

The Kamite House

*The feasts, the answers and the institutions
of the Kamites of the world – Fourteen writings and a call*

C O M P L E T E E D I T I O N

Solemn writings of the Venerable

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President of the Bwa Sacré

Abidjan, 2026 – year 6263 of the Kamite era

Complete edition – September 18, 2026

The fourteen writings gathered in this volume first appeared separately in Abidjan, between August 21 and September 4, 2026: *The Feast of the Worker* (August 21); *The House Without a Door* (August 23); *The Residue* (August 24); *The Builders* and *The Alpha and the Omega* (August 30); *The Book of Answers*, volumes I and II (August 31); *The Kamite Pilgrimage* (September 2); *The Door of Return*, *My Mother's Tongue*, *The Palaver Tree*, *The Queen Mothers*, *The Written Land* and *The Other Front* (September 4). *A Solemn Call to All Kamites*, which closes the volume, was issued on September 12, 2026. Each of these texts was electronically signed and anchored in the Bitcoin blockchain; the certificates are published with them.

The chapters are numbered I to XII, then XIV and XV: the house has no thirteenth room.

This complete edition takes up the corrected edition of September 17, 2026 and adds to it the two writings of September 4 that it did not carry, together with the call of September 12. The “Why read” sheets are not in it: they have a book of their own.

This volume follows *The Awakening of Kamite Consciousness*, which gathered the first twelve writings (May 27 – June 12, 2026). English edition of *La Maison Kamite*.

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

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Preliminary Note

This book gathers, in a single volume and in their order of reading, the fourteen writings I made public in Abidjan between August 21 and September 4, 2026, and it closes on the call I issued on September 12. This is the complete edition: the first carried only twelve of these writings. It follows *The Awakening of Kamite Consciousness*, which brought together the first twelve, published between May 27 and June 12. The first volume awakened: it revealed the meaning of our marks, defended our spiritualities, dismantled the mechanics of erasure, and showed, writing after writing, that everything we had been told was primitive was something great, and something that stood in the way. This one builds. That is why I have named it *The Kamite House*: one enters it through a feast, one finds in it a house without a door, and one leaves it with a calendar, a reopened door, a language, queen mothers and a front.

Let the order of the rooms be looked at, for it is not by chance. The first writing institutes: *The Feast of the Worker* gives back to the Worker the five days our fathers had placed outside time, and opens the register TRAVAILLEUR-0. The second looks at what our cities had built: *The House Without a Door*, hospitality as a technology, and the lesson it leaves us – to write the land without closing the house. The third is a testimony, and it cost me: *The Residue* tells of the slavery that does not say its name, with dated facts and named countries. The fourth and fifth give back to the Kamites what was taken from them twice – their inventors in *The Builders*, and number itself in *The Alpha and the Omega*. The sixth and seventh arm: *The Book of Answers*, in two volumes, gives every Kamite the means

to answer what he is asked, from the silliest questions to the deepest. Then come the institutions, one after another: the common time and the pilgrimage, the door of return and the name given back, the mother's tongue and the register of voices, the queen mother and the sanctuary's tontine, and finally the other front, the one our daughters have left without soldiers. And two rooms the first edition had not opened, and that the house was missing: *The Palaver Tree*, which tells how justice was rendered where there was not a single wall, and *The Written Land*, which tells how the "land without a master" never was one, and how the land is written without closing the house. Fourteen rooms, one house – and, on the threshold, a call.

These pages express my position as Venerable and President of the Bwa Sacré – and, where it must, as an engineer and as a sworn expert before the courts. Six of them do not propose: they institute, according to our own teachings – steps, exact words, witnesses, and the definitive write of the seal. Each was signed and anchored in the Bitcoin blockchain on the day of its publication, so that no one can say it was written after the fact.

This book criticizes doctrines, systems and postures – never persons. Christians, Muslims and keepers of the traditions live side by side in our very families, often under the same roof; respect for believers does not forbid the examination of ideas – it demands it. And nothing instituted here is imposed on anyone: freedom of conscience remains entire, there is neither anathema nor exclusion, and the door of this house opens both ways.

As always, I do not ask to be taken at my word: the general bibliography, at the end of the volume, gathers chapter by chapter the

references that anyone can verify. I invite scholars, historians, jurists, descendants of the diaspora and anyone concerned to confront this text with their sources, to contest it, to complete it.

The house is built. It remains to be lived in.

Amen Hotep – Amenhotep.

Two things close the volume, and they are not ornament. The general bibliography gathers, chapter by chapter, the references anyone can verify for himself: I ask no one to take me at my word. *A Solemn Call to All Kamites* carries beyond our walls what *My Mother's Tongue* had instituted within them. And the “Why read” sheets, which give in one page, for each writing, the questions put to us and the chapter that answers them, are not in this volume: they have a book of their own, and rightly so – one does not enter a house through one of its rooms.



– Chapter One –

The Feast of the Worker

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

A solemn writing by the Venerable

KING BAZURU

President of the Bwa Sacré

Abidjan, August 21, 2026

Published in the wake of the manifesto

“The Secret Revealed”

Preliminary Note

This writing expresses my position as Venerable and President of the Bwa Sacré – and it does more: it institutes. It is addressed to all, but in particular to the members of the Bwa Sacré and to all the Kamites of the world. The previous writings demonstrated; this one accomplishes. We showed, in “The Sacred Protocols,” that the rite does not describe the change – that it executes it. Today we execute: as of this publication, sealed and timestamped as is fitting, the epagomenal days at the close of the year are consecrated to the Worker.

As always in this series, this text criticizes doctrines, never persons. And let it be read carefully: it takes nothing from anyone. It abolishes no people’s feast; it institutes our own.

I. Opening

For more than a century, the world has celebrated labor. Every first of May, the nations march, the speeches honor effort, the banners celebrate activity – and the man who performs it goes home in the evening, saluted in passing, like the shadow of his own feast.

We announce something else, and we announce it solemnly: we will no longer celebrate labor – we will celebrate the worker. Not the activity, but the person. Not the means, but the one who carries it. And we will not give him a day borrowed from the calendar of others: we will give him the days our ancestors placed outside of time – the five epagomenal days – so that he may be feasted, from his conception to his Ancestors, in the calendar that is our own.

This writing sets out why, and how.

Amen Hotep – Amenhotep.

II. The shuttle that weaves by itself

Twenty-three centuries ago, Aristotle wrote, in the first book of the “Politics,” a sentence the schools have recited without believing it. If every tool, he said, could upon command accomplish its own work – if the shuttles of the looms wove by themselves, if the plectra played the lyre alone – then master-craftsmen would no longer need assistants, nor masters slaves.

For twenty-three centuries, that sentence was a schoolroom hypothesis – an elegant way of saying: never. And here it is coming true before our eyes. Artificial intelligence writes, computes, draws, translates, composes; the shuttles of the new age weave by themselves, and every passing month teaches them one more trade. What Aristotle posed as a logical impossibility has become a schedule of updates.

Let us measure what is happening, for few have measured it: labor is being demystified. It, which was presented as the very definition of man, is detaching itself from man like bark from the trunk. And Aristotle’s conclusion unfolds in full: when the tool works by itself, the master no longer has a slave – and by the same movement he ceases to be a master. Labor fades, and the masters with it. There will remain, at the center, only the one who was there before labor and who will be there after it: man. The worker.

III. The first of May: the honor and the limit

Let no one make us say what we do not say: we salute the struggles of the first of May. They wrested the eight-hour day, rest, safety, the dignity of working conditions – real conquests, paid for with the blood of workers, and we bow before those who paid for them. It is not the feast we criticize: it is its limit, which the times now make visible.

For the first of May celebrates labor – the activity – and the activity is changing hands. As the shuttles learn to weave alone, celebrating labor will little by little come to mean celebrating the machines. That is not our feast. Our feasts, as we showed in “The Sacred Protocols,” are protocols: they execute something upon persons. And the person, here, is not the labor: it is the worker.

And look at what the new age has already brought forth: the freelancer – the free worker, who hires out his art and not his life, who chooses his works, his hours, and his clients, and whom artificial intelligence, far from crushing him, equips and ennobles: it hands him the tools that yesterday required a factory, and he carries them in his satchel. Where the old world saw a precarious laborer, the new age reveals a man standing upright, who deals as an equal. We support this movement, and we say it plainly: the disappearance of labor-as-servitude is not a threat to the worker – it is his emancipation beginning.

IV. Celebrate the worker, not the labor

The reversal we are performing holds in one sentence: one does not celebrate the hammer – one celebrates the hand. Labor is a means;

it is born, changes, and disappears with the ages – the hoe, the assembly line, the keyboard, and tomorrow the instruction given to the machine. The worker, for his part, remains: he is a person, with a name, a lineage, a word given, an honor – all things that, as we showed in “The Invisible Ledger,” are entered in a ledger nothing erases.

It is for him that we opened TRAVAILLEUR-0 – WORKER-0 – the worker’s ledger, whose act of Genesis has been sealed and timestamped: the book where his own passages are written – diplomas, oaths, kept words – transmissible like an inheritance. In “The Age of Aquarius,” we stated the alliance of the new age: the Ancestors had the protocols, Aquarius has the machines, hand in hand. That alliance lacked only a feast. Here it is.

V. The epagomenal days returned to their people

Our ancestors of the Nile valley gave the year an engineer’s architecture: twelve months of thirty days – three hundred and sixty days regulated like clockwork – then five days set outside the year, before the new year: the epagomenal days, the days “outside of time.” The ancient tradition placed sacred births upon them.

But we hold from our ancestors – and we established it in “The Parable of the Twins” and “The Invisible Ledger” – faith in the one Creator, whose bounty covers our continent and whose Ancestors are intercessors, not rivals. We do not celebrate gods: we give thanks to Him who gives, and we honor those through whom the gift circulates. Then these five days outside of time – to whom should they

be consecrated, if not to the one who carries the time of the entire year on his shoulders – he whose sweat fills the granaries, builds the cities, and pays for the schools? The days outside the calendar belong to the one who makes the calendar hold: the worker.

From July 21 to July 25, five days; and on July 26, the new year. Here is how we order them.

VI. The five days

The five days deploy in the calendar what “The Sacred Protocols” showed in life: man is a being of passages. The worker is feasted from one end of his arc to the other – before his birth, until after his death.

First day – July 21: the pregnant woman and the child to be born. The worker begins in his mother’s womb, and his mother is the first worker: she carries, she shapes, she keeps watch. On this day, the community honors its expectant mothers and the child they carry – the worker to come, already one of ours.

Second day – July 22: the child. From birth to puberty, the child is celebrated – not for what he produces, for he must produce nothing, but for what he is becoming. It is the day of games, of tales, and of schools; and it is at the threshold of this day that the passages of initiation stand, whose mechanics we wrote in “The Sacred Protocols”: the child learns there that a door awaits him, and that one crosses it before witnesses.

Third day – July 23: the Worker. The apotheosis. On this day, each community honors its workers by name – the mason, the trader, the farmer, the teacher, the freelancer, the engineer – not for

the quantity of their output but for the dignity of their person. It is the summit of the five days, the day of the Worker properly speaking, and it is this day the future will remember.

Fourth day – July 24: the sages. The day after the apotheosis belongs to those who have laid down the tool: the elders, the retired. Their work is accomplished, their word remains – and a community that honors its sages teaches its workers that effort leads somewhere.

Fifth day – July 25: the Ancestors. The last day is for those who have died – dead, yet among us, for the dead are not dead. Yesterday's worker watches over today's; we showed it in "The Parable of the Twins": he has left the ledger of the living to enter the council of the Ancestors. On this day, the departed workers are named, and the libation is poured for them.

Then comes July 26, and the new year opens – upon a people that has just honored its worker from conception to the Ancestors, without a single link of the chain forgotten.

VII. What we institute

Let the nature of this writing be measured: it is not a proposal, it is a protocol – and it executes itself. It has its ordered steps, which this volume unfolds; its exact words, which are these; its witnesses, who are all of you, members of the Bwa Sacré and Kamites of the world, who read it; and its definitive entry: the timestamp that seals this publication, as the act of Genesis of TRAVAILLEUR-0 was sealed. By our own teachings, when these four things are gathered, the change is not described – it is done.

In consequence, and as of this day: the five epagomenal days, from July 21 to July 25, are instituted Days of the Worker, in our own manner, according to the order set out in chapter VI. The first of May remains with the nations, and we shall continue to salute its conquests; but our feast is this one, in our calendar, according to our faith, for our worker.

And the work will not stop at the feast: it will give itself, when the time comes, the institutions needed to carry it to the world.

VIII. What we teach

From this institution flow three instructions, and they are simple.

To families: celebrate the five days without ruining yourselves. We taught it for funerals, we repeat it for feasts: keep the protocol, prune the ornament. A shared meal, the names spoken, the libation poured – the dignity of these days is not measured in spending.

To communities: on the third day, name your workers. Let every village, every neighborhood, every house of the Bwa Sacré draw up the list of its own and honor them by name – for a worker named before all is a man whose invisible ledger gains a line.

To every worker: lift your head. The labor they presented to you as your definition was only your tool; let the shuttles weave alone – it is not you who disappears, it is the rope. You now have five days in the year, outside of time, that tell your entire arc: you are awaited before you are born, and honored after your death.

IX. Solemn conclusion

I sum up, so that this may be retained and passed on.

Aristotle posed the hypothesis; artificial intelligence accomplishes it: the shuttles weave by themselves, labor is demystified, and the masters fade with it. The first of May honored labor and improved its conditions – honor to the struggles – but the hour has come to celebrate no longer the means, but the person. We, monotheists like our ancestors, do not celebrate gods during the days outside of time: we consecrate them to the worker, from July 21 to July 25 – the mother and the child to be born, the child, the Worker in his apotheosis, the sages, the Ancestors – before July 26 opens the new year.

This writing has not proposed: it has instituted. The witnesses have read, the words are exact, the seal is set.

Labor passes. The worker remains. Let us celebrate the one who remains.

Amen Hotep – Amenhotep.

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

– Chapter II –

The House Without a Door

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

A solemn writing by the Venerable

KING BAZURU

President of the Bwa Sacré

Abidjan, August 23, 2026

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

Preliminary Note

This writing expresses my position as Venerable and President of the Bwa Sacré. It is addressed to all, but in particular to the Kamites of the world, who have so often been reproached for their noise, their welcome, and their art of attuning one another – as if these were flaws. I am going to show that they are technologies: social devices of an engineer's precision, which the modern world is rediscovering by trial and error, and for which it now pays a high price.

One point of rigor, for this series has never cheated with words. This writing compares institutions, methods, and histories – never bloods or natures. The reader will find here that some societies built hospitality and others built the enclosure; nowhere will the reader find that any people is good or violent by birth. To say “it is their nature” is precisely the gesture that was turned against us for four centuries; we will not pick up that weapon, not even to turn it around. We criticize doctrines, never persons – and methods, never births.

As always, I do not ask to be believed on my word. The old testimonies I cite are of their time and of Western ink, the studies I invoke are published, and the references are at the end of the volume.

I. Opening

There exist today, in the great cities of the West, shops of a new kind. You walk in angry, you pay, you put on a helmet, and someone hands you a sledgehammer. In front of you: plates, screens, printers.

