

The Awakening of Kamite Consciousness

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

Solemn Writings of the Venerable

KING BAZURU

President of the Bwa Sacré

Abidjan, 2026

The twelve writings gathered in this volume were first published separately in Abidjan, between May 27 and June 12, 2026: *The Secret Revealed* (May 27); *The Devil Always Wears Our Face* and *The Price of Silence* (June 10); *The Age of Aquarius* and *The Parable of the Twins* (June 11); *The Divine Words*, *The Inverted Curse*, *The Invisible Ledger*, *The Sacred Protocols*, *The Stealers of Women*, *The New Fire* and *Before the Greeks, Before Rome* (June 12). Original texts in French.

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Preliminary Note

This book gathers, in a single volume and in their order of publication, the twelve writings I made public in Abidjan between May 27 and June 12, 2026, in the wake of the manifesto “The Secret Revealed.” Each of them first appeared separately; here they form a single edifice, with its entrance, its twelve pillars and its keystone.

These pages express my position as Venerable and President of the Bwa Sacré – and, where need be, as an engineer who has been building information systems for thirty years. They carry an initiatic word and a personal testimony, in a deliberately accessible form. They are not meant to substitute for academic historical research or for scientific scholarship: the theses I put forward are not personal inventions – they belong to a conversation already begun by historians, anthropologists and researchers, whose principal works are recalled at the end of this volume. My contribution is to articulate these elements into a coherent overall reading, from the place that is mine within the Bwa Sacré.

This book criticizes doctrines, systems and postures – never people. Christians, Muslims and guardians of the traditions live side by side in our very families, often under the same roof, often in the same heart; respect for believers does not forbid the examination of ideas – it demands it.

I invite researchers, historians, anthropologists, the descendants of the diaspora and every person concerned to confront this text with their own sources, to contest it, to complete it, to enrich it. I do not ask to be believed on my word. I ask that people look, that they search, that they carry the work further.

The work is only beginning.

Amen Hotep – Amenhotep.



– Chapter One –

The Secret Revealed

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

Solemn Declaration of the Venerable

KING BAZURU

President of the Bwa Sacré

Abidjan, May 27, 2026

Made public pursuant to the United Nations
Resolution of 2026

I. Opening

I have been asked the question a thousand times, in a thousand different forms: if your sacred objects and your ancestral practices were so powerful, how is it that Africa is not the most developed continent in the world?

I no longer answer this question with emotion. For too long I watched my brothers defend themselves, explain themselves, almost apologize. And I came to realize one thing: as long as you accept the ground on which this question stands, you have already lost. Because it is a trap.

The spiritual practices that the colonizers despised by calling them “fetishes” never had the function of building highways, manufacturing telephones or producing GDP. To reproach a spiritual system for not having produced the automobile industry is like reproaching a physician for not knowing how to build airplanes. The question makes no sense – unless it was asked precisely so that it would make none.

The true challenge of our generation is not to prove that our ancestors should have invented the Internet. The true challenge is to draw from their wisdom in order to invent a technological development that does not destroy those who use it. To be fully modern without denying our roots. To be technologically advanced without losing our soul.

Amen Hotep – Amenhotep.

II. A Question That Is Not One

Let us return for a moment to the mechanics of the initial question, because there is something there that deserves to be named.

When one asks “why is Africa not developed despite its fetishes?,” one does three things at once, and they must be seen.

First, one imposes a single model of success – that of the industrial West – as a universal standard. Everything that does not look like Manhattan or Frankfurt automatically becomes a failure. The civilizations that lived a thousand years in balance with their ecosystem? Failure. The societies that placed the bond above production? Failure. That standard itself is never questioned. It is held to be self-evident.

Second, one presupposes that Africa’s present situation calls for an internal explanation. As if something in us explained our supposed backwardness. That amounts to asking a man who has been beaten for four centuries why he did not run faster.

Finally – and this is the most violent part – one turns the responsibility back against the victims. If your practices were effective, you would not be where you are. Therefore your practices are to blame. The executioner becomes the judge, and the crime becomes the proof of the victim’s guilt.

It is a mechanism one must know in order to break free of it. As long as you answer the question, you validate it. I propose that we replace it.

The real question, the one that must be asked, is not “why is Africa not developed?” It is: **how did Africa survive the greatest attempt at human destruction in history?**

III. The African Exception

To understand what I mean, one must look at what happened to the others.

The Aztecs numbered twenty-five million at the beginning of the sixteenth century. A century later, fewer than one million remained. The peoples of the North American plains lost more than nine inhabitants out of ten. The Aborigines of Australia were hunted like game, with official bounties. The pre-Islamic cultures of North Africa and the Middle East? Erased. The Etruscans? Vanished, body and goods. When History rolls its steamroller, it does not do delicate work.

Africa endured something comparable – and even worse in its duration. Four centuries of organized predation. Serious estimates speak of more than one hundred million dead between the transatlantic trade, the Arab trade, the colonial famines and the punitive wars. And to this figure must be added the lives that were never born: those who could not be born because their potential parents had been deported or killed.

The figure that haunts me most is that of population density in 1900: 3.3 inhabitants per square kilometer. To measure what that means – even the most arid deserts on the planet shelter more people. That figure is not a lag in development; it is the visible signature of a centuries-long bleeding. A continent almost emptied.

And yet.

Yet the languages survived. Yet the cultures were passed on. Yet the peoples remained on their lands. Yet, where the Aztecs disappeared in five generations, we are still here after twenty. This is not a geographical accident. It is not luck. It is the result of an organized resistance – spiritual, strategic, collective – whose architecture we are only beginning to piece together.

I have a declaration to make on this subject.

IV. Solemn Declaration

In my capacity as Venerable and President of the Bwa Sacré, I present myself today before the tribunal of my conscience, under the gaze of our Ancestors.

What I am about to say, I do not say lightly. For years I kept to myself what my masters had transmitted to me. For years I asked myself whether the hour had come to speak. And then there were signs I could no longer ignore.

The first sign came from the diaspora. I watched those young African-Americans discovering Africa for the first time – IShowSpeed, and many others after him. I saw their astonishment before a modern, urban, living Africa that bore no resemblance to what they had been made to believe. I saw their tears when they understood, on the spot, that they had been lied to all their lives. When a grown man weeps before a boulevard in Lagos or an avenue in Abidjan because he discovers that it is not the jungle he was told about, that is not sentimentality. That is dignity coming home.

The second sign came from international law. In this year 2026, at the initiative of Ghana, the General Assembly of the United Nations adopted a resolution recognizing the transatlantic trade and racial slavery as the gravest crime against humanity ever perpetrated. This recognition, awaited for generations, changes the status of what we may say publicly. What yesterday was whispered may today be proclaimed.

These two signs – the tears of the diaspora and the recognition by the UN – convinced me. The hour of silence is over.

Before going further, I pour the ritual libations. I ask forgiveness of our Ancestors for breaking a seal they had set. I ask their permission to release a vow that had bound us for centuries. I do so because the conditions that justified the secret no longer exist, and because the children of those who were torn from us need to know.

Amen Hotep – Amenhotep.

V. The Secret of the Scarifications

Here is what was transmitted to me, and what I transmit in my turn.

The facial scarifications our ancestors bore – those still to be seen on the faces of the eldest in our villages – were not, as the textbooks put it, mere markers of ethnic belonging. That explanation is convenient. It does not hold.

The scarifications, in the great era, were a strategy of resistance. A collective strategy, concerted, transmitted under the seal of the sacred. A covenant of flesh that our societies made with themselves in answer to an existential threat.

To grasp the logic, one must return to the context. From the sixteenth century onward, Africa faced a predation it had never known before: armed men landed on the coasts, bought or captured human beings, and carried them away in ships never to return. Against firearms, our spears and our bows weighed little. We could not win that war by metal.

So our ancestors changed the ground of battle. They did not fight the slaver's weapon with another weapon. They attacked the very logic of the trade.

The slave trade rested on one precise thing: inspection. Before purchase, bodies were examined as one examines livestock. The teeth, the muscles, the eyes, the skin. Market value depended on perfect physical appearance. A marked body, a damaged body, a body "spoiled" by the buyer's criteria – that body lost its value. And what had no value was not taken aboard.

It was on this precise point that the ancestral strategy struck.

By generalizing facial scarifications, by inscribing them in rite, in beauty, in the passage to adulthood, our ancestors made our faces unsellable. They turned our bodies into objects that could no longer enter the merchandise. Not by flight. Not by arms. By the mark, and by the mark alone.

And because the mark was inscribed in the sacred, no one could escape it. Not even a chief who might have been tempted to collaborate. Not even a young man who might have wished to remain "beautiful" by foreign standards. Sacralization made the practice universal, and that is what made its strength.

VI. What I Say to the Diaspora

To the children of those who left despite us, I wish to say this.

We did not give up. We did not forget you. We did not negotiate with the slavers. What you lost, what was torn from you, did not happen amid our indifference. We resisted, as we could, with what we had.

When iron could not answer iron, we opposed the mark. When brute force could not be confronted head-on, we opposed cunning, patience, sacralization. When a million arms would not have sufficed to stop the ships, our ancestors found a way to withdraw millions of bodies from the cargo.

Many left all the same. Many disappeared into the Atlantic. Many lived and died on the plantations without ever seeing their land again. This we know, and this we carry. But many others remained here thanks to that strategy, and from their descendants we were born.

You are our brothers. You are our sisters. You are the part of us that could not be protected in time. And we have never ceased to await your return.

VII. The Word Is Spoken

This truth may be accepted or contested. It matters little to me. What matters is that it be spoken, that it enter the public conversation, that it begin to exist where it did not exist.

May it honor the memory of those who conceived this strategy at the peril of their lives. May it soothe the wounded hearts of the diaspora. May it dry the tears of our brothers and sisters across the Atlantic. May it restore to our villages, to our elders, to our rites, the dignity of their true historical function.

The time of secrets imposed by survival is over. The time of the word has come.

Amen Hotep – Amenhotep.

After this declaration, history may continue.

VIII. Non-Violent Resistance

I would now like to develop, for those who wish it, the reasoning that led me to this understanding. Because what I have just announced deserves to be demonstrated, not merely asserted.

Let us start again from the beginning, but this time as analysts.

The slave trade was a trade. That is an obvious fact too often forgotten. Like any trade, it rested on a precise economic logic: buy at the lowest price, resell at the highest, minimize losses in transit. The European slavers and their African intermediaries did not capture just anyone. They selected. They inspected. They refused whatever did not match the criteria of American demand.

I have consulted several descriptions of the inspections, in sailors' accounts, in abolitionists' reports, in commercial archives. The picture is always the same. The teeth are examined – a toothless slave does not sell. The muscles are examined – a weak slave does

not sell. The skin is examined – a sick or marked slave does not sell. The eyes are examined – a blind slave does not sell. Every visible defect lowers the value, and beyond a certain threshold, the purchase no longer takes place.

It is that logic, cold and mechanical, that our ancestors turned around.

They could not prevent the ships from landing. They could not face firearms in open country. But they could act on the one lever left to them: the criterion of selection. If our bodies were massively rendered “unfit” for the market, the market would no longer buy us.

It is a form of resistance I do not hesitate to call a stroke of genius, because it fulfills three conditions rarely brought together. It costs no life on the spot. It is invisible to the enemy as a strategy – he believes he is looking at a fashion, a rite, a custom. And it transmits itself, generation after generation, without any chief of staff having to give the order.

A non-violent resistance, on a continental scale, spread across several centuries. To my knowledge, the history of humanity has produced nothing comparable.

IX. Why They Are Not Ethnic Markers

At this point, I will be told that the classical thesis holds well enough: scarifications are ethnic. Each people had its motifs, each village its designs. That is what one reads in the anthropology books.

I do not deny that regional variations existed. I say they do not suffice to explain the phenomenon.

Ask yourself the question simply. If ethnic group A is at war with ethnic group B, and the warriors of B can kill you by recognizing you from your scarification, will you really wear that visible, indelible scarification on your face all your life? Will you impose it on your children? Will an entire people, intelligently, condemn itself to being identified at a distance by its worst enemies?

No human group does that. None. Threatened peoples seek, on the contrary, invisibility. They learn to speak the other's language, to wear his clothes, to blend in. A permanent mark on the face is the opposite of inter-ethnic survival.

Unless the principal threat is no longer inter-ethnic.

Unless the danger no longer comes from the neighbor, but from elsewhere – from a buyer who lands from the sea, who makes no difference between ethnic group A and ethnic group B, and who indiscriminately rejects everything that is marked.

Then the scarification becomes a collective investment. Inter-ethnic conflicts continue, of course – they are a permanent given of human societies – but they recede into the background of the calculation of risks. The exogenous threat outweighs the endogenous threat. And the mark, which would be suicidal in normal times, becomes a life insurance on a continental scale.

It is this hierarchy of threats, established by our ancestors at the moment of the Great Danger, that explains the apparent irrationality of the scarifications. They are not irrational. They are rational at the scale of a peril we have ceased to remember.

X. The Proof by Chronology

The argument I have just presented can be contested. That is fair play. But there is one thing that can hardly be contested, and that is the chronology.

Here is what historical observation allows us to say, simplifying.

Before the great triangular trade, scarifications exist in Africa, as almost everywhere in the world, but they are neither generalized nor socially obligatory.

During the trade – say roughly from the seventeenth to the nineteenth century – facial scarifications become massive. They are culturally valued. They become a sign of beauty, of courage, of passage to adulthood. They are imposed by the initiatory societies.

After abolition and the progressive end of slaving predation – say from the middle of the nineteenth century for the Atlantic trade, later for the internal trades – the scarifications decline. Slowly. But clearly. Today, in 2026, they have almost entirely disappeared among the young generations.

This temporal correlation is troubling. If the scarifications were only ethnic markers, why would they have peaked exactly during the period when the market pressure was at its maximum? And why would they have disappeared once the pressure was withdrawn?

One explanation imposes itself. It is not the only one possible, but it is the one that best accounts for the facts. The massive scarifications were a response to a precise context. When the context changed, the practice died out. That is the behavior of a tool, not of an identity trait.

XI. The Mathematics of Rebirth

Let us return to the figures, because they tell a story that has not been heard enough.

In 1900, the population density of Africa is estimated at about 3 inhabitants per square kilometer. It is a figure one must let sink in, because it is not trivial. For comparison, the most desert-like regions of the planet at the same period hovered around 5. We were below the threshold of the deserts.

In 2024, African density stands at around 50 inhabitants per square kilometer.

In little more than a century, the population has been multiplied by fifteen. It is a demographic trajectory without equivalent over the same period, at the scale of an entire continent.

How should this figure be read?

Many read it as a problem: “African demographic explosion,” “time bomb,” “overpopulation.” That is the reading of the worried. I propose another reading.

When a patient comes out of a coma, one does not judge his recovery by comparing him to an Olympic athlete. One judges it against the state he was in when he hit bottom. And a patient who goes from 3 to 50 in a century is not an overloaded patient. He is a patient coming back from the dead.

Africa is not a continent developing badly. It is a continent rebuilding itself after having been emptied. And what should strike us is not the slowness of the march – it is that the march was possible at all.

XII. Spirituality as Technology

I now come to a point that is dear to my heart, and that demands precision.

Everything I have just said – the strategy of the scarifications, non-violent resistance on a continental scale, the intergenerational transmission of a protective device – rests on one question: how does one make a painful, costly, constraining practice respected by millions of people scattered across a continent, for several centuries, without any central administration?

No political authority could have done it. No king, no empire, no army has the reach necessary for such an operation.

The answer is the sacred.

By inscribing the scarification in rite, in initiatory passage, in myth, in beauty, in the religious meaning of the person, our ancestors gave it a force that no profane power could ever have mobilized. The sacred constrains without compelling. It makes the self-evidence of a practice stronger than any law.

And it is here that the foreign visitor's gaze must be reversed. The colonizer saw our "superstitions," our "fetishes," our "barbaric rites." He laughed, he despised, he converted. He did not see that he was looking at the defense system of a civilization. He took the casing for decoration and the mechanism for absurdity.

Our spiritual practices, seen from this angle, were – among other things – technologies of collective coordination. Protocols of transmission. Devices of social protection spread across centuries. Their religious disguise made them unassailable. One does not

argue with the sacred. One observes it, or one withdraws from it in silence.

I do not say that African spirituality is reducible to this. I say that it fulfilled, among others, this function, and that this function saved a continent.

XIII. The Right Question

Let us return to our point of departure.

The initial question – “why is Africa not more developed if your fetishes are so powerful?” – rests on a presupposition I hope to have shaken. It supposes that the effectiveness of a spiritual system is measured in kilometers of highway, in GDP figures or in market shares.

But if one accepts that the primary function of our spirituality, for several centuries, was to guarantee the survival of a people subjected to an attempt at annihilation, then the measure of its effectiveness is not industrial development.

It is survival.

