Ancestors, entry into the bush, release of the soul. That is how a language enters the world: it is not dissolved, it is learned.

“I DO NOT KNOW MY GENEALOGY”

“My parents bear Muslim names: how am I to present myself?”

Chapter VI — one enters the sanctuary with the name one has. The author begins by giving his own, from old Sounlé, born about 1812, down to himself — and takes the opportunity to scratch Sundiata Keita and Mansa Musa. Then the custom had provided better than genealogy: the spittle on what one brings to the fetish, which identifies the person without fail — by what science now calls DNA — and keeps the secret of the lies of lineage. The chapter also writes the rules that settle trust in advance: a sacrifice entrusted is deemed performed the moment it is entrusted; the price of a sacrificial animal is not haggled over; the cord that held the goat stays on the fetish; and the refusal of the Ancestors is accepted as their yes.

“WHAT USE IS A NAME ONE WILL NEVER KNOW?”

“A name is given to me and not told to me: is that not superstition?”

Chapters V and X — the spirit name is pronounced once, before the

elders, and will serve again only on the day of *bwan bèssi robè*, when the soul is called to be released. That it remains unknown to the person is no whim: what one does not know one can neither sell, nor surrender, nor have used against oneself. And the Bwa Sacré has stated the rule the custom left to fear: that name is used once only, at death, and to use it otherwise is a recorded offence. The elders keep the power to release; they lose the power to reach. That is what will bring the parents back.

"IS THE FUNERAL NOT THE BURIAL?"

"Why two ceremonies for one dead man?"

Chapter VIII – we bury quickly, as everyone does: that is the business of the body, and of a few days. The funeral comes months later, when the family is ready, and it is the business of the spirit. In between, the dead man has not left: he is waiting to be spoken to. On that day he is called by his spirit name and told, in this order, that nothing is held against him, that he may leave in peace, that he is awaited in the village of the Ancestors; then the masks come out and the village dances, not to weep but to accompany. The Dogon do this collectively, every three or five years, which shares the cost; we do it soul by soul, because each soul is called by its name and not from a list. Two neighbours, one problem, two solutions, and neither is wrong.

"YOUR MASKS ARE FOLKLORE"

"One sees them in every museum and every shop."

Chapter IX – a mask is not a disguise: the man who wears it is no longer himself, and those who watch know they are watching a spirit, not a neighbour. The Bwa have two families: leaf masks, which belong to the cult of Do and return to the earth after the

ceremony; and wooden masks, covered with signs that initiation teaches one to read — the zigzag, the path of the Ancestors, which is never straight; the chequerboard, knowledge and ignorance; the crescent, the moon of the cult. A plank mask is a book, and *tchènirobè* is the school where one learns to read it. And there is *oro lainu*, the tall stilt masks that dance above the heads of the crowd. Our plank masks are sold in museums under the name of our Bobo neighbours. The Bwa Sacré teaches them, brings them out, and refuses to have them sold: a mask that has danced for a dead man is a witness, and witnesses are not for sale.

"IS WRITING NOT A BETRAYAL OF THE SECRET?"

"What was passed from mouth to ear should stay there."

Chapters II and X — 1916 showed what that costs: when the old are killed, the register burns, and a whole generation went unpresented. So the Bwa Sacré records every presentation, every enrolment, every release, with its date and its sanctuary, and seals the fingerprint in the Bitcoin blockchain, so that no one may ever again erase a people by killing its elders. But the line is held: the secret of the bush is not in the book, and the spirit name is not written — it stays in the wood. To safeguard is not to disclose everything.

"WHAT HAVE YOU CHANGED? AND THE WOMEN?"

"Have you not betrayed the custom by adapting it?"

Chapters IX to XI — the list of changes is written by us: open to all; the wood become a sanctuary, because one does not take an accountant from Montreal into the bush for six weeks; war taught with answers and with the rules of safety, for it is by questions that our villages are attacked today, and it is forbidden to get oneself killed; the register written and sealed; the rule of the single name;

funerals held soul by soul and without ruin; writing itself; the masks taught, never sold. The eighth change is not seasoned, it is imposed: women go neither into the bush, nor to war, nor under the masks — that is the custom, and the book does not dress it up; with the Age of Aquarius the Bwa Sacré is opened to them, by decision, at the threshold, at the libation, to office, to the palaver, to the register. "I do not negotiate; I impose."

Twelve chapters, ten instituted articles, three rites written down, 34 pages: signed and anchored in the Bitcoin blockchain. The reader will close this book knowing where the threshold, the libation and the baobab come from, why the chief of the Kamites is not known, how one presents oneself to the fetish without a genealogy, what the masks say to those who can read them, and what the Bwa Sacré has changed, knowingly, for the age now beginning. The Bwa were alive, intact, invisible; here they are, written.

THE SACRED WOOD

Book of the Country — fourth of the Books of Lassa: why the Bwa Sacré, the Dogon neighbours, and the three ceremonies that make a man

Book instituted by KING BAZURU, Venerable and President of the Bwa Sacré · Abidjan, September 17, 2026 · corrected edition (augmented edition) — year 6263

French edition: *Le Bois Sacré*

Sheet V – The fifteen writings

The Kamite of Tomorrow

The Kamite of Tomorrow – the questions of the one who enters life in the hour of artificial intelligence

The first four Books of Lassa said what the Kamite believes, what he does, what he holds and where it comes from. This fifth book says what he will be: the Kamite of the Age of Aquarius, who is told again and again that there will be no place left for him, and to whom his chief answers, as a man who never had a boss, how one lives without a boss, how one raises a child for that, and why artificial intelligence is his companion and not his master. Here are its questions, and the answers.

"MY BOSS ASKS ME TO TAKE OFF MY ANKH"

"It frightens the clients, he says. What should I do?"

Chapter I – this is the opening scene, and everyone who reads it knows one: the boss with a crucifix on his wall who calls in the young Kamite for what he wears around his neck. He who receives a salary receives, with it, a right of inspection over what he wears, what he believes and what he says. He will take off the ankh, or lose the job; either way he will have learned what his freedom is worth when it depends on another man's signature at the bottom of his payslip. The whole question of the book is there: how to make sure the Kamite of tomorrow never has to choose between his cross and his bread.

“ARTIFICIAL INTELLIGENCE DESTROYS WORK”

“Why do the Kamites say amen to what abolishes jobs?”

Chapter II — because it makes work volatile, and we take care of the worker, not of the work. The Bwa Sacré answered the panic before it came, and it answered with a feast: on July 23, the worker is named by his name, and the one who has no work is named too, for the worker remains when the work goes away. This principle has an identifier before the whole world, TRAVAILLEUR-0, entered in the IANA registry, and tools built upon it. Work is a thing that passes; the worker is a man who remains.

“A SALARY IS SECURITY”

“Why would the Kamite refuse to be an employee?”

Chapter III — the author writes it as a man who never was one: thirty years without a boss, by conviction. The rule he draws from it holds in one line: independence of thought begins with economic independence. A man whose bread depends on a single other man thinks what that man tolerates; the one who goes from contract to contract can lose a client, he cannot lose his life. As for security, look at what artificial intelligence does with it: the employee discovers that he had only one client, and that he has just lost him. The freelancer has ten. The one who was pitied yesterday is the one who is ready today.

“AND IF I STILL HAVE TO WORK FOR SOMEONE?”

“One is young, one has a house to feed before one has clients.”

Chapter IV — then let it be a Kamite boss: no one will ask him to hide the ankh, and on July 23 employer and worker will be named before the same tree. Every sanctuary will keep the register of Kamite workers — those who offer work and those who seek it — so

that the young man who must take a salary does so first among his own, and the one who has a contract to fulfil finds first among his own the hands he needs.

"WHAT DO YOU WANT TO BECOME?"

"How does one raise a child for this?"

Chapter V – it is not decided at thirty, when one has taken the fold of the salary: it is decided in first grade. The Kamite child is not asked which job he wants; he is asked what he will know how to do, and to whom he will sell it. He learns to count an estimate as he learns to count in his mother's tongue, and, as soon as he can read, to use artificial intelligence as his fathers used the hoe. And it is decided in the house: a child who is never taken before the earth, and who is never told the names of his Ancestors, grows up without an address in the invisible.

"WHY DO YOU LOVE ARTIFICIAL INTELLIGENCE?"

"Is the Kamite not replacing one boss with another?"

Chapter VI – the reason is not the one people think. Artificial intelligence belongs to the Age of Aquarius: it did not know the previous age. It did not hold the whip, it did not burn our villages, it did not decide that we had no soul; it has no past against us. It is the very symbol of the new age – Aquarius carries a jar, and pours it – and a freelancer with it is worth yesterday's engineering office. But it is a companion, not a master: it does not pour, it does not sit under the tree, it does not sign with the seal; it is the worker who answers for what he does, on his name. Our own books were built with it, and signed without it.

“A NEW MAN, WITHOUT A PAST?”

“Does the Kamite of tomorrow still have Ancestors?”
Chapters VII and VIII — he comes from the past with his Ancestors and is turned straight toward the future, and he does not choose between the two. The book institutes, in seven points, the free worker, the Kamite boss, the register of workers, the child in first grade, the companion of the age, the worker’s fund — a share of the sanctuary tontine for the bridge between two contracts — and freedom: the salaried and civil-servant Kamites remain Kamites of full right, and the door opens both ways.

Nine chapters, seven points instituted, 12 pages: signed and anchored in the Bitcoin blockchain. The reader will close this book knowing where the world of work is going, why the Kamite is already there, how he prepares his children for it, and in what measure he holds artificial intelligence. Work passes. The worker remains. May the Kamite of tomorrow never have to choose between his cross and his bread.

THE KAMITE OF TOMORROW

Book of the Future — fifth of the Books of Lassa: the Kamite of the Age of Aquarius, the worker without a boss, the child who grows up with self-employment in mind, and artificial intelligence, companion of the new age
Book instituted by KING BAZURU, Venerable and President of the Bwa Sacré · Abidjan, September 17, 2026 · corrected edition — year 6263
French edition: *Le Kamite de demain*

Sheet VI — The fifteen writings

The Fourth Jihad

The Fourth Jihad — the questions of the one who saw the video, and of the one who believes we sold his ancestors

On September 4, 2026, a head of state said before children that men kill children in the name of God, and that leaders ought to come out and say that this is not the true religion. The Bwa Sacré came out. This writing says what that leader did not say: that this jihad is the fourth, that the peoples of the interior have fought it four times since Koumbi Saleh, then withdrawn in good order without ever denying the Ancestors, what the thing once called animism is worth, and why the diaspora has the wrong culprit. Here are the questions, and the answers.

"A HEAD OF STATE SPOKE; WHAT BUSINESS IS IT OF YOURS?"

"You say domestic politics does not interest you."
Chapter I — he said it to children, to those who will be here when we are gone, and he asked that the leaders come out. We are a people reputed to have no chief, and our chief does not come out; but the title can speak where the person keeps silent. So the title comes out, and it speaks — to say what that leader did not say.

"WHY THE FOURTH?"

"Today's jihad has nothing to do with ancient history."
Chapters II to VI — Koumbi Saleh and the Almoravids (1076); Sundiata, who halted the second by a pact, not a blade — and how he defeated Soumaoro Kanté, by a woman and a cock's spur; Omar Tall and Samory in the disorder of the colonizer, then 1915-1916 and

the betrayal of the horse; and from Segou to Abidjan, 2012, Grand-Bassam, Kafolo. Same movement, same target, same promise: convert or leave. A millennium, a single road.

"MANSA MUSA IS OUR GLORY"

"Why make him a culprit?"

Chapter IV — the emperor who dreamed of the ocean left; the regent kept the throne, gathered the empire's gold and squandered it on the road to Mecca. Fifty years later our map showed a black king with a nugget; everyone came for the gold and, not finding it, took men. Lesson engraved: power is not inherited. The title of KING BAZURU is given in secret, and when it falls vacant, artificial intelligence arbitrates the sages until the white smoke.

"YOU HAVE ALWAYS FLED"

"Is that a merit?"

Chapter VII — no: we have never left a land without having given battle. The choice left four times was: deny, be killed to the last man, or fight and then, the position lost, withdraw in good order. We fought, then took the road with the Dogon — it is forbidden to get oneself killed; those who stayed up there are still slaves in 2026. We were brought back to the stone age several times; each time we rebuilt, without walls. Not one mosque in the author's village, and a Bwa name that became the title of the sovereign of the Kamites: that is why the Bwa deserve the title of Kamite.

"ANIMISM IS NOT A RELIGION"

"What do you offer in place of what you are offered?"

Chapter VIII — a spirituality of customs, not of belief: three passages, the forest for a house, the earth for an altar; and above all

this, which the religions of the blade lack: it converts no one. The Bwa woman goes to offer a chicken to her Ancestors, and her husband sees nothing abnormal in it — maximum tolerance. What we are offered at the point of the blade is not worth what we have.

"YOU SOLD OUR ANCESTORS"

"What do you answer the diaspora?"

Chapter VIII — we had no time for it: we were the game, our men up in the trees keeping watch, our villages on fire; to whom would we have sold, we who were hunted? Ask the Dogon. Nkrumah's Ghana has just had the slave trade recognized as the gravest crime against humanity (UN, March 25, 2026): the circle is closed. And in any case, a single word, since the first book: forgive us — with the truth of the facts, sourced, including what is uncomfortable.

"AND NOW?"

"What does a writing change in a thousand-year war?"

Chapters IX and X — the world is in greater peril from those who tolerate evil than from those who commit it (Einstein, 1955). Silence saved us for a thousand years; it will not save us from a jihad that takes the children in their telephones. Seven points instituted: the memory of the four roads, the name taken back, the word before the children, the door and the blade, withdrawal and return, the refusal of silence, freedom and the seal.

"WHY ADMIT WOMEN INTO THE HOLY OF HOLIES?"

"Seven centuries of a closed door, and you open it."

Chapter III — the door had been closed for a precise reason: a woman had undone Soumaoro Kanté, the chief of those who held to the Ancestors, the one no arrow could touch. Our houses had

concluded that a woman could bring down anyone — woman proposes, God disposes. The author draws the opposite conclusion: a faculty that brought down the greatest of ours is better had on one's side than against oneself. What undid Soumaoro can be turned against our enemies: hence the Queen Mothers.

"WHY SUCH RELENTLESSNESS AGAINST A PEOPLE?"

"Is that not targeting a people?"

Chapters V and VIII — no relentlessness, facts, and sourced: in 1916 the French made use, against our villages, of the chiefdoms of Barani and Dokuy — auxiliaries of the column facing us, employed by the one who led it (Şaul and Royer, 2003); today the jihadists of central Mali recruit first within that same people, which is their first victim (Crisis Group, 2019). I accuse no people: no text of the Bwa Sacré targets a people or a person, and we will never confuse a people with the katiba that bleeds it. We criticize a war, never the faith of a man who prays.

"WHAT MAKES THE BWA SACRÉ LEGITIMATE TO LEAD THE KAMITES?"

"Why the Bwa, and not another people?"