You smash everything. This is called a *rage room* – and it is sold as a treatment.

There also exist, in pockets and on bags, little dolls that people buy to calm themselves: you squeeze them, you crush them in your hand, they slowly regain their shape, you do it again. The market sells them by the millions. And there has existed, for longer still, the piñata: a figure that is hung up and beaten with a stick until it bursts.

Look at the whole chain of their objects of appeasement, and you will see that it tells an education: the child learns to beat the piñata until it bursts, the adult pays to crush a doll or smash a printer. From childhood to adulthood, the gesture is the same: one calms down by striking something. It is that continuum I am pointing at – and it alone.

For let me be read carefully: I am not looking for any equivalent of it among us, and there is none. Among us, when tension rises – a mourning, a conflict, a hard lean season – nothing gets broken. We make music, we dance, we speak under the tree, and we part attuned. Where is the violence in playing a drum, a guitar, or a keyboard? Nowhere. To compare the sledgehammer of the rage room with the music of our feasts would be to understand neither: the sledgehammer destroys and one leaves alone; music builds and one leaves together. These are not two versions of the same gesture – they are two contrary gestures. And when our children carry ours to Europe, they are accused of being noisy.

Here, then, are two answers to the same need, and there is nothing symmetrical about them: one strikes an object, the other attunes persons. This writing sets them face to face – and it asks a greater

question: what did our ancestors know about social peace, to build cities where the houses needed no doors?

Amen Hotep – Amenhotep.

II. The shop of anger

Let us look first at the shop, for it says something about its age. The rage room was born in the industrial societies at the beginning of our century; the breakage is billed by the item or by the minute. The squeeze doll is its pocket edition. The logic of both is the same, and it has a learned name: catharsis – the idea that anger is a vapor to be purged by discharging it onto something.

Now here is the remarkable fact, and I want it remembered: modern science has tested this idea, and found it false. The psychologist Brad Bushman, in a study that has become a classic, had angry people strike a punching bag while thinking of the one who had offended them: far from calming down, they came out angrier and more aggressive than those who had struck nothing at all. Venting by the blow does not extinguish the flame: it feeds it and it trains it. The rage room is a business that sells fire against the blaze.

I do not despise those who walk in: their tension is real, and it is already something to seek a rite rather than strike a loved one. I merely observe this: a civilization that no longer has a common music ends up billing for the sledgehammer. When a society loses its protocols of appeasement, the need remains – and the market picks it up.

III. The music that attunes

Our ancestors had solved the same problem from the other end – and I insist: from the contrary end. Not discharging anger onto an object, but re-attuning persons to one another, as one retunes instruments. Nothing there is struck to be destroyed; everything is played to be together.

Music is not, among us, an entertainment set beside life: it is a device. The shared rhythm brings bodies to the same tempo; the dance gives tension an exit through the legs and not through the fists; the song makes people say together what cannot be said alone. We showed it in “The Sacred Protocols”: our funerals dance, precisely because untreated grief becomes poison – the rite executes it, it does not describe it. And the palaver under the tree is the other half of the device: one does not leave it having won; one leaves it in agreement.

And let no one lock me, here, into a museum image. The device is a principle – rhythm, harmony, the shared word – and a principle belongs to no instrument. Our musics took up the guitar, the bass, the horns, and the synthesizer as they had taken up the balafon and the kora: as masters. I remember the humiliating days when our artists were asked to prove their art before consulates, as if a Youssou N'Dour had scales to recite to deserve a visa; it took giants like Pépé Kallé filling concert halls as far as Japan for the world to admit what our ears already knew: African music plays on every instrument of its century, and it reigns there. Whoever listens today to what comes out of Abidjan, Dakar, Lagos, or Kinshasa hears a thoroughly modern music that makes the planet dance – and one still faithful to its attuning function. The prejudice that pictures us

forever around a fire with a drum is a manufactured and well-kept cliché; I have denounced it elsewhere, and this writing will not feed it: from the village drum to the world's stages, it is the same principle playing, on the instruments of each age.

Science, here again, arrives after our elders and confirms them: studies on collective singing and synchronized movement show that making music together increases trust, cooperation, and the sense of unity in groups, and regulates the bodies themselves. What the laboratory discovers, our societies practiced and practice still, from the village square to the great concerts: shared music is a social regulator, and it works.

Then let the irony be measured: our vigils were called racket and our dances disorder, and today, in the cities, sessions are sold for screaming and smashing. The African “noise” was a public hygiene. We have nothing to blush for: we have something to teach.

IV. The house without a door

And now, the central testimony of this writing – and I choose it of Western ink, so that no one may accuse me of pleading for my own with the words of my own.

In 1691, the Portuguese captain Lourenço Pinto describes the city of Benin – the capital of the Benin Empire, in present-day Nigeria, not to be confused with the country that bears this name today. He writes: great Benin, where the king resides, is larger than Lisbon; all the streets run straight as far as the eye can see; the houses are large; the city is wealthy and industrious; it is so well governed that

theft is unknown, and the people live in such security that they have no doors to their houses.

No doors. Let an engineer weigh that sentence: a capital larger than Lisbon, without locks, because without thieves. A quarter of a century earlier, the Dutchman Olfert Dapper described the same city – its wide avenues, its clean houses, its palace with vast courtyards – from the accounts of the merchants who traded there. Two European witnesses, before the plunder.

For plunder there was: in 1897, a British punitive expedition burned the city, scattered its court, and carried off its bronzes – which today fill the museums of Europe and whose restitution is still being argued. The city without doors was forced open by those who entered nowhere without breaking in. Let “Before the Greeks, Before Rome” be reread: absorb, erase, reattribute – the method at work, once more.

But the question that concerns me here is another: how did the house without a door hold? We gave the answer in “The Invisible Ledger”: our societies held morality by the name, by honor, and by the gaze of the Ancestors – a distributed ledger nothing erases, in which every theft would have cost its author more than it brought him. **The house had no door because the ledger was the door.** The lock was social, and it closed better than iron.

V. The djatiguiya, or welcome as an institution

The other pillar of social peace is welcome – and here too, we must stop taking it for a character trait: it is an institution, with its rules, its duties, and its guarantees.

In Mali it is called the djatiguiya: the stranger who arrives receives a jatigi, a host, who answers for him – he lodges him, feeds him, protects him, and presents him to the community. In Senegal, the teranga; here in Côte d'Ivoire, the akwaba. These are not smiles: they are contracts. The stranger gains security by them; the community gains a guarantor – for the host stakes his name, and we know what a name is worth in the invisible ledger. And the jatigi, for his part, gains the right to know whom he is introducing: he who answers on his own name looks first at the hands of the one he answers for.

And I want to say it honestly, for this series does not cheat: we are not the only ones to have built this technology. The Arab desert has its diyafa – three days of hospitality owed to the stranger before one even asks his name. Ancient Greece had its xenia, so sacred that Zeus himself was its guardian: to mistreat a guest was to offend heaven. Hospitality is the monopoly of no blood – it is a human invention, which some peoples placed at the center of their edifice, and which others let die along the way. The question, then, is not: who is good? The question is: which histories kept welcome at the center, and which histories buried it under the enclosure? That is the object of the chapter to come.

VI. The method, not the nature

It would be easy, here, to turn the insult around: to say that violence is the nature of some, as it was said that laziness was ours. I refuse that path, and I ask all my own to refuse it – for two reasons.

The first is a matter of principle. “It is their nature” is the very weapon that was turned against us: big children, lazy, naive, violent – four centuries of that vocabulary served to justify the slave trade and then colonization. Such a weapon is not to be picked up: it is to be broken. For if we admit that a people is violent by birth, we admit in the same breath that a people may be called inferior by birth – and that is their door, the one that must never be reopened.

The second is a matter of fact: the explanation exists, and it is better. Cheikh Anta Diop, in “The Cultural Unity of Black Africa,” proposed the frame: it is not bloods that diverge, it is cradles. Where the land is generous and settles people, societies build wide kinship, alliance, welcome – there is room, the stranger is a wealth. Where the land is scarce and hard, societies build the enclosure, conquest, distrust – the stranger is a competitor, the neighbor a threat. Historians debate the details of this frame, and I cite it as a frame, not as dogma; but its principle is sound: **what is taken for the character of peoples is the memory of their constraints.**

Look at Europe with that eye, and its history grows clear without any need to put a gene in it: scarce lands, closed early, counted early – down to the enclosure movement that finished turning the commons into bounded properties; fortified villages; and, when the pressure overflowed, expansion – that method we dismantled piece by piece in “Before the Greeks, Before Rome” and “The Inverted

Curse.” A method is learned, transmitted, exported – and can be unlearned. A nature cannot. That is why those who plunder prefer that we speak of nature: nature has no trial.

And let this detail of language be noted, which I offer as an open question: I am still searching, in our old languages, for a word that says “to colonize” – to set out far away in order to own another’s land and make him work it for you. I know of none. Let whoever knows one write to me: the words a language never forged tell what its speakers never raised into a project.

VII. What hospitality has cost us

We must now look our wound in the face, for this series is not a song of praise: it is an audit.

Our hospitality was without limit – and it is through it that we were taken. We welcomed as guests people who came to count our lands. The djatiguiya gives the stranger a roof; it does not give him the village – but we had not written the difference, because among people of the invisible ledger, it went without saying. It did not go without saying for everyone. Where our hosts said “welcome,” some heard “help yourselves”; where the land of the Ancestors belonged to no one because it belonged to all, the law come from elsewhere read: land without a master. And the sequel is known – we put figures on it in “The Inverted Curse.”

Here in Côte d’Ivoire, we still have forests the axe has not opened and lands no title has yet written. Let it be measured what that means: there remains, among us, some of the world from before the enclosure. It is an immense wealth and an immense vulnerability –

for what is not written in a visible register can be written by another, in his own name.

The lesson, then, is not to close our houses nor to harden our hearts: to lose the akwaba would be to lose what we are, and to hand the plunderers one more victory. The lesson is an engineer's: **hospitality must remain whole for the person, and become exact for goods as for safety**. Welcome the stranger, always; look at who knocks, always too; write the land, from now on. For we know what openness without prudence has cost us: in 1915 and 1916, it was not the valor of the adversary that put an end to our resistance, it was that our base was pointed out – pointed out by people we let move about among us and keep shop in our markets, while we knew they were serving in the opposing column. One does not search a man's faith; one looks at his hands. The invisible ledger held our villages; it must be given visible brothers – titles, cadastres, deeds sealed and timestamped that no one can rewrite – as we have begun to do for the worker with TRAVAILLEUR-0. The house may remain without a door; the land, for its part, must have a book.

VIII. What we teach

From all this flow three instructions, and they are simple.

To families and communities: keep the music, the dance, and the palaver – that of the villages as well as that of the modern stages – and keep them with pride, for science has ruled in their favor. When tension rises, do not look for the sledgehammer: look for the rhythm. And let no one ever again call our vigils noise: they are our medicine, and it is better than theirs.

To the guardians of the land: welcome the stranger, and write the land. The one is not the contrary of the other: writing puts the land beyond reach; prudence puts your own people beyond reach. Both are needed: a written land and a door one opens while looking. Every field named, every boundary recorded, every right sealed is a house that will still be able to afford, tomorrow, to have no door.

To all Kamites: refuse the vocabulary of nature – theirs and ours. Do not say “they are violent by nature”: say “here is the method, here are the dates, here are the proofs” – it is truer, and it is more formidable. We are not better by blood: we are heirs of better institutions on this chapter. An inheritance is maintained, is lost, and is passed on – that is the whole object of these writings.

IX. Solemn conclusion

I sum up, so that this may be retained and passed on.

The modern world pays to smash objects, and science shows that this feeds anger instead of extinguishing it. Our ancestors attuned persons through song, dance, and the palaver, and science confirms that it works. They built cities so well governed that the houses had no doors – it is Western ink that writes it – because the ledger of the name and of honor closed better than iron. They made welcome an institution, the *djatiguiya*, whose host answered on his name. That greatness was not a nature: it was a method – and what struck us was not a nature either: it was a method, which we have dismantled writing after writing. Our hospitality without a register cost us our lands; our task is to write the land without closing the house – and to keep the weapon within reach while it stays open.

The house had no door because the ledger was the door. Let us reopen the house – and this time, let us keep the ledger in writing and the guard at the door.

Amen Hotep – Amenhotep.

*A solemn writing by KING BAZURU,
Venerable and President of the Bwa Sacré.
Abidjan, August 23, 2026.*



– Chapter III –

The Residue

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

A solemn testimony by the Venerable

KING BAZURU

President of the Bwa Sacré

Abidjan, August 24, 2026

Published in the wake of the manifesto

“The Secret Revealed”

Preliminary Note

This text is not a writing like the others in this series: it is a testimony. The writings demonstrate with sources; a testimony pledges a word. This one pledges mine, whole and entire, and that is why I sign it and seal it like everything I publish: let it be known that I said this, on this date, and that I never retouched it in secret.

I observe three rules here, and I ask the reader to verify them line by line. The first: I name no one – neither those who wronged me, nor those who did me good. Those who recognize themselves will recognize themselves. The second: I separate what I saw and lived – the facts, which I recount as closely as I can – from what I came to understand of it – my reading, which I give for what it is. The third: this testimony accuses a system, never a people. The descendants of slaves are not my adversaries: they are the first victims of the residue I speak of, and the man who wronged me is its prisoner as much as its agent. As for the international institution that runs through this account, the reader will see that I do not accuse it: I inform it. I believe it does not know what was done in its name, and that it carries today, unknowingly, a reputation that should not be its own.

As always, I do not ask to be believed on my word – except here, precisely, where my word is the document. So I give it as a man who has a name, a lineage, and a ledger: let it be weighed.

I. Why I speak

People think slavery is over. Not so. It was abolished on paper – in Mauritania, the country in question here, official abolition dates

only from 1981, the last in the world, and it took until 2007 for a law to make it a crime. But a hierarchy engraved in heads for centuries is not erased by decree. It survives as a residue: in gestures, in fears, in who dares to command whom, in who pays whom – and that residue does not stay home. It travels, it crosses borders, it settles even inside international institutions, and it splashes onto people who asked for none of it.

I know it because I lived it. Not in a book, not in an archival account: in my flesh as a worker, mission after mission, for years. I kept this story to myself for a long time, because it hurt me and because I did not understand what was happening to me. With hindsight, everything becomes clear – and it is precisely because everything becomes clear that I no longer have the right to keep silent. I testify for three reasons: so that the Kamites of the world may know that this still exists and learn to recognize it; so that our descendants never have to endure it in their turn; and so that the institution concerned may finally learn what was done in its name. I cannot keep silent and condone this.

Amen Hotep – Amenhotep.

II. Conakry, first mission

My first mission for a great international institution of the French language took me to Conakry, in Guinea, for work connected to the electoral file. We were two missionaries: a Mauritanian expert and I. And our supervisor, an official of that institution's administration, was Mauritanian as well – a Black Mauritanian, where our fellow

missionary was a White Mauritanian. I will give no name: those who recognize themselves will recognize themselves.