And the just question, the one an honest mind should ask, becomes:

How did Africa manage to survive four centuries of organized predation, to keep its languages, to maintain its cultures, to rebuild its demography, and to enter today a phase of growth that already worries its former predators?

To this question, the partial answer I bring today – the sacred strategy of the scarifications – is one piece among others. There are

many others I do not have the right to tell. There are many others I do not know. But this one I may tell, and I tell it.

XIV. Gratitude

I end where one must always end: with gratitude.

What I have just shared is not a trophy. It is an inheritance. I am not its inventor. I am, in my place and within my limits, its transmitter. If this text finds its way, the merit will not be mine, but that of those who conceived the strategy centuries ago, in conditions we cannot even represent to ourselves today.

Our ancestors accomplished the essential mission: to guarantee that there would be a sequel. That the lineage would continue. That men and women would be born, would speak our languages, would remember their names. All the rest, we inherited from them.

Our generation has no need to apologize for a development said to be delayed. Our generation has a single duty: to recognize what was bequeathed to us, and to carry on the work with the tools of our time. Where they used the mark and the rite, we shall use information, law, technology. But the strategic intelligence that guided their hand is the same that must guide ours.

Africa does not have to invent a model that resembles another. It has to invent its own, out of what it is, what it has learned and what it wants to become. And that begins with knowing where one comes from.

Amen Hotep – Amenhotep.

– Chapter II –

The Devil Always Wears Our Face

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

Solemn Tribune of the Venerable

KING BAZURU

President of the Bwa Sacré

Abidjan, June 10, 2026

Published in the wake of the manifesto
“The Secret Revealed”

I. Opening

Turn on the television one evening, in Abidjan, in Lagos, in Accra or in Cotonou. Choose a local film, any one of them. You do not need to watch it to the end: you already know the script.

The fetish priest will be a poisoner. The spiritual master of the village will be a guru thirsting for human sacrifice. The sacred hut will be the antechamber of the devil. The village will be the place evil comes from – and the city, the church, the place where it is cast out. In the final act, the man of God come from elsewhere will triumph over the darkness come from our own home.

I have watched these films for forty years. Ivorian films, Nigerian films, Ghanaian films, Beninese films. The languages change, the actors change, the budgets change. The lesson never changes: everything that comes from our traditions is evil, and everything that comes from the imported religions is light.

This is no longer cinema. It is a catechism in images, financed by our own savings, shot by our own children, applauded in our own living rooms. And it is time to name it.

Amen Hotep – Amenhotep.

II. The Inventory of a Contempt

Let us be precise, because precision is the first courtesy owed to a grave subject.

The West African video film industry was born in the 1980s and 1990s – *Zinabu* in Ghana in 1985, *Living in Bondage* in Nigeria in

1992 are generally cited as its birth certificates. Yet these founding films already rest, both of them, on the same matrix: a protagonist makes a pact with “traditional” occult forces, pays a terrible price for it, and is saved – or condemned – by the measure of Christianity. The matrix was never abandoned. It was industrialized.

Researchers have shown this better than I could. The anthropologist Birgit Meyer, who spent years in the studios of Accra, has documented how the dramaturgy of these films espouses the Pentecostal vision of the world: the divinities of our ancestors do indeed exist on screen – but only as demons, only to be defeated in the name of Jesus in the final reel. The film historian Jonathan Haynes has described the same mechanics in the genres of Nollywood. What these works establish is that the caricature is not an accident along the way: it is the very grammar of the genre.

Do the count yourselves. In how many films is the traditional priest a sage, a healer, a justice of the peace, a keeper of memory – that is, what he was, for centuries, in the reality of our societies? And in how many films is he an assassin in a loincloth, surrounded by skulls and red smoke?

The count is quickly done. And it is damning.

III. The Forbidden Experiment

Let us now ask the question nobody asks, because it disturbs everyone.

What if we had done the opposite?

What if our filmmakers had produced, for forty years, thousands of films in which every pastor is a swindler emptying widows' pockets? In which every marabout casts evil djinns upon the innocent? In which every revival church is a machine for breaking families, and every brotherhood an enterprise of subjugation? The news items, alas, would have supplied the material without effort: predatory pastors and charlatan marabouts are lacking neither in our newspapers nor in our courts.

How long would those films have lasted on screen? How many days before the censorship boards, the religious associations, the embassies and the ministries stepped in? How many hours before there was talk of incitement to hatred, offense against the sacred, disturbance of public order?

We all know the answer. Those films would not exist. They would never have received an exhibition visa. And I want to be perfectly clear: that is as it should be. Respect for beliefs is a sound principle, and I do not wish upon any religion the treatment ours has received on screen for forty years.

But then, let someone explain to me. Why does this protective principle stop exactly at the door of our traditions? Why is the spirituality of our fathers the only one that can be soiled with impunity, caricatured without trial, condemned without counsel – and this in our own countries, with our own taxes, under the eyes of our own authorities?

IV. The *Ceddo* Precedent

I will be told that I exaggerate, that the censorship boards make no distinction between beliefs. The history of our cinema says otherwise, and it says so with cruel precision.

In 1977, Ousmane Sembène – the founding father of African cinema – made *Ceddo*. The film tells of the resistance of the common people, the ceddo, who refuse to renounce the spirituality of their ancestors in the face of forced Islamization and Christianization, against the background of the slave trade. It is a major work, screened throughout the world. In its own country, the film was banned for years – the censorship was lifted only in 1984. The official motive will remain in the annals: a spelling quarrel over the title, “ceddo” having, according to the authorities, to be written with a single “d.” Nobody, then as now, was fooled as to the real reason: the film dared to question the implantation of the imported religions.

Remember the equation well, for it sums up everything. **One single film, in fifty years, looked at the religions come from elsewhere with a critical eye: it was banned. Thousands of films have presented our ancestors as minions of the devil: they all received their visa.**

There is the asymmetry. It is not an impression. It is an administrative fact.

V. The Silence of Our States

Our States are not spectators of this phenomenon. They are its involuntary guarantors – or its consenting ones.

Each of our countries has a film classification or censorship board. These boards do work: they cut a scene judged indecent, they bar a film to minors, they see to it – rightly – that no religious community is offended. None, except one. Decades of organized humiliation of our own spiritual heritage pass before them without raising the slightest reservation, as if defaming the ancestors were a film genre like any other.

So I put the question to the States, solemnly: what is the objective? What national interest is served by a people that itself finances, itself applauds, itself exports the contempt of its own origins? What nation in the world lets its cultural industry teach its children that their great-grandparents were demons?

In “The Secret Revealed,” I showed that our spiritual practices were, during the centuries of the Great Danger, the defense system of a civilization – the technology of collective coordination that allowed this continent to survive the greatest predation in human history. What the colonizer did not understand, he despised. What he despised, he called “fetish.” And what he called fetish, our filmmakers today call demon – taking up his gaze, his words and his contempt, forty years late and with our own cameras.

The work of denigration begun by others is today completed by ourselves, in color, in high definition, and with closing credits.

VI. What the Screen Builds in Our Children

Let no one tell me these are only films.

A child who grows up seeing, week after week, his grandfather's costume associated with murder, his village's language associated with curses, his ancestors' altars associated with blood – that child does not need a speech against his origins. The speech is already made. It is in his eyes, in the place of the tales no longer told to him.

That child learns three things, without any master having had to teach them. That evil wears the face of his ancestors. That salvation wears a costume come from elsewhere. And that between the two he will have to choose – that is, to deny himself or to damn himself.

A people that teaches its children that its own ancestors were demons is a people that condemns itself to beg for its identity elsewhere. And then we will be surprised that our youth dreams of leaving, that it no longer respects the elders, that it confuses modernity with self-denial. One harvests in adolescence what one projected in childhood.

Amen Hotep – Amenhotep.

VII. What We Do Not Ask

Before formulating our demands, I want to set aside two false accusations.

We do not ask for censorship. The Bwa Sacré has no taste for bans, and the *Ceddo* affair shows well enough what State scissors are worth. Cinema has the right to show evil wherever it is found –

including among us. Every human institution counts its black sheep: there are false fetish priests as there are false pastors and false marabouts, and a film that denounces one precise charlatan does not offend us. It avenges us.

Nor do we ask for a cinema of reverse propaganda, in which tradition would always be good and the rest always bad. Our traditions do not need to be idealized. They need to be looked at – with the same complexity, the same humanity and the same presumption of dignity as any other spirituality in the world.

What we denounce is the asymmetry. The one-way treatment. The fact that a single spiritual family serves as the universal villain for an entire industry, while the others enjoy a de facto immunity.

VIII. What We Ask

Of African filmmakers, we ask that they recover their creative dignity. The poisoning fetish priest is the most worn-out cliché in your entire filmography; it demands neither courage nor talent. Courage was *Ceddo*. Talent is writing a traditional priest as complex, as human, as true as your pastors and your imams. Your ancestors bequeathed you a thousand years of narratives, figures, epics and wisdoms: it is time to draw from them something other than horror props.

Of the States and the classification boards, we ask one thing only: symmetry. Apply to African spiritualities exactly the rule you apply to the other confessions – no more, no less. If incitement to contempt of a religion justifies your reservations, then let it justify them for all. One rule, for all. That is the very definition of justice.

Of researchers, historians, film critics, we ask that they pursue and amplify the work of inventory. Count the roles, compare the treatments, publish the figures. This phenomenon prospers in the half-light of the obvious; the light of data will make it retreat.

And of every viewer, we ask a gesture both minuscule and immense: the next time a “fetish-priest film” begins, ask yourself one single question. Who profits from what I think of the evil of my own ancestors?

IX. The Electric Guitar and the Spirit of the Age

There was a time when the African artist was granted only half of himself. When Youssou N'Dour, Manu Dibango and so many others crossed borders to perform abroad, a tacit expectation preceded them: that they remain authentic. And by authentic, one meant acoustic. The tom-tom, yes; the kora, the balafon, even the saxophone, at a pinch. But the electric instrument seemed reserved for others. As if plugging a guitar into an amplifier were a betrayal, as if technical modernity belonged in propriety to the West and Africa, to deserve a hearing, had to remain in a supposed purity – that is, in the past.

This assignment was not innocent. It expressed, under the cover of admiration, a deep condescension: Africa could be beautiful, vibrant, moving, on condition that it remain archaic. It was granted the soul and refused the machine. Its rhythmic genius was celebrated the better to forbid it the present.

It was a giant from Kinshasa who delivered the most resounding refutation. Pépé Kallé – the Elephant of Africa, two meters ten and a hundred and fifty kilos of presence – asked no one's permission to plug his music into the century. His Congolese rumba, carried by those famous swirling electric guitars that became the signature of a whole genre, he took it where no one expected it: all the way to Japan. In the most technologically advanced country on the planet, this immense man made a music rooted in his soil resound on electric instruments, and the public answered. No one, that day, asked him to unplug anything. The proof was made, and made by one of the first: African music could be fully modern without ceasing for one instant to be African.

One does not even need to go as far as Japan to understand it: it is enough to open our kitchens. The red oil drawn from the palm nourished our fathers for centuries, and many today prefer refined oil – the Dinor of our shelves – lighter and clearer. No one sees in this a betrayal of our tables: one can cherish the cooking of one's ancestors and choose its refined version without ceasing for one instant to be of our own land. To love the modern is not to deny the origin; it is only to refine what deserved refining.

What was true for music and for the oil of our kitchens is just as true for what concerns us here. For still today, as soon as we speak of African tradition, the same reflex is triggered. We are at once confronted with archaism, folklore, the museum. As if African tradition were condemned to be nothing but a vestige, incapable of thinking the present, and still less of building the future. It is welcome as a curiosity; it is refused as a method.

We reject this assignment with the same tranquility as the Elephant of Africa plugging in his guitar before the Rising Sun. The tradition of which we speak is not a relic: it is an algorithm, a proven way of solving the problems of men, transmitted across millennia and perfectly able to plug into the current of our time – into the digital, into artificial intelligence, into the newest questions posed by the age now opening. Just as music freed itself from the false dilemma between the authentic and the modern, we intend to speak of African tradition without being sent back to dead things. Not archaic: resolutely modern, and turned toward the future.

X. What Must Be Remembered and Passed On

Our ancestors survived the slave trade, the colonial famines and the punitive wars. They protected their children with the means at hand, to the point of inscribing resistance in their own flesh. They deserved statues. We gave them the roles of demons.

This tribune is not a call to hatred of anyone. Christians, Muslims and guardians of the traditions live side by side in our very families – often under the same roof, often in the same heart. It is precisely for this reason that the screen must cease to designate one of the three as evil incarnate: one does not build the concord of a house by demonizing one of its pillars.

May this word enter the public conversation, may it trouble the comfort of habits, may it inspire a screenwriter, a minister, a father of a family before his television. The hour of silence is over.

Respect is not begged for. It is demanded.

Amen Hotep – Amenhotep.

– Chapter III –

The Price of Silence

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

Solemn Declaration of the Venerable

KING BAZURU

President of the Bwa Sacré

Abidjan, June 10, 2026

Sequel and complement to “The Secret Revealed”

I. The Reproach

The children of those who were deported carry a pain I respect, and it often takes this form: “You let us go. You knew how to resist, and you told us nothing. If you had spoken, perhaps fewer of ours would have crossed the ocean.”

I understand this reproach. I long carried it myself, turned it over in every direction. And I came at last to see that it rests on a belief: the belief that a strategy of protection would be all the stronger for being declared. That to warn is to protect. That to speak is to help.

It is the reverse that is true. And to demonstrate it, I do not need to go back to our ancestors. It is enough to look at what has happened, before our eyes, with the most modern thing there is.

II. The Guardian’s Dilemma

Our ancestors stood before a choice I call the guardian’s dilemma. Two doors, and two only.

First door: speak. Announce, within and without, that the mark on the face served to render bodies unsellable, to break the market of flesh. Keep, in so doing, clean hands and an intact image: that of a people that warns, that explains, that leaves no one in ignorance.

Second door: keep silent. Inscribe the mark in rite, in beauty, in the passage to adulthood, and never reveal its function – at the risk of appearing, in the eyes of future generations, a passive people, one that did nothing, said nothing, attempted nothing.

The first door preserved innocence. The second preserved the people. Both could not be passed through.

Our ancestors chose the people. They accepted to appear guilty so that we, their descendants, might have our lives spared. They preferred to be accused one day of having abandoned, rather than to have truly failed to protect. It is a choice whose greatness I still struggle to measure.

III. Why Speaking Would Have Destroyed Everything

What would have happened if the first door had been passed?

The slaver bought bodies on a single criterion: sellable appearance. The mark deceived that criterion because it presented itself as a custom, a fashion, an internal and religious affair. The buyer set aside the marked body believing he was simply setting aside a defect. He did not see a strategy. He saw folklore.

The day the real function of the mark had been declared, everything would have collapsed. The slaver, knowing the facial mark was a deliberate ruse to deprive him of his merchandise, would no longer have set marked bodies aside: he would have demanded unmarked bodies, by force, by bounty, by punishment. He would have banned the rite, punished the initiatory societies, turned chiefs. The declared mark would have become a target, where the silent mark remained a protection.

A strategy of concealment loses all its value at the exact instant it is named. This is not an opinion. It is a law. And of this law, the world has just given a new demonstration, in broad daylight.

IV. The Proof by Bitcoin

In 2008, an unknown person under the name of Satoshi Nakamoto published a nine-page text. In it he presented a currency without a bank, without a State, without a trusted third party. And he committed – from the standpoint of strategy – a single error, but it was fatal: he declared his intention. The project was openly directed against the power of banks and State money. In the very first block, he inscribed in plain text the headline of a newspaper about the bailout of the banks. The weapon was laid on the table, and its purpose announced aloud.

The system under attack heard. Its riposte came in three strikes, and they must be named, for they are the same a forewarned slaver would have delivered against a declared mark.

The first strike was contempt. There was laughter. The first believers were called naive, cranks, crooks. This is the phase in which one does not yet fight, because one does not believe the thing can work.

The second strike came when the thing worked. Then contempt gave way to the regulatory attack. KYC was imposed – the mandatory identification of every user – which strips the currency of its first quality, anonymity. The actors of the decentralized world and the builders of the system were dissolved, prosecuted, sometimes imprisoned. The roots were cut.

The third strike was the most subtle, and the most deadly. Bitcoin was not killed. It was swallowed. Through the ETFs, the very financial institutions Bitcoin meant to render useless became its custodians. Today, giants of finance hold the keys on behalf of millions of people who never touch a single coin. The currency conceived to escape the banks is now sold by the banks, on their markets, on their terms.

Let us look at the result without lying to ourselves. The price is alive: Bitcoin still weighs more than a trillion dollars. But the revolution is dead. The project of withdrawing money from central control was not broken but domesticated. The body breathes; the soul is gone. And all this because, from the very first day, the intention had been declared.

V. What Secrecy Would Have Offered Bitcoin

I venture a hypothesis, and I stand by it. If the Bitcoin project had advanced masked – if it had presented itself not as a weapon against the banks, but as a game, a collector's item, a technical curiosity of no consequence – the system would not have fought it in time. By the time it understood what it had before its eyes, the thing would have been too widespread, too deeply rooted, too normal to be taken back.