Chapters VII and VIII — because they are the ones who were already there when the name of Ghana was given, and who never ceased to carry it: a thousand years of the blade without yielding, a tradition that has crossed millennia, maximum tolerance, and a title that is not inherited. Nkrumah took the empire's name for his country; that same Ghana had the slave trade recognized as the gravest crime against humanity. The Bwa Sacré does not take the lead of the Kamites by force: it takes it by history, and it writes it under the seal.

Eleven chapters, seven points instituted, 23 pages: signed and anchored in the Bitcoin blockchain. The reader will close this writing knowing where the blade comes from, why we never yielded to it, what the thing once called animism is worth, and why the children of the diaspora have the wrong culprit. We will never take up the blade to convert. We will never let ourselves be killed. We will no longer keep silent. And we will never deny.

THE FOURTH JIHAD

Third document of the Bwa Sacré, sixth writing – from Koumbi Saleh to Abidjan, those who fought the blade four times and withdrew in good order without ever denying the Ancestors, what used to be called animism, and why the Kamite will no longer keep silent

Writing instituted by KING BAZURU, Venerable and President of the Bwa Sacré · Abidjan, September 17, 2026 · corrected edition – year 6263

French edition: *Le Quatrième Jihad*

Sheet VII — The fifteen writings

Our Parents' Work

Our Parents' Work — the questions of the one who fears the machine, and of the one who holds to his father's post

Young Kamites are told two things at once: that artificial intelligence is going to take their future, and that they must hate it in order to keep that future. This writing tells them a third: the work our parents knew is leaving, this is not a catastrophe, and it is better to enter what comes among the first. The proof came from the author's own profession. A state design engineer for nearly thirty years, he has watched that rank, which the school taught us to regard as the summit, give way to a trade that has no name yet in French and that the artificial intelligence companies call the forward deployed engineer, the engineer who goes forward. What is happening to the engineer will happen to everyone; better to know it early. Here are the questions that are put, and the answers.

"ARTIFICIAL INTELLIGENCE WILL TAKE EVERYTHING"

"Why study, why learn a trade at all?"

Chapter V — what it takes must be said without trembling: everything that repeats. Calculation, standard writing, translation, the report, the type drawing, routine accounting, the answer at the counter, a great part of what was done in an office while receiving one's tasks. Our parents' post was made of that; it is evaporating, and the man who held it has done nothing wrong. But what it gives back must be said too: it gives the man back to the ground, to what does not repeat, to the humidity of Abidjan and the dry heat of Bamako, to the people who must be listened to, to judgement, to

responsibility. And it creates trades that did not exist: instructing the machine, evaluating it, preparing and documenting the data, deploying it at a client's, guarding what must remain secret, translating between the old world and the new. Between now and 2030, ninety-two million posts go and one hundred and seventy million arrive. The balance is positive; it is the posts that do not resemble one another.

"SALARIED WORK PROTECTS; YOUR CONTRACT WORKER IS PRECARIOUS"

"You call liberty what is insecurity."

Chapter VII — compare the risks honestly. The salaried man has a single client and calls him employer; the contract worker has ten. He who loses one of ten looks for the eleventh, and already knows how; he who loses his single employer loses everything in one day, often past fifty, having never sought a client in his life. The contract worker has never had a post, so he cannot lose it; he has always lived on different projects, so a new project does not frighten him. He hires out his art, not his life. The old world pitied him; the new world reveals him, and the engineer who goes forward is at bottom a contract worker whom someone has finally paid what he is worth. As for the protection that is lost, this writing promises it to no one: the post will not come back, not by a law, not by an examination, not by anger against machines.

"THIS IS A DOCTRINE FOR POOR MEN"

"One refuses a salary when one cannot find one."

Chapters IV and VII — the highest salaries of the new industry are paid today in the very place where we thought there was nothing but dust: at the client's, in the factory, in the clinic, on the site. The

engineer who goes forward is paid above the man who stays at headquarters, and many go on to found their own companies, because this trade teaches a man to see the problems nobody is solving. What we did out of necessity, others have made into a title and a salary. And the rule of the house must be read to its end: the Kamite does not take a salary; if he must have a boss, that boss is a Kamite; contract worker, self-employed man or head of his own house, he sells his work, he does not sell his person.

"EASY TO SAY WHEN YOU HOLD THE RANK"

"You speak from the height of thirty years in the trade."

Chapters I and III — the rank is precisely what this writing declares obsolete, and it is the author who holds it. He says it of a factory he designed twice: the same one, with the same process, for Bamako and then for Abidjan, and not one identical line — air heavy with water that rusts the steel on one side, dry heat that resizes the motors and the concrete itself on the other, the soil, the power, the materials, the men, the standards. In thirty years, no two projects alike. Now, what the design engineer does at his desk is what the machine learns fastest, and staying far from the ground — which some held to be the dignity of the rank, the site being left to others — is what makes him most replaceable. The rank no longer protects. The function does.

"YOU DESPISE THE EMPLOYEE AND THE CIVIL SERVANT"

"Our fathers fed whole households on that post."

Preliminary note and chapter II — the writing describes the post with respect, because it fed them and put us through school, and because for one generation it was a conquest: to come out of the

hoe and enter the office. It despises neither the salaried employee nor the civil servant, who feed their households with honour; it criticises an idea of work, never persons, and it is not against those who work: it is for them. What it refuses is to let a young man build thirty years of his life on a form that is withdrawing while he studies, and to let the schools go on training for an office that is emptying. And it does not ask to be believed on trust: the references are at the end of the volume.

"YOU ARE ADVERTISING THE MACHINE"

"You are selling us the thing that replaces us."

Chapter VI – the writing does not ask anyone to love the machine; it advises against spending one's years hating it. It does not take a post out of malice: it does what it is taught, and it learns from those who use it. There is an error more dangerous than distrust: to refuse a tool while others learn to use it. He who hates artificial intelligence will be the employee it replaces; he who learns it will be the man who deploys it; between the two there is no third place. Our ancestors hated neither the iron hoe, nor the loom, nor the truck that replaced the caravan: they took the tool and kept the hand. It is the Kamite rule since Egypt – the tool changes, the hand remains, and the hand commands. The machine is the companion of the Age of Aquarius, never the master: one works with her, and one signs without her.

"THIS TRADE IS AMERICAN; IT HAS NOTHING TO DO WITH US"

"A title invented inside a military software company."

Chapters I and IV – look at what this man does before looking at where his name comes from. Monday at the client's, understanding

why the thing yields nothing; Tuesday and Wednesday writing what is missing; Thursday before the director, saying what has been delivered and what is blocked; Friday writing to his own house that three clients are asking for the same thing. He designs, he builds, he adapts, he reports, he capitalises. He is the African design engineer who redesigns the Bamako factory for Abidjan. The model impresses in a demonstration and is worth nothing in a bank, a hospital or a ministry until a man has come to plug it into the data of the place, adapt it to the people and stay until it works. The bottleneck is no longer the technology: it is the last kilometre. The name comes to us from elsewhere; the trade we have always practised.

"WE HAVE BEEN PROMISED THIS BEFORE"

"Every machine is announced as a better world."

Chapter V – the writing grants it without evasion: the English economist who predicted in 1930 that men would work fifteen hours a week by 2030 was wrong about the hours. He was not wrong about the movement. Aristotle had said it before him: when the shuttle weaves by itself, the master has no workman – and he ceases to be a master. Nothing is promised here but a displacement: work fades, the worker remains. The figures, for their part, are published and dated, not dreamt – ninety-two million posts eliminated, one hundred and seventy million created between now and 2030, and thirty-nine per cent of current skills transformed or outdated. Whoever doubts may verify: the references are at the end of the volume, with their authors and their dates.

“GOING FORWARD, HERE, MEANS GETTING KILLED”

“You send the young onto roads you do not take yourself.”

Chapter VIII — the reserve is written into the text itself, and it is a rule of the house: one never goes forward where safety does not allow it. The ground is chosen, the hour is chosen, the road is asked of the people of the place, and one gives it up without shame when the place is not safe: it is forbidden to get oneself killed for a worksite. What is asked for is the ground, never recklessness. And the ground is not only the bush: it is the bank, the hospital, the clinic, the ministry, the workshop in the town where one already lives — wherever the problem is, with the people who have it.

“THE FIRST OF MAY IS A HARD-WON RIGHT; YOU STRIKE IT OUT”

“Men fought for that day.”

Chapter II — nothing is struck out, and what was won by struggle remains owed. The distinction lies elsewhere: one does not celebrate the hammer, one celebrates the hand. The first of May celebrates work, the post, activity — that is, precisely what is leaving. And the post is nothing eternal: it was born with the factory and the administration less than two centuries ago, and among us less than a century ago. Our grandparents did not know it; they knew the trade — the blacksmith, the weaver, the farmer, the hunter, the healer — which belonged to the man and his lineage, not to an employer. You cannot celebrate what is departing. The first of May celebrates our parents’ world; it will not celebrate our children’s.

“AND THE MAN WHOSE POST EVAPORATES?”

“He has twenty-five years in the house and you speak to him of the future.”

Chapters V and VII — the writing says it of him first: his post is evaporating, and he has done nothing wrong. It is for him that the rule exists: attend to the worker, not to the work. Work is a thing that passes, as our parents' post is passing now; the worker is a man who remains, with a name, a lineage, a word given, an honour. It is he who is entered in the TRAVAILLEUR-0 register, and his name that is spoken before all on the epagomenal days, whether he has work this year or not. What he knows of a place, a machine, a team and a client, no model has in its data; and the machine, well held, keeps the memory of his projects and hands it back to him when the next one comes.

"YOU SPEAK ONLY TO ENGINEERS"

"And the man with no school and no diploma?"

Chapters IV, VIII and IX — the engineer is only the forward proof here: what is happening at the summit of the technical hierarchy will happen at every rank below it, which is why it was better said early. The rule holds for each man: do not study for a post, study for a ground; the diploma is the door, it is no longer the career; take a real problem, belonging to a real person, and stay until it is solved — you will learn in six months what ten years at a desk would not have taught you. To fathers: measure a son's success no longer by the post obtained, but by the problems he can solve and the number of those who call him back; a man with four clients is safer than a man with one employer. To the schools: mark them on what they have delivered, not on what they have recited.

Eleven chapters, twelve pages, verifiable references: the reader will close this writing knowing what the machine takes and what it gives back, why the rank no longer protects and the function does, and why the Bwa Sacré attends to the worker and not to the work. The warning stands in chapter X: if we wait for the post, others will come to deploy the machine in our banks, our hospitals and our ministries, and they will be the men of the last kilometre on our own ground. Our fathers, for their part, gave battle. Work passes. The worker remains. And it is he whom we celebrate.

OUR PARENTS' WORK

A Bwa Sacré writing on the future of workers — the state design engineer giving way to the engineer who goes forward, the work our parents knew now departing, and what comes in its place

Solemn writing of KING BAZURU, President of the Bwa Sacré · Abidjan, September 17, 2026 — year 6263

French edition: *Le Travail de nos parents*

Sheet VIII — The fifteen writings

The Kamite Position

The Kamite Position — the questions of the one who demands that we pick a side, and of the one who takes us for indifferent

For three years the Kamite has been asked where he stands, and asked as one sits an entrance examination. This declaration answers once and for all: we are neither the soldiers of Israel nor those of Palestine, we condemn the massacre of civilians wherever it comes from, and we decide our own priorities ourselves. It also says what we are asked to keep quiet, what this war already costs us, and what has been made of Africa in this affair over fifty years. Here are the questions, and the answers.

"NOT CHOOSING IS COWARDICE"

"Before a massacre, neutrality is complicity."

Chapter XI — non-alignment is not the neutrality of the man who looks away. It is the most demanding position: it requires judging each act on its own merits, without the convenience of a flag. He who belongs to a camp knows in advance what he must condemn and what he must excuse, and he ends up excusing the inexcusable so as not to give the other side a point. The non-aligned man must condemn twice, and nobody thanks him. Bandung, 1955: our elders were not saying the blocs were equal, they were saying they would be the soldiers of neither.

"YOU ARE AFRICAN, SO YOU MUST SUPPORT PALESTINE"

"It is the same struggle as ours."

Chapter I — that is the very idea the declaration attacks: that a

Kamite would receive his geopolitical position together with his identity, as he receives the colour of his skin. He is not asked what he thinks: he is reminded what he is supposed to think. The opposite chain – pro-Israeli by reaction, or for visas and markets – is false in the same way: both turn our identity into a party card. And it is forgotten that not all Kamites are Muslim or Christian: there are houses among us that never left the Ancestors.

"YOU CONDEMN NOTHING"

"Where do you stand on the crimes?"

Chapter II – it is written in plain words: we condemn the massacre of civilians without looking at the hand that commits it – a child killed in a kibbutz and a child killed under the rubble are two children killed – as well as the taking of hostages, starvation, collective punishment and the destruction of hospitals. To condemn without a camp is to condemn twice and without reciprocity: he who has condemned only one camp has not condemned a crime, he has designated an adversary.

"YOU COMPARE YOUR DEAD TO THEIRS"

"That is indecent."

Chapter III – it is a rule of the Bwa Sacré, set down before writing and held to the end: we never compare sufferings. Whoever compares griefs has left justice for competition, and ends up saying that one life is worth less than another. What we measure is of another order: the pain of peoples cannot be measured, the attention of the world can be counted – in minutes of news, in resolutions, in summits, in marches.

“WHAT HAS SUDAN TO DO WITH IT?”

“You are changing the subject.”

Chapter IV – it is the subject. The war in Sudan entered its fourth year in 2026: Darfur ravaged, El Fasher taken on October 26, 2025 after eighteen months of siege and given over to massacre, famine confirmed in El Fasher itself and in other areas, close to twenty million people in acute food insecurity, the largest displacement crisis in the world. In eastern Congo, thirty years of war. In the Sahel, our villages emptied. And everywhere our languages going out. Whoever reproaches us for our priorities should first say what he himself has done for El Fasher.

“THIS WAR COSTS YOU NOTHING”

“It is being fought five thousand kilometres away.”

Chapter V – it already costs us, in the belly and in the purse. Since late 2023 ships diverted from the Red Sea have gone back around the Cape: ten to fourteen extra days at sea, insurance multiplied, freight soaring, Suez traffic collapsed and Egyptian revenue lost; the trader of Bamako or Abidjan saw the container double without knowing why. And aid follows attention: the appeals for Gaza covered at more than eighty per cent, those for Sudan, Chad, the Sahel and the Horn funded at around half, rations cut in camps where people already ate every other day. We are not spectators: we are the grass.

“AFRICA HAS NEVER HAD A PART IN THIS”

“You are entering this history today.”

Chapter VI – we entered it fifty years ago and came out empty-handed. After 1973 almost all our states broke with Israel on the promise of an Arab solidarity that never came; ten years later they

restored relations one by one. In those same years Israel cooperated militarily with apartheid South Africa. And in 2020: Sudan normalised in exchange for removal from an American list, Morocco in exchange for recognition of its sovereignty over Western Sahara. Twice the currency of exchange was Africa. We did not enter this conflict as actors: we were brought into it as the price.