From the first days, one thing struck me that I could not understand. Our colleague never kept time. When the car was waiting, when the day was pressing, that is when the man would wake, take his time, drag his feet – and the supervisor, chief over both of us, did not dare call him to order. He waited. He waited calmly, every time, as long as it took. It happened that I set out on foot, alone, to be on time for the mission, while the chief waited patiently in front of the hotel. A chief who waits for his subordinate the way one waits for a master: that is what I was seeing without knowing how to name it.

During the work, this same colleague heaped far-fetched reproaches on the South African operator whom Guinea had retained to update the file – reproaches whose source was not technical, and which the professional absorbed with patience. And I watched this strange scene: a chief who dares say nothing to the one, and the other who permits himself everything toward all.

III. The restitution

Came the end of the mission, and the report before the leaders of the political parties and the ambassadors. Once again it was our colleague who was chosen to present our work. What was bound to happen happened: before that assembly he did so much, so badly, that the institution's senior official present in Conakry – a man on the eve of retirement, whose name I withhold like the others

though he did me nothing but good – asked me to go up and present our work in his place.

I went. I had prepared nothing to shine: I simply showed the work as we had done it. I had not finished before the whole room was applauding. At the end, the senior official took me aside to congratulate me personally. I should have been happy – I was. I did not yet know that I would pay for that success.

For our colleague could not bear it. On our return, he refused to write the mission report – and our supervisor wrote it in his place. Let that sentence be weighed: the chief wrote the missionary's report, as he had waited for the missionary in front of the hotel, as he had kept silent before his lateness. And shortly after, that same supervisor refused to pay me my last mission. The reason given: the institution has no money. I answered what any worker would have answered: if it has no money, why does it recruit experts? I was never paid. It hurt me – deeply – all the more because I had come as an independent, a freelance paid by the mission: they did not withhold a salary from me, they took my work.

IV. The years that followed

Yet I went on serving, because I loved the work and because I believed in those missions. I served in Burkina Faso; in Madagascar, the year a former disc jockey took power; in the Democratic Republic of the Congo, under Kabila the son; in Togo, under Éyadéma the son. Everywhere I did my best, and I can say it without boasting: at the restitution of our work in the DRC, the exposure of gross errors in what we had audited struck like a detonation, and many things

changed afterward. They even wanted to recruit me – my company this time – but I was told without detours that they could not take the responsibility of hiring me openly, in full view of everyone. They had me work off the books. An expert applauded in public and hidden on the contracts: hold on to that image, it will return.

I was so disappointed that I ended up sending my deputy on the missions in my place. He served a full month in Niger – a month – without receiving a kopeck. The refusal to pay was total. And let this be noted, for it matters: Niger itself never questioned his competence – on the contrary, the authorities helped him pay his hotel and moved heaven and earth for him to stay to the end of the mission. The country served was satisfied; it was the payer who did not pay. After my deputy, another computer engineer from my company took over the missions: that too fizzled out. So I stopped. I refused the missions that followed, and I was not the only one: around those missions, the experts ended up disappearing one by one. Let the question be asked that no one ever asked: where did the experts go?

V. What slavery explains

Those are the facts. Now comes my reading, and I give it for what it is: the only explanation I have found that accounts for everything – the tolerated lateness, the chief who waits, the report written in another's place, and the money refused to some while it is paid to others.

In Mauritania, slavery ranked White Moors and Blacks for centuries – and that hierarchy, abolished on paper in 1981, criminalized

in 2007, raised to a crime against humanity by the law of 2015, survives in fact: the Mauritanian and international organizations that document it still count in the tens of thousands the people living in slavery or under its direct sequels. I say nothing here that Mauritania's human-rights defenders – foremost among them descendants of slaves, the bravest of all – have not been crying out for decades.

Now reread Conakry with that key. A Black supervisor who does not dare call his White subordinate to order – because centuries have engraved in heads who commands whom, and rank weighs nothing against the engraving. A chief who waits in front of the hotel, who writes the other's report, who absorbs in his place: these are not weaknesses of character, they are the learned gestures of a hierarchy that survived its own abolition. And the most terrible part is what follows: the humiliation he could not return upward, he returned downward – onto the Black expert being applauded, onto my deputy, onto the others. The White compatriot was paid normally; the Blacks waited, or were not paid at all. That is the residue: the invisible chain that goes on distributing regards and refusals long after the visible chain was broken.

And let me be read with the rigor I promised: I do not accuse this man of having been born into that system – no one chooses his engraving. I accuse him of having executed it on us, when his office commanded equity. I do not accuse the descendants of slaves – they are the first ones crushed, and this testimony is for them too. And I do not accuse the institution: I believe it knew nothing of these low deeds done in its name, and that it pays the price today without knowing it – for among African experts, it is the institution that came to be seen as the bad payer, the institution that had

budgeted those missions, the institution whose name was soiled by refusals it probably never ordered. An institution that loses its experts without understanding why deserves to be told why: here is why.

And let my rule be read again: I do not designate a people, I designate a hierarchy and the men who execute it. The Mauritani-ans who fight that hierarchy at home, often at the risk of their liberty, are on my side of the table.

VI. What I ask

To the Kamites of the world: learn to recognize the residue. It does not present itself with chains; it presents itself in a suit, in hushed corridors, in a tolerated lateness, in a report written in another's place, in an invoice settled only for some. When you see it, name it – without hatred and without proper names, as here – for what is named can be fought, and what is silenced is passed on. We established it in “The Invisible Ledger”: the ledger of the name is our lock. Let us also write in it the debts we are owed.

To the institution concerned, if this testimony reaches it: let it audit its missions of yesterday, let it look for where the budgeted money of the unpaid experts went, and let it settle its debts – not for me alone: for all those who served and kept silent. It will gain from this the understanding of why its experts disappeared, and the cleansing of a name that did not deserve to be soiled.

To our descendants, finally, to whom this testimony is dedicated: I recount this so that you never have to accept it. Work, excel, let your work be applauded – and when the one comes who refuses your

due with a smile, know that it is not you who are worth less: it is an old chain looking for new wrists. Refuse it. In writing, by contract, by ledger – and out loud.

VII. Solemn conclusion

I sum up, so that this may be retained and passed on.

Slavery is not over: abolished in the texts, it survives as a residue in heads, and that residue travels – into international institutions, onto the pay slips that never get signed. I lived it: applauded in the hall and refused at the cashier's, congratulated by the highest and paid by no one, recruited in the shadows by those who would not take me in the light of day. My deputy lived it after me, a month of work for nothing; others again after him. The facts are dated, the countries are named, the persons are not: those who recognize themselves will recognize themselves. I waited for years; I will be silent no longer, for silence is the last complicity the residue demands – and I refuse it.

The visible chain has been broken; the engraving remains to be broken. It will not hold before men who testify.

Amen Hotep – Amenhotep.

*A solemn testimony by KING BAZURU,
Venerable and President of the Bwa Sacré.
Abidjan, August 24, 2026.*

– Chapter IV –

The Builders

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

Solemn writing of the Venerable

KING BAZURU

President of the Bwa Sacré

Abidjan, August 30, 2026

Published in the wake of the manifesto

“The Secret Revealed”

Preliminary Note

This writing expresses my position as Venerable and President of the Bwa Sacré. It is addressed to all, but in particular to the Kamites of the world, who have been told for generations that they invented nothing – not the wheel, not the needle, nothing. I have devoted part of my life to demonstrating that our ancestors stand at the origin of civilization. The present writing takes up the task on the other slope of time: it demonstrates that even in the contemporary era, from the railroad to artificial intelligence, our people have never ceased to bring their stone to the edifice – and often corner-stones.

A necessary precision, for this series has never cheated with words. This volume does not claim to list every Black inventor in history: such a list cannot be closed, for the patents number in the thousands and the erasure of which I shall speak has made many names disappear. I have retained contributions that are technically significant and sufficiently documented: each can be verified through the references given at the end of the volume – patent registers, academies, scientific institutions, published sources.

As always, I do not ask to be believed on my word. The names are real, the patents have numbers, the prizes have juries, and the machines have flown, computed, healed and navigated. Let everything be verified.

I. Opening

“They never invented the wheel. They cannot even make a needle.” Every one of us has heard this refrain – at school, in books, from

the mouths of educated people who believed they were stating a fact. Yet this refrain was not born of an inquiry: it was born of a need. To justify the slave trade, then colonization, it was necessary to maintain that the Black man was incapable of technology – for one does not enslave an engineer; one enslaves the man one has first declared incapable. The prejudice preceded the facts. Then, as I shall show, it organized their disappearance.

This writing answers the refrain with the archives. It crosses two centuries – from the workshop of a Black tailor in New York, in 1821, to the laboratories where artificial intelligences are corrected today – and it follows the technological chain link by link: matter, machine, motion, light, current, information, computation, the sky, autonomous machines, medicine. At every link, Black hands will be found. Not invited: building.

And at the end of the road I shall ask the only question that matters for us: since the talent is proven, what do we lack? My answer holds in one word, which I shall spell out: institutions.

Amen Hotep – Amenhotep.

II. The Forbidden Patent, or the Manufacture of Oblivion

Let us first understand why the refrain could appear true. The erasure of Black inventors was not an accident of memory: it was, first of all, a legal mechanism. In the United States, an opinion of the Attorney General in 1858 established that a slave could not file a patent – he was not a citizen – and that his master could not file it

in his place, since he was not the inventor. Measure the consequence: the inventions of enslaved Black people legally had no author.

The cases are documented. When Ned, a slave of the planter Oscar Stuart, designed a more efficient cotton scraper, the patent application was rejected – not because the invention was poor, but because the inventor was a slave. When Benjamin Montgomery devised a steamboat propeller suited to shallow waters, the patent was refused him for the same reason. And the slaveholding Confederacy went so far as to pass, in 1861, a law allowing masters to patent the inventions of their slaves – a legislative admission, if one were needed, that these inventions did indeed exist.

After abolition, the erasure continued by other means: inventors doing business by correspondence to hide their color, patents sold for survival to companies that removed the name, schoolbooks that celebrated the machine without naming the hand. It took a Black official of the patent office, Henry E. Baker, to undertake around 1900 the first systematic census: he documented more than a thousand patents filed by African Americans, himself specifying that his count fell far below reality, so many inventors having masked their identity.

This is the soil on which the refrain grew: the inventor was forbidden to exist, and then his absence from the registers was presented as proof that he had never existed. The rest of this writing demonstrates that he existed all the same – and that he exists still.

III. The Foundations: Number and Cell

Before the machine comes calculation. As early as the eighteenth century, Benjamin Banneker, a free man of color from Maryland, computed astronomical ephemerides, published almanacs, built an entirely wooden mechanical clock, and took part in the survey of the future American federal capital. A century and a half later, David Blackwell gave his name to one of the pillars of modern statistics – the Rao-Blackwell theorem – and became, in 1965, the first Black member elected to the National Academy of Sciences of the United States. His results are taught in every faculty of statistics in the world, including to those who do not know they are citing a Black mathematician.

J. Ernest Wilkins Jr. entered the University of Chicago at thirteen, was a doctor of mathematics at nineteen, took part in the Manhattan Project, then established reference models for the absorption of gamma radiation and the shielding of reactors – a precondition of the entire civil nuclear industry. Ernest Everett Just, a marine biologist, defended against the dogmas of his time the idea that the surface of the cell is a central actor of life; modern biology proved him right. And Shirley Ann Jackson, the first Black woman to earn a doctorate in physics at MIT, pursued a research career at Bell Labs before chairing the United States Nuclear Regulatory Commission, then one of America's oldest engineering universities. Research, regulation, training: the three storeys of a technological system, occupied by a single woman.

IV. The Workshop, the Factory and the Rail

In 1821 – forty-four years before abolition – Thomas L. Jennings, a Black tailor of New York, obtained a federal patent for a dry-cleaning process for garments. As soon as the law allowed it, the Black inventor filed and prospered – and Jennings devoted the income from his patent to buying back his enslaved kin and to the abolitionist struggle: intellectual property converted into freedom. In the same era, Norbert Rillieux, a Louisiana engineer trained in Paris, invented the multiple-effect evaporator for sugar refining: his principle, which saves energy by reusing steam, soon outgrew sugar and settled into process engineering, where it is still taught. Lewis Temple, a blacksmith of New Bedford, designed the toggle harpoon that transformed the efficiency of an entire industry; he never patented it, others grew rich, and he died poor – a textbook case of the unprotected Black invention. Jan Ernst Matzeliger, come from Suriname, perfected the machine that automated the lasting of shoes: several hundred pairs a day instead of a few dozen, and the shoe became affordable for all.

On the rail, Elijah McCoy patented the automatic lubricator that allowed machines to be oiled without stopping them – equipment availability, the central problem of all industry; popular legend even has it that the English expression *the real McCoy*, “the genuine article,” comes from buyers demanding his devices and not the copies. Granville T. Woods, some sixty patents, made moving trains communicate through his railway telegraphy, won in court against Edison, who contested his priority – and then saw Edison’s company try to hire him. Andrew Jackson Beard, born a slave, perfected the automatic car coupler: before him, thousands of railwaymen left

hands, arms or lives between the cars; his invention is measured in limbs spared. Alexander Miles patented the automatic closing of elevator doors – every door that closes itself behind you applies his principle. And Frederick McKinley Jones invented mobile refrigeration: his machines founded the modern cold chain, the very one that today delivers vaccines and food to the depths of our regions.

Let us add the land and energy. George Washington Carver linked soil science, crop rotation and the economic autonomy of poor farmers – a program that speaks directly to the agricultural Africa of today. And Meredith Gourdine, an Olympian physicist who became a member of the National Academy of Engineering, founded electrogasdynamics: converting the energy of a gas directly into electricity, with no moving part.

V. The House and the City

The modern city also bears our signatures. Garrett Morgan invented a safety breathing device – which he himself used in 1916 to rescue workers trapped in a tunnel under Lake Erie – then the three-position traffic signal whose rights he sold to General Electric: the traffic light that governs our crossroads descends from that lineage. Marie Van Brittan Brown, a New York nurse who came home late from her shifts, patented with her husband in 1969 a home system combining a movable camera, a monitor, an intercom, an alarm and remote door control: the exact architecture of today's video doorbells and connected security. Alice H. Parker patented in 1919 a natural-gas central heating system with multiple ducts, regulating warmth room by room, when the world still heated with wood and coal.

Philip B. Downing patented in 1891 the street letter box with its protective flap – an object so obvious that we forget it had to be invented: such is the fate of successful inventions, and of their forgotten inventors. Sarah Boone, born enslaved in North Carolina, patented in 1892 the curved ironing board that fits sleeves and bodices – from slavery to a federal patent in a single lifetime. And Marjorie Stewart Joyner, an executive of Madam C. J. Walker's industrial empire, patented the permanent-wave machine that turned a craft gesture into a reproducible process: industrialization applied to Black beauty, by a Black woman.