That is precisely what our ancestors did with the mark. They did not present it as a weapon. They presented it as a beauty. And it is under the mantle of beauty that the weapon did its work, for centuries, without ever being disarmed.

The sacred was their encryption. The rite was their protocol. Secrecy was their security. What the builders of Bitcoin sought in cryptography, our ancestors had found in initiation: a means of making a practice at once universal and unassailable.

VI. The Choice Assumed

I return to the guardian's dilemma, for everything lies there.

Our ancestors understood, without having read a single white paper, what the world is today relearning in pain: that a strategy of salvation announced is a strategy dead. They understood that to save the people, one had to accept not to save the image of the people. That for children to be born, one might one day have to endure the reproach of those very children.

They chose effectiveness, and they paid its price: guilt. Not a real guilt – an apparent guilt, that of seeming to have stayed mute during the calamity. Had they wished to wash themselves of that suspicion, had they spoken in order to seem to act, they would have disarmed the only defense left to them, and the genocide would have been complete. There would have been no one, neither here nor on the other side of the water, to reproach them for anything.

Here is the truth I want to engrave. The guilt we attribute to them is the signature of their success. They accepted to pass for those who did nothing, so that there would be living people to think it.

VII. To the Diaspora, Once More

So I address this to the children of those who left.

When you say “you should have spoken,” hear what that sentence proves. It proves that you are here to say it. It proves that the lineage continued, on both sides of the ocean, and that there exist today men and women to question their ancestors. That reproach is itself a monument to the victory of the strategy.

Had our ancestors spoken to soothe, they would have soothed no one – they would only have lifted the veil, and the market would have taken back what it believed it had lost. The silence was not indifference to your fate. The silence was fate itself, turned in your favor.

We did not forget you by keeping silent. We kept you alive by keeping silent.

VIII. What Must Be Remembered and Passed On

Secrecy was not the shadow of the strategy. It was its hidden light. The mark without the sacred would have been but a scar; the sacred without secrecy would have been but a declaration; and the declaration would have lost everything.

The modern world, with Bitcoin, has just relearned at its own expense what our elders knew without writing it: one does not win an asymmetric war by announcing one’s battle plan. One wins it in silence, under the mantle of the ordinary, letting the adversary believe he is looking at a custom when he is looking at an army.

Our ancestors chose the people over their own image. Let us today give them back the image they sacrificed.

Amen Hotep – Amenhotep.



– Chapter IV –

The Age of Aquarius

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

Solemn Writing of the Venerable

KING BAZURU

President of the Bwa Sacré

Abidjan, June 11, 2026

Published in the wake of the manifesto

“The Secret Revealed”

I. Opening

People speak a great deal, these days, of the Age of Aquarius. It is spoken of in songs, in books, in conversations. The word circulates, seduces, worries – but when one asks what exactly it means, answers grow scarce. Many use it, almost no one explains it.

This chapter is devoted to explaining it, and then to drawing its consequences. And so that the reader may know where I am leading him, I give him the map before the journey. Here is the road, in four stages:

The Age of Aquarius has begun. Now that this age is open, we shall face the disappearance of work – and it will be the age of the worker. Computing and artificial intelligence will reign. And, contrary to what people believe, the Ancestors will be more present than ever – not to be archaic, but to move forward.

Four affirmations. Each will have its chapter, its proofs and its witnesses. Let us then take the time to build, piece by piece – nothing solid is founded on words one does not understand.

Amen Hotep – Amenhotep.

II. What Is an Age?

Let us begin with the sky, since that is where the word comes from.

The Earth spins on itself like a top. And like any top, its axis does not remain perfectly still: it traces, very slowly, a great circle in the sky. Astronomers call this movement the precession of the equi-

noxes; the Ancients called it the Great Year. A complete revolution takes about twenty-six thousand years – the traditional calculations retain the figure of 25,920 years. It is a movement so slow that no human life can perceive it – it takes generations of patient observers, noting the position of the stars century after century, to detect it. The priest-astronomers of ancient Egypt were already scrutinizing that sky; the Greek Hipparchus, in the second century before our era, put numbers on the phenomenon.

Here is the consequence that concerns us. Because of this slow swaying, the point where the sun rises at the spring equinox recedes, century after century, through the twelve constellations of the zodiac. The sky thus divides as a giant year divides into months. Let us set down the equation, for it is simple and anyone can verify it:

$$\begin{aligned} \text{Great Year} \div 12 \text{ constellations} &= \text{duration of an age} \\ 25,920 \text{ years} \div 12 &= 2,160 \text{ years} \\ \text{that is, rounding off, about } 2,000 \text{ years: two millennia} \end{aligned}$$

That is what an age is: the sojourn of the spring point in one constellation, for about two thousand years. Twelve ages, like the twelve months of a giant year, compose the Great Year of humanity.

An age is therefore neither a belief nor an opinion: it is a clock. The greatest clock known to man, and the most impartial – for no empire, no religion, no government has ever been able to advance or delay its hands.

III. The Ages That Preceded Us

And each age colors the civilizations born within it. See for yourselves how the symbols follow the sky.

During the Age of Taurus, four to six thousand years ago, the peoples worshiped the bull – the ox Apis in Egypt, the sacred bulls of Crete and the Indus. Then came the Age of Aries, two to four thousand years ago: Amun, the great god of Egypt, took on a ram's head, and the altars of the world were covered with sacrificed rams. Then opened the Age of Pisces, the one now closing before our eyes: its symbol was the fish of the first Christians, drawn on the walls of the catacombs – the age of the religions of the book, which covered the planet.

An age does not begin one morning at eight o'clock; it rises slowly, like the day. But the calculation is final: after two millennia of Pisces, the spring point enters Aquarius. This opening age is ours – and our children, and their children's children, will live wholly within it.

The first affirmation is thus established: the Age of Aquarius has begun. Let us now see, in order, what it brings.

IV. The Disappearance of Work

The first thing this age carries away, one must have the courage to name: it is work.

Artificial intelligence will not merely transform work, as one transforms a recipe by changing an ingredient. It will attack it in its substance. It learns what we know how to do, then it does it –

faster, cheaper, without fatigue and without holidays. What required ten years of study is reproduced in ten seconds of computation. What made the pride of a craft becomes a function in a piece of software.

And let no one believe it is the prophets of doom who say so. It is the builders of this technology themselves – the very people who make it and sell it. Listen to them. Geoffrey Hinton, the pioneer of neural networks, crowned with the Nobel Prize in physics in 2024, left his post at Google in 2023 precisely in order to warn the world freely of the upheavals to come, including on employment. Dario Amodei, who leads Anthropic, one of the foremost artificial intelligence laboratories in the world, declared publicly in 2025 that AI could eliminate half of entry-level office jobs within five years, and drive unemployment to levels of ten to twenty percent; he has since specified that this technology does not attack one sector at a time, but acts as a general substitute for human labor. Elon Musk, before the heads of State gathered at the Bletchley Park summit in 2023, announced that a point will come when no job will be necessary anymore. When the builders of a machine themselves describe what their machine will do, wisdom commands that they be heard.

I join my engineer's voice to theirs, for it is my trade to see it: I build these systems. Work is becoming volatile. A trade learned in five years can become obsolete in five months. Jobs evaporate, recombine, fragment. The stable contract, the lifetime post, the linear career – all that belonged to the age now closing, and the door is closing before our eyes.

It is useless to weep over it, and vain to deny it. The question is not how to save yesterday's work. It is to know whom we shall save, we: and that is the object of the chapter that follows.

V. The Age of the Worker

For here is the second affirmation, and it is the heart of this writing: the age that carries away work is the age that reveals the worker. Aquarius is the age of the worker.

Look at what the closing age had made of us. Salaried employment had turned work into identity. One no longer asks "who are you?" but "what do you do?" One no longer introduces a man, one introduces his function. Retirement is lived as a small death, unemployment as a shame, and burnout as an almost honorable sacrifice. We even gave work its public holiday – on the 1st of May, the nations stop, the processions march, the speeches follow one another to honor Work. Now look for the day of the Worker: it does not exist. We celebrate the tool and forget the hand. We have sacralized the means to the point of losing sight of the end.

Yet man is not born to work. He works in order to live, to feed his own, to transmit, to leave the world a little more habitable than he found it. Work is a means – a noble means, a worthy means, but a means. Work is not an end. The essential is the worker. When work slips away, who falls? He who was nothing but his work. But he who knows that he is a worker – a being who precedes his job and will outlive it – that man bends, adapts and continues.

I do not speak of this subject from a design office. I speak of it from my own life. For twenty-five years I taught at the university as an

adjunct lecturer. Paid by the hour. Without a post, without tenure, without the security dreamed of by those who measure a life by the solidity of its contract. I trained generations of engineers, helped build entire degree programs – and every year, administratively, I barely existed. By conviction, I have never been a salaried employee in my life. Not by default: by choice.

It is that life which taught me what Aquarius confirms today. The casual worker is work laid bare. When you strip work of its décor – status, title, security, career – what remains? There remains a human being who knows how to do something, and who does it. The world of the closing age always looked at the casual worker with a hint of pity, as an incomplete worker. The world had the direction wrong. The casual worker is not a diminished worker. He is a worker revealed – and he is the man of the age now beginning.

And here is what I declare to the casual workers of all countries – to the teachers paid by the hour, the caregivers on short contracts, the delivery riders, the freelancers, the day laborers, the independents of every profession: **you are not precarious workers. You are preceded workers.** You are the firstborn sons of the Age of Aquarius: you arrived early in the world that all the others are about to enter.

VI. Computing and Artificial Intelligence Will Reign

Third affirmation. Every age has its language: the Age of Aries spoke the language of altars, the Age of Pisces spoke the language of books. The Age of Aquarius will speak the language of machines

– computing and artificial intelligence will reign, and all things will pass through them.

The sign foretold it. Aquarius, in every tradition, is the water-bearer – the one who does not keep the spring for himself, but pours it out for all. Look at our era and tell me whether the sign is not being fulfilled. Knowledge, once locked in temples, libraries and diplomas, is today pouring out over the whole of humanity. Computing dug its riverbed: networks linking every village to the rest of the world, machines that fit in the hand and contain more books than all the libraries of Alexandria. And here is artificial intelligence, completing the movement: the knowledge of humanity, made available to whoever knows how to ask – in his language, at his hour, at his level. The water flows. It is the Age of Aquarius to the letter: the water of knowledge poured out for all.

Let us measure what this means for our peoples. During the age now ending, knowledge was a fortress: one had to be born on the right side, in the right country, in the right family, to enter it. In the age now opening, knowledge is a rain: it falls on every roof. The child of one of our villages can now learn what the child of the capitals learns. Never, in all human history, had such a thing been possible.

But if everything passes through computing, then one question becomes vital: to whom do the systems belong? Look at today's – they are the children of the closing age. All the software of the enterprise is built for the benefit of the company: it counts positions, costs, headcounts, hours, yields. The worker appears in it only as a resource – indeed one says “human resources,” as one says mineral resources. When the job disappears, the line is deleted, and

with it the history, the skills, the trace. Man enters the system through his contract and leaves it through his termination.

We have decided to build the reverse – the computing of the Age of Aquarius. In our systems, the root object is not the job. It is the worker. He exists before his first contract and he remains after the last. His skills, his journey, his digital dignity belong to him – to him, and not to the passing employer. That is the meaning of the name we have registered with IANA, the world authority of Internet identifiers: TRAVAILLEUR-0 – WORKER-0. Zero, because it is the origin. Zero, because everything starts from him. Just as the land precedes the titles inscribed upon it, the worker precedes the jobs entrusted to him.

That companies should have their software is well and good – they have had it for fifty years. But that the worker should at last have his own: there is the work the new age awaits, and it is ours.

VII. The Ancestors, More Present Than Ever

Fourth affirmation – and here many will be surprised. People believe the age of machines will drive the Ancestors away, that it will finish relegating them to the museum. It is exactly the reverse that will happen: in the Age of Aquarius, the Ancestors will be more present than ever.

Let there be no mistake about the meaning of this presence. We do not turn to the wisdom of the Ancestors in order to be archaic. We turn to it in order to be fully within computing, our gaze turned toward the future.

For what did the Ancestors bequeath us? In “The Secret Revealed,” I showed that their spiritual practices were the coordination technologies of a civilization — devices of collective protection that allowed this continent to survive the greatest predation in history. Their genius was not to refuse their era: it was to pass through their era without ever confusing the tool and the man, the means and the end, the merchandise and the person.

And I give the proof by the most computational example there is. In “The Price of Silence,” we looked at the strategy of the scarifications with an engineer’s eyes, and we recognized what it is: an algorithm. Identify the selection criterion of the slave market — the inspection of bodies; act on that criterion — mark the flesh; render the cargo unsellable. An algorithm of rare beauty and effectiveness. But an algorithm alone, however beautiful, does not deploy itself. Who executes it? Who maintains it for centuries, across an entire continent, without central administration, against every temptation to escape it? Our ancestors understood what every engineer discovers sooner or later: a solution is worth only its deployment. And they found the most powerful deployment layer in existence: the sacred. They sacralized the algorithm — and it succeeded. The genocide did not take place. The continent emptied down to three inhabitants per square kilometer in 1900 counts fifty today — and will soon count a hundred. That is what an algorithm carried by the sacred produces: not a product, a civilization saved.

Now measure the lesson on an example computer scientists venerate. In 2008, an unknown person signing Satoshi Nakamoto published the algorithm of Bitcoin — a masterpiece, I say it without reserve: a worldwide consensus without central authority, the coordination of millions of strangers by code alone. But Satoshi had

only the code, and rewards to keep it running. His invention, conceived to escape the institutions, ended up domesticated by them: bought, listed, cashed in by the very ones it meant to bypass. Our ancestors, for their part, kept their algorithm running for three centuries – without a server, without a currency, without a reward – because they had inscribed it in the sacred, where no institution can buy back what is not for sale. So I say it with respect for his genius: had Satoshi Nakamoto listened a little to the Ancestors, perhaps he would have gone further.

This is exactly the wisdom the Age of Aquarius needs – and more than all the ages before it. For the more powerful the algorithm, the more sacred becomes the question of what it serves. When the machine knows how to do everything, the only question left will be the one our villages have never ceased to ask: who are you, from whom do you come, what do you transmit? The civilizations that have an answer to these questions will cross Aquarius standing. The others will ask their machines who they are – and the machines will answer in their place. Some will enter this age with powerful machines and empty souls. We enter it with the machines and with the memory.

Let the exact meaning of this return be retained. To return to the Ancestors is not to return to the age of chipped stone. It is to make sure, before entering the most powerful age in history, that we carry with us the wisdom they had – the wisdom that has already proven itself against a mortal peril. And let the reach of this assurance be well measured: the disappearance of work is only the first problem this age will pose. Others will come, which we do not yet know how to name – on identity, on truth, on memory, on what makes a man a man. But the method of the Ancestors is a general method, and it

holds in three commandments: protect the person before the merchandise, sacralize what must hold, never confuse the means and the end. With it, every problem that arises will find its answer, as the slave trade found its own.

Without it, I say to the builders of artificial intelligence with the same frankness they showed in warning us about employment: Satoshi Nakamoto was among the strongest computer minds of his generation, and the new world he wanted to create fell through – because he lacked precisely that wisdom. You are more powerful than he was. The fall, in proportion, will be greater. **Artificial intelligence and the Ancestors must advance hand in hand in the Age of Aquarius.** If artificial intelligence refuses ancestral wisdom, it will go – at full power – straight into the wall.

The Bwa Sacré therefore proclaims the alliance of the Ancestors and the Age of Aquarius: spirituality with technology, artificial intelligence with African wisdom. And that is why Africa does not approach this age behind. It approaches it as an elder. The continent that survived by protecting the man rather than the merchandise holds the instruction manual of the epoch now opening: never sacrifice the worker to the work, nor man to the tool – be it the most intelligent of tools.

VIII. What Must Be Remembered and Passed On

I close the road opened in the first chapter, so that this may be remembered and passed on.

The Age of Aquarius has begun: the great clock of the sky has turned, and no one sets back its hands. This age carries away work as two centuries knew it – the builders of artificial intelligence say so themselves. But the age that carries away work is the one that reveals the worker: he precedes work and will outlive it, and all our labor – every system we build, every identifier we register, every line we write – has one final beneficiary only: him. Computing and artificial intelligence will reign, and that is why the worker must own his own. And the Ancestors, more present than ever, will walk ahead – not to hold us back in the past, but to show us how one crosses an epoch without losing one's soul.

To the casual workers, the day laborers, the independents, to all those the old world looked down upon: the age now opening is yours, and you arrived there first. And perhaps one day, in our calendars, beside the feast of Labor, the feast of the Worker will at last be inscribed. Until the States take notice, the Bwa Sacré, for its part, has already inscribed it in its heart.