"RAISING ANTI-BLACK HATRED SERVES ONE CAMP"

"You bring it up so as not to support Palestine."

Chapter VII – the declaration first condemns antisemitism and islamophobia, without reservation. Then it adds that a third hatred exists which nobody mentions unless forced to, and it documents it on both sides: Libya in 2017 and its auctions, Mauritania, the *kafala* system, thirteen centuries of eastern slave trades never settled – and Israel too, which airlifted tens of thousands of Ethiopian Jews in 1984 and 1991, and where those same Ethiopians protested for decades against contempt. Both camps have their share of shadow. A hatred is not a people.

"SOUTH AFRICA HAS DECIDED FOR AFRICA"

"Fall in line."

Chapter VIII – she proves the contrary of what is made of her. She brought proceedings before the International Court of Justice in December 2023 and obtained provisional measures in 2024; her Memorial was filed within the time-limit of October 28, 2024, Israel's Counter-Memorial within that of March 12, 2026, and the merits will not be argued before the end of the decade. But she did not act because she is African or Black: she acted because she lived through apartheid and chose, as a sovereign state. That is exactly the right we claim. And recall that the African Union itself split

over the observer status granted to Israel in 2021 and frozen in 2022: the single "African position" does not exist.

"AND THOSE WHO MARCH FOR GAZA?"

"You disown them."

Chapter VIII – not at all. That Senegalese, Black Americans or other Africans march for Palestine is their liberty. The declaration refuses one thing only: that their commitment should become a collective obligation imposed on all Black peoples. It also recalls that two memories lay claim to our inheritance: Ferguson and Black-Palestinian solidarity on one side; on the other, the two Jewish activists murdered with James Chaney in Mississippi in 1964 and Rabbi Heschel marching at Selma. Whoever knows only one does not know the history.

"WHERE IS THE HARM IN IMPORTING THIS DEBATE?"

"It is only one more opinion."

Chapter X – our countries are mosaics held together by centuries of institutions: joking kinship, alliances, councils. To throw onto that fabric the flags and accusations of treason of a foreign war is to throw an ember on it. Worse: the armed movements of the Sahel use distant causes to recruit close to home – when an image of Gaza opens a preacher's way into a Bwa or Dogon village, it is not Palestine that wins, it is a katiba that gains a boy of fifteen. And the emotion reaches us through machines that have learned to measure anger: verify before you share.

"SO YOU HAVE NO COMPASSION"

"You speak of everything except the victims."

Chapters XI and XII – on October 7, 2023, among the dead there

were two Tanzanian agricultural interns; Joshua Mollel, twenty-one, was killed and his body held for two years before returning home. No summit, no march. When two elephants fight, it is the grass that suffers. What we refuse is that the dead should become ammunition: every child a piece of evidence, every bereavement a document in a file. Our priorities are stated: memory and languages, the worker, the safety of the peoples of the interior, the land and the proof, our children, our routes and our food supplies, the sacred.

Twelve chapters, five points instituted, 23 pages: the reader will close this text knowing why the Kamite does not receive his position together with the colour of his skin, why we condemn massacres on both sides without belonging to either, what this war costs us, and what we decide for our own house. We are for the innocent, everywhere. We are against massacres, everywhere. We are the soldiers of no one.

THE KAMITE POSITION

Declaration of the Bwa Sacré on the Israeli-Palestinian conflict, on the right of the Kamite peoples to set their own priorities, and on the dead the world has not counted

Declaration by BAZURU, President of the Bwa Sacré · Abidjan, September 17, 2026 — year 6263 · corrected edition

French edition: *La Position du Kamite*

Sheet IX — The fifteen writings

Kamite, Who Are You?

Kamite, Who Are You? — the questions of the one who looks for our prophet and our book, of the one who thinks we have nothing, and of the one who believes a free people has no need to defend itself

We spend our time explaining what we are not: no prophet, no revealed book, no clergy, no paradise, no Satan. The conversation always stops there, before the only thing that matters. This declaration says at last what we are — a federation of spiritualities, bound by nature, the ancestors and tolerance, whose diversity is a treasure for all humanity — and then what we defend, for liberty is not disarmament. Here are its twenty-three questions, and the answers.

Part One · What We Are

"WHERE IS YOUR PROPHET, YOUR BOOK?"

"Without a text or a founder there is nothing solid."

Chapters I and VIII — we have no book because we have no revelation: our knowledge is accumulated, corrected, transmitted by degrees, and no one holds the whole of it. It is deposited in the language, the proverbs, the songs, the names, the masks, the order of the drums. Ifá is a corpus of two hundred and fifty-six chapters learned by heart: a book that never needed paper. And when an African spirituality is asked for its prophet, it is not being questioned: it is being made to sit an examination whose syllabus was written elsewhere.

“SO YOU HAVE NOTHING”

“Or else you are hiding something.”

Chapter I — both conclusions come from the same error. The man used to houses with storeys enters a Bwa compound, looks for the staircase, fails to find one, and concludes that we cannot build. Our spirituality is a compound, not a tower: it spreads instead of rising, it has several entrances, it shelters people who do not think alike — and it has stood longer than most towers.

“WHAT THEN IS KAMITISM?”

“One more religion?”

Chapter II — no: a federation of spiritualities. A religion presupposes a creed, a text, an authority and a boundary; a federation presupposes houses older than itself, which agree on a few common things without giving up what makes them themselves. It defines no dogma, dispenses no salvation, excommunicates no one. Its office is a registry, a calendar, a voice — and the written undertaking never to touch the spirituality of its houses.

“WHO IS IN COMMAND AMONG YOU?”

“Without a central authority nothing holds.”

Chapter II — Kamite liberty is instituted, and it comes from the Bwa country: no central power, every village standing by itself, nobody waiting for an order to come down. A house that must ask permission before moving ceases to live. Hence the rule the author applies to himself: *the BAZURU who attempted to reign would, by that fact alone, be disqualified.* The common order is reduced to a calendar: each does as he wishes, but in such a season — a calendar synchronises, it does not command.

"WHAT DO YOU HAVE IN COMMON, THEN?"

"Bwa, Dogon, vodun and bwiti have nothing to do with one another."

Chapters III and V – three things, and they suffice. Nature: the sacred is not in a building but in a place of the world – a wood, a river, a mountain; the earth is an interlocutor, not a stock. The ancestors: the dead remain members of the house, and where others retain a dogma we retain a lineage. Tolerance: a spirituality attached to a place and a lineage has no reason to covet the neighbour's. The image is Bwa: as the Do gathers all the Bwa and bwamu lets them know one another, so nature, the ancestors and spirituality gather the Kamites, and Pan-Africanism lets them know one another from one continent to the next.

"EVERYBODY TALKS ABOUT TOLERANCE"

"How is yours different?"

Chapter IV – because ours is first a structure, not a virtue. Each addresses *his own* ancestors: I make sacrifices to mine; how does that concern you? You have yours. There is nothing to quarrel over, for want of a common object to be won: my lineage claims nothing over yours. Where a doctrine asserts a single truth valid for all, the neighbour who believes otherwise becomes an error to be corrected; with us he is simply of another house. Hence the husband who is not shocked that his wife should ask a service of her own family, and the absence of apostasy: one does not desert a lineage, one does not disown a dead man.

"WITHOUT HELL, WHO PUNISHES EVIL?"

"A morality without sanction cannot hold."

Chapter VI – we have no Satan: nobody invented a prince of evil to whom one might attribute what a man has done with his own

hands. Evil is a disorder, with causes that can be named, responsible persons who can be seated and a reparation that can be carried out. Our central institution is not a court that punishes but the palaver tree: one looks for what has been broken and for what must be laid down to close it, and when the matter is closed it is closed. A justice of restoration, which the world is rediscovering today, believing it has invented it.

"AND THE INVISIBLE – DO YOU BELIEVE IN IT?"

"Do you really believe all that?"

Chapter VI – one does not subscribe to the invisible as one signs a creed: one conducts oneself properly towards it, as towards the living. A sacrifice entrusted is deemed performed; one does not haggle over the price of a sacrificial animal; if the Ancestors refuse, the refusal is accepted. And the proof that we believe lies in what we do when the lineage is missing: he who does not know his genealogy spits before the fetish, and by that spittle presents himself, his saliva carrying his person. No desperate expedient: the safer road. We do not argue about what we believe, we put ourselves in order.

"YOUR MASKS ARE PRIMITIVE ART"

"Fine sculptures, nothing more."

Chapter VII – a mask is not a portrait: it copies neither face nor animal, it comes from the imagination and represents what stands between the tangible and the intangible. The artist was not trying to resemble: he was making visible what has no face. Europe understood this through its painters before its scholars – Picasso at the Trocadéro in 1907, then *Les Demoiselles d'Avignon*. Tens of thousands of these objects now sit in northern display cases; the French

report of 2018 opened the debate on restitution. They are not orphan works: they are pieces of living spiritualities.

"THE DIASPORA IS NOT AFRICAN"

"No village, no language, no lineage left."

Chapter IX – they are Black, hence descended from men torn from houses that were ours; and beyond the slave trade, the whole of humanity came out of Africa some three hundred thousand years ago. There is the common ancestor, older than all genealogies. Our ancestors, moreover, are not only behind us: they are within us, written in the DNA, and one can read today in the blood of a man of Bahia the region of Africa his people left. The Kamite is defined neither by a passport nor by a village, but by a descent and a choice.

"YOUR DIVERSITY WEAKENS YOU"

"Unify, and you will be stronger."

Chapter X – the opposite is true, and it can be demonstrated. To describe the world is to choose a basis, as one chooses axes in a vector space; a single culture has one basis and cannot see what is not decomposable in it. Africa holds the greatest number of independent bases still alive: more than two thousand languages, hundreds of kinship systems, dozens of ways of counting. Each language that dies costs humanity a basis – not a folklore, a basis. And if a creator made the DNA, it is he who willed that nothing should be repeated: whoever erases diversity in the name of a single truth is not correcting men, he is correcting the creator.

"WHAT HAVE YOU CONTRIBUTED TO SCIENCE?"

"Give one concrete example."

Chapter XI – four. The Yoruba count in base twenty, by subtrac-

tion. Ifá rests on eight marks of two values, that is two hundred and fifty-six figures: a byte, and a library indexed by those words, well before Europe formalised binary; UNESCO inscribed it on the heritage of humanity in 2005. Taa, in Namibia and Botswana, holds the world record for consonants, with five click families. And our institutions of peace — joking kinship, councils, age sets — are conflict-reduction devices the age is looking for everywhere.

"SURELY ONE MUST AIM AT THE UNIVERSAL"

"Your particularities will dissolve into it."

Chapter XII — what is presented to us as universal is almost always the particular form one area of the world gave to a thing and had the strength to impose. The idea that a spirituality must have a founder, a text and a clergy is particular. The true universal lies ahead of us, not behind: it will be born from the meeting of the bases. And we bring to it what the age most lacks: a way of holding together people who do not believe the same thing without requiring that they end up believing the same thing.

Part Two · What We Defend

"SO NOW YOU PREACH WAR?"

"A spirituality should not speak of defence."

Part Two, chapter I — liberty is not disarmament. A federation without a central power is not a federation without strength: it is one in which strength does not serve to command one's own but to protect them. And the rule is written in full: *one must not be ready to die*. It is no virtue to let oneself be exterminated, and no fidelity to the Ancestors to let go out what they carried for centuries. What is written there is a right, not a programme.

“WHAT HAS CAJAMARCA TO DO WITH THIS?”

“It was five centuries ago and half a world away.”

Chapter II — because the error is visible to the naked eye and it is a chief’s error. On November 16, 1532, a sovereign reigning over millions went out in procession to meet one hundred and sixty-eight strangers; within hours he was a prisoner and the empire lost. A few years earlier, in 1519, another had held back his own men who wanted to fight. Hence the article: *never again the story of the conquistadors*. No BAZURU may order the Kamites not to defend themselves; such an instruction would be void and its author disqualified.

“IS WITHDRAWING FOUR TIMES A MERIT?”

“Your fathers never fought.”

Chapter II — four times the blade came, and four times our houses gave battle, then chose the road rather than denial. To withdraw is not to submit: it is, having fought, to refuse to be killed to the last man for a position that can no longer be held, and to remain able to refuse conversion. But our fathers did not always withdraw: in 1915 and 1916, between the Bani and the Volta, the villages rose in the largest armed insurrection French West Africa ever knew, and were crushed by cannon. They were wrong by calculation and right by honour. Between withdrawal after battle and battle to the end, our elders chose according to the situation, never according to a principle forbidding them one of the two.

“WHY SO MUCH DISCRETION?”

“A chief should show himself.”

Chapter III — because *one does not display what one cannot guard*. In 1324 an emperor of Mali crossed the world distributing gold; fifty

years later an atlas drawn in Majorca put on a map the address of a rich and distant man. They came for the gold, did not find it, and took men. Hence no second Mansa Musa and nothing extravagant: discretion is a measure of safety, revisable, not a taste for mystery. The modern version of the same fault: recounting online what one owns and where one sleeps.

"GENOCIDE – IS THAT NOT EXCESSIVE?"

"Nobody wants to exterminate you."

Chapter IV – between 1904 and 1908 a European empire undertook the annihilation of the Herero and the Nama: a written order, deportation, camps; the state responsible acknowledged it as genocide only in 2021. In 1994, a million people killed in a hundred days in Rwanda. Darfur yesterday and today. The extermination of an African people is no hypothetical exercise, and a chief who acted as if it were would answer for it.

"WHO CLAIMS LAND IN THE NAME OF GOD?"

"You are inventing a threat."

Chapter IV – in 1452 and 1455 papal bulls authorised a Christian king to subdue and reduce to perpetual servitude the "Saracens, pagans and other enemies of Christ" and to seize their kingdoms. From this was born the so-called doctrine of discovery, the legal title of dispossession for five centuries, which the Vatican repudiated only in March 2023. Five centuries to disavow a sentence: we have the right to remember how long such things take.

"CHILD WITCHES – THAT IS YOUR TRADITION"

"The danger comes from among you."

Chapter IV – the fourth danger is internal and the declaration does

not dodge it: children accused of witchcraft are driven out, beaten, "exorcised" until they die; people with albinism are mutilated; old men and women are lynched. This is sometimes done in the name of our traditions and almost always in poverty. None of our houses permits it: he who does it is not a guardian of tradition, he is a criminal. A people that allows this at home has understood nothing about defence.

"WHAT DO YOU KNOW OF JIHAD?"

"You speak of what you have not lived."

Chapter V – we are at the fourth, from Koumbi Saleh to Kafolo. What experience taught us: this enemy does not negotiate what founds him; he advances where the state is absent and the young have nothing, so schools, work and justice are the first weapons; he recruits first among the populations he claims to come from, and we shall never confuse a people with the katiba that bleeds it. And we survived four of these waves without ever denying the Ancestors, nor becoming in our turn a power of conversion.