VI. Light, Current and Signal

Lewis H. Latimer improved the manufacture of the carbon filaments that made the incandescent lamp durable and industrial, worked as a technical draftsman in the patent firm that prepared Bell's application, and supervised the electrification of New York, Philadelphia, Montreal and London: one man whose name touches both Edison's lamp and Bell's telephone. Otis Boykin designed precision electrical resistors for televisions, computers and guidance systems; his components contributed to the control units of the pacemaker – hearts beat today to the rhythm of his technical lineage. James E. West co-invented in 1962, at Bell Labs, the electret microphone: compact, reliable, inexpensive, it equips the immense majority of microphones produced in the world. Every telephone call placed on this planet passes, in all probability, through a microphone descended from his invention.

Henry T. Sampson Jr. co-invented the gamma-electric cell – converting radiation into electricity – and worked on solid-propellant

propulsion: the hard core of sovereign technology. Marc Hannah co-founded Silicon Graphics and designed the graphics architectures – beginning with the *Geometry Engine* – from which descend the special effects of cinema, computer-aided design – and, by filiation, the graphics processors that train artificial intelligence today. Jesse Russell, at Bell Labs, led the passage of cellular telephony from analog to digital: the digital mobile phone, the object that allowed Africa to leap over the fixed line, rests on his architectures. And Victor B. Lawrence, a son of Kumasi in Ghana, member of the National Academy of Engineering of the United States, drove the leaps in digital signal processing that democratized the high-speed modem – pushing more data through the same wire, the key that brought the Internet into homes – before working to bring undersea fiber-optic cables toward Africa.

And since we speak of energy: Lonnie G. Johnson, a nuclear and aerospace engineer who served on the Galileo and Cassini missions, holder of more than a hundred patents, is known to the public for a toy that became one of the best-selling in history – the Super Soaker. What the public knows less is that he invests his royalties in his own laboratories, in solid-state batteries and the direct conversion of heat into electricity: the very locks of the energy transition.

VII. Information

Then comes the reign of information, and we are still in it. Marian Croak, more than two hundred patents, led the work that founded voice over IP: turning speech into data transmissible over the Internet – the infrastructure of the world's calls, audio conferences

and video conferences. Thomas O. Mensah, a Ghanaian engineer, patented the processes that multiplied the manufacturing speed of optical fibers: without cheap fiber, no broadband – an African at the heart of the industrialization of the technology that carries most of the world’s Internet traffic. Mark Dean co-invented the expansion architecture of the IBM PC and holds three of the nine founding patents of the original personal computer, before leading the team behind one of the first experimental one-gigahertz processors: the machine that democratized computing bears his signature in its very foundations.

Jerry Lawson led the development of the first console with interchangeable cartridges (1976): one machine, many programs – the economic model of all video gaming, then of the app stores. Clarence “Skip” Ellis, the first African American doctor of computer science (1969), invented at Xerox PARC “operational transformation”: every time two people write together in the same online document, the algorithm that reconciles their keystrokes descends from his work. Lisa Gelobter contributed to the animation engine of Shockwave – the interactive animation of the young web – then to online video platforms, before serving as a technology official at the White House. And Philip Emeagwali, a Nigerian, received in 1989 the Gordon Bell Prize (price/performance category) for making more than sixty-five thousand processors cooperate on a simulation of oil reservoirs: decomposing an enormous problem and setting an army of calculators to work together – the very principle of today’s supercomputers and artificial-intelligence farms.

VIII. The Sky

Now let us climb. Gladys West, at the Dahlgren naval center, mathematically modeled the true shape of the Earth from satellite data – the geoid – work that underlies GPS: every position displayed on a screen, in Abidjan as elsewhere, owes something to her calculations. Katherine Johnson computed the trajectories of the first crewed American spaceflight; when John Glenn prepared to become the first American in orbit, he asked that “the girl” check by hand the calculations of the electronic machine – she was that girl; she would work again on Apollo 11 and on the emergency return procedures. When an astronaut’s life depended on a number, it was a Black woman who was asked to guarantee it. Annie Easley, for her part, coded for decades for the Centaur upper stage, the rocket that launched probes toward the Moon, Venus and Jupiter: flight code, the place where error does not forgive.

George Carruthers built ultraviolet cameras, one of which, set on the Moon by Apollo 16 in 1972, became the first lunar astronomical observatory: an instrument from his hands photographed the Earth from the soil of the Moon. George Alcorn patented at NASA an imaging X-ray spectrometer and semiconductor manufacturing processes. Valerie Thomas led the development of the first image-processing systems of the Landsat program – the satellite observation that today watches over harvests, forests and climate – and patented a three-dimensional imaging device. Emmett Chappelle, a NASA biochemist, developed the detection of life by bioluminescence: recognizing life by the light it emits, a principle that serves as much to seek life on Mars as to monitor water quality on Earth.

And there is a name I pronounce with particular pride: Cheick Modibo Diarra, of Mali. An astrophysicist, a navigation engineer at NASA's Jet Propulsion Laboratory, he guided the missions Magellan to Venus, Ulysses to the Sun, Galileo to Jupiter, Mars Observer and Mars Pathfinder to Mars. Steering a probe from one planet to another is one of the most demanding navigation problems there is – and a son of Mali solved it, mission after mission, before chairing Microsoft Africa. Living proof that African talent operates at the absolute summit of technology.

IX. Autonomous Machines

The present century belongs to machines that perceive, decide and act – and we are already there. Ayanna Howard worked at NASA on the autonomous navigation and artificial vision of exploration robots, then devoted her research to assistive robotics for children with disabilities, before taking the head of a great engineering school. James McLurkin opened up swarm robotics: dozens of small robots coordinating without a conductor, like a colony of ants – the principle of today's warehouse robot fleets and drones. Bertin Nahum, an engineer of Beninese origin, founded Medtech and then Quantum Surgical and brought precision robotics into the operating theater: his ROSA platforms assist neurosurgery and orthopedics in hospitals around the world, and Epione guides tumor ablation. Silas Adekunle, born in Lagos, designed MekaMon, an augmented-reality quadruped robot hailed as one of the most advanced of its generation and distributed by Apple. Thérèse Izay Kirongozi, a Congolese engineer, designed and built in Kinshasa, with her Women's Technology team, the solar-powered humanoid robots

that direct traffic at the city's crossroads: robotics conceived, built and deployed in Africa, for an African problem.

And because a poorly evaluated artificial intelligence is a dangerous machine, I also name Joy Buolamwini, a researcher of Ghanaian origin at MIT: her study "Gender Shades" (2018) measured scientifically that facial-recognition systems erred far more on female and dark-skinned faces – and compelled the largest companies in the world to correct their products. Rigorously evaluating a machine is an act of engineering in its own right; hers protects our faces.

X. Healing

Modern medicine, finally, is traversed through and through by our people. In 1893, Daniel Hale Williams performed one of the very first successful open-heart operations in history – suturing the pericardium of a stabbed man, without antibiotics or transfusion – and founded in Chicago the first interracial hospital in America, where Black nurses and interns were trained: the deed and the school, together. Half a century later, Vivien Thomas, whom segregation paid as maintenance staff, developed in the laboratory the surgical technique of the shunt against the cyanosis of the "blue babies" and guided the first operations, standing on a stool behind the surgeon; history ended by giving him back his name and an honorary doctorate – thousands of children owe him their lives.

Charles R. Drew organized on a large scale the collection, preservation and distribution of blood plasma: every modern blood bank applies his principles – and he left the direction of the first

American Red Cross blood bank to protest the segregation of donations. Percy Lavon Julian achieved the first total synthesis of physostigmine and made cortisone and hormones affordable through his soy-based processes; universities refused him chairs – he built an industry instead. Samuel L. Kountz carried kidney transplantation from the experimental stage to mass practice. Jane Cooke Wright founded modern chemotherapy by testing anticancer agents on the patient's own cells – the intuition of personalized medicine. Marie Maynard Daly, the first Black woman doctor of chemistry in the United States, established the links between cholesterol, hypertension and diseases of the heart: cardiovascular prevention rests on her correlations. Patricia Bath invented the Laserphaco for the removal of cataract – the first cause of blindness in Africa.

And in our own day: when the pandemic of 2020 struck the world, Kizzmekia Corbett, a thirty-four-year-old immunologist at the American National Institutes of Health, stood at the heart of the design of the messenger-RNA vaccine – notably the engineering of the stabilized target protein. And from an African laboratory, at Rhodes University, Tebello Nyokong – who herded sheep in Lesotho as a child – has become a world authority on the photodynamic therapy of cancer: destroying the tumor with a molecule that one lights up. The prejudice has nothing to answer to that.

XI. The Rising Generation on the Continent

The refrain has one last line of defense: “granted, but these inventors are American; Africa itself produces nothing.” It holds no

better. A generation is inventing today from the continent, for the continent – and sometimes for the world.

In Cameroon, Arthur Zang invented the Cardiopad: a medical tablet that performs the electrocardiogram in the village and transmits it to the cardiologist in the city – in a country counting a handful of cardiologists concentrated in two cities, the examination travels instead of the patient. In Ghana, Bright Simons invented mPedigree: a scratch code on the medicine box, verifiable free of charge by SMS, authenticates the product and unmask the counterfeit that kills – deployed in several countries of Africa and Asia: innovation measured in lives. In Congo-Brazzaville, Véro Mankou designed the first tablet of Central Africa, then telephones conceived for the prices and uses of the continent: designing the hardware, not merely consuming it. In Kinshasa, Thérèse Izay's robots direct the traffic. In Malawi, William Kamkwamba, fourteen years old, driven from school by famine, built a working windmill with a library book and salvaged parts – then pumped water. In Sierra Leone, the teenager Kelvin Doe built batteries, generators and a complete radio station from electronic waste: where the eye saw only refuse, his saw spare parts. In South Africa, the schoolboy Ludwick Marishane formulated DryBath, the world's first waterless bathing gel: millions of human beings have no running water – he treated that fact not as a fatality, but as a specification.

And in Nigeria, Shola Akinlade and Olugbenga Agboola built Paystack and Flutterwave, the software infrastructures of pan-African payment – cards, mobile money, transfers at the scale of the continent. Paystack was acquired by the American company Stripe in 2020, one of the largest operations in the history of African technology: when Silicon Valley buys African engineering, it is

because it recognizes its technical worth. Payment is the plumbing of every digital economy; that plumbing is designed and coded by African engineers.

XII. Oblivion, and What I Ask

If these contributions are real – and they are, patents, publications and institutions in support – why does it take a writing like this one to gather them? Because oblivion has its mechanisms, and they must be named to be disarmed.

The first, as we have seen, is the confiscated or absent patent: before 1865, the enslaved inventor had no legal existence; afterwards, the poor inventor sold his patent to survive and the name disappeared into the buyer's registers. The second is the tale of the solitary hero: the popular history of technology wants one face per invention – Edison for the lamp, Bell for the telephone – whereas technology is a collective work; in the sorting that reduces the team to a single name, it is the subordinates, the women and the Blacks who fall out of the story. Latimer, Vivien Thomas and Katherine Johnson were all rediscovered decades after their feats. The third is the school that does not transmit: generations of schoolchildren – African ones included – learned the history of inventions from textbooks written elsewhere, where these names did not appear; absence from the textbook becomes absence from memory, then “proof” in the argument. One believes one is observing a void that was manufactured.

The fourth mechanism deserves a pause: the burden of double excellence. Many of these inventors had to be excellent twice – once

to invent, once to pass through closed doors. Drew organized the blood banks that were then segregated; Julian was refused chairs he would have honored; Wilkins calculated for the Manhattan Project but could not lodge near the laboratory. That so many invented despite this does not prove the barrier was surmountable: it measures how many inventions the barriers have cost us.

The lesson must not stop at: “Black people invented too.” That is proven, superabundantly, and whoever still repeats the refrain is not describing history: he is reciting the sales pitch of a slave merchant, two centuries after the closing of the market. The more demanding question is this: what institutions must we build to produce, on the continent, thousands of engineers, researchers and entrepreneurs capable of inventing the technologies of the next fifty years?

For consider what the journeys in this volume have in common: nearly all invented where there existed laboratories, engineering schools, efficient patent offices, industrial buyers and capital. The talent was theirs; the infrastructure belonged to the place. It is the infrastructure that remains for us to build at home. This has a precise content: research universities funded for the long term, and not only teaching universities; engineering schools joined to real industry; intellectual property swift and defended – may filing a patent in Abidjan, Bamako or Accra become as natural as in Palo Alto; capital that understands the long time of technology; public procurement that buys African when the African product is good – the Cardiopad, mPedigree and the robots of Kinshasa first needed a first customer; and a culture of experimentation in which the failure of a prototype is a data point, not a disgrace.

The signs exist: the African institutes of mathematical sciences training the continent's quantitative elite, the technology hubs of Lagos, Nairobi, Kigali or Abidjan, the acquisitions that validate our engineering. It is not a matter of starting from nothing: it is a matter of passing from the exception to the scale.

Historical pride becomes truly powerful when it produces an institutional ambition.

Our ancestors built the first civilization. Our elders built, often without their names being kept, whole sections of modernity – this volume has just administered the proof. It falls to us to build the institutions that will make the next generation of builders impossible to erase.

Amen Hotep – Amenhotep.

Done at Abidjan, August 30, 2026.

KING BAZURU

Venerable and President of the Bwa Sacré



– Chapter V –

The Alpha and the Omega

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

Solemn writing of the Venerable

KING BAZURU

President of the Bwa Sacré

Abidjan, August 30, 2026

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

Preliminary Note

This writing expresses my position as Venerable and President of the Bwa Sacré. It was born of a mockery. I was asked, with the smile of a man who believes he holds a self-evident truth: “what is mathematics for? Since I began working, I have never once used what I was taught.” I have heard this sentence from educated, established, degree-holding people. It hurt me – not for myself, but for us: for a continent that laughs at its mathematicians is a continent laughing at its own deliverance.

So I shall answer, at length and with the pieces in hand. I shall show that the man who claims never to have used mathematics used it a hundred times on the very day he said so; that our ancestors counted and measured before everyone else; that every storey of development – the airplane, the dam, the vaccine, the network, the currency, artificial intelligence – rests on a storey of mathematics; and that Africa has no choice but to be mathematical, because no one develops a continent with words.

A necessary precision, for this series has never cheated with words: this writing despises no profession. Physicians and pharmacists heal, and I honor them – the reader will find, on the contrary, that their art is more mathematical than they believe, and that this is precisely why the mockery misses its target. I criticize an attitude, never persons: the attitude that turns a people into the spectator of other people’s equations.

As always, I do not ask to be believed on my word. The bones are in museums, the papyri have inventory numbers, the theorems bear

names, and the references are at the end of the volume. Let everything be verified.

I. Opening: the Mockery

“What is mathematics for?” The question is always asked in the same tone – the tone of victory. The one who asks it believes he has unmasked a school-years imposture: he was made to suffer for years over equations for nothing, since his career was built without them. And around him people laugh, and the laughter passes to the children, and the children learn, before they have even opened a notebook, that mathematics is a useless suffering reserved for a few eccentrics.

I know that laughter. It has been aimed at me. And I came to understand that it must be answered not with irritation, but with a writing – for that laughter is not a joke: it is a program. A people that laughs at its mathematicians condemns itself to buy from others everything that is calculated – which is to say, in the century we live in, nearly everything. The airplane it boards, the network it uses, the medicine it swallows, the price at which its cocoa and its gold are bought from it, and even the artificial intelligence now preparing to reorganize every trade: all of that is calculation, done by others, sold to the one who was laughing.