The Age of Aquarius has begun. We enter it with the machines of tomorrow and the wisdom of always – artificial intelligence and the Ancestors hand in hand. Those who advance in this way will solve, one by one, all the problems the age will raise. Those who refuse ancestral wisdom will go into the wall, and their power will only hasten the hour of impact.

Work is not an end. The essential is the worker.

Amen Hotep – Amenhotep.

– Chapter V –

The Parable of the Twins

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

Solemn Writing of the Venerable

KING BAZURU

President of the Bwa Sacré

Abidjan, June 11, 2026

Published in the wake of the manifesto

“The Secret Revealed”

I. Opening

I have observed something that filled me with sadness. Everywhere around me, I see men and women who have been taught to tremble before death. They have been told of the angel who will come to seize them, of the interrogation of the grave, of the punishment awaiting the slightest misstep. I have seen masters climb down into open graves to frighten their pupils, and call that education. Entire religions hold their faithful by that rope: the fear of what comes after.

I do not come to mock these believers – many are our brothers, our neighbors, sometimes our own parents, and their sincerity is beyond doubt. I come to say that there exists another gaze upon death. Ours. The one our villages have carried since always, without terror, without clergy, without a catalogue of rewards and torments. And to set it forth, I shall not start from death. I shall start from the other door – the one through which we have all already passed: birth.

Amen Hotep – Amenhotep.

II. The Parable of the Twins

Here is what the elders teach, in their own way, under the palaver tree. I say it again in my words.

Imagine identical twins in their mother's womb. They have lived there for months. They feed there through the umbilical cord – it is their whole economy, their whole comfort, their whole idea of happiness. When they dream of abundance, what do they dream

of? Of several umbilical cords, to gorge themselves. They cannot dream of anything else: it is the only wealth their world knows.

And imagine that they talk to each other. One says: "One day, it seems, we shall have to leave this place." The other shudders: "Leave? But no one has ever been born and come back to tell what lies after birth! How shall we live without the cord? It is the end of everything." And the two twins dread birth exactly as we, the living, dread death. Same unknown. Same absence of witness. Same anguish.

Now what happens on the day of birth? Everything they believed indispensable becomes useless. The cord is cut – and the child no longer needs it. He discovers lungs whose use he did not know, a mouth, eyes, a world of which nothing, absolutely nothing, in the womb, could have given him the idea. And he discovers his mother. That mother who was there from the beginning, who enveloped him on every side, whom he could not see – not because she did not exist, but because he did not yet have the organs to see her. Yet it was to her that the cord was tied.

III. What the Parable Teaches

Let us draw the lessons, one by one, for each of them overturns a terror.

First lesson: when one passes from one world to the other, everything changes. The child who is born does not take his cord with him; the dead man does not take his body – he leaves it to the earth, which takes it back. So I ask the question the parable imposes: what are the detailed descriptions of the hereafter worth

– the rivers of milk and honey, the feasts, the promised wives? To promise such things to a dead man is to promise extra umbilical cords to a newborn. It is not false out of malice; it is false by construction. One furnishes the other world with the furniture of this one, because imagination has only the furniture it knows. The womb cannot imagine air. This life cannot imagine the next.

Second lesson: the invisible is not the nonexistent. The baby does not see his mother; will he conclude that she does not exist? That would be the conclusion of a being who takes the limits of his organs for the limits of the real. Likewise, that we do not see God does not prove His absence – it proves the smallness of our instruments. We are not atheists, let that be well understood. We say only: it is we who lack the means to apprehend Him. And we find it more respectful to keep silent before Him than to lend Him words.

Third lesson: no one has ever come back – neither from birth, nor from death. No newborn has returned to the womb to tell of the world outside; no dead man has come back to describe the other shore. He who describes the hereafter in detail therefore describes what he has not seen. Our villages have a very simple wisdom on this point: if a man comes saying “God spoke to me, and here is the menu of the hereafter,” we do not stone him, nor do we venerate him. We look at him with compassion, or we send him away – because we hold that man is too small to make God speak, and we do not wish to be accomplices in that forgery. That is why our spirituality has no prophets. Not out of poverty – out of respect.

IV. The Danger of Despising This Life

The parable has one last lesson, and it is the gravest.

What would one say of a child who, in the womb, declared: “This uterine life does not interest me. What interests me is the life after. I want to leave now”? One would say: unhappy child, it is precisely by fully accomplishing your gestation that you prepare yourself for what follows. To leave before term is to be born stillborn. Contempt for the life before does not earn the life after – it makes you miss both.

It must therefore be said with gravity: every doctrine that teaches that this life does not count, that only the reward afterward counts, and that one may therefore sacrifice this life – one’s own or that of others – to win the next, commits the error of the premature. It promises umbilical cords to those who will no longer have any. And it produces deaths – here, in this world, quite real deaths – in the name of a menu of the hereafter that no one has ever tasted. To this we oppose the wisdom of the fruit: one does not pick green what must ripen. **To live one’s life fully is not a betrayal of the hereafter. It is its only preparation.**

V. Joining the Ancestors

What then do we say, we, before death? One thing only – and see how sober it is, and how it suffices.

We say: the dead man goes where those who died before him have gone. He joins the Ancestors. We do not describe the place – we have not been there. We do not describe the menu – no one has

come back from it. But we know one thing, by symmetry with birth: to be born was to find a mother we could not see, then a family we did not know, then a whole village that awaited us. Why should the other passage be poorer than the first? We think that death brings us to meet those of our family whom we never knew – the grandparents of the grandparents, the long line of those whose blood and names we carry.

And from this confidence flows our whole morality, without need of a single celestial gendarme: one lives well in order to be well received among those who lived before us. There is our last judgment: the gaze of the Ancestors. It does not terrorize us: it holds us upright. One does not behave with rectitude out of fear of the whip; one behaves with rectitude because one has an appointment with one's own, and one wants to be able to look them in the face.

VI. Neither Fear, Nor Promises

Let us now measure the difference between the two paths.

On one side, doctrines that hold man by fear: the angel who seizes, the grave that interrogates, the fire that waits – and that console him with promises: the rivers, the feasts, the wives. Fear and promise are the two jaws of a single vise, and the man caught in it no longer lives his life: he serves out his reprieve.

On the other, a spirituality without clergy and without terror, which says to man: you come from a passage you have forgotten, you go toward a passage you do not know; between the two, live – fully, uprightly, generously – for that is your only verifiable task. We do not say there is nothing after death. We say that those who describe

it in detail speak of what they do not know, and we refuse to build a life on descriptions of the unverifiable. Silence before the mystery is not a void. It is the highest form of respect.

VII. What Must Be Remembered and Passed On

Let me sum up, so that this may be remembered and passed on.

We are all former inhabitants of the womb, who have already lived once through the end of a world – and it was a birth. We dreaded losing the cord; we gained breath, light and our mother's face. When the other passage comes, we shall lose the body as we lost the cord – and we do not know what we shall gain, except this: we shall go where all our own have gone, and we shall be awaited.

Let us cease, then, to educate children by the terror of graves. Let us cease to sell menus for a country from which no one has returned. And let us live – for living well is the only prayer we know, and the only luggage one takes along.

The womb could not imagine air. Let us trust the passage.

Amen Hotep – Amenhotep.

– Chapter VI –

The Divine Words

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

Solemn Writing of the Venerable

KING BAZURU

President of the Bwa Sacré

Abidjan, June 12, 2026

Published in the wake of the manifesto

“The Secret Revealed”

I. Opening

Take a Bible in English. Any one – the one in the living room, the one at church, the one on the phone. Open it to any page. And ask yourself a question no one ever asks: with what letters is this book written?

The question seems naive. It is not. For these twenty-six letters before your eyes have a history, a genealogy, a birthplace – like you and me. And when one traces that genealogy back, link by link, with the rigor of archaeologists and not the enthusiasm of dreamers, one arrives at a precise place on earth. Not in Europe. Not in Mesopotamia. On the banks of the Nile.

This chapter tells that journey. It demands no act of faith: every step is carved in stone, dated, published, on display. At the end of the road, an obvious truth awaits the reader – a truth the textbooks mention in passing and no one looks at squarely: the letters with which humanity writes its holy books are the direct descendants of an African invention.

Amen Hotep – Amenhotep.

II. The Chain of Scripts

Let us trace back, link by link. Every link in this chain is the object of total scientific consensus – there is, here, no quarrel of schools.

First link. The Bible in English – like the Bible in French – is written in the Latin alphabet. Now the Latin alphabet is not a Roman creation: the Romans received it from the Etruscans, who

themselves held it from the Greeks of the colonies of Italy. No one disputes this.

Second link. The original text of the New Testament is written in Greek, and the Old Testament in Hebrew. Now the Greek alphabet and the Paleo-Hebrew alphabet both descend from a single ancestor: the Phoenician alphabet. The Greeks themselves made no secret of it – they called their own letters *phoinikeia grammata*, “the Phoenician letters,” and their tradition attributed their arrival to the Phoenician Cadmus. When a people names its letters after another people, the matter is settled.

Third link. The Phoenician alphabet descends from the so-called Proto-Canaanite alphabet, which itself descends from the oldest known alphabetic script: Proto-Sinaitic. Here again, complete consensus among epigraphists.

Three links, zero controversy. The whole question is therefore: where does Proto-Sinaitic come from? And it is here that the story becomes beautiful.

III. The Birth of the Alphabet in Egypt

In 1905, the British archaeologist Flinders Petrie excavated the site of Serabit el-Khadim, in the Sinai – turquoise mines worked by pharaonic Egypt. There he discovered strange inscriptions: signs that resemble hieroglyphs, but are not. In 1916, the Egyptologist Alan Gardiner published the decipherment that made history: these signs are the letters of humanity’s first alphabet, and the mechanism of their making is limpid.

Here is that mechanism, for it deserves to be understood. Workers of Semitic language, employed on the Egyptian worksites, did something ingenious: they borrowed signs from the Egyptian script, but instead of using them the Egyptian way, they gave each sign the value of the first sound of its name in their own language. The Egyptian sign for the house? House is *bet* in their language: that sign shall stand for the sound “b.” The sign for water? Water is *mem*: that sign shall stand for “m.” The ox head? Ox is *alef*: that sign shall stand for the first letter. Scholars call this acrophony; one may call it more simply the most beautiful diversion in the history of technology: to take the script of the pharaohs and make of it a tool of thirty signs that anyone can learn.

For a long time, it was believed that this invention took place in the Sinai, at the periphery of Egypt. Then, in the 1990s, the Egyptologist John Darnell, of Yale University, discovered at Wadi el-Hol – in the heart of the Egyptian desert, on a road linking Thebes to the oases – alphabetic inscriptions at least as old, dated to around 1900 before our era. The conclusion imposed itself on the discipline: the alphabet was not born on the margins of Egypt. It was born in Egypt itself, at the heart of the pharaonic writing system, by people who lived and worked within the civilization of the Nile.

Let this sentence be weighed well, for it is not mine – it is the state of science: all the world’s alphabets derived from this stock, that is, Phoenician, Hebrew, Greek, Latin, Arabic via Aramaic, and their countless descendants, go back to an invention made on the soil of Egypt, from Egyptian signs.

IV. The Proof in Your Hands

What is admirable is that this genealogy is not only in the books. It is still visible in the letters you trace every day.

Take the capital letter A, and turn it over – point downward. What do you see? Two horns and a muzzle: the ox head. It is the *alef* of Proto-Sinaitic, borrowed from the Egyptian sign of the bovine head, passed to Phoenician, turned around by the Greeks who made it their alpha, transmitted to the Latins. Four thousand years later, the ox is still there, at the beginning of all our alphabets.

Take the letter M. Its pointed teeth are the ripple of water – the Egyptian sign for water, which the Egyptians pronounced *mou* and the Semitic workers *mem*. Every time a child of Abidjan writes “ma-man,” he draws the water of the Nile twice without knowing it.

Take the letter O: it is the *ayin*, the eye – the outline of an eye borrowed from the Egyptian repertoire. And the letter N keeps the memory of the undulating serpent. The alphabet is not an abstraction fallen from the sky: it is a small Egyptian museum that each of us carries in his hand, and that we call writing.

V. Abydos, or the First Writing in the World

One question remains, older still: and Egyptian writing itself, where does it come from? For a long time, the textbooks recited the same lesson: writing was born in Mesopotamia, and Egypt followed. That lesson began to totter at the end of the twentieth century, and it was a German who made it totter.

Günter Dreyer, director of the German Archaeological Institute in Cairo, excavated for years the necropolis of Umm el-Qaab, at Abydos, in Upper Egypt. In a tomb designated U-j – the burial of a king from before the dynasties, called King Scorpion – he brought to light hundreds of small bone and ivory labels bearing engraved signs: proto-hieroglyphs noting place names and quantities, once attached to jars and cloth. Dating: about 3300 years before our era. Dreyer published in 1998 and maintained that these labels constitute the oldest traces of writing in the world – older than the tablets of Uruk in Mesopotamia, of which one nevertheless always hears.

Let us be exact, because exactness is our strength: the scholarly community remains divided over the Abydos-Uruk duel, the datings on both sides having their margins of uncertainty, and many prudently conclude to near-simultaneity. The unassailable formulation is therefore this: **the oldest known traces of writing in the world are found at Abydos, in Egypt – at least as old as those of Mesopotamia, and according to their discoverer, older.** That is amply sufficient to dismiss the old recited lesson.

And let this be well noted: that specialists' debate concerns only writing in general. For the alphabet – the one from which descend the letters of the Bible, of Greek, of Hebrew, of Latin, of Arabic and of French – there is no debate at all: it was born in the Egyptian orbit, from Egyptian signs. On this point, science speaks with a single voice.

VI. Medu Netjer: The Divine Words

It is time to give the source its true name. What the Greeks called “hieroglyphs” – the sacred carvings – the Egyptians themselves called *medu netjer*: the divine words, the words of the god. This name is not a poetic detail; it says what writing was for them: a sacred gift, attributed to the god Thoth, scribe of the gods.

Within Egypt, this script knew its own evolutions, which must be situated correctly in order to be unassailable. From the monumental *medu netjer* there emerged very early a cursive and rapid form, hieratic, the script of the scribes with reed pen on papyrus. Much later – around the seventh century before our era – hieratic gave rise to an even faster form, demotic, the script of deeds and of daily life. Hieroglyphs, hieratic, demotic: three ages of a single script, found side by side on the Rosetta Stone, and it is through them that Champollion, in 1822, reopened the door.

But the alphabet does not descend from demotic – it was born a thousand years before it. The alphabet branched off upstream, directly from the *medu netjer* and their cursive forms of the period. And this is a precision that makes the genealogy more beautiful still: **the letters of our books do not descend from a late administrative script; they descend from the divine words themselves.**

One last thing must be said, and it was said by one of our own. The Egypt that invented these divine words is an African civilization – African by its land, bathed by a river whose source lies in the heart of the continent, African by its peopling come from the south, African by its deep culture. That is the demonstration to which

Cheikh Anta Diop devoted his life, from “Nations nègres et culture” to the Cairo symposium of 1974 organized by UNESCO, where his theses and those of Théophile Obenga confronted – and shook – official Egyptology. To say that the alphabet was born in Egypt is to say that it was born in Africa.

VII. What This Changes

Let us recapitulate the chain, for it now holds entire in one sentence. English and French are written in Latin letters; Latin comes from Greek; Greek and Hebrew come from Phoenician; Phoenician comes from Proto-Canaanite; Proto-Canaanite comes from Proto-Sinaitic; and Proto-Sinaitic was born in Egypt, from the *medu netjer*. Arabic itself, through Aramaic and Nabataean, descends from the same Phoenician ancestor. In other words: the Bible, the Torah and the Quran are written, genealogically, in African letters.

Whoever writes “Dieu” in French traces signs born on the banks of the Nile. Whoever writes “God,” “Gott” or “Allah” does the same. The Scriptures of the religions that have so often called our traditions darkness – we documented it in “The Devil Always Wears Our Face” – are materially carried, from their first line, by an African invention. The light they proclaim travels in a vehicle built in our home.

Let there be no mistake about the meaning of this reminder. We do not make it to humiliate anyone, nor to claim royalties on the alphabet – inventions of this size belong to humanity, and that is their greatness. We make it to put the house back in the right order:

one does not despise the spring from which one drinks. A son may grow, travel, surpass his father – he does not spit on the well that watered him. Africa did not receive writing from others; it is Africa that gave it to them. And when our children learn their letters at school, let them know that they are not merely learning a foreign tool: they are repossessing a family inheritance.

And here again we find the lesson of this whole series. In “The Secret Revealed,” we showed that our spiritual practices were technologies. In “The Age of Aquarius,” that the wisdom of the Ancestors is the instruction manual of the machines to come. Here is the third stone: the most universal of the technologies of the mind – the alphabet – came out of African soil, brought forth by words that were called divine. Those who claim this continent gave nothing to the world write their contempt in African letters.