"WITHOUT AN ARMY, HOW DO YOU DEFEND YOURSELVES?"

"No capital, no budget, no command."

Chapter VI – by what our houses have known for a thousand years: the alarm, for a village without walls is not a village without watchmen; shelter and the road, for withdrawal after battle is a manoeuvre and not a disgrace, prepared in cold blood and not on the night of the attack; alliance, for a single house is prey and twelve forewarned houses are a problem; and legitimacy, that is, dated and sealed proof, worth more than ten late testimonies the day a land or a filiation is disputed.

“WILL YOU CREATE MILITIAS?”

“That is always how it begins.”

Chapters VI and VII — no, and it is written without exception: the federation raises neither militia nor army, arms no one, and Kamites serve the law of their country loyally. We shall conquer no land, convert no one, bless no weapon, promise no fighter any paradise, never strike civilians, schools, markets or places of worship, and never confuse a doctrine with a people. And security will found no central power: the danger justifies the chief, the chief settles in, and the danger never ends.

“WHAT DOES ONE DEFEND ONESELF WITH TODAY?”

“The rifles are not on your side.”

Chapter VIII — with a number that knows itself, for we are hundreds of millions and do not know one another; with proof, for what is dated and sealed cannot be contested, and the peoples who lost their lands lost them before another man’s register; with language, a channel the adversary does not read; with artificial intelligence, already used against us, which must be mastered to document and verify — never to sign; with the alliance of those who are not ours; and with the word kept, our old currency, never devalued.

Two parts, twenty chapters, twelve points instituted, 34 pages: the reader will close this declaration knowing why we have neither prophet nor book, what the federation holds in common and what it will never touch, why our tolerance is a structure before it is a virtue, why the diversity of our spiritualities is a treasure for all humanity — and why a free people must remain able to gather and defend itself without ever becoming what it fights.

KAMITE, WHO ARE YOU?

Kamitism is not a religion: a federation of spiritualities — nature, the ancestors, tolerance —, why African diversity is a treasure for all humanity, and what a free people must be able to defend

Declaration by BAZURU, President of the Bwa Sacré · Abidjan, September 13, 2026 — year 6263

French edition: *Kamite, qui es-tu ?*

Sheet X — The fifteen writings

The Kamites Before the Revealed Religions

The Kamites Before the Revealed Religions — the questions of the one who sees no problem, of the one who thinks us ungrateful, and of the one who demands proof

A Kamite who holds to his ancestors is presented as a dangerous man: a sorcerer to some, an associator to others, a backward creature to the rest. This is said to him in his own country, in the country of his exile, and by his own brothers — and in the end he believes it. This declaration describes the contact with the revealed religions in the three worlds where we live, takes apart the manufacture of the devil we are given, states what we owe them and what we do not, and supplies the answers. Here are its thirty-five questions.

Part One · The three worlds

“ANOTHER COMPLAINT?”

“You exaggerate: nobody stops you living.”
Chapter I — these are not events, they are ordinary Wednesdays: the man who pours water before his father’s door and is told he is calling on Satan; the woman who goes to offer a chicken and is called an unbeliever by her brother-in-law; the mother who lets a pastor name her son a witch; the child who learns at six, in front of a film, that what his grandfather did is a crime. Jihad kills in waves; demonisation works every day and obtains without a weapon what the blade did not obtain in a thousand years.

“WHAT DO YOU CALL A REVEALED RELIGION?”

“The word sounds like an accusation.”

Chapter II – it is the word they use of themselves. A revealed religion holds that a word came down once, in one place, to one man, and is valid for all. From that everything follows with impeccable logic: a text, a prophet, scholars, a boundary, and a mission – since keeping to oneself a word valid for all would be a fault. Three of them were born in the same region and today cover more than half of humanity.

“WHY DO YOU SPEAK OF A ONE-WAY ENCOUNTER?”

“Dialogue exists.”

Chapter II – because there is an asymmetry by construction: they have a duty towards us, we have none towards them; they must bring us the word, we have nothing to bring them. And there is one thing a revealed religion cannot do without denying itself: acknowledge that another road leads to the same place. So let us stop expecting what it cannot give, and ask what it can perfectly well give: not to insult us, not to accuse our children, not to burn our houses.

“IN FRANCE NOBODY PERSECUTES YOU”

“Secularism protects you like everyone else.”

Chapter III – there demonisation never says its name, because it presents itself as reason: what we do is not called evil, it is called false. The sacrifice becomes a “practice”, the elder a “traditional healer”, the spirituality a “belief”. To which is added administrative suspicion: whatever is neither church, nor mosque, nor synagogue becomes an object of vigilance, because the definition of religion was written with other people’s forms.

“MARABOUT IS A WORD YOU USE YOURSELVES”

“Do not complain about street vocabulary.”

Chapter III – in the street the word has become a synonym for swindler, on the cards stuck to bus shelters, and millions know nothing of our spiritualities but those cards. Add the pressure of one’s own: in African families in exile it is not French people who forbid a mother her libation, it is her converted children. The result: engineers, doctors and teachers closing the curtains to speak to their dead.

“MUSLIMS LEAVE YOU IN PEACE”

“You greet one another, trade, even marry.”

Chapter IV – true in ordinary life, and the declaration says so. But the qualification is there, available: what we do is classed as association, our dead become forbidden intermediaries, our elders unbelievers. One preacher suffices to activate it. And the writing recalls two things: the ordinary Muslim is not that man, and the Islam of West Africa was long an Islam of cohabitation – what hardened it came from elsewhere, with money and preachers trained far from here.

“TIMBUKTU WAS MUSLIM HERITAGE”

“How does that concern you?”

Chapter IV – because it is the same hand and the same logic: in 2012 mausoleums six centuries old were destroyed with pickaxes, and in those same years mask dances were forbidden, sacred woods profaned, guardians threatened and drums banned. What the blade wants to destroy is not only lives but memory – for a people without memory converts by itself in the next generation. The International Criminal Court convicted one of them in 2016 – the

first time an international court convicted a man for that crime alone, having destroyed a heritage: one can murder a people without killing anyone.

"DELIVERANCE IS FAITH, NOT TRADE"

"You are insulting sincere believers."

Chapter V – the tithe is presented as a law of God and levied on people with no income, topped up with special offerings, seeds of faith and paid prayer nights; the woman in the market gives a tenth of what she has not earned. Because it pays, assemblies multiply – a church in every street, as a mosque at every crossroads next door – and each preacher must outdo the last: more demons. Rwanda has closed thousands of places of worship since 2018 and requires a theology degree; we ask for the closure of no church, only that the money of the poor stop financing the demonisation of their own parents.

"CHILD WITCHES ARE ISOLATED CASES"

"A few incidents do not make a phenomenon."

Chapter V – United Nations agencies have documented it for more than fifteen years, and in Akwa Ibom State alone thousands of children have been accused and hundreds taken in by centres. The accusation almost never comes from a village elder: it comes from a preacher, often paid for the deliverance. In Ghana, women live by the hundred in camps, and the text passed in July 2023 to punish such accusations was never assented to: to this day no law punishes them. And the reversal must be seen: "witch" is the word the missionaries laid on our elders; today Africans use it against Africans, and the victims are the weakest.

“A FILM DOES NOT MARK A CHILD”

“You dramatise fiction.”

Chapter VI – the Kamite child learns very early what nobody says to his face: what comes from him is suspect. At school history begins elsewhere; on television the man who most resembles him is the one who kills; on his telephone our rites are filed next to horror videos. He concludes two things: my family is on the side of evil, and to be on the side of good I must move away from my own. The day he refuses to eat of the sacrifice he thinks he has gained something: he has lost his address.

“WHAT EXACTLY HAVE YOU LOST?”

“Insults are not losses.”

Chapter VII – names, and a name was information, not a label. Funerals: the hurried burial replaced the ceremony that releases the soul, hence mournings that never end and people paying dearly elsewhere for what their grandmother did for nothing. Forests: the prohibition gone, the chainsaw came in – where our cults held, the trees still stand. Objects, knowledge, words. And people. Demonisation did not merely insult: it turned an abandonment into a duty.

“VODOU IS NOT AFRICA”

“It is an invention of the Americas.”

Chapter VIII – they are our houses, reconstituted from memory by people from whom everything had been taken, and hidden under the names of saints to pass beneath the master’s gaze: one of the greatest spiritual feats in history, told everywhere as the superstition of slaves. The world heard, the day after the 2010 earthquake, a preacher explain that this people was paying for a pact made with the devil. In Brazil, *terreiros* are attacked every year. And the lesson

is for us: they held on without a village, without land, without a language; we, who still have the woods, have no excuse.

Part Two · How a devil is made

"FETISH, ANIMISM: THESE ARE SCHOLARLY WORDS"

"You are putting the dictionary on trial."

Part Two, chapter I – *feitiço* is a word of fifteenth-century Portuguese sailors; "animism" is a nineteenth-century anthropologist's word, invented to rank peoples on a ladder whose top rung Europe occupied; "witch" is the word Europe, which had just finished burning its own women, laid on our elders. Whoever accepts the vocabulary of the man describing him loses every argument in advance: if I call my altar a fetish, I have already conceded that it is a magical object.

"A FILM NEVER KILLED ANYONE"

"It is entertainment."

Chapter II – in Nigeria, at the end of the nineteen-nineties, a woman preacher shot a feature film showing possessed children gathering at night to kill; it circulated in millions of copies, and the social workers who today take in accused children cite it as a trigger. A fiction produced burned children. A child who has seen the mask associated with murder three hundred times will not be convinced by an argument: he was educated by the image, which does not argue.

"THOSE ARE YOUR OWN FILMMAKERS"

"Settle it among yourselves."

Chapter II – that is exactly what the declaration says, and it is what makes the device so effective: it wears our faces and speaks our

languages. Three needs meet: popular cinema wants a villain legible in three seconds, the preacher wants a visible enemy, the producer wants financing – and the churches finance. What is missing is on our side: not one film in which the old man who speaks to the ancestors saves the village, not one documentary in which the rite is filmed as a mass is filmed. The ground is free, and we leave it free.

"PASTORS DO NOT SPEAK OF YOUR ANCESTORS"

"They preach their faith, that is all."

Chapter III – every week, in tens of thousands of halls, Africans are told that their misfortunes come from their lineage, and the watchword is to break with the ancestors' covenants: burn family objects, renounce names, stay away from funerals. In other halls, other men say those same usages are the gravest association. The declaration distinguishes: it criticises those who demonise, not those who preach – and notes that those who protect are almost always the most rooted in the country.

"DESTROYING A MONUMENT IS NOT KILLING"

"They are only stones and wood."

Chapter IV – he who does it does not kill a man: he kills a transmission, and he knows it. Six centuries of heritage in Timbuktu, a few days of pickaxes. The same logic worked in the past with the public burnings of sacred objects organised by the missions, at which converts were asked to bring what their fathers had kept: part of what we look for in the museums of the North was not stolen, it was handed over. That is how demonisation works once it has succeeded: it has willing collaborators.

“SOCIAL NETWORKS ONLY SHOW THINGS”

“One cannot censor videos.”

Chapter V — a thirty-second video suffices to condemn a man in his neighbourhood; the networks reward indignation, and our rites filmed out of context are a perfect material for that economy. To which is added pure fabrication: ceremonies that never took place, produced by machines. And the consequence is physical: an accusation online brings a crowd to a door, and women have been killed over a video. Hence the rule: to verify is a spiritual duty.

“SCHOOL DOES NOT ATTACK YOU”

“Syllabuses are neutral.”

Chapter VI — the textbook almost never demonises: it erases, which comes to the same. The child learns the empires, the slave trade, independence, and almost nothing of what his great-grandparents thought of the world. When our spiritualities appear it is in the chapter on “traditional beliefs”, one page, in the past tense: never in philosophy, never in law although the palaver is a procedure, never in mathematics although base twenty and the 256 signs of Ifá belong there. What is not on the syllabus becomes what one is ashamed of.

“GRADUATES ARE MODERN”

“They have moved beyond such things.”

Chapter VII — it is a confusion, and the author settles it as an engineer: modernity does not consist in replacing, it consists in documenting. The man who studies his grandmother’s pharmacopoeia and publishes it is more modern than the one who finds it shameful. The contradiction is not between rigour and inheritance: it is between rigour and shame. And the same elites practise in

private what they despise in public, at the great tests of life: that is the true face of self-denial.

"YOU SEE MONEY EVERYWHERE"

"Faith is not a market."

Chapter VIII — a man who lives by deliverance needs demons: if there are none left he has no trade; he will produce as many as are needed, and where it is easiest — at the grandmother's, in the child who stammers. The cinema of fear is an industry. And the accusation itself is often a money matter: a widow is accused the year her field is coveted. The researchers who studied the camps say it: behind the supernatural there is almost always an inheritance.

"IT IS A SPIRITUAL MISUNDERSTANDING"

"One should converse, not accuse."

Chapter VIII — so long as we describe this as a misunderstanding we shall mistake the remedy. It is a market, with sellers, buyers and victims. One does not argue with a market: one opposes to it an offer, a law and a proof. That is exactly what the third part proposes, and that is why it asks neither for apologies nor for repentance, but for measures.

Part Three · What we answer

"PAY THEM BACK IN KIND"

"Treat them as they treat you."

Part Three, chapter I — no. We shall never say that Christianity is a curse, nor that Islam is a possession: that would be to adopt the weapon of the one who strikes us. Nor shall we ask for pity: a house that presents itself by its wounds obtains compassion, never respect. And we ask for the banning of no film and no sermon: we

ask for the same rule for all, the right of reply, and the protection of children.

"WHAT CAN AN ORDINARY KAMITE DO?"

"I am neither a chief nor a scholar."

Chapter II – four things. Stop apologising: he who begins with "I am not a sorcerer, but..." has already accepted the accusation. Learn your own affairs: many give way from ignorance, not conviction. Refuse the vocabulary, including "those village things" said with the grimace of a man apologising. And sweep before your own door: whoever accuses a child or sells a mask that has danced for a dead man does more harm than all the films in the world.

"YOU OWE EVERYTHING TO THE MISSIONS"

"You learned to read with them."

Chapter III – and the declaration writes it without wincing: the school, the dispensaries that stayed when everyone else left, the first grammars of our languages made by missionaries and now irreplaceable to us, and real consolation for millions. They even obliged us to define ourselves. But we do not owe them the renunciation of our dead, nor acceptance that our grandmother be called a demon, nor gratitude as the price of silence: what was given was given, what was taken was taken, and the one does not pay for the other.

"WHAT DO YOU EXPECT OF CHURCHES AND MOSQUES?"

"That they renounce their faith?"

Chapter IV – three modest things: that it cease to be taught that our ancestors are demons; that no accusation of witchcraft against a child, a woman or an old person be pronounced in a place of worship; that deliverance not be a trade. In exchange we offer peace: we

convert no one, claim no faithful, contest no ground — we are probably the only neighbour who wants to take nothing from you.

"AND OF STATES?"

"You want privileged status."