Here, then, is my answer to the question “what is mathematics for?”. It holds in one sentence, which this writing will unfold: mathematics is for not being the perpetual customer of those who know it.

Amen Hotep – Amenhotep.

II. The Day of the Man Who “Never Uses Mathematics”

Let us follow our mocker through his day – say, a notable of Abidjan, Bamako or Douala, who swears he has not touched an equation since the baccalauréat.

His telephone wakes him: the time comes from a quartz oscillator whose frequency is held by differential equations, resynchronized by the network against atomic clocks. He checks his messages: every photograph he received was compressed by a mathematical transform – without it, a single image would saturate his connection. He sends money by mobile money to his mother in the village: the transaction is secure only through cryptography, that is, through the arithmetic of large prime numbers – number theory, the discipline once called the most useless of all, today guards his mother’s money better than any strongbox. He takes the road and follows his GPS: the position displayed exists only through mathematical geodesy – Gladys West’s – and through relativistic corrections without which the point would drift by several kilometers a day. He makes a call: his voice travels cut up, transformed and reconstructed by Fourier analysis, protected from noise by error-correcting codes – pure algebra. He checks the weather for tomorrow’s journey: the forecast is a numerical resolution of the equations of fluid mechanics on supercomputers. In the evening, the electricity that lights him has come from a dam whose every cubic meter of concrete, every turbine and every high-voltage line was dimensioned by calculation.

And should he fall ill – may he forgive me the example, I shall return to it as a brother – the scanner that will examine him is a theorem become machine.

That is the day of the man who “never uses mathematics.” He does not use it the way a fish does not use water: he lives inside it. The confusion is simple to name: he believes that “using mathematics” means setting up the equation himself. But in a technical civilization, mathematics is not seen: it solidifies. It becomes the bridge, the network, the vaccine, the transfer. He who did not set up the equations endures them or buys them. The only question, therefore, is: who sets them up? And the answer, today, is: rarely us. That is what must change – and that is the whole object of this writing.

III. Our Ancestors Counted Before Everyone

For where does one think it comes from, the number? The oldest arithmetical witness of humanity is an African bone. The Ishango bone, discovered in 1950 on the shore of Lake Edward, in today’s Democratic Republic of the Congo, bears columns of notches some twenty thousand years old – groupings that scholars read, according to their schools, as additions, doublings, even a familiarity with odd and prime numbers. It is kept in Brussels, at the Royal Belgian Institute of Natural Sciences, and anyone may go and see it: the first written trace of human calculation came out of Kamite soil. Older still, the Lebombo bone, found on the borders of Eswatini and South Africa, aligns twenty-nine notches more than thirty thousand years old – a count, perhaps lunar, carved by an African hand when glacial Europe counted nothing at all.

Then came the valley of the Nile, and there it is no longer notches: it is treatises. The Rhind papyrus – kept at the British Museum – is the oldest signed mathematics manual in history: the scribe Ahmes declares that he is copying, around 1550 before our era, a text older still, and unrolls fractions, equations, progressions and calculations of slopes. The papyrus known as the Moscow papyrus gives the exact volume of the truncated pyramid – a result still being re-proved today in the final year of school. The surveyors of the Nile retraced the fields after every flood with the knotted cord, ancestor of our surveyors' chains; the builders controlled the slope of the pyramids by the *seked*, a ratio of lengths which is our cotangent; and the Egyptian civil calendar of three hundred and sixty-five days is the direct ancestor, through Rome, of the one that rules the planet today. And when Greece wished to learn, it came to our school: Herodotus has geometry born in Egypt, and the ancient tradition – Iamblichus foremost – sends Thales and Pythagoras to study with the Egyptian priests. The fathers of Greek mathematics called themselves pupils of Africa.

And Africa never stopped. The manuscripts of Timbuktu align astronomy and arithmetic beside law and medicine. The ethno-mathematicians have shown – Ron Eglash established it in *African Fractals* – that many of our villages, our textiles, our braids and our games deploy self-similar geometries that the West only formalized in the twentieth century under the name of fractals. Our awalé is an exercise in combinatorics that computer scientists only solved completely in 2002, by machine. The people said to be at odds with numbers is the people that carved the first number in human history. The mockery, then, is not merely foolish: it is a renunciation.

He who laughs at mathematics laughs at Ahmes, laughs at Ishango, laughs at his own Ancestors.

IV. What Development Means, Equation by Equation

Let us come to the present, and speak as an engineer, since that is my trade. I am asked how I can say that without mathematics Africa will not develop. I answer: take any object of development whatsoever, and look at what is inside it.

The airplane? The air that carries a wing obeys the Navier-Stokes equations – so formidable that their general theory is one of the seven Millennium Prize Problems posted by the Clay Institute. No people has ever built an airplane without an army of engineers able to solve them numerically; the people that cannot will buy its airplanes, its parts and its maintenance, forever. The dam and the power grid? Hydraulics, strength of materials, network stability – systems of equations that are not negotiable, for concrete does not let itself be persuaded: it is calculated, or it fails. The mobile network that transformed Africa? Fourier analysis in every antenna, error-correcting codes in every frame, information theory from end to end. The vaccine? Before entering an arm, it passes through trials whose entire validity is statistical: without mathematics, one does not even know whether a remedy heals. Currency, interest rates, insurance, mining and oil contracts? Financial and actuarial models – equations. Let me be heard clearly on this point, for it is painful: when a State signs a production-sharing contract without mathematicians on its side of the table, it signs blind, under formulas

written by the mathematicians across the table. The subsoil is ours; the formula is theirs; and it is the formula that decides who wins.

And artificial intelligence, finally – since it is the force about to redeal the cards of every trade. Let the mystery be removed: an artificial intelligence is not a spirit, it is a mathematical object – linear algebra in astronomical quantities, probabilities, a gradient descent: multiplications of matrices by the billions of billions, on processors designed for that purpose. He who does not know what a matrix is may use other people's AI; he will never be able to build it, audit it, correct it or own it. The coming partition of the world is already written: there will be the peoples who multiply the matrices, and the peoples for whom they are multiplied. I want the Kamites on the first side.

V. A Brotherly Word to Those Who Heal

I promised to return as a brother to the physicians and the pharmacists – for it is often from their ranks that the mockery comes, and I want to answer them with the esteem their art deserves. You say you have never used mathematics since school? Look at your own instruments. The scanner that makes your diagnoses is the Radon transform become machine – a pure mathematical result of 1917, left without use for half a century, until a physicist made tomography of it and received for that a Nobel Prize in medicine. MRI reconstructs its images by Fourier analysis. Your dosages come from pharmacokinetics – differential equations. The epidemic you faced in 2020 was steered by a number, that famous R_0 , which is the parameter of a system of equations. And the validity of every medicine you prescribe rests on the statistics of clinical trials. Your

art is an art mathematized through and through: you do not set up the equations, but you practice in their house.

And I add this, without pleasure but without detour: artificial intelligence already reads X-rays, already suggests diagnoses, and it progresses every year. It will replace first, in every trade, those who apply protocols without understanding their foundations – for applying a protocol is precisely what a machine does better. What protects a man from the machine is what the machine does not have: the understanding of principles, the capacity to rise in abstraction – that is, exactly, what mathematics teaches. The mockery is thus sawing the branch on which it sits. I take no joy in this: I give warning. Brother physicians, your children will need more mathematics than you, including in order to heal. Do not teach them to laugh at it.

VI. The Kamite Is Mathematical: the Living Proofs

It will be said: granted, but higher mathematics is not for us. History answers, and I have already administered part of the proof in my writing “The Builders”; I tighten it here upon the number. David Blackwell has his name on a theorem taught in every faculty of statistics in the world. J. Ernest Wilkins Jr., a doctor of mathematics at nineteen, calculated for the nuclear industry what few men knew how to calculate. Katherine Johnson guaranteed by hand the trajectories of astronauts; Gladys West modeled the Earth for GPS; Philip Emeagwali received the Gordon Bell Prize for massively parallel computation; and Cheick Modibo Diarra, of

Mali, navigated probes from planet to planet – and interplanetary navigation is nothing other than celestial mechanics: equations, again, solved right, for at that scale an error in a decimal is paid in millions of kilometers.

And the continent is organizing. The African Institutes for Mathematical Sciences – AIMS – have been training, since 2003, from Cape Town to Kigali by way of Mbour in Senegal, Accra and Limbé, the quantitative elite of Africa, under a motto that must become our own: the next Einstein will be African. Our schoolchildren rise to the Pan-African and International Mathematical Olympiads. Our young doctors publish. What is missing is not the brain – it has never been missing, from Ishango to our day. What is missing is the honor rendered. No laurel of world mathematics – neither the Fields Medal nor the Abel Prize – has yet, to this day, crowned a child of the continent: I do not record this as a shame, I designate it as a summit. It will be taken. It will be taken the day our societies carry their mathematicians as they carry their footballers.

VII. What I Ask

Here, then, is what I ask, and I ask it as one sets a course, not as one utters a wish.

To the families: stop saying in front of a child that “mathematics is too hard” or that “it is not for us.” That is a domestic curse, and it fulfills itself. Tell him the truth: it is difficult like everything that pays, and it is his. Celebrate the good mark in mathematics like a goal in a final. When the family honors calculation, the school has only to follow.

To the States: pay the mathematics teachers, and pay them well – a country that pays entertainment better than algebra has chosen its future without saying so. Multiply the scientific tracks instead of rationing them; endow the national Olympiads; lean on the AIMS and create your own; put mathematicians on your side of the table every time a contract is priced – mines, oil, debt, telecoms; and give the best of your children laboratories to stay, instead of airline tickets to leave.

To the young Kamites, finally, and it is to them above all that I speak: the scientific track is not a punishment, it is an armory. You will be told it is arid; that is false – it is demanding, which is another thing entirely: aridity yields nothing, demand yields everything. Every theorem you master is a piece of sovereignty: a pump your village will not buy abroad, a contract your country will no longer sign blind, an artificial intelligence that will speak your languages because you will have built it. And when they mock you – for they will mock – remember who laughs and who calculates, and how the story between the two always ends.

I do not say that mathematics is the only knowledge; I say it is the knowledge that carries the others – the alpha by which everything begins, the omega by which everything is verified. Law writes the rules, but the networks that apply them are calculated. Medicine heals, but its instruments are theorems. Trade exchanges, but the prices are modeled. Take away mathematics, and nothing remains of development but the word – which is to say, exactly what we have had for sixty years: development in speeches. All the rest is hollow talk.

The Kamite is mathematical, or he admires the mathematicians: he never mocks them. That is our salvation, and there is no other.

Our Ancestors carved the first number of humanity on a bone, by the shore of a lake of our own land. Thirty thousand years later, the question is not whether the number is ours: it always has been. The question is whether we will have the piety to take it back.

Amen Hotep – Amenhotep.

Done at Abidjan, August 30, 2026.

KING BAZURU

Venerable and President of the Bwa Sacré



– Chapter VI –

The Book of Answers

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

Solemn writing of the Venerable

KING BAZURU

President of the Bwa Sacré

Abidjan, August 31, 2026

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

Preliminary Note

This writing expresses my position as Venerable and President of the Bwa Sacré. Every Kamite who has lived, traveled, studied, or simply opened a social network knows the ordeal from which this book was born: the perpetual interrogation. We are questioned about our hair and our gods, our history and our lateness, our dead and our marriages – sometimes out of sincere curiosity, sometimes as disguised provocation, sometimes out of an ignorance that does not know itself to be insulting. And each of us, caught off guard in an office, a lecture hall or a dinner party, has known the sting of not having the answer at hand.

I have therefore decided, as President of the Bwa Sacré, to write the book I would have wanted at twenty: a collection of the questions we are asked – all of them, without exception of dignity, from the silliest to the most philosophical – and of their answers. For a question without an answer humiliates twice: in the moment, through silence; and long afterwards, through regret. A people armed with answers no longer lowers its eyes.

Three rules govern this book, and I ask the reader to verify them line by line. The first: one answers the question, never the insult – even when the question is an insult in costume; our calm is half of the answer. The second: this series has never cheated with words – here we criticize methods, doctrines and ignorances, never births nor peoples; essentialism is the weapon that was turned against us, and we do not pick it up. The third: every fact advanced is verifiable – the references are at the end of the volume, and several answers

refer to the writings of this series that develop them with the pieces in hand.

As always, I do not ask to be believed on my word. Let everything be verified – that is even, as we shall see, the first of the answers.

I. Opening: the Perpetual Interrogation

There is an experience every Kamite knows and few non-Kamites suspect: that of being permanently summoned to answer. The traveler answers at the airport, the student answers in the dormitory, the executive answers at the coffee machine, the child answers in the schoolyard. The questions run from hair to metaphysics, and they have this in common: they are almost never asked of anyone else. Nobody asks the Breton colleague whether he washes his hair, nor the Bavarian neighbor why “her people” made war. The Kamite, for his part, is deemed accountable for everything: for his body, his continent, his history, and even for the misfortunes inflicted upon him.

Facing this interrogation, three attitudes exist, and two are bad. Anger, first: it relieves for a minute and confirms the prejudice for a year – for the one who questioned in order to trap walks away with his proof. Flight, next: smiling, changing the subject, absorbing the blow – and going home with the sting. There remains the third way, which is the way of this book: the exact answer, calm and documented – followed, whenever it is deserved, by the question turned around. It is a discipline, it can be learned, and it changes everything: he who answers well once is never questioned the same way again.

I have ordered the questions by increasing gravity: the body, the customs, history, wealth and development, religion, the political traps, and finally the true questions – the philosophical ones, those worth a lifetime’s attention. Let the reader skip none of them: it is often in the silliest question that the deepest prejudice hides.

Amen Hotep – Amenhotep.

II. The Body

“Can I touch your hair?”

No – and here is why that “no” matters. The question sounds flattering; its gesture is not: one does not palpate people. To finger a stranger’s hair as one fingers cloth at the market is to treat a person as a fairground curiosity – and history has exhibited our bodies quite enough in its human zoos, down to the fate of Saartjie Baartman, for us to be entitled to close the display case. The answer, delivered with a smile: “No. But I can recommend a good hairdresser.” And if the curiosity is sincere, it can be honored otherwise: explain that tightly coiled hair is a marvel of architecture – its spiral shields the skull from the sun, retains moisture, and can be sculpted into hundreds of styles which were, in our societies, veritable identity cards: age, lineage, status, mourning. An art, not an oddity.

“Why are your palms and the soles of your feet light?”

Because melanin concentrates where the sun strikes. Palms and soles, which never see the sun, are lightly pigmented in all humans – ours as well as theirs. The real lesson lies elsewhere: skin color is

an adaptation to ultraviolet radiation, tuned over tens of thousands of years – strong melanin under the equator to protect the body’s folate reserves, weak melanin at high latitudes to synthesize vitamin D. This is fine biology, not a curse and not an exoticism. And let this be remembered: all of humanity was born pigmented, in Africa; light skin is the recent variation, not the other way round.

“Do you tan? Can we see it when you blush?”