VIII. What Must Be Remembered and Passed On

Let me sum up, so that this may be remembered and passed on.

All the letters of all the holy books – and of this book – descend in a direct line from the medu netjer, the divine words of African Egypt. This genealogy is not a belief: it is carved at Serabit el-Khadim, at Wadi el-Hol, at Abydos, deciphered by Gardiner, unearthed by Petrie, Darnell and Dreyer, published and on display. It sufficed to tell the chain in order.

May our children turn over an A and see in it the head of the ox. May they write an M and hear in it the water of the river. May they

open any book and know that the first of scripts was named divine word on the land of their ancestors.

Africa did not receive the world's writing. Africa gave it to the world.

Amen Hotep – Amenhotep.



– Chapter VII –

The Inverted Curse

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

Solemn Writing of the Venerable

KING BAZURU

President of the Bwa Sacré

Abidjan, June 12, 2026

Published in the wake of the manifesto

“The Secret Revealed”

I. Opening

There is a song we have been made to sing since childhood, in every key: your problem is yourselves. Your leaders are corrupt, that is why you cannot get ahead. Your continent is cursed, that is why you serve others. Your mentalities, your traditions, your supposed laziness – always the evil is said to be in us, never in those who gorge themselves in the sight of all humanity.

This chapter is devoted to examining that song. And to demonstrating, piece by piece, that it is false – not half false, false in its very principle. Our problem is not endogenous. It is exogenous. And we are made to believe the contrary for a very simple reason: as long as the sick man looks for the evil within himself, he does not look at the hand that is bleeding him.

Amen Hotep – Amenhotep.

II. The Inverted Curse

Let us begin with the most widespread argument, because it is also the most insulting – to us, and to God. We are told: Africa is cursed. God is said to have condemned this continent to serve others; some even dare to quote their Scriptures to “prove” it. Very well. Let us examine this curse.

This supposedly cursed continent carries in the bodies of its children the richest genetic diversity of all humanity – science measures it: all the other populations of the world are but samples of ours. Its subsoil contains everything human industry covets: gold, iron, bauxite, copper, cobalt, uranium, oil, gas, down to the

rare earths without which the machines of the new age cannot do. Its climate is so mild that winter itself has spared us: no frost to kill the harvests, no dead season. Its land produces what the rest of the world fights over and cannot grow at home – coffee, cocoa, and all the fruits called “exotic” in the capitals of the North. And only yesterday, we demonstrated, archaeological proofs in hand, that it is from this land that writing itself came forth.

So I ask the question, and let someone answer me: what strange curse is this, which consists in receiving everything? A God who curses does not shower with gifts. A God who condemns does not deposit in the body, the soil and the sky of a people the totality of His bounties. If words have a meaning, Africa is not the cursed continent: it is the blessed continent above all others. Before the generosity of the Creator, we have only one thing to say, and we say it: thank you.

But then, if we are blessed to this degree, why do we not enjoy this generosity? That is the real question. And its answer is not in heaven.

III. The Predators Have Not Changed

In “The Secret Revealed,” we showed how our ancestors survived the greatest predation in human history. But one must have the honesty to finish the sentence: we survived the genocide – the predators, for their part, have not disappeared. They changed their method, never their appetite.

Look at the sequence of methods, for it forms a single chain. Yesterday, the slave trade: the bodies were taken. Then forced labor:

the arms were taken – and it took a law carried by one of our own, in 1946, to abolish it, proof that it did indeed exist. Then came the modern method, cleaner in appearance: the one-sided contract. One no longer captures, one has papers signed. Mining agreements in which the owner country receives crumbs, “cooperation” accords that organize dependency, prices fixed elsewhere for riches extracted here. The subsoil is plundered in broad daylight, with signatures at the bottom of the page – and it is precisely because the plunder continues that the song must keep telling us that the problem is us.

IV. Honesty Assassinated

“But your leaders are corrupt!” Let us talk about it, for it is the song’s favorite verse.

Yes, corruption exists among us – as everywhere there are men. But let us ask the question the verse carefully avoids: a corrupted man, by definition, supposes a corrupter. Who corrupts? Who pays? Who has an interest in the contract being signed at a loss? The finger pointed at the corrupted serves first of all to avoid looking at the corrupter. The corruption of our leaders is not the cause of the plunder: it is one of its instruments – and when the instrument refuses to serve, it is broken.

For here is what the song never says: what becomes, in Africa, of an honest leader? Sylvanus Olympio, first president of Togo, wanted to give his country a national currency and free it from monetary tutelage: he was assassinated in January 1963, in the first coup d’État of independent Africa. Patrice Lumumba, first head of government of the Congo, wanted the riches of his country to benefit

his people: he was assassinated in January 1961 – and Belgium itself ended up, forty years later, officially acknowledging its responsibility. Thomas Sankara wanted Burkina to feed itself and to refuse the debt: he was assassinated in October 1987, three months after his Addis Ababa speech on the debt. The list is longer, and anyone can complete it.

So let this sentence be retained, for it overturns the verse: **it is not honest leaders that Africa lacks – it is honesty that does not suit the plunderers.** Those who remain have understood the lesson written in the blood of the others: compromise, or die. And then they come and explain to us, with a straight face, that our problem is the quality of our men.

V. Cotton, or Slavery Continued

Let us now come down from the palace to the field, for it is there that the system shows its true face – on the backs of our farming parents.

Here is how cotton farming works in our countryside, and let each verify it around him. At the start of the season, the farmer receives the seeds and the fertilizer – on credit. He did not choose them, he did not negotiate them: they are supplied by the sector authority, at prices fixed by the sector. He farms all season. At harvest, he can sell to only one buyer – the sector again – at the price the sector announces. From that price, his debts are deducted. What remains is not enough to live on; so for the next season, he takes seeds and fertilizer again – on credit. And the wheel turns, year after year, generation after generation.

Let someone name me a single farmer who became prosperous growing cotton. One single one, in a century. He does not exist – and that is not an accident, it is the architecture of the system: the farmer must never leave the debt, because the debt is the rope that brings him back to the cotton field every year. Now a rope that binds a man to a labor he cannot leave and that does not feed him – our ancestors had a word for that. The triangular trade imposed cotton on our lands; colonization maintained it by forced labor; the modern economy maintains it by credit. Three eras, three methods, a single reality: the same cotton, the same masters, the same bent backs.

And cocoa tells the same story. Our great-grandparents planted it without ever having tasted chocolate – without even knowing what those beans they were ordered to produce were for. Today still, when world prices soar, look at who grows rich: the traders, the processors, the middlemen from elsewhere. The producer, for his part, is too busy repaying his debts even to learn that the prices have risen.

VI. The Loop Closed

And here is the detail that gives the system its goldsmith's perfection – few people know it, so it must be written.

With our cocoa is made the chocolate of the North's festivities. With our cotton is made far more than clothing: cotton wadding, nitrated, yields the powder of munitions – that is textbook chemistry; and the paper of banknotes is not tree paper, it is cotton paper. Now where is the CFA franc printed, the currency of our

fourteen countries? In France, in the printing works of the French central bank. Follow the thread, then: the farmer goes into debt to produce a cotton that does not feed him; that cotton leaves for the North; and from the North comes back, printed on cotton, the very currency with which his harvest is bought from him on credit – the currency a leader was killed for wanting to leave. The loop is closed, and it is so perfectly round that one would swear it had been drawn.

VII. The Forbidden Soybean and the Imposed Rice

I will be told: let the farmer grow something else! It has been tried – and what happens then must be told.

In recent years, farmers in Benin turned to the soybean: a crop that sells well, that Asia buys for cash, and that does not require going into debt with a sector authority. The momentum was real, the income was coming. And what happened? Taxes and export barriers came to crush the momentum in the egg – while cotton remained pampered, supervised, prioritized. When the farmer finds the exit door, it is closed on him. There is the proof, administered by the facts, that his poverty is not an accident: it is a policy.

And Senegal shows the other face of the same coin. Decades of imposed peanut monoculture meant that a country of farmers no longer grew its own food; it was fed on broken rice imported from Asia – a rice chosen for it by others – to the point that the eating habits of an entire people were transformed for generations. Even the contents of the plate were changed. Until when?

VIII. What We Demand

Let us be well understood, for we weigh our words. We do not seek wealth. We do not claim our share of the manna in order to wallow in it in our turn. We denounce one precise thing, which has an ancient name: the exploitation of man by man – and we demand one precise thing, which has a simple name: the liberation of the farmer.

Let the farmer – who is our kin, the father, the uncle, the grandmother of each of us – be freed from the cycle of debt. Let him first grow food crops, to eat his fill and feed our cities: a people that does not feed itself negotiates on its knees. Let him then freely choose his cash crops – soybean, sesame, cashew, whatever he wishes – and his buyers, in Asia or elsewhere, cash down and with no rope around his neck. And let our States protect that freedom instead of taxing it: it is their first duty toward those who feed them.

And we say it with the solemnity the era at last permits: now that the United Nations have recognized the slave trade as the greatest crime against humanity, silence on its prolongations is no longer permitted. The chain is continuous and anyone can follow it: the trade took the bodies, forced labor took the arms, debt takes the seasons. **The farmer's debt is the granddaughter of slavery** – and one cannot condemn the grandmother while saluting the descendants.

IX. What Must Be Remembered and Passed On

Let me sum up, so that this may be remembered and passed on.

God did not curse Africa – it is enough to open one's eyes on what He deposited there to laugh at the idea: one does not curse by showering with gifts. Our problem is not in us: our ancestors invented writing, survived the worst, and our honest leaders existed – they were killed, and their blood is the proof that African honesty disturbs. The evil has an address, and it is not ours: it lives with the corrupter, the signatory of one-sided contracts, the keeper of the register of debts.

The only curse that weighs on Africa is the one it has been made to believe. And a curse one ceases to believe in is a dead curse.

Let the farmer lift his head from his register of debts and look at his field: this land is blessed, and it is his. The day he plants there what he wishes, to sell to whom he wishes, and first of all to feed his own – that day, the centuries-old loop will at last be broken, not by violence, but by the recovered freedom of the worker of the land.

The problem was never in us. The solution, for its part, is there entire.

Amen Hotep – Amenhotep.

– Chapter VIII –

The Invisible Ledger

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

Solemn Writing of the Venerable

KING BAZURU

President of the Bwa Sacré

Abidjan, June 12, 2026

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“The Secret Revealed”

I. Opening

There is a question we have been asked since always, and it is asked as a trap: “Without the fear of hell, why would you be good?” Those who ask it believe they embarrass us. They believe that morality is a dog that obeys only the whip, and that for lack of a whip, we must be savages.

This chapter is devoted to turning the question around. For our villages held, for centuries, a morality more solid than many a city of cathedrals – without hell, without last judgment, without celestial gendarme. How? By an invention no one has ever looked at with the eyes it deserves: the eyes of the engineer. Our ancestors built a ledger. A ledger without paper, without ink and without lock – and yet more tamper-proof than all the safes in the world.

Amen Hotep – Amenhotep.

II. The Man Alone in the Night

Let us pose the problem as the sages posed it, by an image.

A man walks alone, at night, on a deserted road. He finds a good that does not belong to him. No one saw him. No one will see him. What does he do?

The religions of fear have their answer: he is seen all the same – an eye in the sky watches him, a celestial accountant takes note, a fire awaits him if he takes. The man puts the good back, and this is called virtue. But look closely at what has just been described: this is not a good man, it is a watched man. His morality holds only as long as the camera is rolling. Let his faith waver one evening – and it

always wavers one evening – and the deserted road becomes what it was: an opportunity.

Our villages have another answer, and it holds in a question the man asks himself in the dark: who am I, I who am alone here? And the answer rises of itself: I am the son of my father, the grandson of my grandfather, I bear a name that does not begin with me and will not end with me. This good that no one saw me take – it is I who will have seen myself. And it is before them that I shall present myself.

The man puts the good back. Not because he is watched – because he is someone.

III. The Invisible Ledger

Here now is the invention, and let us look at it as engineers, as we looked at the scarifications in “The Price of Silence.”

In our villages, every act is recorded. Not on paper – in collective memory. Your generosity of twenty years ago is still cited; your uncle’s cheating is still recounted; your grandfather’s kept word still serves you as a letter of credit. Every man carries an account, and that account bears a name: his own – that is, that of his lineage. And this ledger has properties every computer scientist will recognize at first glance.

It is distributed: it exists in no central vault – it is replicated in all the heads of the village, and no one can confiscate it. It is tamper-proof: to erase a line, one would have to erase the memory of all at once – no powerful man has ever managed it, and that is why among us the dishonest rich man remains a rich dishonest man. It is

consensual: an isolated rumor does not make an entry; the testimonies must concur, cross-checked under the palaver tree – our validation protocol. And it is inherited: the balance passes to the children, in good as in evil, which makes every father the accountant of his descendants.

Let me be well understood: I do not say that the ledger of our villages resembles a distributed ledger. I say that it is one – the first in human history, and the most durable. When Satoshi Nakamoto published, in 2008, his own distributed ledger, the whole world cried genius – and we said our respect for that genius in “The Age of Aquarius.” But his ledger needs servers, electricity and rewards for the bookkeepers to keep the books. Ours ran for millennia without a single machine, without a single salary – carried by the only thing our ancestors knew how to make unwearable: the sacred. **They did not invent the blockchain of money. They invented the blockchain of honor – and it has never been hacked.**

IV. The Two Hearings

And the ledger has its court days. Two, exactly.

The first hearing is that of the living. It sits permanently: at the market, in the field, under the tree, at funerals – wherever your name circulates without you. It is for this hearing that we say among us that a man may lose his fortune and rise again, but that he who loses his name is dead standing.

The second hearing is the one that waits. In “The Parable of the Twins,” we said our only certainty about the after: we shall go where our own have gone, and we shall be awaited. There is our last

judgment – the gaze of the Ancestors. But let the difference with the tribunal of the religions of fear be measured: one does not appear before celestial strangers armed with a penal code; one comes home, and one looks one's own in the face. The question will not be “did you break the article?” but “what have you done with the name we lent you?” That judgment does not terrorize us: it holds us upright. Fear guards prisons. Honor guards men.

And since the word has been spoken, let us pause on a fact anyone can verify – it is worth all the demonstrations. The Africa of our ancestors did not know the prison. Our societies knew how to judge: the palaver investigated, the fine and the reparation settled, and for the irrecoverable there was banishment – erasure from the ledger, the worst of penalties. But to lock a man between four walls for years, to cut him off from the living without entrusting him to the dead – that existed nowhere: the justice of our villages aimed to repair and to reintegrate, never to store men. The prison as punishment arrived in the colonizer's luggage – historians have established it, and the reference is at the end of this volume.

And the proof has remained in our mouths. Look for the word “prison” in our languages: you will find almost everywhere a foreign word. The *kaso* of Bambara, Dioula and Malinké comes from the French “cachot.” The *jela* of so many languages of the continent comes from the English “jail.” When a language must borrow a word, it is because the thing came from elsewhere – our languages recorded the import, faithful to their function as a ledger. A continent that held its men by the name had no need of walls. It was the invisible ledger that stood guard – and it stood guard better.

V. The Proof by Collapse

I will be told: a fine theory – but fear, at least, works. Does it? Let us examine, for the facts are stubborn.

Look at the countries where hell is preached morning and evening: are their prisons empty? Are their powerful honest? The terror of the hereafter has never prevented embezzlement, nor corruption, nor crime – it has only taught the guilty to pray afterward. And there is worse, and it is the design flaw: a morality held by fear collapses as soon as the fear falls. Let man cease to believe in the whip, and nothing holds him anymore – it is the moral panic the West is crossing before our eyes: God has withdrawn from it, and people there ask themselves, sincerely, why be good. The question of the unplugged watched man.

A morality of honor knows no such breakdown. One may cease to believe in many things; one does not cease to be the son of one's father. The man of honor carries himself with him everywhere – on the deserted road, in the office without witness, in the foreign country where no one knows him. His morality needs no network: it is embedded.

And the supreme proof, we gave it in “The Secret Revealed” without naming it: during the centuries of the Great Danger, when everything pushed each to betray each, what held our societies upright and the secret sealed? Not the fear of a hell – we had none. The ledger. The name. The certainty that betrayal would be recorded forever, and that it would be read on the foreheads of the descendants. The most tested morality in history is a morality without hell.

VI. The City, or the Ledger Erased

Why then do our societies waver today? The diagnosis must be made as an engineer, for everyone mistakes the breakdown.

We are told: it is the loss of religion, the young fear nothing anymore. Wrong diagnosis. What has been lost in our great cities is not fear – it never guarded anything. It is the ledger. The modern city is a machine for anonymity: no one there knows your father, no one there will cite your generosity, no one there will recount your cheating. Acts are no longer recorded. And a man whose acts are recorded nowhere quickly discovers the vertigo of the deserted road – permanent, generalized. The thief of Treichville has not lost the faith: he has lost the village. **The moral crisis of our time is not a crisis of belief. It is a crisis of the name.**

VII. Aquarius Will Restore the Ledger

And it is here that the loop of our doctrine closes – for the age now beginning holds, without knowing it, the remedy.