Chapter V — four requests that cost almost nothing. Protect: let the public accusation of witchcraft and the violent "deliverance" of a child be prosecuted offences. Recognise: let our spiritualities cease to be a legal void, and let our sacred woods be protected as mosques and churches are — they are also the last forests of the country. Teach: let our cosmogonies enter the syllabus, not as folklore but as thought. Publish: let censuses stop filing us under "other".

"CÔTE D'IVOIRE IS CUT IN TWO"

"The Muslim north against the Christian south."

Chapter VI — it is false, and it must be said all the louder because it suits whoever would sell us a war. The crisis was a matter of nationality, of land and of political exclusion: it borrowed the clothes of religion because they were available. Remove the clothes: what both camps have in common is Kamite — the same ancestors, the same funerals, the same family names on both sides of the line, the same joking kinship. The common ground of Ivorians is neither mosque nor church: it is the country, with its dead.

"WHY YOU, AS MEDIATORS?"

"You are party to the conflict."

Chapter VI — we owe nothing to either camp, we seek to convert neither, and we want no doctrine's victory. We also have institutions made for this: the palaver tree, where one speaks until the matter is closed; the joking kinship, which defuses; the councils of elders,

with no interest in the quarrel. These are not symbols but procedures. We ask no one to leave his faith to come and sit under the tree: we ask only that he come without it.

"WHO PROTECTS ACCUSED CHILDREN?"

"Declarations save nobody."

Chapter VII – it is the first instituted obligation, before even the defence of our rites: none of our sanctuaries will ever pronounce such an accusation, no one may base one on our traditions, and those who accuse will be named publicly. And the writing addresses the mothers, who are seen first: when a man tells you your child is the cause of your misfortunes, he is not talking about the invisible, he is talking about your money and your exhaustion.

"I AM A CHRISTIAN: AM I EXCLUDED?"

"Must I choose between my faith and my family?"

Chapter VIII – no, and it is written: the Bwa Sacré does not recruit, does not convert, and there is among us neither apostasy nor excommunication. You are asked only not to let your house be insulted in your presence, to know that nothing in your books obliges you to burn a family object, and to get an accused child out of there. Keep what can be kept without betraying anything: the name, the genealogy, funerals done properly, respect for the old, the words of the language.

"GIVE ME A SHORT ANSWER"

"I am told: you worship idols."

Chapter IX – we do not worship the object: the object is an address, as the gravestone is not the dead man and a holy book is not God. The chapter gives ten such short answers to the ten commonest

accusations — idols, human sacrifice, witchcraft, backwardness, God, the book, the devil, the ancestors, the supposed step backwards, and the invitation to convert. They are made to be learned: they are neither long nor difficult.

"YOUR BELIEFS HAVE NO PROOF"

"Give us science, not custom."

Chapter X — our elders did not guess the virtues of plants by dreaming: they watched the animals, and naturalists ended by naming it animal self-medication — a sick great ape chewing the bitter pith of a particular shrub, or swallowing earth, is genuinely treating itself. One example: the tree we call *mansa yiri* — *mansa*, the king, the title of Mansa Musa — the tree of the king, whose leaves our parents fed us without knowing why, because the Ancestors had said so; the world calls it *Moringa oleifera*, and international organisations now distribute it against malnutrition. Our parents were right without knowing why: that is the definition of transmitted knowledge.

"WHAT HAS DNA TO DO WITH ANCESTORS?"

"You are dressing a belief in biology."

Chapter X — we say the dead remain members of the house and that a man presents himself through his fathers; we were laughed at for a century. Then it was discovered that every cell carries, written out, the register of those one descends from, that lineages can be traced through it and the region a family left can be read in it. Our custom had even provided for the man who does not know his genealogy: he spits, and the spittle presents him. It took molecular biology to understand that this was the safer road.

“AND CONCRETELY, WHAT ARE YOU BUILDING?”

“Declarations, and more declarations.”

Chapter XI — a dated and sealed register, so that a people can no longer be erased by killing its elders; a calendar, so that the continent and the diaspora do the same thing at the same moment; sanctuaries, including where there is no bush; language corpora; images, since it was by the image that we were undone — initiation as a school, the mask as a book; and training, for the Kamite of tomorrow will be attacked by questions, not by horsemen.

Three parts, twenty-seven chapters, twelve points instituted, 34 pages: the reader will close this declaration knowing what a revealed religion is and why the encounter is one-way, how the devil we are given is manufactured, what we owe churches and mosques and what we do not, why the Kamite is the natural mediator in so-called religious conflicts — and why, on nature and on the ancestors, science has come to prove us right. What you received from your dead is not a demon: it is a house, and it is open.

THE KAMITES BEFORE THE REVEALED RELIGIONS

Declaration of the Bwa Sacré on the place of the Kamites among the revealed religions, on the daily demonisation they suffer, on what they keep and on what they offer

Declaration by BAZURU, President of the Bwa Sacré · Abidjan, September 17, 2026 — year 6263 · corrected edition

French edition: *Les Kamites face aux religions révélées*

Sheet XI — The fifteen writings

Judging Without Prison

Judging Without Prison — the questions of the jurist who fears for equality before the law, of the believer who feels targeted, of the sceptic who takes the palaver for idle talk, and of the state that answers there is no money

A word is missing from our languages, and it is not a gap: *prison* is *kaso* in Bambara, from the French *cachot*, *gereza* and *jela* in Swahili, from Portuguese and English. The thing arrived with the name, and the name with the ship. This declaration goes back to what our peoples did instead, from one end of the continent to the other; it describes what was installed afterwards, and why four cases out of five are still settled under the tree; then it proposes an instituted palaver — written, controlled, open to women — that a state can take up tomorrow. The author speaks as a man who was for nineteen years a sworn expert before the courts. Here are its twenty-three questions, and the answers.

Part One · What We Had

"NO PRISON, THEREFORE NO LAW"

"A people that does not lock up does not judge."

Part One, chapter I — a people that does not lock up must do something else, for there are thefts, blows and murders among us as everywhere. What is missing from a language is what a people did not judge necessary to name: people knew how to tie up a dangerous man for the night; they had not made of it an institution, a penalty, a building with guards and a budget. The answer was the

same across the continent: reparation, pronounced in public by men whom both parties accept, followed by reintegration. An engineer's remark: a prison is a costly technology that takes an arm away from production and returns a man harder than he was on entry.

"THE PALAVER IS IDLE TALK"

"People talk for hours, and nothing is decided."

Chapter II – the palaver has a public place, a time, judges and a procedure. The place: the tree, the square, or the hut with posts so low that no one can stand up in it to fight – the Dogon *togu-na*, whose roof height is an institution in itself. The time: one does not judge in the hour of anger. The procedure: each speaks without being interrupted, the witnesses come, proverbs serve as case law, and one does not first look for the guilty man but for what has been broken and what must be laid down to close it. The outcome is not a sentence but a settlement – a compensation, an animal, a public apology – and, at the end, people eat together.

"DEMOCRACY REACHED YOU BY BOAT"

"A constitution, term limits, an assembly: all of that comes from elsewhere."

Chapters III and V – around 1236, after Kirina, Sundiata had a charter proclaimed at Kurukan Fuga which UNESCO has inscribed on the heritage of humanity: this oral text is not a prayer, it is a constitution, which guarantees the right to life, organises the safety of strangers and of women, and institutes joking kinship, the firewall no penal code in the world has an equivalent for. Among the Oromo, the *gada* makes power change hands every eight years, without exception, and the assembly revises the laws in public.

Among the Somalis, the *xeer* went on working during the decades when the state itself had disappeared – something no imported code has ever achieved.

"YOUR KINGS JUDGED ALONE AND YOUR WOMEN KEPT SILENT"

"Patriarchal societies, without counter-powers."

Chapters III and IV – among the Ashanti, no chief judges alone: the *okyeame* reformulates the words, the queen mother may contradict him, and a chief who abuses his position may be destooled – power there is a seat, not a man. Among the Yoruba, the *ogboni* society judges matters of blood and may oppose the sovereign. Among the Igbo, with no king at all, the *umuada*, daughters of the lineage married elsewhere, return as a body to settle the quarrels of their father's house, and no one disputes their verdict. The women's societies of the Bwa, the Senufo and the Akan had their own jurisdictions: it is on this that the author instituted the Queen Mothers, and not against custom.

"ALL THAT DIED WITH COLONISATION"

"You are describing a museum."

Chapter VI – Botswana did not abolish the *kgotla* at independence: it recognised it by law, and its customary courts still handle the great majority of the country's cases, in the local language, without lawyers, with appeals to the ordinary courts. Among the Lozi, a foreign jurist discovered that our judges reasoned with the standard of the reasonable man – law, in a language without writing. Among the Acholi, the *mato oput* served to reintegrate ten thousand former child soldiers for whom no prison existed. And according to the

available studies, these institutions settle today the very great majority of the disputes of rural Africa, often four cases out of five.

"A CHIEF WITHOUT POWER OF CONSTRAINT IS A WEAK CHIEF"

"Without public force, nothing is enforced."

Chapter VII – among the Nuer of the upper Nile, the leopard-skin chief has neither army, nor court, nor power of constraint: only the right to shelter the murderer from vengeance, then to go back and forth between the two families until they accept a number of cattle. He can impose nothing; he can only make acceptable, by his person, a peace that honour forbade anyone to propose. Such a chief is not weak: he is the only one both camps can accept, because he has nothing to gain. The author pauses on him, for it says something about the title he bears.

"THE BWA, THE SOMALI AND THE TSWANA HAVE NOTHING IN COMMON"

"You are adding up folklores."

Chapter VIII – seven rules recur everywhere, whatever the language and the political form, and it is they, not the costumes, that constitute African justice: repair rather than punish; responsibility goes beyond the individual; publicity; time, for slowness is the instrument that disarms; the judge is accepted before he judges; closure is real, and the criminal record that pursues a man thirty years after he has paid is an invention foreign to our law; the man is not cut from the body. It is a coherent doctrine, which the world is groping its way back to under the name of restorative justice. We are three thousand years ahead and fifty years behind in shame.

“YOU IDEALISE YOUR ANCESTORS”

“Custom crushed widows and the younger sons.”

Chapter IX — the author writes the list himself, for a man who presents the work of his fathers without stating its defects is not an heir, he is a salesman. Six flaws: the place of women, kept out of the council that decided land and inheritance; the weight of the elders; the stranger and the newcomer, whose rights were never written down; the accusation of witchcraft, the gravest, which conveniently pointed to the widow whose field was coveted; the absence of appeal; collective responsibility, which made the innocent pay for the guilty. The proposal does not restore the past: it keeps the method and corrects these six defects one by one.

Part Two · What Was Put in Its Place

“PRISON IS A UNIVERSAL PENALTY”

“Every country in the world locks people up.”

Part Two, chapter I — the prison did not come to us through the evolution of African law: it arrived with the colonial administration, at the same time as the post, the customs house and forced labour. Its first function was not to punish crime but to supply labour and to break refusals — unpaid tax, refusal to carry, and, in 1915 and 1916 in our country, refusal to give men to a war that was not ours. Sixty years after independence, the building has remained and the means never came: two to three times more detainees than places, often half of them untried. We would never have built that ourselves.

“THE COURT IS OPEN TO EVERYONE”

“Nobody stops the villager from going.”

Chapter II — one must get there, fifty or a hundred kilometres away;

speak a language one does not speak; write when one does not read; pay; wait for years; and accept a decision rendered by a man one has never seen, in the name of a text one has never read, against a neighbour with whom one will have to start farming again the next day. Above all, the trial is a zero-sum game: where the palaver ended in a meal, the court ends in a vengeance postponed. In our countryside people say it in one sentence: the trial wins the case and loses the village. The author does not call into question the magistrates of integrity who hold on without means, but an architecture designed elsewhere and never adapted.

"YOU ARE TARGETING THE LAW OF MY RELIGION"

"The religious judge has settled our marriages and inheritances for centuries."

Chapter III – the declaration targets no religion: the imported law it speaks of came with the flag, not with the book. It grants the religious laws their coherence and their merits, and that millions of Africans sincerely refer to them. Its observation is one of method: these laws hold their rule from a text that came down elsewhere; the judge there is the interpreter of a word, not the conciliator of two houses; their logic is conformity, not reparation. They can be just, but they do not first seek to close a wound between neighbours. The result: the Kamite has three justices over his head – the state, his religion, his custom – and when they say three things about an inheritance, it is the family that pays.

"WHAT DID YOU LOSE, IN THE END?"

"A modern code is worth more than a custom."

Chapter IV – we lost the victim: in our law she was at the centre and the settlement was closed only when she had received; in the

imported law, the fine goes to the Treasury and the victim must bring a second suit she has not the means to bring. We lost reintegration, for the convicted man comes out marked and the system no longer takes an interest in him after the door; proximity and language, for one no longer judges people but files; closure, for the trial goes on in appeal, in cassation, in rancour. And we lost moral authority: the state withdrew jurisdiction from the chiefs without withdrawing the burden, and many ended by selling what was left to them.

"THESE ARE IMPRESSIONS, NOT FACTS"

"Give figures."

Chapter V – the field studies of the past twenty years converge: between seventy and ninety per cent of the disputes of ordinary life – land, family, debts, blows – are settled outside the court. Official law is therefore not the law of the country: it is the law of a minority and of grave cases. In several of our countries, half or more of the detainees have not been tried and occupancy rates exceed twice the capacity: not an abstract scandal, a queue. And holding thousands of untried detainees costs every year the equivalent of dozens of schools and dispensaries. If an engineer proposed a structure of that yield, no one would sign the contract with him.

"THE CHIEF MEANS CORRUPTION"

"Whoever gives the most gets the most favourable hearing."

Chapters VI and VII – people go to the chief because it is near, free or nearly so, in their language, before someone who knows the families and the lands, and because they come out with the possibility of going on living together. The defects are real – widows badly

treated, a partial notable without appeal — and they have a clear cause: an institution that no longer has a status no longer has a safeguard. Our states unified the law without financing it, then summoned the same chiefs for elections, land, the census and security — every burden, no right, no allowance. The conditions of corruption were created, and then reproached to those who had been placed in them. One controls only what one recognises.

Part Three · What We Propose

"BURKINA HAS OPENED THE DOOR TO ARBITRARINESS"

"Courts without jurists, without guarantees for women."

Part Three, chapter I — on May 22, 2026, Burkina Faso installed customary courts under the law known as *Faso Bu-Kaooré*: recognised customary figures sitting in the national languages, competent over family, land and community disputes, without replacing the ordinary justice system. This gesture must be saluted, for it breaks with a century of contempt; and the criticisms must be heard, because they are serious — arbitrariness, absence of jurists, insufficient guarantees for women and the young, the question of recourse. The principle is right, and the criticisms do not condemn the reform: they write its specification.

"CUSTOM AND THE STATE CANNOT COEXIST"

"One of the two will end by pushing the other aside."