Yes, we tan – melanin activates in the sun in us as in them, and a Kamite back from the beach has darkened. Yes, we blush – the rush of blood is the same; it merely shows less. These questions are innocent and deserve simple answers. But let us use them to correct a dangerous error: black skin is not invulnerable to the sun – melanomas exist among us too, often diagnosed too late precisely because of that myth. Science protects better than legend, in both directions.

“Why are Black people so good at sport?”

Beware of the compliment: it is cast in the same mold as the insult. To say “gifted for sport” today is the twin brother of yesterday’s “built for heavy labor” – a body celebrated the better to dismiss the mind. The honest answer: there is no sprinting gene reserved for a “race” – the genetics of African populations is the most diverse in the world, and the champions come from precise regions, cultures and training systems: Kenyan and Ethiopian distance running owes more to the high plateaus, to a culture of running and to training structures than to any black essence – otherwise the whole continent would win marathons, which is not the case. Wherever access is open and training organized, we excel – true of the stadium, and

true of the laboratory: see “The Builders.” The Kamite body is not a gift of nature: it is work, like the Kamite mind.

“Do you wash your hair? Do you wash at all?”

That question is an insult dressed as curiosity, and it deserves the short answer: yes – and historically better than those who ask it. The accounts of European travelers in Africa marvel, century after century, at the cleanliness of bodies and cities: daily baths, vegetable soaps – black soap, shea butter –, the swept streets of Benin and Djenné, while the Europe of those same centuries emptied its waters out the window and shunned the bath on medical doctrine. Hygiene has no racial address; but if one insists on comparing archives, we accept the comparison with serenity.

III. The Customs

“Why are you always late? Is that ‘African time’?”

Let us distinguish, for there is a laziness and a depth here. The laziness: lateness exists wherever infrastructure makes punctuality costly – when the journey depends on a crowded minibus, a rainstorm and a single bridge, the arrival time is a mathematical expectation, not a promise; the same Kamite, in Frankfurt, arrives on time. The depth: many of our cultures measure time by events and persons rather than by the clock – one leaves when one has greeted, one begins when all are present; that is not an absence of time, it is another hierarchy, in which the human comes before the dial. That said, I flatter no one: in the modern economy punctuality is both a courtesy and a strength, and the Bwa Sacré demands it of its own.

The complete answer, then: “My lateness has causes, not genes – and I am working on the causes.”

“Why do you eat with your hands?”

Because it is clean, precise and convivial – and because half of humanity does it: India, much of the Arab world and of Asia eat by hand; Japan eats with sticks; the fork is only one convention among others, and a late arrival on Europe’s tables at that. Among us, the hand that eats is washed before and after, takes only from its own portion, and the meal shared from the same dish is a social act – we eat together, literally. Let no one confuse his grandmother’s conventions with the laws of hygiene.

“Why do you send all your money back to the village?”

Because where we come from, solidarity is not a sentimental extra: it is the social security system. The cousin whose schooling one pays, the mother whose care one pays, the family field one maintains – that is the health insurance, the pension fund and the investment bank of a world where the State does not yet staff those counters. The diaspora’s transfers to Africa exceed, year after year, the official development aid received by Africa: what is mocked as sentimental weakness is in reality the continent’s largest financing program, paid for by our work. The true question – and I put it to our own – is to discipline that solidarity: let it finance the school and the workshop more than the ceremony, investment more than appearances.

“Why do your funerals last weeks and cost so much?”

Because among us death is a total social act: one does not dismiss an ancestor in an hour of crematorium between two meetings. Funerals gather the scattered family, settle successions, reconcile the estranged, reaffirm the lineage – they are a family parliament as much as a farewell. That said, the Bwa Sacré also tells its own the truth: when funerals ruin the living to honor the dead, when one goes into debt for the coffin and has nothing left for school, the custom has turned against its purpose. To honor the Ancestors is first of all to make their grandchildren succeed. Measure is our tradition as much as celebration.

“Why polygamy?”

First, historical honesty: polygamy is not African – it is human. The patriarchs of the Bible were polygamous, the kings of Europe kept mistresses and titled bastards, and legal monogamy is accompanied elsewhere by a de facto polygamy that is modestly called something else. Among us it was a regulated institution – with ranks, duties and rights of the wives – answering precise agrarian economies and demographic balances. Today, African societies debate it themselves, freely, and that is their sovereign right: what we refuse is the lecture in conjugal morality delivered by societies whose own conjugal statistics authorize no professorial tone. Sweeping before one’s own door is a universal rule.

“Why do you have so many children?”

Because fertility follows the same laws everywhere – and Africa is no exception; it simply arrives later. When infant mortality is high and arms keep the farm alive, one has many children: nineteenth-century Europe did exactly the same. When school, health and the

city advance, fertility descends – and it is already descending, massively, from the Maghreb to Nairobi. The question therefore calls for neither shame nor pride: it calls for maternity wards, girls' schools and jobs. And one reversal, to finish: in a century when so many nations age and depopulate, African youth is not the world's problem – it is its reserve of future.

IV. History

“Africa has no history – no writing, no archives.”

That is the sentence of a famous European philosopher, and it is refuted by stones, inks and bones. Writing? Egyptian hieroglyphs count among the oldest scripts in the world, and Egypt is in Africa – that simple reminder collapses half the objection. Add the Meroitic of Nubia, the Ge'ez of Ethiopia – still alive in the liturgy –, the Ajami that writes our languages in Arabic characters, the hundreds of thousands of manuscripts of Timbuktu, the N'ko invented in the twentieth century by Solomana Kanté, the Vai syllabary of Liberia. And where writing was absent, the archive existed otherwise: griots' genealogies kept across centuries, dynastic lists, oral traditions of which UNESCO made the substance of its eight-volume *General History of Africa*, the work of hundreds of scholars. A continent that wrote on stone before everyone has no lesson in archives to receive.

“The pyramids? Too perfect – that was aliens.”

Measure the insult hidden under the joke: no one ever summons aliens for the cathedrals or the Great Wall of China – only for the African masterpieces. Yet the pyramids have their site archives: the

Wadi el-Jarf papyri – the logbook of inspector Merer, discovered in 2013 – describe the transport of the Tura blocks toward Giza, the crews, the rations; the workers’ villages have been excavated, their bakeries and infirmaries unearthed; the ramps, the tools and the team graffiti (“the friends of Khufu”) are documented. The builders signed. The short answer, then: “The aliens left pay slips in the names of Egyptian workmen – curious, is it not?”

“Anyway, the Egyptians were not Black.”

Here is the only certain thing: Egypt was born in Africa, of African silt, peopled from the Nile valley and the then-green Sahara, and the Egyptians painted themselves as a brown-to-black people, carefully distinguishing themselves from their Asiatic and Libyan neighbors on their own frescoes. Herodotus, an eyewitness, describes the Egyptians as dark-skinned and woolly-haired. Cheikh Anta Diop carried this dossier before the international symposium of Cairo organized by UNESCO in 1974 – and the UNESCO report notes that the papers of Diop and of Théophile Obenga did not receive the prepared contradiction they called for. That scholars debate nuances, so be it; but the strange determination to whiten the one great civilization born in Africa says more about the launderers than about Egypt. Our position is serene: Egypt is African as Greece is European – and no one demands a blood test of Athens.

“You sold yourselves – slavery was you.”

The argument confuses the recruited accomplice with the system that recruits. Yes, African kings and brokers captured and sold – history says it and we do not hide it: the trade corrupted everything

it touched, and that is a chapter Africa must face. But who created the demand, armed the trading posts, chartered the ships, wrote the black codes, insured the cargoes in London and Nantes, and built ports and banks upon that commerce? The triangular system had a center, and that center was not at Ouidah. To say “you sold yourselves” is like saying of a country ravaged by drugs: “they drugged themselves” – forgetting the cartel. The complicity of some of ours is our sorrow; the architecture of the crime is their inheritance. Both sentences are true together.

“Still, colonization built roads and schools.”

The colonial railway runs from the mine to the port – never from one African capital to its neighbor: look at a map, it confesses everything. Colonial infrastructure was built by our forced labor and our taxes, dimensioned to extract, and billed to us at independence. As for the schools: at the hour of independence, after three quarters of a century of the “civilizing mission,” most colonies counted a handful of university graduates – the immense Belgian Congo had no more than a handful: published counts range from sixteen to some thirty. One does not thank the arsonist for the fire hose he left behind on departing, especially when it is plugged into our own well. What we have of true roads and schools, we have built since – and that is the worksite that deserves our hands.

“Slavery is the past – turn the page.”

One does not turn a page one was never allowed to read. The last country in the world to abolish slavery did so in 1981; its criminalization there dates from 2007; and the residue of that hierarchy still travels in heads and institutions – I have borne witness to it, on

my own working flesh, in “The Residue.” As for the patrimonial effects: fortunes, ports, companies and universities built on the trade still exist, and the indemnity paid in 1825 went not to the enslaved but to the masters – Haiti paid France the ransom of its own freedom until the middle of the twentieth century. The page will be turned when it has been read aloud, acknowledged, and settled. Then we shall turn it ourselves – first of all, and with relief.

V. Wealth and Development

“If Africa is so rich, why is it poor?”

This is the best question in the whole book, and it deserves better than a sigh. The answer holds in one distinction: Africa is rich in *stocks* – subsoil, land, sun, youth – and poor in *chains of transformation*. Gold leaves as raw bars and returns as jewelry; cocoa leaves as beans and returns as chocolate bars; oil leaves crude and returns refined – and at every round trip, the essential part of the value stays where the transformation happens. Add the terms of trade fixed elsewhere, the contracts signed without our mathematicians – I spoke of this in “The Alpha and the Omega” –, capital flight, and institutions still young, inherited from borders drawn with a ruler in 1885: the paradox dissolves. African poverty is not a metaphysical mystery: it is a position in a value chain – and a position can be changed. That is precisely what our engineers are for.

“You have been independent for sixty years – what have you done?”

Let us compare what is comparable. In 1960, most of our countries inherited a few dozen graduates, single-export economies and

arbitrary borders; sixty years later, life expectancy has gained decades, schooling has gone from exception to norm, whole capitals have risen from the ground, and the continent has produced physicians, engineers, professors and entrepreneurs by the millions – all this while crossing the Cold War, the structural adjustment plans and inherited debts. Europe, for its industrial revolution, took two centuries, two world wars – and other people’s resources. We are asked to run the same course in one generation, on our own resources, and under monetary tutelage for some. The delays exist, the failures exist, and I am the first to name them – but the indictment for laziness is indecent: no continent has ever run this race with so many weights on its ankles.

“Then why does everyone want to leave?”

First, correct the “everyone”: the overwhelming majority of African migrants migrate *within Africa*, from country to country – the crossing to Europe is the publicized exception, not the rule. Next, those who leave do what Europeans did by the tens of millions in the nineteenth century toward the Americas: follow the work. No one concluded from Irish emigration that the Irishman was unfit for Ireland. Finally, look at the reverse flow, of which no one ever speaks: the graduates coming home to found their firms, the diaspora investing, the “repats” of Abidjan, Accra and Kigali. The day the laboratories and the capital are there, the question will extinguish itself – that is the whole institutional object of my writings.

“International aid feeds you – without us you would die.”

Let us reverse the figures, which are public. The transfers of our diasporas exceed official development aid. According to the work of the Mbeki panel (African Union/ECA, 2015), the illicit financial flows leaving Africa each year – evasion, over-invoicing, plunder – are of the same order of magnitude as the aid coming in: several studies conclude from this that Africa is a net creditor of the rest of the world. Add the uranium that lights European capitals, the cobalt and coltan of every telephone, the cocoa of every chocolate: who feeds whom? Aid exists and we thank the sincere hands – but let no one confuse the intravenous drip with the bloodletting it partly compensates.

VI. Religion and the Sacred

“Your voodoo, your fetishes – is that sorcery?”

What is contemptuously called “fetishism” is a set of structured spiritualities – cosmogonies, clergies, initiations, ethics – that scholars now study with the seriousness owed to any religion: vodun is a state-recognized religion in Benin, honored every January 10th. Our traditions rest on an intuition the Bwa Sacré fully assumes: the sacred inhabits the world, the Ancestors count, and the spoken word binds. As for “sorcery,” let each sweep before his own cathedral: every religion has its deviances and its charlatans – Europe burned its own “witches” by the tens of thousands. The Bwa Sacré, for its part, is monotheistic: one God, Ancestors honored and not worshipped, and the refusal of all manipulation by fear. We have no reason to blush for our altars before those who blessed the slave ships.

“Why do you pray to the God of those who sold you?”

The question often comes from our own, and it is legitimate – I have asked it myself. My answer as Venerable: God belongs to no people, and certainly not to the merchants who dressed their commerce as a mission. Monotheism, moreover, is not their invention: a pharaoh of Africa, Akhenaten, proclaimed the one God centuries before the Exodus, and the name Amen – which the whole world repeats unknowingly at the end of every prayer – rises from the valley of the Nile. The Bwa Sacré therefore prays to the one God in a tongue and a lineage that are ours, with our Ancestors as witnesses and not as idols: Amen Hotep. We did not borrow the God of the slavers; we reclaimed a family possession.

“Doesn’t the Bible say Black people are cursed – the curse of Ham?”

Let us open the text, since it is invoked: in Genesis, Noah curses *Canaan*, son of Ham – not Ham, and nowhere does the text speak of black skin. The “curse of Ham” applied to Africans is a reading forged late and industrialized in the era of the slave trade, precisely to give the commerce a biblical alibi; the churches themselves have since repudiated it. It is a textbook case worth a general lesson: when a reading of Scripture lands exactly on the interests of the reader, it is not God who has spoken – it is the accountant.

“Your ancestors, that cult of the dead – how primitive.”

The one who says this lays flowers at the war memorial on November 11th, keeps his grandmother’s photograph on the mantelpiece, and visits the Panthéon – where his country “honors its great men.” Honoring one’s dead is a human universal; we have simply kept it

alive and organized. The Ancestor, among us, is not worshipped: he is the register – the witness of the lineage before whom the spoken word binds, as I showed in “The House Without a Door”: whole cities held without locks because the name and the gaze of the Ancestors closed better than iron. To call “primitive” what produces honesty at the scale of a city is to confess one no longer knows what civilization means.

VII. The Political Traps

“Anti-white racism exists too, doesn’t it?”

Let us answer without dodging, for the dodge feeds the trap. Yes: hostility on grounds of color can target anyone, and when it targets a white person it is a wrong – the Bwa Sacré condemns it without a clause, for we refuse essentialism in both directions; it is written throughout this series. But let us distinguish the insult from the system. The insult is symmetrical: anyone can receive it. The system is not: there has existed no white code, no trade of white people by the millions toward our plantations, no colonization of Europe by Africa, no century of “scientific” doctrine ranking the white man at the bottom. Racism as a machine – laws, economy, doctrine – ran in one direction. Let us condemn all hatreds, without inventing a historical equivalence that does not exist: both halves of that sentence are equally true, and we hold both.

“And the Arab slave trade? You never speak of it.”