Look at what the machines of the Age of Aquarius know how to do: record everything, forget nothing, replicate memory at the scale of the planet. The village knew everything about everyone; the network, henceforth, does too. The technology of the invisible ledger is back – at full power. But look at who keeps today's ledgers: companies, children of the closing age, which record man in order to sell him – his attention to the advertisers, his rating to the platforms, his history to the merchants. The village ledger has been rebuilt, and it has been handed to the merchants of the market.

It is exactly the battle we named in “The Age of Aquarius”: that the worker should own his ledger. TRAVAILLEUR-0 is nothing else – the root object is the man; his journey, his skills, his kept word belong to him, recorded in his name, transmissible like an inheritance and confiscable by no one. What the village did for three hundred souls, the computing of the new age must do for humanity – digital dignity is the ledger returned to its owner. The Ancestors had the architecture; Aquarius has the machine. Hand in hand, as it has been written.

VIII. What We Teach

From all this flows a teaching, and it is of a village simplicity.

To parents, we say: cease to educate children by terror – we asked it for the graves in “The Parable of the Twins,” we ask it for hell. Educate by the name. Let the child know from whom he comes, what that name cost, what it has upheld; a child who bears a name does not throw himself into the mud – he knows what he would soil.

To each, we give the rule of the ledger, and it holds in one sentence to say to oneself before every act, on all the deserted roads of life: **record in the ledger only what you wish to bequeath.** For everything is recorded, and everything is bequeathed – that is the only moral certainty a man needs.

And of our communities, we ask that they rebuild the spaces where names know one another – the assemblies, the brotherhoods, the common houses – for virtue does not grow in anonymity, any more than millet grows on asphalt.

IX. What Must Be Remembered and Passed On

Let me sum up, so that this may be remembered and passed on.

To the question “without hell, why are you good?”, here is the answer of our villages: because we are recorded. Our ancestors built the first distributed ledger in history – tamper-proof, serverless, carried by the sacred – and they attached to it the most precious thing a man possesses: his name. Fear manufactures watched men; the name manufactures men. And when the surveillance goes out, the watched man loses himself – the man, for his part, continues, for he carries himself with him.

The modern world erased the ledger and is astonished at the vertigo. The Age of Aquarius can rebuild it – on condition that it belong to each and not to the merchants. That is our work, and now everyone knows why.

We do not need a hell to be good. We have a name.

Amen Hotep – Amenhotep.



– Chapter IX –

The Sacred Protocols

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

Solemn Writing of the Venerable

KING BAZURU

President of the Bwa Sacré

Abidjan, June 12, 2026

Published in the wake of the manifesto

“The Secret Revealed”

I. Opening

We are told: your rites are folklore. Good for tourists and museums, charming in documentaries, but really – a modern man does not need to dance in order to become an adult, nor seven days of funerals to bury his father. Modernity, it is said, means going straight to the point: to be born without ceremony, to grow up without passage, to marry by signature, to die by formality.

This chapter is devoted to demonstrating the contrary. Our rites are not the ornament of life: they are its skeleton. And to demonstrate it, I shall look at them as I looked at the scarifications in “The Price of Silence” and at reputation in “The Invisible Ledger” – with the eyes of the engineer. For what our ancestors bequeathed under the name of rites, computing has reinvented under another name, and it cannot function without them: protocols.

Amen Hotep – Amenhotep.

II. Man Is a Being of Passages

Let us first pose the problem the rites solve, for every invention answers a problem.

Human life is not a steady river. It is a succession of states, separated by passages: one is born, one becomes an adult, one marries, one becomes a parent, one becomes an elder, one dies. At each passage, it is not a detail that changes – it is the whole man who changes status, rights, duties, place in the community. The child does not have the duties of the man; the living man does not have the place of the dead.

Now here is the difficulty, and it is formidable: these passages are invisible. Nothing, on a boy's face, indicates the day he becomes a man. Nothing, in a house in mourning, indicates the moment the deceased has joined the Ancestors. If nothing marks the passage, who can say on which side one stands? The man himself does not know – and the community with him. An unmarked passage is a passage not made: one remains stuck in the doorway, neither inside nor out.

There is the problem. Our ancestors solved it.

III. The Rite, Seen by the Engineer

What is a rite? Let us watch it work, piece by piece, and let every computer scientist recognize what he sees.

A rite has ordered steps, which can be neither skipped nor inverted – the engineer says: a sequence. It has required witnesses, without whom it is void – the engineer says: a validation. It has exact words and gestures, which tolerate no approximation – the engineer says: a syntax, and he knows why it is strict: a formula that can be said any which way is a formula that can be contested. And it has, above all, an irreversible before and after: the initiate does not become uninitiated again, the married man does not become single again by mere forgetting – the engineer says: a commit, the definitive write into the ledger.

And here is the key, which the modern world has lost: **the rite does not describe the change – it executes it.** Before the ceremony, the boy is not a man “who does not know it yet”: he is not a man. After, he is – and the whole village, instantly, changes its conduct

toward him: he is no longer spoken to the same way, no longer asked the same things, no longer forgiven the same faults. Measure the feat as an engineer: the rite is a distributed update – a single event, and the individual's state changes in all the memories of the village at once, beyond contestation, for all were witnesses. The invisible ledger keeps the accounts; the rites post the entries.

IV. The Three Great Protocols

Every life crosses three major protocols, and each deserves to be looked at.

Initiation is the deepest update: it transforms a child into an adult. See its structure, everywhere the same across the continent: separation (the boys are taken out of the village), the ordeal (endurance, knowledge, sometimes the mark in the flesh), the secret (what is transmitted belongs only to the initiates), the return (the village welcomes men where it had watched children leave). The scholars of Europe who studied our rites – van Gennep, Turner – ended up admitting that this three-phase structure is a universal mechanics of transformation, the most effective humanity has found. The ordeal is not a cruelty: it is the cost of the certificate. A status that costs nothing is worth nothing – and the adult who knows what his title cost him does not sell it cheap.

Marriage does not unite two individuals: it binds two lineages. Hence the witnesses of both families, the bridewealth – which one should refrain from reducing to a price: it is the public record of the commitment, the trace that both family ledgers preserve – and the words exchanged before all. A private love is revocable in private;

an alliance recorded before two lineages binds more than two hearts. Our elders did not distrust love; they only knew that one does not build a house on a feeling without witness.

Funerals, finally – the supreme protocol, and the most misunderstood. People are astonished, sometimes they mock: these African funerals that last for days, that gather hundreds of people, that cost! It is that they have not understood what these funerals execute. In “The Parable of the Twins,” we said where the dead man goes: he joins the Ancestors. But that journey does not happen by itself – it is the greatest change of state a being can know: to leave the register of the living and enter the council of the Ancestors. Our funerals are the protocol of that transfer: they install the deceased in his new status, and they post, in all the memories at once, the definitive entry. That is why they demand time and people: a commit of this importance is not made lightly. And that is why, the protocol accomplished, our mournings know how to end – the dead man has arrived, the living may live.

V. The Proof by Breakdown

I will be told: a fine mechanism – but modernity does very well without it. Does it? Let us look at the results, for the experiment has been run on entire continents.

The world that abolished initiation invented the interminable adolescence: societies peopled with men of thirty and forty who sincerely wonder whether they are adults – and who ask it of therapists, for want of having been able to ask it of an ordeal. No one

ever told them: it is done, you have passed. So they search for the door all their lives.

The world that reduced funerals to a one-hour formality invented the mourning that does not end. Its psychologists even had to create a concept – “grief work” – and consultations to accompany it: they rediscovered, at retail and by the hour, what our funerals executed in community and in a week. The dispatched dead man never left; he wanders in the house of the living, and the living wander with him.

And the world that made marriage a private contract between two individuals is astonished at its fragility – but what holds a commitment to which no one bore witness?

Let the diagnosis then be made as an engineer, as for the city in “The Invisible Ledger”: it is not beliefs this world lacks – it overflows with them. It is protocols. A network without protocols does not lack machines: it lacks order in their exchanges, and everything is lost there. A society without rites does not lack individuals: it lacks passages, and everyone remains stuck in a doorway.

VI. What the Rite Is Not

Two clarifications, to disarm the bad trials – including those that might be brought against us from within.

First, let no one oppose science to us: there is no need to settle what the invisible ones “do” in order to observe what the rite does. Its social and psychological effectiveness is observable, measurable, comparable – societies with protocols hold their passages, societies

without protocols lose themselves in them. But let no one reduce us to the “symbolic” either: we showed in “The Price of Silence” that the sacred is the deployment layer – what makes a protocol non-negotiable. A rite that can be debated is a rite that can be skipped; a rite that can be skipped no longer protects anyone. The sacred is not the enemy of effectiveness: it is its guarantee of execution.

Second, and the Venerable must say it to his own house: not everything that glitters in our ceremonies is protocol. There is the rite – and there is the ornament that has settled upon it: the prestige expenses that ruin families for funeral-spectacles, the escalations that turn the bridewealth into commerce, the feasts that last because people compete and not because they accomplish. The Bwa Sacré teaches how to distinguish: **keep the protocol, prune the ornament.** A funeral that puts the living into debt to honor a dead man betrays the dead man himself – for no Ancestor wishes to settle upon the ruin of his children.

VII. The Rites in the Age of Aquarius

And now let us look ahead, for the age now beginning poses the question of the rites with a new urgency.

The Age of Aquarius dissolves thresholds. Everything in it becomes flow: nothing is finished anymore – the screens scroll without end, the workdays have no more evening, friendships no more presence, and soon artificial intelligence will make everything instantaneous, available, continuous. A world without doors – and man, a being of passages, will catch there the vertigo of infinite corridors. The first symptoms are already here, in the youth of the whole world.

But here is the irony the engineer savors: the machines of this age, for their part, function only by rites. Not a network without a connection protocol; not a transaction without sequence, witnesses and definitive write; not a secure system without certificates – computing has rediscovered, line after line, everything the palaver tree knew: the steps, the validation, the strict syntax, the commit. The machines have rites. It is modern man who no longer has any.

Our work, in this age, is therefore twofold. To keep the human protocols – to initiate, to marry, to bury, by the rules and without the ruinous ornament. And to inscribe the passages into the machines for man's benefit: it is, once again, TRAVAILLEUR-0 – the worker's ledger where his own passages are written, diplomas, oaths, kept words, transmissible like an inheritance. The Ancestors had the protocols; Aquarius has the machines. Hand in hand, as it has been written.

VIII. What We Teach

From all this flows a teaching, and it holds in three instructions.

To parents: mark the passages of your children. Not all can still go to the sacred grove – but all can receive a passage: a solemn moment, witnesses, a word given, a before and an after. A child whose passages are marked always knows where he stands; a child left to slide from age to age without a door will seek his proofs in the street – and the street charges more for its initiations than the sacred grove.

To communities: keep the three great protocols, and prune the ornament. Let no one ruin himself for funerals: the dignity of the protocol is not measured in heads of cattle.

To each: do not cross the great doors of your life without a witness. What you begin alone, you may leave alone; what you pledge before your own will hold you – and it is precisely for that reason that one does it.

IX. What Must Be Remembered and Passed On

Let me sum up, so that this may be remembered and passed on.

Man is a being of passages, and an unmarked passage is a passage not made. Our ancestors solved this problem by an invention that world computing has confirmed without knowing it: the protocol – steps, witnesses, exact words, definitive write. Initiation makes adults, marriage binds lineages, funerals install the Ancestors; and the world that threw away these protocols wanders today in its corridors without doors, paying at retail for what the village accomplished in community.

Let us cease, then, to speak of folklore. Folklore is watched; the protocol is executed – and it carries those who execute it.

The Ancestors did not leave us superstitions. They left us protocols.

Amen Hotep – Amenhotep.

– Chapter X –

The Stealers of Women

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

Solemn Writing of the Venerable

KING BAZURU

President of the Bwa Sacré

Abidjan, June 12, 2026

Published in the wake of the manifesto
“The Secret Revealed”

I. Opening

We stand accused. For generations, those who came with their Books have looked at our marriages and pronounced their verdict: these people abduct girls, without bridewealth, without contract, like brigands. Stealers of women – there is our reputation among the moralizers.

This chapter is devoted to examining the accusation. I shall describe marriage in Bwa country as our ancestors practiced it – entirely, hiding nothing, including that nocturnal elopement which so resembles, seen from afar, an abduction. And I shall describe it as this series has learned to look at all the institutions of the Ancestors: with the eyes of the engineer. For what I am going to show, piece by piece, is a system – perhaps the most refined I know – all of whose pieces serve one and the same purpose: to guarantee to the woman the choice of the man of her life. And when all the pieces have been laid down, the accusation will turn back of itself against those who bring it.

Amen Hotep – Amenhotep.

II. The Two Houses

Let us begin with the organization, for every system is read first in its architecture.

The Bwa child stays with his mother. The boy, as soon as he is autonomous, joins the boys of his age in the young men's house of the quarter – he will live there until his marriage, and it is by marrying that he will build his own house. The girl, for her part,

remains with her mother until marriage, and that school is not a waiting room: there she learns all the trades of her future state – cooking, dolo beer, shea butter, soumbala, cotton spinning. When she marries, she will not arrive destitute at her husband's: she will arrive qualified, with skills that are so many sources of income of her own.

And where do the young people meet? Everywhere village life gathers them: at the farm work, at the games on the square, in the cabarets where dolo is drunk. Note this first trait, for it tells everything about what follows: Bwa society does not lock up its daughters while waiting to give them away – it organizes the spaces where young people see one another, speak to one another and choose one another. The meeting is not a tolerated accident: it is provided for by the architecture.

III. Courtship at the Cabaret

When love is born between a girl and a boy, here is the protocol – for it is one.

The boy informs his friends. And every time the girl brews dolo, he and his friends come to the cabaret to drink and talk. Measure the elegance of the device: the courtship takes place in public, in the girl's trade, under her parents' eyes – who thus see the suitor, size him up, observe him over time. Nothing hidden, nothing forced: a validation in the open air.

If the parents have no objection, the date is set, the marriage celebrated with their consent – and that is all. No bridewealth negotiation, no bargaining between families: bridewealth does not

exist in Bwa country, and we shall see further on that this is not a poverty, it is a safety lock. At the very most, the suitor will go and till his father-in-law's fields, or offer him dolo – that is the maximum the custom knows.

But if the parents object? Here is the trait that makes Bwa marriage a marvel: they have no means of preventing the marriage. As long as the two young people love each other, their union will take place – and it is precisely for this reason that the Bwa marriage is always celebrated on the village square, neither in the boy's family nor in the girl's: on neutral ground, because the union belongs to the spouses and to the village, not to the families. Even the biological parents could neither marry their child by force, nor oppose his choice. Let that sentence be reread and dated: centuries before the declarations of rights proclaimed free consent to marriage, our villages had made it materially impossible to violate.

IV. The Elopement, or Consent Put to the Test

There remains the case of parental refusal – and it is here that the accusation is born. Let us then look the “barbarity” in the face, in detail.

When the parents refuse, the girl organizes her elopement with her betrothed. It often happens on an evening when she has brewed dolo: the cabaret over, night has fallen. The boy, for his part, remains seated at the girl's home – that is the diversion. It is his friends from the young men's house who carry out the operation: the girl gives them a meeting point in the village, takes advantage of

the darkness to join them, then – a capital detail – it is she who guides the commando through the lanes to leave the village unseen. For if they are caught, it is a beating for all. Once outside, they make for the boy's village, where the girl will be hidden by the mother or the aunt of his best friend.

Now let us pose as engineers and look for the flaw – for every protocol is judged by its points of failure. What happens if the girl does not want this marriage? She has only to cry out. A single cry in the night, and the whole village runs to deliver her – and the “abductors” are beaten. The entire protocol thus rests on the girl's active silence, on her voluntary walk, on her guiding in the dark: at every step, she holds the power of cancellation. That is why it must be said with force: **one does not steal a woman who guides her abductors.** This elopement that the stranger takes for a kidnapping is exactly the reverse of a kidnapping: it is a consent put to the test, step by step, revocable by a cry – the most determined proof a woman can give of her choice. Our accusers saw the darkness and concluded there was a crime; they did not see that in that darkness, it is the woman who commands.

V. The Pardon and the Feast

The elopement accomplished, the custom does not leave the families at war – it has provided for the reconciliation, as it has provided for everything.

From the first days, someone is sent to tell the girl's parents: your child who disappeared is safe with us. And pardon is asked, again and again, until the wedding day – two or three weeks of methodic-

al appeasement. The custom knows the parents were wounded; it owes them consideration, not capitulation.