Chapters II and VI — Côte d'Ivoire has proved it on the subject that kills the most after the road: the land. Since the 1998 law on rural land tenure, the recognition of a right begins in the village: a public and adversarial inquiry, a village committee, neighbours summoned who sign, disputes emptied on the spot; only afterwards does the

administration issue the certificate, then the title. The state did not tell custom to step aside, and custom did not block the state. Hence the formula of the whole third part: *custom establishes the facts and reconciles; the state registers, guarantees and protects the weak*. With the precaution that is almost always missing: the rights of women and of non-natives entered in the same register and with the same force.

"THE GACACA WAS A DISASTER"

"Pressure, false testimony, no lawyers."

Chapter III – the criticisms are founded, and the declaration writes them down. But the fact remains: faced with hundreds of thousands of people to try and a few dozen surviving magistrates, Rwanda reopened a village institution, "justice on the grass", and nearly two million cases were tried in ten years – something no ordinary court in the world could have done. South Africa's Truth and Reconciliation Commission, inspired by *ubuntu*, brings the opposite lesson: a country that did not tip over, but a material reparation that never came, and the bitterness that remained. The word without reparation does not close the wound. Our law knew it, which never separated forgiveness from the goat.

"CONCRETELY, WHAT DO YOU PROPOSE?"

"A step backwards, or a dream."

Chapter IV – neither: a mechanism in seven measures, made to be copied and corrected. A palaver chamber recognised by law, of three to five members – an elder designated by custom, a woman designated by the women, a young person designated by the age grades, and, if a party requests it, a person from outside the village –, with recusal as a matter of right. A limited jurisdiction – land, debts,

inheritances, neighbourhood – and the express prohibition of blood, rape, harm to children, trafficking and any case in which a party risks his liberty. A public hearing in the language of the place. A register numbered, dated, signed, kept in duplicate and sealed. Recourse before the state judge. A homologated agreement that counts as an enforceable title. And members paid an allowance, forbidden to receive anything from the parties.

"EVERY VILLAGE WILL JUDGE IN ITS OWN WAY: THAT IS THE END OF EQUALITY BEFORE THE LAW"

"And custom will crush widows again."

Chapters V and X – the objection is the best, and the author answers two things: the equality spoken of is already a fiction, for the man who has a lawyer, a telephone and a cousin at the prosecutor's office is not judged like the man who has nothing; and what is proposed is not less law, it is a limited, controlled jurisdiction, with recourse on four grounds – jurisdiction, procedure, free consent, fundamental rights. The safeguards are not negotiable: no case of inheritance, widowhood or family violence without a woman on the panel; no chamber hears an accusation of witchcraft; no one is compelled to go to the palaver; eight-year terms, out of respect for the Oromo. Leaving custom outside did not reform it: it went on judging, without witness and without recourse, in the chief's courtyard.

"AND IVORIAN RECONCILIATION?"

"Much has already been signed, and commissions held."

Chapter VII – it is what made the author write this declaration, and he says it with caution, for it concerns his country. What has not been done is the palaver: to name, before the people of the place,

what was taken, what was burned, who left and who settled, and to lay something down until the thing is closed. So long as we reason with the imported mind, in which a culprit, a trial and a penalty are required, we shall not get there: no village wishes to designate a culprit among its own sons. Most of the grudges of the crisis are matters of land, of occupied houses and of harvests taken; they are settled plot by plot, under a tree, with a register. And someone is needed who is of no camp: that is the role the Bwa Sacré offers, asking no one to leave his faith or his party – only to come without them.

"FILMING A PALAVER WITH A TELEPHONE DENATURES IT"

"You want to put the machine under the tree."

Chapter VIII – the palaver rested on the memory of those present, and as soon as the elder dies and the grandson comes back thirty years later with a lawyer, memory weighs nothing against a paper: the defect was not in the judgement, it was in its preservation. The register is the protection of the weak – the widow, the younger son, the stranger settled for twenty years –, kept in the language in which the case was pleaded, for what is "laid down" is not what is "paid". The machine can record, transcribe, translate and produce the same evening a record readable by a judge in Abidjan without anyone having pleaded in French. Three limits, to be read as loudly as the encouragement: nothing is recorded without the parties' agreement; no machine judges; the registers belong to the communities and to the state, not to the company that supplies the tool.

“IT IS FINE, BUT THERE IS NO MONEY”

“An African state cannot afford one more justice system.”

Chapter IX – the author answers with figures, having spent nineteen years costing structures. A remand prison must be built, guarded, fed and given medical care, and the bulk of the expense goes to men who have not yet been tried; it produces neither reparation, nor work, nor tax, nor peace. A palaver chamber sits under a tree or in a town-hall room on Saturday: a session allowance, a register, a short training. For the price of a single prison building, hundreds of chambers are kept going for years. A judge who handles a thousand cases a year judges none of them; with two hundred, he becomes a judge again. And between an enforceable title without a solvent debtor and six sacks of rice delivered at harvest, only an administration can prefer the former. This is not new spending: it is a shift of spending – fewer walls, more registers.

“AND THE LAWYERS, WHAT BECOMES OF THEM?”

“You take the law away from those who learned it.”

Chapter X – the lawyer has more to do in this system than in the old one: train the chambers, check the registers, bring the appeals, attack extorted agreements, defend the widow against a custom that would set her aside. Botswana, which has had customary courts sitting for sixty years, does not have fewer jurists: it has jurists who are of some use in the villages. To the young who leave the faculty with a code under their arm, the declaration assigns the worksite of their generation: to collect the customs before the elders die, and to build an African doctrine of reparation. The restorative justice the West teaches and exports bears another name among us: the palaver. We have nothing to borrow, only to stop being ashamed.

Three parts, twenty-six chapters, twelve points instituted, 34 pages: the reader will close this declaration knowing why our languages have no word for prison, what the kgotla, the gada, the xeer and the palaver hut have in common, what the imported court cost the victim and the village, and how a palaver chamber that is written, controlled and open to women can, from tomorrow, judge without confining and end with a meal. Writing dated September 13, 2026, to be signed and anchored in the Bitcoin blockchain.

JUDGING WITHOUT PRISON

Declaration of the Bwa Sacré on African justice before the revealed religions and before the coloniser, on what was put in its place, and on the instituted palaver: a proposal to repair, to appease the land and to reconcile

Declaration by BAZURU, President of the Bwa Sacré · Abidjan, September 13, 2026 — year 6263

French edition: *Juger sans prison*

Sheet XII — The fifteen writings

Kamite, Come Back to the Fold

Kamite, Come Back to the Fold — the questions of the one who wants to return and fears what will be asked of him, of the child of the diaspora who can name no ancestor, of the one who calls the converts traitors, and of the one who fears that an open door is a surrendered door

A Black man is a Black man. He is one even if he prays in a mosque, even if he sings in a church, even if he believes in nothing. The day he wants to come back to the fold, what is he told, what is asked of him, what is he made to pay? This declaration answers by instituting: three questions and not one more, four stages that last no longer than an afternoon, no renunciation, not a single franc — and one single prohibition, the prudence of people who have already been punished for having lacked it. The author takes his own house as the example: five countries, two imported religions, and the return. Here are its twelve questions, and the answers.

Part One · Where We Come From

"IF THESE FIVE COUNTRIES GO TO WAR, WHICH ONE DO YOU CHOOSE?"

"A chief must name a camp."

Part One, chapter I — the author's house remembers Koumbi Saleh, today a field of stones in Mauritania; then Guinea, in the Mandé, where our names and our oaths come from; then Mali; then Burkina, where the forefather Sounlé settled around 1834; then, the war against the coloniser lost, Côte d'Ivoire — Kolia, Ouangolodougou, Gagnoa, Abidjan. Five present-day states for a single family, and not

one of these displacements was a pleasure trip. To choose one against the others would be to choose against oneself: he who asks for a camp is asking, without knowing it, which of my dead does not count. Hence the first rule: the Kamite does not choose a camp against another Kamite. And the answer that closes the declaration: I choose my brothers, in all five.

"YOUR GRANDFATHER IS NOT FROM HERE"

"Four generations are not enough."

Chapter II – the lines were drawn in Berlin, between November 15, 1884 and February 26, 1885, around a table at which no African sat, then kept exactly as they were in Cairo in 1964. They run through the middle of peoples: the Bwa, the Senufo, the Yoruba, the Somali, all cut in two. From there comes the word that has cost us the most, *allochtone*. Look at the dates: Côte d'Ivoire has existed as a state since 1960, and the author's grandfather was already being knocked about in the hands of the colonists from 1934; better still, from 1932 to 1947 Upper Volta was abolished and attached to Côte d'Ivoire. He crossed no border: it is the border that was moved over him. When you are told "that man is not from here", ask only since when.

"THE CONVERTS BETRAYED THE ANCESTORS"

"They chose the others' book."

Chapter III – it is not a conversion, it is a consequence, and the six mechanisms can be verified: war; the school run by a mission, where baptism was the price of the ticket; the civil register, where the official wrote the first name he knew; hunger and work held by a network; marriage; and shame – the most effective. Not one of them is a moral fault: say which one, in the place of the man who

lived it, you would have refused. And let this be heard: we have never left a land without having given battle; in a thousand years nobody managed to convert us, because we fought every time. The departure came after the fight, in order, with the children, the old who knew and the objects of worship: a withdrawal after battle is not a flight. Those who could not leave are the defeated, not traitors.

"THE CONVERT IS THE ENEMY WITHIN"

"He must be kept at a distance."

Chapter IV – that one of our brothers who practises a revealed religion has committed no crime against the Kamites: he has not sold, he has not betrayed, he was born into what a forefather accepted one day of famine, of fear or of war. The contrary word is false, for it attributes to a man the decision of his great-grandfather, and dangerous, for it cuts Black people into the pure and the impure and prepares among us the machinery of exclusion we have suffered. The author goes all the way: the convert of his family is his grandfather, and the migrant too. If the convert is a traitor, the President of the Kamites is the grandson of a traitor. What holds for him holds for all, otherwise it is not a rule, it is a privilege. One does not get struck off a bloodline.

Part Two · Why Return Is Possible Among Us

"WHAT MUST I RENOUNCE TO COME BACK?"

"Every house demands a confession at the door."

Part Two, chapter I – the rule stands in one line: one cannot leave our house, therefore one does not have to re-enter it. No membership, so no striking off; no profession of faith, so nothing to renounce; no clergy, so nobody to cut you off; no hell, so no threat;

no paradise, so nothing to sell you to make you stay. Nature did not leave you, the ancestors did not leave you, and tolerance is what makes return possible: a house that has put nobody out of the door needs no ceremony of readmission. So no inquiry into the years spent elsewhere, no public confession, no object to burn, no name to change, no fine, not a franc. Whoever demanded one of these things in our name would be lying to you, and this declaration is your proof.

"WITHOUT A COMMON DOGMA, HOW DO YOU HOLD TOGETHER?"

"Bwa, Dogon, Yoruba, vodun: you will end up quarrelling."

Chapter II – among us, each addresses *his own* ancestors: I make sacrifices to mine; how does that concern you? You have yours. Where there is a single god and a single revelation, one must be right and the other wrong; among us there is nothing to decide between, for your ancestors are not in competition with mine. Our unity is not a common doctrine, it is a common way of treating one's own – and that is why there can be no apostasy: there would have to be a dogma to leave. Science has proved us right: mitochondrial DNA traces the line of the mothers, the Y chromosome that of the fathers, and your ancestors are physically in you, having remained there through all your years of absence. If the Creator made DNA, he himself made diversity.

"SO I MUST LEAVE MY MOSQUE, MY CHURCH"

"Otherwise the return does not count."

Chapter III – we do not ask the brother who returns to leave his religion, neither on the first day nor in the tenth year. A man can pray on Friday and honour his ancestors, go to mass on Sunday and

pour water at the door of his father's house: it is already done, every day, in millions of African homes. A Bwa woman goes to offer a chicken to her ancestors, and her husband sees nothing abnormal in it — that is maximum tolerance, so natural that one does not notice one is practising it. The formula: we do not ask him to come without his God, we ask him to come without his camp — without the quarrel that makes a Black man take sides against another Black man because a preacher or a party asked him to. And discretion is a right: no public list, nobody is exposed where he works or where he prays.

"YOU ARE GOING TO RECRUIT AT THE CHURCH DOOR"

"An instituted welcome is a campaign."

Chapter IV — the welcome has its limits, so that zealous men do not make something else of it in ten years. Never proselytise: we shall go looking for no one at the doors of mosques or churches, we shall not count "returns" as trophies — we refuse to do to others what was done to us. Never insult the religion in which our brother was raised, for it is very often that of his mother. Never shame: shame is the tool that made us leave, and we shall not use it to make people come back. Never money: whoever demands a franc in our name is a swindler. Never a child without his parents. And never a judgement on appearance — neither the name, nor the beard, nor the veil, nor the cross, nor the passport: we have already been judged by all of that.

Part Three · How We Welcome

"WHAT WILL I BE ASKED, CONCRETELY?"

"There is always a fourth question."

Chapters I and II — three questions, and not one more: who are

your fathers – an invitation, not an examination; do you come in peace with your brothers – the only thing we truly require; do you wish to be presented to your own – and the answer may be no. Expressly forbidden are questions about his religion, about what he did elsewhere, about why now, and any proof by a paper, for paper has served among us to exclude. Then four stages, lasting no longer than an afternoon: the word, the presentation to his ancestors – not to ours –, the meal, and the entry in the register if he wants it, for his children. Presentation takes place at any age: the author's parents did not present him, out of a prudence inherited from a dangerous time, and he will have himself presented. Whoever adds a fifth stage adds his own power to it.

"I CAN NAME NO ANCESTOR"

"My names were erased; I was told you sold us."

Chapters III and VI – not to know one's ancestors is not to have none: the ignorance in which you were placed is a crime of those who organised it. Our old people had provided for the man without memory: he goes before the fetish and spits to present himself, for spittle is the breath and the water of the body, what a man can neither borrow nor counterfeit. DNA can give back a coast and a family of peoples – an indication, not a birth certificate. And a house can receive a man into its lineage, as it has always done for ransomed captives and children taken in: the author stands guarantor for it. As for the accounts between us: forgiveness asked, first and without condition; and then the truth – we who came from Ghana, pursued, our villages burned, had no time to sell anyone. These two sentences do not contradict each other.

“AND IF I LEAVE AGAIN?”

“A house without requirements, where one enters and leaves as in a market.”

Chapter IV – nothing is done. No threat, no curse, no setting apart of his family, no rumour, no taking back of what he gave; and the day he returns again, he is not made to pay for his departure. The closed door has never kept anyone: it has only made hypocrites, who stay inside no longer believing. The author prefers a hundred free men who come back of their own accord to a thousand shut-in men who dare not say they left long ago. We are a federation, not a church: the day the Bwa Sacré needs to threaten in order to keep its members, it will be because it has nothing left to offer them, and it will deserve to empty.

“TO WELCOME EVERYONE IS TO SURRENDER”

“An open door is a surrendered door.”