We do – and without trembling: the trans-Saharan and eastern trade lasted more than a thousand years, castrated, deported and killed by the millions, and its residue lives on – I testified in “The

Residue” to what that residue did to me, personally, inside international institutions, and I recalled that the world’s last abolition dates from 1981 in Saharan lands. The Bwa Sacré does not keep the executioners’ ledger in order to absolve one by the other: all our dead count, and all the trades were crimes. But let the one who asks examine his intention: does he ask to enlarge justice – then we are brothers in the cause – or to dilute his own? The “what about the others?” used to change the subject has a name in the manuals of rhetoric, and it whitewashes no one.

“If the West is so bad, why do you run to live there?”

Because one runs toward wealth – and ours is over there. There is no contradiction in criticizing the architect of the imbalance and going to work where the imbalance has piled up the factories, laboratories and salaries: that is the direct consequence of what we describe. The worker with a grievance against his employer does not leave the factory: he works there while demanding justice. And note that we go there for what the West has best – its schools, its hospitals, its rule of law – which is precisely what we want to build at home. The day they exist at home, see the earlier question: the flow will reverse. It is already beginning.

“And the African dictators? The tribalism? Sweep your own house!”

We are sweeping – and before witnesses. This very series tells our own the truth: about ruinous funerals, about solidarity gone astray, about elites who sign without mathematicians, about experts made to work off the books. Yes, African tyrants have crushed Africans, and their names deserve judgment; yes, ethnic retreat has fueled

massacres, and we call it by its name: a poison. But two points of honesty. First: how many of those tyrants were installed, financed, armed and maintained by foreign powers against their own peoples? The history of African coups is rarely read without a foreign annex. Second: “tribalism” was also a colonial technology – census, classify, and set the groups against one another in order to rule. We take our share of the broom, all of our share – but the broom has two ends, and each will hold his own.

“Why do you bring everything back to color? I don’t see color.”

Not seeing color would be a grace – if the world were color-blind with us. But the one who “does not see color” sees it perfectly well at hiring, at housing, at the police check: the audit studies – identical CVs, different names – measure it, country by country, public figures. It is not we who bring everything back to color: it is color that is brought back to us, and we ask only that it cease to count. The day it counts nowhere, we shall be the first to stop speaking of it – for we have, believe me, more interesting subjects: reread “The Builders.”

VIII. The Philosophical Questions

“Deep down, what is it to be Black?”

Biologically, almost nothing: “race” is not a scientific category – genetic diversity is greater within Africa than between Africa and the rest of the world, and two villagers of the same river may be genetically farther from each other than from a Norwegian. Historically, however, being Black is a condition: an experience manufactured by four centuries of gaze, law and commerce, which made a

shade into a destiny. And here the Kamite overturns the table: we are not the color we were assigned – we are the lineage we choose to honor. “Kamite” designates not a pigment but an assumed filiation: the children of Kemet and of the African cradles, heirs of a first civilization, standing in the present. The color is what was done to us; the lineage is what we do.

“Can one be African and modern? Must one not choose?”

The question assumes that modernity has a single address, and that is false: Japan is hypermodern in a kimono, Korea built industrial giants without ceasing to honor its ancestors, and no one asks a Swede to choose between Christmas and 5G. Tradition is not the opposite of modernity: it is its foundation – the stock of trust, language and meaning upon which a society dares to innovate. This whole series demonstrates it: the djatiguiya is a social technology, the register of the Ancestors an infrastructure of honesty, and our builders run from the Ishango bone to the surgical robot. To be Kamite and modern is not a compromise: it is a pleonasm – we invented the world’s first modernity, that of the Nile, and we are at work on the next.

“Must one forgive?”

Forgiveness is a greatness – on three conditions, without which it is only oblivion in disguise. That there be avowal: one does not forgive him who denies the crime or rebaptizes it a “civilizing work.” That there be repair: not out of vengeance, but because a wrong that costs its author nothing has not been acknowledged – the archives, the restitutions of works already begun, the odious debts re-examined are part of it. And that it be given, never

demand: to summon the victim to forgive is a second violence. Within that frame, yes – the Bwa Sacré is for forgiveness, for resentment is a poison one drinks oneself while hoping the other will die. But forgiveness is an act between sovereigns: one must be standing to forgive. That is why this whole series labors first to set us back on our feet.

“What is development, deep down? Becoming like the West?”

No – and this may be the most important answer in the book. To develop is not to become the other: it is to acquire the power to remain oneself. The development we want has four storeys, and I have laid them writing after writing: to feed, heal, teach and defend one’s own by one’s own means – the material storey, which demands mathematics and institutions; to own one’s narratives – the storey of memory, against erasure; to keep one’s social technologies – hospitality, the palaver, the register of the Ancestors – which make attuned societies and not crowds of individuals armed with sledgehammers in rage rooms; and to choose sovereignly what one takes from the world and what one gives it. The West has things we want – its laboratories. It has things we do not want – its solitude. Development is the power to sort.

“And who exactly is a Kamite? What does the Bwa Sacré want?”

A Kamite is one who recognizes himself in the lineage of the African cradles – whether he lives in Abidjan, Kinshasa, Paris, Salvador de Bahia or Port-au-Prince – and who chooses to carry that lineage with dignity: memory of the Ancestors, a word that binds, work that elevates. The Bwa Sacré is his spiritual house:

monotheistic, rooted in tradition, turned toward building. What we want holds in three words that this whole series declines: truth – hence the proofs, the sources and the seals on every writing; dignity – hence this book of answers, so that none of ours lowers his eyes again; and institutions – schools, laboratories, registers, enterprises – so that the coming generation no longer needs to answer, because its works will answer for it.

IX. The Art of Answering

It remains to speak of manner, for a good answer badly delivered is an answer lost. Here are the rules I bequeath with this book.

First: qualify the question before answering it. Is it sincere? Then teach with patience – ignorance is not a crime, it is a state, and we have all passed through it. Is it a trap? Then answer the substance in one sentence, and turn the question around – for he who interrogates without wishing to learn deserves to be interrogated in his turn: “you sold yourselves” calls for “who chartered the ships?”; “turn the page” calls for “have you read it?”. Is it a naked insult? Then it deserves only a look and the silence of a king – one does not bend down to pick up everything that is thrown at one.

Second: never apologize for existing. To answer is not to justify oneself; it is to teach. The nuance is heard in the voice: he who justifies himself asks for an acquittal, he who teaches gives a lesson. Hold the professor’s tone – calm, precise, sourced – and you will see the interrogation change its nature: no longer a summons, but a request.

Third: cite, always. An assertion can be disputed; a museum bone, a numbered papyrus, a patent, a blockchain block cannot. That is why every writing in this series ends with verifiable references and is sealed on Bitcoin: we have made proof our style. Let every Kamite do the same, down to the conversation: “verify it, it is public” is the most elegant of retorts.

And finally: remember that the best answer is not verbal. One can win every dinner party and lose the century. The definitive answer to the far-fetched questions will be a continent fed by its farms, calculated by its engineers, narrated by its writers and defended by its institutions – on that day the questions will fall by themselves, as mockery falls before a bridge that holds. This book arms your tongues; my other writings arm your hands. The two together make a people standing.

The Kamite no longer lowers his eyes: he answers, he proves, he builds.

Amen Hotep – Amenhotep.

Done at Abidjan, August 31, 2026.

KING BAZURU

Venerable and President of the Bwa Sacré

– Chapter VII –

The Book of Answers

Volume II

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

Solemn writing of the Venerable

KING BAZURU

President of the Bwa Sacré

Abidjan, August 31, 2026

Published in the wake of the manifesto

“The Secret Revealed”

Preliminary Note

This writing expresses my position as Venerable and President of the Bwa Sacré. The first volume of “The Book of Answers” covered the questions of the world – the body, the customs, history, wealth, politics. There remained the most intimate territory of the perpetual interrogation: religion. For no question is put to the Kamite with more insistence than that of his soul – by the pastor who wants to save him, by the imam who wants to bring him back, by the converted cousin worried for his salvation, and by his own conscience, late at night. Those questions deserved a whole volume. Here it is.

Let this be read first, for the whole book depends on it: this volume answers questions; it does not attack faiths. Our mothers pray in church, our brothers pray at the mosque, and the Bwa Sacré spits on no one’s prayer – Africa is that rare place in the world where the mosque and the church share the same street, the same family and the same dish, and we intend to keep that peace. What we refuse is something else: the trap-questions that summon the Kamite to renounce his Ancestors, the forged readings that served to sell him, and the contempt disguised as solicitude. One can honor a man’s faith and dismantle the argument he throws at us: that is exactly the exercise of this book.

The rules of the first volume remain: one answers the question, never the insult; one criticizes doctrines, usages and ignorances, never births nor believers; and every fact advanced is verifiable – texts cited chapter and verse, references at the end of the volume. I add one rule proper to this volume: when Scripture is invoked

against us, we open Scripture – for there is no better answer to a truncated quotation than the whole text.

As always, I do not ask to be believed on my word. Let everything be verified.

I. Opening: the Interrogation of the Soul

The religious interrogation has this particularity: it always presents itself as a service. He who asks “why are your palms light” wants to know; he who asks “are you saved” wants to convert. The religious question is almost never a question: it is a doorway, and he who asks it already knows the exit he intends for you. That is why this volume teaches two things at once: the substance – what one must know in order to answer – and the posture – how to answer a sincere man without wounding his faith, and a skillful man without falling into his funnel.

And let the stakes be measured, for they exceed conversation. For centuries, the religious question has been the instrument by which the Kamite was asked to renounce himself: burn his masks, discard his names, curse his Ancestors – and say thank you. Many of ours carry that wound without knowing its name: they love their God and mourn their Ancestors, and they were told they had to choose. This book tells them: the question was badly put to you. And it gives them, question by question, the means to put it back correctly – in three parts, in the order in which the revelations came into the world: the questions of the Jews, those of the Christians, those of the Muslims.

Amen Hotep – Amenhotep.

Part One

The Questions of the Jews

II. The Exodus and Us

A word first on the tone of this part, for it differs from the two that follow. Judaism does not seek to convert: the questions that come to us from it are therefore not nets, but texts – for it is in the Hebrew Bible that the first image of Africa was written for billions of human beings: Pharaoh's Egypt. To answer here is thus less to answer persons than a library – and what people make it say.

“You are Pharaoh's people – the oppressor of the Bible.”

Let us open the whole library, not a single shelf. Yes, the Exodus tells of a bondage in Egypt, and we subtract nothing from the account: an empire of our lands plays the villain there – the empires of every continent have played that role each in its turn. But the same Bible tells of the other Egypt: the one that welcomes Abraham in famine, the one where Joseph the foreigner becomes prime minister, the one where Israel is born and grows as a people, the one where the child Jesus will later be hidden. Biblical Egypt is by turns refuge and irons – like every great power in history. To make of it the eternal emblem of oppression, and its continent with it, is to do to the sons of Kemet exactly what was done with the curse of Ham: to turn a narrative into a hereditary verdict. And I add this, which ought to bring us closer instead of setting us apart: we too have our Exodus – four centuries of irons, the crossing, the going out. When our deported forebears sang “Go Down Moses” in

the plantations, they did not take themselves for Pharaoh: they recognized themselves in Israel. Two peoples who carry the memory of chains should understand each other at half a word.

“Does the Torah not despise Black people?”

It does the opposite, and in its most explicit chapter: Numbers 12. Moses marries a Kushite woman – a Black woman of Africa. Miriam and Aaron murmur against the marriage. And whom does God punish? The murmurers – Miriam is struck, and Moses keeps his wife. The only trial for a marriage of color in the whole Torah ends with the condemnation of those who opened it. Add the queen of Sheba honored before Solomon, Ebed-Melech the Kushite who saves the prophet Jeremiah from the cistern, and the verse I hold to be among the greatest of their canon – Amos 9:7: “Are you not to me like the children of the Kushites, O children of Israel?” – God himself equalizing his chosen people and the Africans, in the mouth of his prophet. He who seeks contempt for Black people in the Torah will have to bring it there himself.

III. Election and Kinship

“We are the chosen people – you are not in the covenant.”

Let us first listen to the best among them, who teach that election is a burden and not a stripe: to be chosen, in their own thought, is to carry more obligations, not to be worth more – and Amos 9:7, again, forbids Israel to believe itself God’s only concern. Our answer is therefore without jealousy: let Israel keep its covenant; we have our own. The Bwa Sacré holds that God spoke to every lineage in its language – to ours since the temples of the Nile, where the name of

Amen already rose – and that no people is the only child of the Creator. The election of some is not the reprobation of the others: a father may entrust each child with a different task without disinheriting anyone.

“And those movements who call themselves the ‘true Hebrews’ and call us impostors – is that you?”

No – and I say it plainly, for the confusion harms us all. The Bwa Sacré does not claim the identity of Israel: we do not need another people’s covenant, having our own – our lineage is Kemet, our titles are ours, and I have spent this whole series establishing them piece by piece. To dispossess Israel of its history in order to clothe ourselves in it would be precisely the gesture we reproach in others: the erasure of a people by the confiscation of its narrative. That weapon, too, we do not pick up. That there exist, moreover, African Jews – the Beta Israel of Ethiopia, an ancient and authentic Judaism, carried to Israel by operations Moses and Solomon – proves in any case that the question “Jewish or African?” has been badly put from the beginning: one can be both, and tens of thousands are. We ask only, as brothers, that those brothers be treated there with the dignity we demand everywhere for our own.

“Why so little dialogue between our two peoples?”

Because others were allowed to write each people’s narrative in the other’s house – and it is time to take back the pen on both sides. Our two peoples know what it is to be counted, marked, deported, and to survive by memory: they by the Book, we by the lineage. They have built upon the memory of misfortune a strength I study without complex: the obstinate school, the disciplined solidarity,

the narrative handed to each generation – “you shall tell your son.” These are technologies of survival that the Kamite may examine as an engineer, as I examined the djatiguiya and the register of the Ancestors. The dialogue of memories will always be worth more than the contest of sorrows: sorrows are not ranked, they salute one another.

Part Two

The Questions of the Christians

IV. Salvation and Hell

“Are you saved? If you do not believe in Jesus, you will go to hell.”

Let us answer first as a theologian, then as a son. As a theologian: the God preached by the Gospel is love and justice; a God who would eternally damn billions of human beings for being born in the wrong place in the wrong century – our Ancestors did not “refuse” Christ: they never met him – would be neither love nor justice, and the churches themselves have understood this: modern Catholic theology recognizes the possible salvation of those who never knew the Gospel and seek God with a sincere heart. As a son, now: you ask me to grant that my grandmother, who never lied, never stole, and fed half the village, burns eternally – while some baptized slaver, dead in the sacraments, contemplates the face of God. I will not grant it, and I turn the question back to you: what God do you worship, if that is his justice? Mine – the one God of the Bwa Sacré – judges hearts and deeds, not maps.

“Why do you refuse the Good News? Open your heart!”

I refuse nothing: I sort – and that is my right as a man standing. In your book I read summits: “God is love,” the prophets thundering against the unjust rich, the Christ who keeps company with the despised. I compliment you on them without effort. But I am not being asked to admire: I am being asked to abjure – to declare that everything my fathers knew of God before the missionary’s arrival was darkness. And that, the Gospel itself does not demand: your apostle Paul, in Athens, did not curse the Greeks – he told them that the “unknown God” they already honored was the one he proclaimed. Our Ancestors honored the one God under his African names – Nyame, Olodumare, Imana, Amma, Amen – long before the caravels. If Paul gave the Athenians credit, give us the same credit – or admit that your difference is not theological.