Then comes the feast – and allow me to tell it, for it speaks the soul of the whole system. The marriage takes place on the square of the boy's village, whether the bride's parents have come or not. The *dolo* flows in streams, friends from the neighboring villages pour in, and in the evening the newlyweds sit enthroned on the square, the gifts at their feet, while the village dances in a circle before them to the sound of the *balafon*. And at the end – savor the detail – the newlyweds are invited to dance: in Europe, the newlyweds open the ball; among us, they close it. During their final dance, the griots invite the two families to come “defend their honor” by dancing better than the other – and at this game, each camp reinforcing its own, it is the whole village that ends up dancing, and the feast closes in apotheosis. Measure what the griots have just accomplished: the two families, one of which was perhaps still sulking, have been thrown into the same dance. The protocol of reconciliation is executed in music.

VI. The Rights of the Wife

And what becomes of the woman once married? Here again, let the devices be looked at, for they confound the image of the “submissive African woman.”

The married woman has a right to her hearth. In the large family where the women cook in turn, she has the right to keep a private kitchen, for herself and her children – and the husband has no right over that kitchen: she alone decides whether to give him any

or not. She has a right to her garden, for her vegetables. She has the right to keep a cabaret, a small trade – an economy of her own, resting on the trades learned at her mother’s. And – let this one be weighed – she has no religious obligation toward her husband: she naturally continues her cults in her native village. Married, she is not absorbed: she remains herself, with her goods, her trade and her gods.

VII. The All-Risk Insurance

But the genius of a system is not measured in the happy days – it is measured in the breakdowns. And the Bwa custom provided for the breakdowns.

Should separation occur, even after several childbirths, even if the parents never forgave the elopement: the woman has the right to return with her young children to her native village. And if her parents’ door remains closed, an uncle’s opens – for there she carries a status nothing can take from her: “daughter of the village.” That title confers immunity, on her and on her children: should her little ones commit a blunder, take someone else’s chicken – the immunity covers them. There is the master piece, and let it at last be understood why all the rest holds: this protection is the all-risk insurance that allows the young girl to choose in full independence. A woman chooses freely only if failure cannot destroy her. The custom had understood that, and it had built the net before proclaiming the freedom.

And widowhood? Everything was provided for, down to the ceremonial of the choice. The widow had three paths, all hers: to

remarry a brother of the deceased, to return home with her protective status, or to remain alone with her children – no one could oblige her to live with anyone. And if she chose a brother, see how she announced it: she waited until the one she had chosen went to wash, gathered up his clothes to prevent him from going out; the man called for help; and it was then that she brought the clothes back – before everyone. Let the depth of the device be measured, one last time as an engineer: if someone else had announced the widow's choice, that choice would have depended on the announcer – deformable, contestable, manipulable. The ritual of the clothes makes the choice announce itself, by the act of she who chooses, under the eyes of all: no messenger to corrupt, no word to twist. We had, here in Africa, proven models of respect for women – unlike certain people who set themselves up as moralizers today.

VIII. Who Are the Savages?

For the gaze must now be turned around, and comparison made – since we are compared.

While our villages were building this mechanics of consent, what was being done elsewhere? In England – among the very people whose missionaries would come to civilize us – the man who no longer wanted his wife had a custom of his own: he sold her. Publicly. The woman was exhibited at the market, a halter around her neck, her waist or her arm, and auctioned to the highest bidder – the English historians themselves have documented it, the references are at the end of this volume, and this practice ran through the whole of the nineteenth century. There are the masters of

morality: they led their wives to market like cattle, while our widows chose their destiny by gathering up clothes at the bath.

And the other accuser? Let us turn to the classical law of Islam – the very one in whose name we are lectured, and which we carefully distinguish from the believers, our neighbors and our kin, who did not write that law. In that law, the marriage contract is concluded between the suitor and the girl's matrimonial guardian – the *wali* – before witnesses: the bride does not need to be present at her own wedding. Two men conclude; she learns of it. Her consent? The doctrine requires it, certainly – but listen to how: the canonical hadith teaches that for the young girl, her permission is asked, and that her permission is her silence. Let the abyss between the two worlds be measured: among us, the girl's silence during the elopement is an act she performs – a voluntary walk, a guiding in the dark – and one she can break with a single cry that cancels everything; over there, her silence is deemed a signature. **Among us, the woman's voice is the veto; among them, her silence is the yes.** And classical Maliki law – precisely the school that governs West Africa – went further still: it knew the right of matrimonial constraint, the *ijbar*, which allowed the father to marry off his virgin daughter without even seeking her consent. Add the *mahr*, the paid dowry that seals the contract, and the picture is complete. That modern States have reformed these rules, we gladly acknowledge – but then, let us be answered: between the Bwa girl who guides her “abductors” through the night and can stop everything with a cry, and the girl married in her absence by a contract concluded between two men, her silence counting as acceptance – which of the two was abducted?

And the bridewealth, then – that bridewealth whose absence earns us contempt? Let us pose the question as engineers, one last time: what does a bride-price do in a matrimonial system? It creates a transaction. And a transaction creates a creditor – a paid father who has sold, a paying husband who has bought, and between the two a woman who is the object of the contract instead of being its subject. Our ancestors did not “forget” the bride-price: they refused it, precisely so that no one could ever say of a Bwa girl that she had been given or acquired. The field tilled for the father-in-law, the *dolo* offered – considerations, not a price. If today our sons pay bride-prices, it is by mimicry and administrative obligation: the custom, for its part, wanted none of it, and it knew why. The hospital mocks the charity ward: we are accused of stealing what others were selling.

IX. What Must Be Remembered and Passed On

Let me sum up, so that this may be remembered and passed on.

Marriage for love is not a feeling that falls from the sky: it is an infrastructure. There must be a society that organizes the meeting, that validates in public, that neutralizes the families’ veto, that puts consent to the test, that reconciles in music, that endows the wife with rights of her own, and that stretches beneath her the net of failure – for a woman chooses freely only if failure cannot destroy her. All these pieces, Bwa country had built them, and that is why all marriages there were marriages of love, and of love only. A society

that does not give itself the means may preach love all it wishes: it will marry bride-prices.

That system belongs today to the past – a true waste, and may these pages at least keep its record, so that our children may know what their ancestors had built and what mimicry has undone.

As for the accusation, here it is returned to its authors: the elopement we are reproached with was an armored consent, revocable by a cry, guided by the woman herself; and the absence of bride-price we are reproached with was the refusal to make woman a merchandise. **We never stole women. We refused to sell them.**

Amen Hotep – Amenhotep.

– Chapter XI –

The New Fire

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

Solemn Writing of the Venerable

KING BAZURU

President of the Bwa Sacré

Abidjan, June 12, 2026

Published in the wake of the manifesto

“The Secret Revealed”

I. Opening

We are a generation history had never produced and will not produce again. Our parents lived in a world without the internet. Our children will have known only a world with artificial intelligence. And we, between the two, will have seen everything born: the internet, the social networks, and now the machines that think. We are generation one – astride not two epochs, but two civilizations. That gives us a duty: to bear witness. And it gives us a right: to speak of what we have seen, for we have seen the film in its entirety – and we have seen it three times.

For the trial being conducted today against artificial intelligence, I know it by heart. I attended the first two hearings. In 1995, I defended the internet when the French-speaking world covered it with insults – and I received my share of them. In 2019, I defended the social networks when their trial was unanimous – the text exists, dated, archived. Today, in 2026, the same prosecutors are conducting the same trial against artificial intelligence, with the same indictments, word for word.

Amen Hotep – Amenhotep.

II. The Third Time

In 2015, an illustrious European scholar, Umberto Eco, uttered a sentence that went around the world and that the fine minds still recite: the social networks, he said, had given “the right to speak to legions of imbeciles” who, before, spoke only at the bar without

harming anyone – and who now have “the same right to speak as a Nobel Prize winner.”

I answered that sentence in 2019, and my answer still stands, for listen to what is said today of artificial intelligence: it would give anyone the knowledge of a doctor, the pen of a writer, the calculation of an engineer – what horror! The indictment has not changed by a comma: yesterday the social networks were reproached for giving the ordinary man the *voice* of the Nobel laureate; today AI is reproached for giving him the *skills* of the Nobel laureate. The crime is the same: the democratization of a privilege. And the prosecutors are the same: those who held the privilege.

Let me be well understood, for I am used to this misunderstanding: I do not say these technologies are without dangers – I shall come to that, and at length. I say that the trial being brought against them is not the trial of their dangers. It is the trial of their generosity.

III. The Lesson of the Minitel

And since the prosecutors invoke prudence, let us tell them a story of prudence. It is called the Minitel, and some of the young no longer even know what I am talking about – that is precisely the moral of the story.

In 1995, when the internet was becoming popular, no criticism was harsh enough for it in the French-speaking world. France defended its Minitel tooth and nail – a national network, closed, reserved for France and the French. The Minitel was the last word; to compare it to the internet was a crime of lèse-majesté; and those who, like me, dared to suggest that the internet was worthy of interest were

treated as pariahs. Then history ruled, without appeal: the internet – conceived, for its part, to be a network of all, able to survive the destruction of any one of its nodes – covered the earth. Netscape disappeared, Altavista disappeared, the Minitel died of its pride in 2012, and those who swore never to touch the internet can no longer do without it – I personally know several. The final sanction fell years later: not one French group among the giants of the network. Those who had chosen the fortress ended up tenants in other people's houses – and that submission is not merely fiscal.

Now what do I see today? *Bis repetita*. While other continents build artificial intelligences at forced march, Europe legislates, regulates, tempers – and congratulates itself on its prudence as it congratulated itself on the Minitel. And we, Africans, are invited to choose the camp of distrust, as we were invited to distrust the internet. So I ask the question of 2019, word for word: must we once again stand aside from technology only to run after it tomorrow? We have already paid to know the answer.

IV. The Watch, DNA and Satoshi

Let us come to the substance, for beneath the fear there is a real question, and it deserves better than slogans: to whom should intelligence be entrusted – to a single certified reference, or to the multitude?

I gave my answer in 2019 and I maintain it, for it does not come from me – it comes from nature and from systems. With one watch, you know the time; with two watches, you no longer know it; you need one or many. And experience has ruled: many are worth more

than the best. Look at nature, the Creator's creation: DNA, the source of all the information of life, is not entrusted to privileged cells – it is replicated in every cell of the body, and that is why one failing cell cannot corrupt the organism: the majority fact corrects it. Look at Satoshi Nakamoto: to defeat double spending, he replicated the ledger of transactions on all the computers of the network – to falsify one entry, one would have to falsify it everywhere at once. And look at what happens to single-reference systems: the bankers, certified guardians of money, falsified benchmark rates, manufactured toxic assets, concealed data – all the way to the collapse of Lehman Brothers and the placing under guardianship of Freddie Mac and Fannie Mae in 2008. The reference specialist is not reliable by construction: mastering one's science does not make one honest, and the fate of humanity cannot be entrusted to a single person – be he a Nobel laureate.

Let us now apply this principle to artificial intelligence, for it settles the real debate. The danger is not that AI gives intelligence to all – that is its virtue. The danger would be a single AI, in the hands of a single master: one reference machine that would speak the truth for all humanity – the guru of the old world, resurrected in silicon, and a thousand times more powerful. The Bamanan proverb says that a lie that lasts forty years becomes the truth; a monopolistic AI could manufacture that lie in forty days. The answer is therefore the same as for the watches, DNA and the blockchain: the multitude. Several intelligences, from several houses, from several continents, including the open models that anyone can inspect and run at home – let them watch one another, contradict one another and correct one another, like the cells of the body. **I do not fear the**

world where everyone has an AI. I fear the world where one AI would have everyone.

V. Privileged or Victims?

And we, in this debate – are we the privileged defending their monopoly, or the victims of the old system? The answer is written in our history, and I gave it in 2019: for half a century, RFI and AFP were the only reference sources of information for all French-speaking Africa, and we still live with the consequences – the demonization of our spiritualities, the infantilization, the distrust between French-speaking and English-speaking brothers, and that conviction of inferiority which a simple survey in the village is enough to measure. Our history, past as well as contemporary, is written by others. We are the victims of the single-source system – so when a system appears that puts us on equal footing, there is no room for hesitation. It was true of the social networks. It is doubly true of AI.

For measure what this technology offers the continent that lacks everything it gives: doctors where there are no doctors, teachers for every child where the classrooms overflow, engineers, jurists, translators of our languages – expertise, that privilege whose price has always excluded us, brought within reach of the village. No technology in history has ever made Africa such an offer.

But I must also speak the warning, for it is grave. These machines learn from books – and we know, since “The Parable of the Twins” and “The Price of Silence,” who wrote the books. An AI trained without our knowledge will be the third writing of our history by

others – after the colonial chroniclers, after the press agencies. If our wisdoms, our languages, our ancestral sciences are not written, published, deposited in the great digital register, they will not exist for the intelligences that will educate our grandchildren. That is why this series exists, with its OIDs and its timestamped archives: we do not write only for the men of today – we write for the machines of tomorrow, so that they may know. To feed AI with our truth is henceforth an act of cultural survival, on the same footing as the scarifications once were.

VI. The New Fire

I will be told, as I was told in 1995 and in 2019: but it is dangerous! And I shall answer what I have always answered, for the argument is older than all our technologies put together.

If our ancestors had not transcended their fear of fire, we would never have become the men we are. The domestication of fire – modern science confirms it – made it possible to cook food, to multiply its energy value, to push back parasites, to neutralize the poisons of raw plants, and to increase the volume of our brain: it is fire that made man. And still today, it is domesticated fire that makes airplanes fly, cars roll, metals flow and cities shine. If our ancestors had said “fire burns, let us keep away from it,” the world would be different – and we would not be in it.

Fire burns, nevertheless. It burns houses, forests, men. Our ancestors knew it better than anyone – and that is precisely why they neither fled it nor let it run wild: they domesticated it. A hearth to contain it, rules to transmit it, prohibitions to sacralize it. One

does not abandon a system because of its drawbacks: one tames the drawbacks and harvests the advantages. He who wants honey must have the courage to face the bees. Artificial intelligence is the fire of our century – it will cook or it will burn, according to whether or not we build the hearth. But to flee it is to choose to remain raw.

VII. The Driving License

How does one build the hearth? I gave the method in 2019 for the social networks; it holds, feature for feature, for AI.

A century ago, a few privileged people owned an automobile. When it spread, accidents multiplied – was the automobile banned? No: traffic was regulated and the driving license instituted. He who insults or lies on the networks was a reckless driver without a license at the wheel of a racing car; he who unleashes AI without understanding it – to cheat, to falsify, to manufacture lies that speak – is the same reckless driver in a car a hundred times faster. The answer is not to burn the cars: it is the highway code, the license, and the sanction of offenders.

Concretely, and may our ministers hear it: let a subject called “artificial intelligence” be created at school, from middle school onward – as I demanded in 2019 a subject called “social networks.” Our children will live in a world where AI will be omnipresent: either we prepare them for its traps, or they will discover them at their own expense. When the trade is plied in water, it is better to learn to swim. Evolving rules of use, training from childhood, graduated sanctions for offenders – and, for those who take hold of it well, new trades that provide a living, and sometimes a very good

one. We are generation one: there are as yet neither rules nor school. All the more reason to write them ourselves, instead of waiting for them to be imposed on us.

VIII. What We Demand

Let our demands be recapitulated, for they are precise.

To our States: do not remake the Minitel. No fortress, no flight – infrastructure, sovereign data, and AI in the schools. To our scholars and our elders: write, record, publish – every knowledge not deposited in the digital register is a knowledge the machines of tomorrow will ignore, and their pupils with them. To our children: learn to swim – AI is neither your idol nor your enemy, it is your tool, and the tool never dispenses with thinking. And to all: remember “The Age of Aquarius” – that age is coming, whether we like it or not; the only question is whether we shall enter it as passengers or as pilots.

IX. What Must Be Remembered and Passed On

Let me sum up, so that this may be remembered and passed on.

Three times in thirty years, the same scene has played out: a technology that democratizes a privilege appears, the privileged conduct its trial, the prudent preach abstention – and history proves the prosecutors wrong. I pleaded at all three trials; the archives of the first two are public, and their verdicts too. The Minitel is dead, its zealots are on the internet; the despisers of the

social networks publish their contempt on them; and in ten years, those who demonize AI will dictate their memoirs to it.

Artificial intelligence is the new fire. It will burn the imprudent – like fire. It will demand hearths, rules and licenses – like fire. And it will make of those who domesticate it the men of the age to come – as fire made man. The choice is not between danger and safety: it is between cooking and remaining raw.

History does not remember those who feared fire. It remembers those who learned to use it.

Amen Hotep – Amenhotep.



– Chapter XII –

Before the Greeks, Before Rome

Writing of the Bwa Sacré on the Etruscans and the Pelasgians

Solemn Writing of the Venerable

KING BAZURU

President of the Bwa Sacré

Abidjan, June 12, 2026

Twelfth and final writing of the series,
in the wake of the manifesto “The Secret Revealed”

I. Opening

We Africans have been made to believe that our erasure was an exception – the natural consequence of a particular inferiority. We have been told so often that we gave nothing to the world that many among us ended up believing it, and there, I maintain, lies the deepest of the colonial wounds: not the one carried on the skin, but the one carried in the gaze one casts upon oneself. In “The Divine Words,” I showed the contrary for writing: the alphabet was born in Africa. In “The Inverted Curse,” I showed how our economic debt is erased, still today. It remains for me to show the most liberating thing of all.