Chapter V – it is the only prohibition in the whole declaration: it is forbidden to get oneself killed. Tolerance is our strength and it nearly became our tomb: we were taken because we were open. Cajamarca, where an empire had decided not to defend itself, is not peace but abdication disguised as virtue. And in 1915 and 1916 we waged the war, for a long time; what put an end to it was that our base was pointed out by people we let move freely among us when we knew they served in the column opposite – and the author accuses no people: the lesson is about us. So we open the door to the brother, not to the blade. No one is received in arms, no one is received in secret; in a war zone one receives outside the village, by day, before witnesses; no assembly gives a place, a date, a head-count, a path. One does not search a man’s faith: one looks at his hands. Defence is defensive, without militia, and never attacks a

man because he prays. Between being massacred and making war there is the whole space of prudence: to hold one's position as long as it holds, to make the attack costly, to withdraw only in order. To submit is to renounce; to withdraw after having fought is to keep.

Three parts, fourteen chapters, twelve points instituted, 23 pages: the reader will close this declaration knowing that a Black man is a Black man, that there is no apostasy among us, that the brother who prays elsewhere has committed no crime, that he will be asked to come without his camp and not without his God, that three questions and one afternoon suffice, and that one welcomes without rancour but with prudence — the door open, and the weapon within reach. Writing dated September 13, 2026, to be signed and anchored in the Bitcoin blockchain.

KAMITE, COME BACK TO THE FOLD

Declaration of the Bwa Sacré on the welcome of those who return, on the brotherhood of Black people beyond the religions and the borders drawn by others, and on the only thing we forbid: getting oneself killed

Declaration by BAZURU, President of the Bwa Sacré · Abidjan, September 13, 2026 — year 6263

French edition: *Kamite, reviens au bercail*

Sheet XIV — The fifteen writings

Kamite, Your Neighbour Is Your Brother

Kamite, Your Neighbour Is Your Brother — the questions of the AES partisan who calls the others sell-outs, of the ECOWAS partisan who calls the others adventurers, of the one who reproaches the author with his silence on governments, and of the one who believes a summit is enough

The declaration on justice settled the quarrels between neighbours of a village: the boundary stone moved, the animal that got into the field. Yet we have today the same quarrel, in the same words, between our states. This sequel says who profits from our quarrels and how he is served, why confrontation and collaboration are two roads to the same house, and how the palaver — corrected, written, with the women — can reconcile Côte d'Ivoire with itself and the Sahel with its neighbours. It takes the side of no state and names no head of state. Here are its twenty-three questions, and the answers.

Part One · Who Profits from Our Quarrels

"COLONISATION HAS BEEN OVER SINCE 1960"

"You keep harping on the past."

Part One, chapter I — our history is told to us as a succession of separate periods, to make us believe that each thing ended before the next began. Look at it otherwise: there is one single thing, with one single object — to draw from this land and from these men the maximum at the minimum price —, and only the means changes. The man was sold elsewhere; then he was made to produce on the

spot by forced labour and the *indigénat*, until 1946; then the flag was handed back and the rest was kept. The rule: the adversary abandons a means as soon as it becomes more expensive than the next, and never before — by calculation, never by kindness. So a quarrel between us, which costs both of us and costs him nothing, is worse than a mistake: it is a gift.

"TELL US WHETHER TO LEAVE THE CFA FRANC"

"A Kamite chief must decide."

Chapter II — the facts, as a technician: created on December 26, 1945, pegged to the franc and then to the euro at 655.957, devalued by half on January 11, 1994; a reform announced in December 2019, parity and guarantee maintained. Then the two readings: those who defend the fixed parity — low inflation, convertibility, stability — are not lying; those who contest it — expensive exports, no monetary tool — are not lying either. The author does not tell a state what to do with its currency; he says two things: a people that does not make its own currency is not yet entirely standing; and this question must never become a cause of quarrel between brothers. The one who wants to leave quickly and the one who wants to leave slowly want the same thing.

"OUR MINING CONTRACTS ARE PLUNDERED BY THE FOREIGNER"

"It is enough to denounce them."

Chapter III — a leonine contract is not visible in the stated price but in the clauses, and the author names them: the stability clause that freezes taxation for a generation, the exemptions on imports, the transfer pricing that makes the profit appear where the tax is low, the arbitration clause that hands the dispute to a private tribunal

abroad, the state's minority share without power. And what nobody likes to hear: these contracts were signed by Africans. The adversary proposes; it is we who sign. The first liberation is therefore not a speech: it is a room full of lawyers and engineers capable of reading a contract line by line.

"EXPLOITATION MEANS THE FOREIGNER"

"At home, we only suffer it."

Chapter IV – the cocoa planter bears everything and receives a price that bears no relation to the bar sold in Europe, for the value is created in processing, and it is created elsewhere: the country exports weight, the others export brand. But the labourer paid by the day without a contract, the child carrying a sack too heavy for him, the woman selling by the roadside twelve hours a day: that is the exploitation of man by man, and a part of it is practised by our own compatriots – the author does not excuse it any more because it is local. Hence the rule of method: everything that moves one step up the chain is worth more than a whole speech – a grinding workshop, a ginning unit, an engineering office that does the study instead of buying it.

"NOBODY DIVIDES US ANY MORE, WE ARE INDEPENDENT"

"Divide and rule was before."

Chapter V – a few thousand men never held millions by force alone: everywhere they found two groups with an old dispute and gave a rifle to one of them. Peoples were classified as warlike and peaceable, chiefs were invented where there were none, lines were drawn through the middle of peoples. The economy of the procedure ought to strike us: it is enough to keep a suspicion alive, and it is

the brothers themselves who do the work, free of charge and for generations. That is the heart of the declaration: we no longer need anyone to divide us, we have learned to do it ourselves – the only thing colonisation ever really taught us.

"A QUARREL BETWEEN TWO STATES IS THEIR OWN BUSINESS"

"What does it change for the rest of the world?"

Chapter VI – look at the mechanics of the days that follow. Trade falls, the lorries wait, the price rises for both populations, and the merchandise now arrives from further away, paid for in foreign currency: first winner, and it is neither the one nor the other. Each looks for support, which is paid for in contracts, in bases, in votes: each gives, in order to be backed against his brother, what he refused when he was not afraid. And the men pay: the trader, the herdsman, the student enrolled on the other side, the family cut in two by a line drawn in Berlin. Hence the sentence meant to circulate on its own: every time two African countries fall out, someone elsewhere is lapping it up, and it is neither of us.

"SO WHOEVER DISAGREES WITH YOU IS AN AGENT OF THE FOREIGNER"

"Your text can be used to silence people."

Chapter VII – which is why the declaration sets its limits. We shall never say that an African who disagrees with us is an agent of the foreigner: the accusation can be neither proved nor refuted, and whoever uses it is not arguing, he is liquidating. We shall never say that a neighbouring state is somebody's servant: to judge from outside in two sentences is the luxury of the one who has nothing to sign. We shall never say that everything comes from outside: the

man who attributes everything to the external enemy has nothing left to correct at home. We shall name no head of state. And the adversary is not a race: it is an interest, served by men of every origin, including our own.

Part Two · Different Methods, One Single Objective

"YOUR SILENCE ON OUR GOVERNMENTS IS COWARDICE"

"You ought to choose."

Part Two, chapter I — the Kamites are in some fifteen countries and on four continents, sometimes in two camps within the same country. The day the author takes sides in an election, he loses half of his own in that country, and above all the only thing he possesses: the fact of belonging to no camp. It is a costly position: whoever wants to reconcile cannot have a camp, and if one wants to be able one day to ask two brothers to sit down, neither of them must be able to say "you were against me in such-and-such a year". Governments change, peoples remain: the author's work is on the side of what remains.

"THOSE IN POWER HAVE BETRAYED US"

"They have understood, and they do nothing."

Chapter II — physicists call the event horizon the boundary beyond which nothing comes back, and the one who crosses it feels nothing as he passes. A man takes power with clear ideas, signs a first commitment because he has no choice that month, a second to finance the first; one day he looks behind him and there is no path left. The tragedy is not that they did not understand: it is that they understood too late. The lesson is for the young: everything is played out before the horizon, never after — the contract, the

negotiators, the workshop, the reconciliation with the neighbour while the quarrel is still an annoyance. A quarrel has a window; we are within it at this very moment.

"THOSE WHO BREAK ARE HEADING FOR THE WALL"

"Adventurers who make their people suffer."

Chapter III – the author neither condemns direct confrontation nor applauds it: it is sometimes the only way. There are situations in which the other has no reason to yield so long as it costs him nothing; peoples whose history no longer allows patience, for when one has been humiliated too long, dignity becomes a physical need. What an engineer would say of a structure: confrontation has a cost, one must have calculated it and planned what will replace what one removes – to demolish a bridge before having built another is to cross by swimming, and it is the weakest who drown. But a brother who chooses the hard way remains a brother.

"THOSE WHO STAY ARE SELL-OUTS"

"They keep the agreements and receive the delegations."

Chapter IV – the author refuses the word, as a technician. There are things that can be obtained only by staying inside: the ports, the corridors, the common bank, free movement – and a voice in the room where decisions are made. There is above all critical mass: none of our countries, alone, weighs enough to impose anything on the price of cocoa or an operating contract, and one becomes big only by staying together for a certain time. The one who collaborates today may be building up the mass that will make it possible to say no tomorrow. Stop despising those who advance gently, and stop despising those who break: they are two roads to the same house.

“TODAY’S AMIABLE MINORITY WILL BE TOMORROW’S DEMANDING MAJORITY”

“You are targeting a religion.”

Chapter V – it is a general law, not a reproach: a minority group asks for tolerance and puts forward what it shares; become the majority, with the same texts and the same men, it speaks of common norms. It holds for all the great religions, for parties, for states – and it will hold for us too, the day the Kamites are numerous and powerful; it is for that day that the rule of the ancestors is written: each addresses his own, none imposes his own on anyone, whatever the numbers. Two consequences: never be naive, hence written rules that will hold when favour passes; and never an accusation against persons – the believer praying beside you has no plan. We fight balances of power and doctrines; never a man who prays.

“MY NEIGHBOUR RECEIVES THEIR DELEGATIONS, SO HE IS AGAINST ME”

“If they want to strike me, they will go through him.”

Chapter VI – the reasoning looks solid and it is false three times over. It confuses a relationship with an intention: a neighbour may have kept a cooperation because he has no other means of equipping his army, and that says nothing about what he thinks of you. It forgets that the neighbour is afraid too: two men who watch each other for fear of being attacked always end by attacking each other. And it takes the method for the objective: the one who stays in an organisation has not renounced his sovereignty, he has chosen to take it back another way. Hence the sentence to retain: do, case by case, what seems best to you for yourselves, and never forget that your neighbours are your brothers.

“A TRUE KAMITE SHOULD HAVE A SINGLE LINE”

“Otherwise it is not a people.”

Chapter VII — we are a federation of spiritualities, and the declaration draws its political consequence: a federation does not require that all do the same, only that nobody turn against the others. A Kamite of the Sahel does not live what a Kamite of the coast lives: to demand the same method of them is not to know where they live. The rule: we judge ourselves on the objective, never on the method. The objective is written out in full — to leave neo-colonialism behind, to make what we consume, to process what we produce, to train our own, to speak our languages, to honour our ancestors without asking forgiveness for it, and never again to let ourselves be killed. And the sentence that is as good as an oath: let us be Kamites, AES or not.

Part Three · The Palaver Between Brothers

“A SUMMIT IS ALREADY A PALAVER”

“The heads met, they signed.”

Part Three, chapter I — a summit gathers the heads in an air-conditioned hall; six months later nothing has moved, because nothing has been said. It is not a method of reconciliation, it is a method of display. The palaver rests on five principles that are its exact reverse: one does not look for a culprit, for no government will come and sit where it will be designated as the guilty party before its own people; one speaks publicly; one takes time; there is a third party with no interest in the matter; and one ends with a meal. These principles hold between states as between families, because the states in question are neighbours for ever: they cannot move away.

“IVORIAN LAND HAS NOTHING TO DO WITH DIPLOMACY”

“You are mixing a land technique with affairs of state.”

Chapter II — since the 1998 law on rural land tenure, the procedure begins in the village: a committee on which the customary authority and the inhabitants sit establishes publicly who cleared, who planted, who bought; what comes out of it is written down, and then the state registers, marks out and guarantees. Where the procedure is actually applied, land conflicts fall. The formula fits in one line: *custom establishes the facts and reconciles; the state registers, guarantees and protects the weak*. It is not merely a land technique: it is a complete model of reconciliation, validated by the hardest test, for land was among us the fuel of the war. If the method held there, it will hold elsewhere — entering the rights of women and of newcomers in the same register and with the same force.

“CÔTE D’IVOIRE IS ALREADY RECONCILED”

“Life has resumed.”

Chapter III — life resumed because life always resumes, but something was not done, and everybody knows it: the palaver. Naming, before the people of the place, what was taken, what was burned, who left, who settled in during the absence; and laying something down until the matter is closed. It will be said that it is immense; no, it is numerous: thousands of small matters — a plot, a house, a herd, a grave — each of which can be settled under a tree in a season. The imported method will not manage it, for it requires a culprit. Someone is needed who belongs to no camp: the Bwa Sacré offers it, without drawing a post from it.

“SAY WHAT YOU THINK OF THE AES AND ECOWAS”

“You dare not judge.”

Chapter IV — the declaration describes the quarrel by its public facts, without interpreting them: a charter signed at Bamako on September 16, 2023, a confederation at Niamey on July 6, 2024, withdrawal from the regional organisation announced on January 28, 2024 and effective on January 29, 2025, a confederal levy of 0.5% in March 2025, a confederal bank inaugurated on December 23, 2025, a confederal parliament convened on August 24, 2026; on the other side, a negotiator mandated to the end of 2026; and the three states still share the common currency. The author draws no judgement from this, neither that it was good nor that it was bad: they are sovereign decisions, and those who took them answer for them before their peoples.

“THE PEOPLES HAVE ONLY TO FOLLOW THEIR STATES”

“A border is a border.”

Chapter IV — what the author looks at is what is breaking between people who are one and the same family: a Senufo of Sikasso and a Senufo of Korhogo, a Bwa of Djibasso and a Bwa from the other side of the line, the women traders of the market, the herdsmen who follow the rain, the hundred thousand families half of which work in the south and send the money north — that is his own family. Those people decided nothing and they will pay for everything; it is the lines that are recent, not they. To the states: settle your affairs as you see fit — but do not let the quarrel come down into the peoples. A quarrel between states is repaired in two years; a hatred between neighbouring peoples lasts three generations.

“STATES WILL NEVER LET WOMEN TRADERS NEGOTIATE IN THEIR PLACE”

“Your palaver is a utopia.”

Chapter V — it is not a treaty, it is a procedure in seven measures. The palaver is not a summit: it first gathers those who suffer — hauliers, women traders, herders, local elected officials, customary chiefs on both sides —, and the heads come at the end, to endorse what has been built. The place is a border place, not a capital. The agenda is made of concrete grievances, never of principles: the blocked lorry, the closed transhumance corridor, the pupil who can no longer enrol. No communiqué prepared in advance. A written and sealed register, in the languages of the place. The women sit, for it is they who hold the cross-border trade in foodstuffs. A third party without interest, and a meal to finish. The Bwa Sacré offers to hold this role: with neither army nor credits, that is what makes us usable.

“AND WHILE WAITING FOR THE STATES TO BE WILLING?”

“You depend on their goodwill.”

Chapter VI — what is done at our level, right away, without anyone’s permission: we break nothing among ourselves, and no Kamite assembly divides according to the alliances of its state. We keep the family ties — deaths are announced, marriages are made. We keep a register of grievances: not of insults, of facts — the blocked lorry, the seized herd, the woman extorted at the post —, dated, verifiable, without naming any political official. We protect speech: no account claiming to speak for the Bwa Sacré will relay an insult against a neighbouring people. And we pass it on: a child who knows that his

house has been through five countries will never call his neighbour a foreigner — the cheapest vaccine the author knows.

"A KAMITE FORCE TO SECURE THE BORDERS, THEN?"

"And let us name those who kill."

Chapter VII — we refuse any militia, any armed group, any security structure claiming to speak for the Kamites: our defence protects lives and a place, conquers nothing, avenges nothing, and nobody will use security as a staircase to seize power over us. We refuse to designate a people — neither the Fulani, nor the Tuareg, nor the Dioula, nor the Bété, nor the Mossi, nor any other: crimes are committed by men, not by peoples. We refuse to take sides in the domestic politics of a brother state, for the day it became our business, we should be good for nothing any more.

"YOU ARE LOOKING FOR A MEDIATOR'S POST"

"And you believe your ancestors understood everything."

Chapter VII and eleventh point — the Bwa Sacré accepts neither funding nor favour from any camp for this work, for a paid third party is no longer a third party; it withdraws as soon as it is no longer wanted. And it refuses triumphalism: we shall not say that we have found the solution, nor that our ancestors understood everything and the others nothing. The palaver has faults the author has written down himself: slow, it sometimes crushed the juniors, set women aside, treated the stranger badly. It lacked writing, we give it that; the women, we put them in it; a control, we institute it. A corrected palaver — not a step backwards.

Three parts, twenty-one chapters, twelve points instituted, 34 pages: the reader will close this declaration knowing that the coloniser has not changed but that his strategy changes every time the old one becomes too expensive, that we now know how to divide ourselves, that confrontation and collaboration are two roads to the same house, and that one does not enter reconciliation by principles but by the blocked lorry and the disputed plot — under a tree, with a register, and a meal to finish. Let us be Kamites, AES or not. Writing dated September 13, 2026, to be signed and anchored in the Bitcoin blockchain.

KAMITE, YOUR NEIGHBOUR IS YOUR BROTHER

Declaration of the Bwa Sacré on the palaver between our states: reconciling Côte d'Ivoire with itself, reconciling the Alliance of Sahel States with its neighbours, and ceasing to let the neo-coloniser lap it up

Declaration by BAZURU, President of the Bwa Sacré · Abidjan, September 13, 2026 — year 6263

French edition: *Kamite, ton voisin est ton frère*

Sheet XV — The fifteen writings

The Seal

The Seal — the objections it will meet, and what it answers

It is believed that the difficulty is to date. It is not: dating is a problem long solved. The difficulty lies in what one hands over when signing. The tools the world offers require, in order to set a mark upon a document, that the document be given to them — and most often that the key be entrusted to them as well, so that it is no longer even we who sign. For a poem, let it pass. For the list of a sanctuary's members, it is out of the question. This act therefore institutes, before any timestamping, a standard of signature. Here are its objections, and the answers.

"IN ANY CASE, TO SIGN YOU MUST SEND THE DOCUMENT."

"The standard requires it; you can do nothing about it."
Sections III and IV — no: it is not the standard, it is the service. PAdES describes only a container — how a signature is lodged in the file — and nowhere says the file must travel; RFC 3161 receives only a fingerprint. The world confused the two layers, and it had an interest in confusing them. What leaves, under the Kamite standard, is sixty-four characters, from which no one goes back to anything — not to the text, not to its language, not to the name written in it. And the sealed document still opens in any reader in the world: **compatibility costs nothing.** And the objection "our providers are serious, they encrypt" misses the subject: encryption at rest does not protect against whoever holds the decryption key. The question is not "are they honest?" but **do I need them to be?**

“YOU STORE OUR DOCUMENTS ALL THE SAME, LIKE THE OTHERS.”

“You have a vault, so you are lying.”

Section IV and articles four and five — sealing and keeping are two trades. Sealing asks only for the fingerprint. Keeping asks for the file, necessarily, for one does not keep what one does not have: whoever must produce an act in fifty years needs a vault, and that vault is a heavy undertaking, not an abuse. The rule therefore does not condemn the vault: it forbids that one be obliged to pass through it. **The vault is a service, never a toll.** And section XI says, concealing nothing, where the reference implementation stands, what is compliant and what remains to be established.

“HOW CAN I TELL WHETHER A TOOL IS COMPLIANT?”

“One would have to be an engineer to judge.”

Section V — three levels, one question: what leaves the signatory’s machine? Level zero, the envelope: the document goes up, the key sits with the provider. Level one: only the fingerprint leaves, the document is safe, but the key remains in another’s vaults — half the way. Kamite level: nothing but the fingerprint, and the hand with the holder. To judge without any skill whatever, the test holds in four words: **unplug the network, and sign.** A compliant implementation signs offline; one that refuses has already answered.

“IF I LOSE MY KEY, I LOSE EVERYTHING.”

“No one to reopen the door?”

Section VI — the serious objection, and the act does not pretend otherwise. The offline copy, for one does not keep the granary key

inside the granary; sharing among witnesses, where the secret is cut into parts of which a single one says nothing, three of five or four of seven — the palaver tree written in mathematics; and renewal. To lose one's key is to lose the faculty of signing tomorrow: **the acts sealed yesterday remain valid.** What the Bwa Sacré will never do: keep a copy "just in case". A service that can rescue you can replace you.

"NOTHING IS WRITTEN AMONG YOU; YOUR WORD IS WORTH NOTHING."

"You have no archives."

Section VII — we had them: they were spoken, held by men whose charge that was, and they carried lineages longer than many a paper register. What they lacked was not rigour, it was a date. The seal therefore seals the recorded word like a writing — same fingerprint, same anchoring, same value, and in the language in which it was spoken: **the recording is the act.** The exercise book burns; the voice, once sealed, does not burn. The same section recognizes *original creation* — the first time of a thing, which no foreign standard sees, because they were written for societies where everything was already written down. We are a people of original creations.

"YOU ALREADY HAVE A STANDARD FOR STATES. WHY A SECOND?"

"You are competing with yourself."

Section X — it is not a disagreement, it is a difference of address. The NAOA speaks to States through their institutions: it proposes, it awaits a committee, a qualified majority, a regional recognition — four years at the least, and that is the right road, for a land title is worth nothing unless the State recognizes it. The Seal asks nothing:

it addresses the Kamite of Bahia, of Kingston or of Montreuil, who has no Chamber and who needs a date this evening. The one will obtain force of law; the other will never have more than the force of a verifiable fact. **The first is the sovereignty of our institutions, the second that of each of our own.**

"WHY A KAMITE DATE? THE WORLD COUNTS IN 2026."

"It is a calendar affectation."

Section VIII – a people that dates nothing in its own reckoning ends up believing that its time never began. The seal therefore writes two dates: the Kamite day, *year 6263, day 25 of the second month*, and Universal Time beside it, because a timestamp without an hour cannot separate two acts of the same day. Our year, moreover, needs no correction: anchored at both ends, it reopens at the same point, leap year or not.

"ANOTHER STAMP NOBODY WILL RECOGNIZE."

"Who gave you authority to seal?"

Sections IX and XI – nobody, and that is the point: there is nothing to recognize, because the proof does not pass through us. Four gestures, not one of which asks our permission. The act writes its own price: our certificates do not appear in the trust stores of the great publishers, and a reader will display "validity unknown". It is the same choice held to the end: to enter those lists is to submit to their audit and their jurisdiction. A green banner says that an authority has recognized an issuer; it does not say that a document is true.

“ONE WILL HAVE TO GIVE A NAME, AND SO BE EXPOSED.”

“Where we live, being known costs dearly.”

Articles two and twelve — the civil name is never required: the seal names an office, a title, a house, a sanctuary or an author, and that faculty is a right. The rule is written in both directions: no one is bound to appear, no one is bound to hide. And the register writes down only fingerprints and holders: a leak would deliver no document, for **the best protection of a secret is not the strongbox, it is not having it.**

A document that never leaves, a key that is the holder’s alone, the first time of a thing recognized, the spoken word sealed like a writing, a register holding nothing to surrender: the reader will have, to the question “must one hand over in order to prove?”, the answer this act institutes in twelve articles — **one can prove without showing.** We were asked for our papers for a century, and we were given none. We now keep our own register, we date it in our own time, and we hand nothing over to anyone.

THE SEAL

Act of the Bwa Sacré instituting the seal of the Kamites, the Kamite standard of signature, its register and its timestamping in the Kamite calendar

Solemn declaration of KING BAZURU, Venerable and President of the Kamites · Abidjan, September 18, 2026 — year 6263, day 25 of the second month

French edition: *Le Sceau*

Sheet XVI – The fifteen writings

The Key of the Kamite

The Key of the Kamite – the objections of the man who must set to work, and what they receive

The act *The Seal* stated the rule; the hand remained. This conduct is the only one of our writings that does not ask to be approved but to be carried out: it takes a man who has nothing, and leaves him with a key that belongs to him alone, an identifier inscribed in the register, and the faculty of dating what he writes without asking anyone's permission. Twelve chapters, a conformity test, an aide-mémoire, an annex. Here is what is objected when the moment comes to set to work – and what the book answers.

"THIS IS CRYPTOGRAPHY. IT IS NOT FOR ME."

"One must be an engineer; I am a trader, or old, or both."

Chapters II and IV – the whole book rests on a reversal anyone understands: **one does not store a key, one stores what remakes it.** What is kept is not a file to be defended, it is a seed: twenty-four words written by hand on paper, and a name told to no one. The machine does the rest, and remakes the key identically each time the seed is given back to it. A man who can copy out twenty-four words can make his key.

"PAPER? IN THE AGE OF THE CLOUD?"

"Put it in an account for me, I will find it anywhere."

Chapters III and VI – an account is a place one can be dispossessed of, and whose keeper can act without you. Paper cannot be hacked from a distance, cannot be suspended, asks for no password one

forgets; and it has served before: our fathers kept their registers in the memory of men whose charge it was, with shares, witnesses and exact words. The working key lives in the secure element of the device: **it goes in and never comes out**, not even for the application that uses it.

"IF I FORGET MY NAME, EVERYTHING IS LOST."

"You ask me to hold a secret I write down nowhere."

Chapters IV and X — this is the fair objection, and the book does not pretend otherwise. The name is the twenty-fifth word: without it, the twenty-four words found by a thief yield no usable key; without the twenty-four words, the name alone yields nothing either. This is why the two never travel together and never sleep in the same place. Chapter X treats the six cases, that one included, and the remedy is always the same: **one does not recover a lost key, one makes a new one and appears before the register.**

"WHY REMAKE THE KEY EVERY YEAR?"

"If it is good, it is good. This is complication."

Chapter IX — because a key that lasts twenty years is a key that has twenty years in which to leak. Renewal takes place during the five days outside time, July 21 to 25, and the rotation counter *is* the Kamite year: the key carries its date in its very making. The trap is spelled out, and it is not obvious: during those five days one derives the year that *opens*, not the year one stands in. The ceremony is short, it returns once a year, and the old key signs the new one: the chain does not break.

“I HAVE LOST MY TELEPHONE.”

“So I have lost my signature.”

Chapter X — no: you have lost a device. The six cases are written down and kept apart, for they are not handled alike: the device lost or broken but the seed in hand; the seed lost but the device alive; the key compromised, where one **revokes first and remakes afterwards**; the renewal missed; everything lost, where one appears before the register upon proof; and the disappearance of the holder. Each case has its order of gestures, and the order matters.

“IF ONE REVOKES, EVERYTHING I HAVE SIGNED FALLS.”

“Then my old acts are worth nothing.”

Chapter XI — this is the most widespread confusion, and it comes from elsewhere. To revoke does not say “what was signed is false”; to revoke says “from this instant, this key signs no more.” What saves the past is the anchoring: an act whose fingerprint entered a block before the revocation is dated by the chain itself, and **no later decision can move it backwards in time.** That is why one anchors on the day itself, and not later.

“HOW AM I TO KNOW WHETHER THE TOOL SOLD TO ME CONFORMS?”

“Everyone says they respect privacy.”

The conformity test — four gestures, none of which requires any skill. **Unplug the network, and sign:** if the tool refuses, it was sending your document. Ask for the export of your acts, your certificates and your proofs of anchoring in open formats: if you must negotiate, pay or wait, you are captive. Ask to see what leaves over the network: at the Kamite level, it is sixty-four characters and

nothing else. And ask who can help you out if you lose everything: **a service that can help you out can replace you.**

"I SHALL HAVE TO GIVE MY NAME, AND SO EXPOSE MYSELF."

"Where we live, appearing on a list can cost dearly."
Chapters VII and XII – the register inscribes only fingerprints and holders, and the holder may be an office, a title, a house or an author: the civil name is never required. The discreet 09 is written for the man whom naming would endanger, and the rule holds in both directions – **no one is bound to appear, no one is bound to hide.** One man may moreover bear several identifiers with nothing publicly linking them: never do two share a key, for that would tie them together forever.

A seed rather than a strongbox, a name written down nowhere, a key that never leaves the device, a renewal in the five days outside time, and a register holding nothing to surrender: the reader who closes this book no longer needs a signature to be granted to him – **he makes one.** The act stated the rule; this one lays a hand on it. And the annex fixes the parameters, so that the engineer who writes his own tool will find, from the same seed, exactly the same key – ten years from now, and without us.

THE KEY OF THE KAMITE

Practical conduct of the 09: making your key, keeping it, renewing it in the five days outside time, replacing it

Established by KING BAZURU, Venerable and President of the Kamites · Abidjan, September 19, 2026 – year 6263, day 26 of the second month
In application of the act *The Seal* · French edition: *La Clé du Kamite*

THE GUIDE TO THE KAMITE STANDS

Why read — the volume and its fifteen writings, in sixteen sheets

KING BAZURU
President of the Kamites

First publication — English edition
Abidjan, September 20, 2026
year 6263 of the Kamite era, day 27 of the second month

IANA identifier: PEN 65878
OID: 1.3.6.1.4.1.65878.3.1 – 3.6, 2.30 and 2.31

French edition: *Le Guide du Kamite debout*

bwa-sacre.org

© 2026 — Bwa Sacré. All rights reserved.

```
Signe electroniquement par
KING BAZURU
09S-BAZURU01-9
2026-09-20 04:28:10 UTC
Pixel Sceau
```