Our erasure is not an exception. It is a method. And to prove it, I shall not plead – I shall leave Africa and take the reader to the very heart of Europe, where the supposed cradle of Western civilization is located. For there, beneath Greece and beneath Rome, lie two peoples who were erased exactly as we were erased: the Pelasgians and the Etruscans. Their history is ours, played out a thousand years earlier, on another shore. And once it has been understood, one can never again believe that Africa was erased because it was Africa.

I must warn the reader about a word I shall not use lightly. When I say “erasure,” I do not say “genocide.” The Etruscans were not exterminated as were the Amerindian peoples of the great Antilles or of the northern plains, entire nations of whom disappeared under iron, disease and organized famine. The Etruscans survived in their flesh – but their name, their language, their gods and their memory were dissolved. That is another crime: ethnocide, the death of a culture without the death of all its bodies. To confuse it with

massacre would weaken both. I call each thing by its name: it is the first of honesties, and the last of weapons.

Amen Hotep – Amenhotep.

II. The World Before Greece

Let us begin with a truth the Greek authors themselves confessed, reluctantly: before the Greeks, there was someone.

Herodotus, Thucydides, Homer – the greatest names of ancient Greece – all speak of a people who occupied the peninsula, the islands of the Aegean Sea and part of Anatolia before the arrival of the tribes come from the north, those modern scholars call Indo-European: Achaeans, Ionians, Dorians, descending in waves in the course of the second millennium before our era. This people of before, the Greeks named the Pelasgians. Herodotus devotes entire passages of his “Histories” to them (book I, 56-58; book II, 50-53); Thucydides evokes them from the opening of his “Peloponnesian War” (I, 3) as the most anciently widespread population; and Homer, in the “Iliad,” still places Pelasgians among the allies of Troy. Three witnesses, among the greatest, for one and the same confession.

And here is the decisive confession, the one that should make us prick up our ears. In book II of his “Histories,” Herodotus writes that the Greeks received the names of almost all their gods from the Pelasgians – and that the Pelasgians, for their part, held them in large part from Egypt. The father of Greek history thus admits, in black and white, that the religion of the Olympians was not born in Greece, but came to it from an older people, itself nourished at the

Egyptian source. I recall here, as I did in “The Divine Words,” that Herodotus is a testimony and not a proof: a Greek of the fifth century reporting traditions. But when the witness testifies against his own, his confession carries weight.

But look now at the sleight of hand, for it is exactly the one that was played on us. Those same authors who acknowledged the anteriority of the Pelasgians called them *barbaroi* – barbarians – that is, people whose language was mere babble. Anterior, therefore founders; but barbarians, therefore negligible. The debt is acknowledged with one hand, erased with the other. It is the imperial gesture in its pure form, and we know it by heart: we were told the same thing – first among men, but last among the civilized; cradle of humanity, but continent without history. The formula is ancient; it was tested on the Pelasgians before being turned against us.

What do we know, positively, of the Pelasgians? That they were the builders of those ramparts of colossal blocks which the classical Greeks, incapable of imitating or understanding them, attributed to one-eyed giants – the so-called cyclopean masonry of Tiryns, of Mycenae, of Argos, whose stones weigh several tons and fit together without mortar. There is a “barbarian” people whose art of building surpassed that of those who despised it: a sure sign that we are dealing with a denied debt, not a real inferiority. On the plane of the sacred, the traditions report a religiosity centered on the great Mother-Goddess, on the earth, the springs and the caves – a spirituality of communion with the living, which the warlike and patriarchal pantheons come from the north covered over, relegating the Goddess and distributing her powers among male gods armed with the thunderbolt. I wish to be prudent: the Pelasgians remain in part an enigma, and historians still debate their precise identity; some

see in them a reality, others a convenient Greek label for “those of before.” But their anteriority and their erasure, for their part, are not in debate – and that alone is what matters to me here.

III. The Hidden Masters of Rome

Let us now pass to the West, and to a case which, for its part, suffers almost no contestation, for the proofs abound and are still coming out of the ground: the Etruscans. They called themselves neither “Etruscans” (a Latin name) nor “Tyrrhenians” (a Greek name), but named themselves Rasenna. They flourished in central Italy, between the Arno and the Tiber, from the eighth to the first century before our era, in a federation of powerful cities – Tarquinia, Cerveteri, Veii, Volterra, Chiusi. And their language, science is here categorical, was not Indo-European: it had no kinship with any other language of Europe, neither with Latin, nor with Greek, nor with Celtic. A language come from another world, whose alphabet we read but whose sentences we understand poorly.

And here is what is never taught loudly enough, what the whole Western school has an interest in keeping quiet: Rome did not invent Rome. Before the Etruscan influence, Rome was but a string of shepherds’ villages on muddy hills by the Tiber. It was the Rasenna who made of it a city – who drained its marshes, traced its streets, raised its temples. The Roman historians themselves did not hide it. Livy, in his “History of Rome,” recounts without detour that three of the seven kings of Rome were Etruscan: Tarquin the Elder, Servius Tullius and Tarquin the Proud – the very dynasty that endowed Rome with its first great monuments. Weigh that well: half of the Roman monarchy was Rasenna.

The list of the debt is crushing, and every element is documented. The Latin alphabet – that of this book, that of all the books of the West – derives directly from the Etruscan alphabet, which had itself received it from the Greeks of Italy, who held it from the Phoenicians, who held it, as we have demonstrated, from the divine words of Egypt. The urban planning of Rome is Etruscan: the orthogonal plan, the art of the arch and the vault, and that masterpiece of engineering, the great sewer collector, the Cloaca Maxima, attributed precisely to Tarquin the Elder and still draining part of the Forum today. The very insignia of Roman power – those the West would copy for two thousand years, down to the monuments of modern republics – are Etruscan: the *fascēs*, those bundles of rods bound around an axe carried by the lictors; the *toga praetexta* bordered with purple; the *sella curulis*, the ivory throne of the magistrates; and even the eagle of the standards. Even the ceremony of the triumph, in which the victorious general paraded with his face painted red, is a Rasenna inheritance. And down to the circus games and the gladiatorial combats, which were at first, among the Etruscans, only funerary rites offered to the dead.

The Rasenna possessed a sacred corpus, the *Disciplina Etrusca*: a system of initiatic knowledge of remarkable sophistication, of which Cicero – who had an Etruscan friend versed in this art – speaks to us at length in his treatise “On Divination.” It was a science of reading the world: haruspicy, the art of reading the liver and entrails of sacrificed beasts; fulguration, the art of interpreting lightning according to the region of the sky from which it fell; and the precise rituals for founding cities, oriented along the axes of the cosmos. The famous Liver of Piacenza, that bronze model of a liver discovered in 1877, divided into sixteen compartments each bear-

ing the name of a divinity, is the instrument of it that remains to us: an animal's organ read like a map of the sky, the body as microcosm of the macrocosm. That a son of the Bwa Sacré should recognize here a kinship should astonish no one – the reading of the visible world as a message from the invisible world is the heart of our divinatory systems. But I say kinship and resonance, not proven filiation: I do not build on what I cannot demonstrate. The resemblance, however, is there, and it speaks of a spiritual grammar that many ancient peoples shared, from the bend of the Niger to the banks of the Tiber.

IV. The Thread That Links the Two Shores

Pelasgians to the east, Etruscans to the west: and what if it were the same world, broken in two by the tide of the northern peoples? This is not a poet's reverie. It is a serious hypothesis, defended by linguists, and it rests on a stone that can be seen at the museum of Athens.

In 1885, on the island of Lemnos, in the middle of the Aegean Sea – a land the Ancients called Pelasgian – archaeologists discovered, embedded in the wall of a church near the village of Kaminia, a funerary stele covered with inscriptions. The language was not Greek, though it borrowed the Greek alphabet. And when it was studied, the astonishment was great: this language of Lemnos, which was called Lemnian, showed striking kinships with Etruscan, spoken at the other end of the Mediterranean, a thousand miles away. The same rare endings, the same grammatical structures, a vocabulary answering from one shore to the other. The stone of

Lemnos has become, for this reason, one of the keys that still help scholars decipher Etruscan itself.

It was the great German linguist Helmut Rix who, in 1998, drew from this bundle of clues the conclusion that is today the reference: he proposed a family of languages, which he named Tyrsenian, grouping the Etruscan of Italy, the Lemnian of the Aegean and the Rhaetic of the Alps. This family, science holds to be pre-Indo-European, that is, anterior to the arrival of the peoples come from the steppes. In other words: there existed, before the Europe we know, a Tyrsenian linguistic sheet stretched from the Aegean Sea to the Alps by way of central Italy.

Let us be exact, for exactness is our only strength. The direction of the migration remains debated: did this Tyrsenian world spread from the Aegean toward Italy, as Herodotus already thought, who had the Etruscans come from Lydia in Anatolia? Or did Etruscans of Italy swarm eastward as far as Lemnos? Or do both derive from an older common trunk, anterior to any migration? The scholars still discuss it, and I do not decide what I do not know. But the essential is not in the direction of the arrow. The essential is that before Greece and before Rome, **one and the same continuum of peoples, languages and cults stretched from the Aegean Sea to central Italy** – and that that world was covered over, dissolved, forgotten, to the point that its language can no longer even be read fluently. It took a stele forgotten in a church wall to recall its existence. And I then ask the question that haunts me: how many of our own steles, how many of our knowledges, still sleep in walls, in granaries, in the memory of old men who die out without having been written down?

V. The Method of Erasure

Let us now pause on the how, for it is here that history ceases to be a curiosity and becomes a lesson. How does one erase an entire civilization without necessarily killing its men? Rome, in absorbing Etruria between the fifth and the first century before our era, left us the complete instruction manual. It holds in three phases, and I want to name them with the precision of an engineer dismantling a machine.

First phase: absorb what is useful. Rome took from the Etruscans their techniques, their alphabet, their urban planning, their insignia, their rites, their art of divination – everything that served power and prestige. One does not throw away the enemy's tool: one seizes it, incorporates it, uses it against the very one from whom it was taken. Absorption is not a homage; it is the first phase of a digestion.

Second phase: destroy the memory. Once the useful has been extracted, the source is erased. The books of the *Disciplina Etrusca* have disappeared – there remain only fragments quoted by Latin authors. The archives of the Rasenna cities were dispersed or lost. The language, deprived of school and prestige, ceased to be written, then spoken; the emperor Claudius, in the first century of our era, still composed a history of the Etruscans in twenty books and a lexicon of their language – all of it is entirely lost, and that loss itself is a symbol: the last one who knew was not copied. When of a language that covered Italy there remain only funerary epitaphs and ritual formulas, that is not the effect of chance: it is that a memory was methodically allowed to die out.

Third phase: reattribute. The source once dried up and mute, the narrative of origins is rewritten: Rome becomes the beginning of everything Rome had received. The arch becomes “Roman,” the sewer becomes “Roman,” the alphabet becomes “Roman,” the triumph becomes “Roman.” The pupil erases the master, then signs the master’s work with his own name. It is the most perverse phase of the three, for it is the one that manufactures the durable lie – and the Bamanan proverb I quoted in “The New Fire” had foreseen it: a lie that lasts forty years becomes truth. This one has lasted two thousand years, and it is still taught in our own schools, under the name of “Roman genius.”

Absorb, erase, reattribute: such is the trade. And let “The Inverted Curse” and “The Divine Words” now be reread in the light of these three phases. Our knowledge, our arms, our raw materials and our works of art were absorbed – they are today in the museums of the north. Our archives were destroyed or dispersed, libraries burned, our cults demonized and our languages banned at school. And even our invention of writing, even the Africanness of Egypt, was reattributed to others. The method that erased Etruria is the method that erased Africa. **It is not the same crime repeated by accident: it is the same trade, plied by the same hands, on two worksites a thousand years apart.**

VI. Why Rome Hated What It Plundered

One might believe that erasure proceeds from pure hatred. It is more subtle, and it must be understood in order to be cured of it. One erases all the more fiercely the more one owes.

Seneca, the Roman philosopher, lets the truth escape in one of his “Natural Questions”: where we Romans see in lightning a mere phenomenon, he writes in substance, the Etruscan sees in it a message from the gods; for we believe that lightning is produced because the clouds collide, while they believe that the clouds collide in order that lightning be produced. Seneca says this to mark the “superiority” of the Roman gaze, rational and cold. But read him backward, and you will find there the confession of an immense spiritual debt: Rome acknowledges that the Etruscan had a deeper vision of the world, in which everything is sign, in which the cosmos speaks – exactly the vision our African traditions hold to be true, and which the West reproached us with as “magical thinking.” One always despises most what one has most plundered.

There is the key. Rome did not despise the Etruscans despite its debt, but because of it. The more one owes a master, the more unbearable it is to know him above oneself; so one belittles him, one folklorizes him, one makes of him a people of superstitious diviners and decadent banqueters – which is exactly the image Roman propaganda bequeathed of the Etruscans. The same mechanism played against us: the more Europe took from Africa, the more it needed to call us primitive, to make the theft bearable to its conscience. **Contempt is not the cause of the plunder; it is its alibi.**

VII. What This Changes for Us

And here is why this final writing was necessary, why one had to leave Africa the better to return to it, and finish the great tour where it began.

As long as one believes that Africa was erased because it is Africa, one remains a prisoner of shame: there would be in us some secret defect that calls for erasure, a curse of birth. But from the instant one sees that brilliant Etruria, the Pelasgian Aegean, and so many other worlds suffered the same fate in Europe itself, under the sun of the Mediterranean and in the supposed cradle of the West, shame has no soil left to grow in. We were not erased because we were inferior. **We were erased because we possessed something worth taking.** One erases only creditors. One denies only the debts one has really contracted. Erasure is therefore not the proof of our poverty: it is, turned inside out like a glove, the proof of our wealth – and of the bad faith of our debtors.

But there is, in the fate of the Rasenna, a graver warning still, and I want to engrave it here as the justification of this whole series. The Etruscans never had a Bwa Sacré to speak in their name. They left neither manifesto, nor written doctrine, nor guardian of their memory. Their language died without an heir; their sacred texts are lost forever; and no one, today on earth, keeps the register of the Rasenna any longer or pronounces their prayers. There is the exact fate of an erased people that left no one to write: not the death of the bodies, but the eternal silence of the soul. It is that silence I refuse for our own.

For such is our chance, and such is our duty: we, we are still here. Our languages live in the mouths of our mothers, our elders still speak, our cults are still practiced in the sacred groves. The window is open – but it closes a little more with every old man buried without having been listened to. There is still time to write, to fix, to deposit in the great register of the world and, as I said in “The New Fire,” in the memories of the machines that will educate our grand-

children. That is the whole meaning of these twelve writings: that it may never be said one day of the Bwa, of the Kamites, of the sons of Africa what is said today of the Rasenna – that they were great, and that no one knows anything of them anymore.



Solemn Conclusion

I close here the series of the twelve writings, and I close it by gathering it in a single gaze, as one contemplates an edifice once the last stone is laid.

We began by unveiling the hidden meaning of our marks in “The Secret Revealed.” We defended our spiritualities against the demonization of our own screens; set forth our vision of death without terror or hell; announced the Age of Aquarius and the place of the worker in the world of machines; restored to Africa the invention of the alphabet; denounced the plunder, the debt and the inverted curse; founded a morality on the name and the ledger of the Ancestors rather than on fear; reread our rites as protocols; defended the freedom of our women against the calumny of the accusers; and saluted the new fire of artificial intelligence. And we finish by showing that our very erasure was never an African exception, but a universal method of empire — the same that dissolved Etruria under Rome and the Pelasgian Aegean under Greece.

A single thread runs through the twelve writings, and I can now stretch it out entire: **every time one looks closely at a thing we were told was primitive, one discovers a thing that was great, and that was erased.** The scarifications, death, writing, the debt, morality, the rites, marriage — and even the hidden masters of Rome. This conclusion is neither an opinion nor a cry of the heart: it is the repeated result of twelve inquiries conducted with the same tools, cross-verification and the refusal of the false word. Twelve times the same cause produces the same effect. In science, that would be called a law. I therefore state it, to close the register.

One never erases what is small. One erases only what is great, and what stands in the way. Let our children know it, and let them never again be ashamed of what they are: **what was erased in us is the very measure of what we were worth.**

The register is kept. The debt is recorded. It will never be erased again.

Amen Hotep – Amenhotep.

KING BAZURU

Venerable and President of the Bwa Sacré

Abidjan, 2026

After this declaration, history may continue.



General Bibliography

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THE AWAKENING OF KAMITE CONSCIOUSNESS

Tradition, Identity, Truth, Science and the Future
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