V. Our Ancestors and Our Altars

“Your ancestors are idols, your masks are demons – burn it all.”

Let us open the definitions, then the archives. Idolatry, in your own theology, consists in worshipping something other than God. Now we do not worship our Ancestors: we honor them – exactly as you honor your saints, whose relics you kiss, whose medals you wear and whose intercession you pray for, without anyone calling you idolaters. The Ancestor is our saint and our register: the witness before whom the spoken word binds. As for the “demonic” masks: they are liturgical objects, like your statues, your stained glass and your icons – which other iconoclasts, in your own history, burned while treating them exactly as our masks are treated. And since fire is

invoked: let it be remembered that the bonfires of African objects often preceded by very little the inventory of the same objects – in the museums of Europe, where they are sold today for millions. One only burns well what one intends to resell.

“Voodoo, sorcery, the fetish-men – admit that it exists and that it is of the Evil One.”

Let us sort, for everything is mixed in that sentence. The structured African spiritualities – cosmogonies, initiations, ethics – are religions, studied as such, and vodun is officially honored in Benin: it is not “of the Evil One,” it is of the sacred, with its rules. The charlatans who sell fear exist – and the Bwa Sacré fights them harder than you do, for they devour our people: but every religion has its own, and I have not noticed any shortage of miracle-merchants-for-banknotes in certain churches of our cities. The criterion of the Bwa Sacré is simple and I offer it to you: what elevates, appeases and binds the word comes from God; what terrorizes, ransoms and divides comes from man – under every garment, the cassock included.

“Your tradition is oral, therefore unverifiable – we have a Book.”

Your Book was oral first: generations of spoken tradition before being fixed, centuries of copies of copies, councils to decide what would enter the canon and what would leave it – your own biblical scholarship teaches this. The word always precedes the ink; ours simply kept its first form longer, with its professional guardians – griots, initiates, colleges of elders – whose reliability UNESCO validated by building upon them its *General History of Africa*. And

when we wrote, we wrote first: the Pyramid Texts count among the most ancient religious texts of humanity – African prayers carved a thousand years before the Exodus. The argument of the Book turns around: we are the people of the first book.

VI. The Bible and Us

“The curse of Ham explains your condition – it is written.”

No: it is written otherwise – and I tried this case in volume one; I summarize it here with the text in hand. Genesis 9: Noah curses *Canaan*, not Ham; no color is mentioned; and Canaan, in your own biblical geography, peoples the Levant – not Africa. The “curse of the Blacks” is a reading forged late and industrialized in the hour of the slave trade to give the commerce an alibi; your own churches have repudiated it, and your own scholars – Goldenberg foremost – have documented its manufacture. He who repeats it today is not quoting the Bible: he is quoting the slaver’s accountant, two centuries after the bankruptcy.

“Jesus was white – look at the pictures.”

The pictures are portraits of their painters, not of their model. The man of the Gospel is a first-century Judean – a Near Easterner, brown of skin, whom Rome would never have taken for a German; and Revelation, the only portrait in your canon, describes hair “like wool” and feet “like burnished bronze.” Every people has painted him in its own image – Ethiopia has painted him Ethiopian for seventeen centuries, and Christian Ethiopia is older than Christian France. If the Christ of your stained glass is blond, that is a fact of art history, not a fact of the Gospel. And let us recall the detail

everyone forgets: when the child had to be hidden, it was in Africa that he was put to safety. Egypt was his refuge; it will be remembered.

“It was the Church that abolished slavery – be grateful.”

Both archives exist, and we hold them together. On one side: papal bulls of the fifteenth century authorizing the reduction of the peoples of Africa to “perpetual servitude,” the Code Noir drafted in very Christian lands, slave ships christened “Jesus” and “Grace of God,” and centuries of the catechism of submission. On the other: admirable Christians – the Quakers, the abolitionists, the Black pastors of the maroon camps and the civic struggles – who turned the Gospel against the slaveholding of their own brothers. The honest conclusion is therefore neither gratitude nor anathema: it is that the Book served both camps, and that it was men who chose the camp – which proves precisely what the Bwa Sacré says: a religion’s worth is judged by what its men make of it. And on that criterion, we still await the apologies where we received the irons.

“The missionaries brought you the school and the hospital.”

Sincere missionaries healed and taught, and we salute their graves – honesty demands it. But the mission school was also the machine for manufacturing self-contempt: there one learned to read in a book that cursed us through Ham, to sing that our fathers were lost pagans, and to discard our names for baptismal names – the alphabet with one hand, amnesia with the other. And recall the scale: after three quarters of a century of that “work,” entire colonies counted their graduates on their fingers. We keep the alphabet, we

return the amnesia – and we now build our schools ourselves, where our children learn to read AND to remember.

VII. The Questions That Sting

“If you are so proud, why do so many Kamites remain Christians?”

Because faith is not a parcel one returns to sender: it has become flesh, memory, consolation – our mothers’ hymn is ours now, whatever hand brought it. The Bwa Sacré does not make war on Christian Kamites: it asks them only to stand upright in their own church – to refuse the readings that curse them, to honor their Ancestors without shame as the Scriptures honor the genealogies, and to remember that Christianity was African before being European: the Egypt of the Desert Fathers, the Ethiopia of Axum, Christian Nubia – Augustine himself was an African of Numidia. Let them cease to be guests in a house their forefathers helped to build.

“Your Kamite monotheism is a recent invention – an identity patchwork.”

Three facts, verifiable. One: the first documented state monotheism in history is African – Akhenaten, fourteenth century before your era, one God proclaimed on the banks of the Nile centuries before the Exodus; whether Moses owes him anything or not, the chronology is not open to debate. Two: the African traditions called “animist” almost all know a single supreme God – Nyame, Olodumare, Amma, Imana – creator above the spirits as your God is above the angels; African Christian theologians teach it themselves.

Three: the word “Amen” with which you seal every prayer already rose in the temples of the Nile. Our monotheism is not yesterday’s patchwork: it is the eldest of the family, coming home.

Part Three

The Questions of the Muslims

VIII. “Why Are You Not a Muslim?”

“Islam is the religion of your ancestors – return to it.”

Let us verify the genealogy, for it is shorter than claimed. Islam reached us through trade and empire from the eighth century onward – yesterday morning, on the scale of our African tens of millennia: the Ishango bone had already been counting for twenty thousand years when the first caravan crossed the desert. My ancestors before the Hijra were not Muslims, and they were not lost for all that: they honored the one God under names of their own. If “religion of the ancestors” is the argument, then it pleads for me: the Bwa Sacré goes back higher than all the caravans. I respect the Islam of my brothers – but let no one present it to me as a return: for my lineage, it was an arrival.

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

My grandfather, or his grandfather before him, made a choice in his century; I honor the man without being prisoner of the choice – exactly as the first convert of my lineage did not think he was “betraying” his own father when he left the altar of the Ancestors for the qibla. One cannot invoke religious freedom on the way in

and refuse it on the way back. And note that I am not leaving God: I pray to him in the tongue of ancestors older still. Fidelity is not measured by the direction of prayer, but by the uprightness of the man who prays – and on that ground I answer for myself before my whole family, of both shores.

IX. The Tradition Under Accusation

“Your practices are shirk – association, the worst of sins.”

Shirk consists in associating equals with God. Now our Ancestors are not the equals of God: they are his honored creatures, our witnesses and our intercessors – and the lived Islam of our lands knows this structure very well: the Sufi brotherhoods that carried West African Islam – Tijaniyya, Mouridiyya, Qadiriyya – honor their sheikhs, visit their mausoleums, sing their genealogies; Touba lives around a venerated tomb. When other schools, come from elsewhere with their petrodollars, call those very brotherhoods shirk and dynamite the mausoleums – as was seen at Timbuktu in 2012 – they render us a service despite themselves: they show that the accusation of shirk is a machine for excommunicating everything African, African Islam included. We shall not answer that machine: we point at it.

“Gris-gris are haram – throw away your amulets.”

Says the man who wears at his neck a verse sewn into leather, bought from the marabout – for everyone knows the amulet has simply changed supplier: the talisman of suras replaced the talisman of barks, in the same families, for the same fears. I do not mock it: I read in it the same human intuition – to carry upon oneself a

word that protects. But then let us be consistent: if the word-object is licit in Arabic, it was licit in Bambara. The Bwa Sacré, for its part, teaches the same measure to both shores: true protection lies in uprightness and in work; the object is only a reminder – and whoever sells it to you dearly is selling his own merchandise, not God's.

“Music, dance, the masks – all that is forbidden.”

Forbidden by whom? Not by the Islam that Africa made its own for a thousand years: West African Islam sang – the Mouride qasidas, the nights of dhikr, the griots of the Muslim courts of Timbuktu and Djenné; the emperor Mansa Musa entered Cairo to the sound of drums. The total condemnation of music is the position of particular schools, not of “Islam” – and I showed in “The House Without a Door” what music does among us: it attunes persons, where others sell rage rooms. An African Islam that amputates its music amputates an African limb – let it think twice, and before its own singing saints.

X. History Under Oath

“Islam came to Africa peacefully, through trade – nothing like the colonizers.”

Partly true, and that is the part I honor: for centuries, sub-Saharan Islam spread through merchants, scholars and brotherhoods, without the sword, and it produced Timbuktu, Djenné, libraries and jurists – a successful African graft. But the archive has a second drawer: the state jihads that burned “pagan” cities, the slave raids blessed in doctrine, and the trans-Saharan and eastern trade –

more than a thousand years, millions deported, the eunuchs, and a final abolition in 1981 to which I bore witness in “The Residue.” I hold both drawers open before everyone: to my Muslim brothers who want honesty about the Atlantic trade, I give it whole – and I ask of them the same about this one. The sorrow of our dead makes no confessional sorting; neither does our memory.

“Arabic is the language of God – pray in the language of the Book.”

God, who created all languages, understands himself in all of them – or he did not create much. The Quran itself teaches that God sent to every people a messenger *in its own tongue*, and the diversity of languages is counted there among the signs of God. I honor Arabic as the language of a great civilization – but the language of my prayer is that of my Ancestors, and the first sacred word that humanity still repeats, “Amen,” rose from the African Nile before all the declared revelations. No language owns God: it is God who owns the languages.

“Bilal was Black and the muezzin: Islam cannot be racist.”

Bilal was great, and his honor is real – but one honored man does not launder a millennial commerce, any more than one Black minister proves a country is done with racism. The question is not what Bilal was in the seventh century: it is what the slave markets were until the twentieth, the words that in certain dialects still confuse “black” and “slave,” and the contempt that some of ours still endure today from the Mediterranean to the Gulf – I have testified to it. We do not ask Islam to apologize for existing: we ask men to settle the accounts of men. Bilal, if he hears us, is on our side of the table.

“Timbuktu is Islamic civilization – not your Africa.”

Timbuktu is African AND Muslim – that is precisely its glory: Black scholars, writing in Arabic and in Ajami their African languages, in African universities, under African empires – the Mali of Mansa Musa, the Songhai of the Askias. To take Timbuktu from Africa because it is Muslim is like taking Chartres from France because it is Christian. We refuse that carving in both directions: no one will take from us either Timbuktu in the name of Islam, or Egypt in the name of some Mediterranean. The rivers of our land keep their cities.

XI. The Questions Common to the Peoples of the Book

“Without a revealed religion, where do you get your morality?”

From where you get yours in practice: from lineage, upbringing and the gaze of others – only, we made an institution of it. The word given before the Ancestors binds more than a contract; the shame of the lineage restrains more than a gendarme; and I showed in “The House Without a Door” what that morality produced: cities that European witnesses describe without theft and without doors – while very pious capitals elsewhere hanged their thieves in clusters without ever running out. The charter of Kurukan Fuga codified rights and duties in the thirteenth century. A morality is judged by its streets, not by its proclamations: let us compare the streets.

“Does your God have a book? A prophet? Otherwise it is not a real religion.”

Who wrote the specification? The definition “a book, a prophet, or nothing” is that of the religions of the book – judge and party. Half of humanity’s religious experience – and its most ancient forms – passes through other channels: initiation, rite, lineage, sanctuary. That said, since you ask for our titles: sacred texts, we have – the oldest in the world, carved in the pyramids; sages and founders, our traditions count them; and the Bwa Sacré writes, signs and seals its own texts – this one included – in the manner of our century: on the blockchain, where no council will ever be able to retouch them. The canon is being constituted before your eyes; you are reading its second volume.

“If your way were the right one, God would not have let you be dominated.”

The argument from victory is the most dangerous of theological arguments, and I turn it with a word: Jerusalem fell more than once, Rome burned, Baghdad was razed by the Mongols – was one to conclude each time that God had ruled against you? Your own theologies answer no: the trial is not the sentence. Then let the same rule be applied to us. Our dark centuries were our trial, not our verdict – and if history judged souls by force, one would have to canonize every empire, including those that crushed you. God does not referee matches: he weighs hearts. We await the weighing with serenity.

“Deep down, you are inventing a religion for pride – not for God.”

Pride without God would be theater, and God without the dignity of his children would be one more idol – we do not separate what

this question separates. Yes, the Bwa Sacré raises up a people: a fine charge indeed – so does the Exodus, and no one calls it an “identity patchwork.” Every true faith has done both at once: to say God and to set upright. Our criterion is public and I have repeated it since the first writing: by our fruits you shall judge us – verifiable truth, the word that binds, the work that elevates, peace among the shores. Let each bring his fruits to the table; we bring ours, sealed.

XII. The Art of Answering Men of Faith

A word of method to finish, for answering a believer is not answering a mocker – and an error of tone loses everything.

Never wound the faith: aim at the argument. The man speaking to you perhaps prays like your mother; his God is sincere even when his question is not. One can dismantle the “curse of Ham” without touching Christ, and return the accusation of shirk without touching the Prophet: it is even the only way to be heard. He who insults the other’s faith closes the ear he meant to open.

Refuse the funnel. The professional religious debate is a funnel: you are made to concede a small point, then another, and there you are, summoned to conclude in their house. The parry is simple: answer the substance once, calmly – then decline the tournament. “I did not come to debate your God; I came to stop you from despising mine” is a perfectly dignified exit. Our aim is not to convert anyone: it is never again to be converted by force, even the force of weariness.

And keep the peace of the shores, for it is our geopolitical treasure. Africa is the place in the world where Christians, Muslims and

children of the tradition share the same roof without cutting each other's throats – look elsewhere at what others have made of that neighborhood. That peace was built by our mingled families; imported preachers, from both sides, labor to undo it. The Kamite – whether he prays at church, at the mosque or before the altar of the Ancestors – is the guardian of that peace: let him answer the questions, always; let him never enter the wars they want to sell him.

The Kamite honors God, honors his Ancestors, honors his brother's faith – and lowers his eyes before no one.

Amen Hotep – Amenhotep.

Done at Abidjan, August 31, 2026.

KING BAZURU

Venerable and President of the Bwa Sacré



– Chapter VIII –

The Kamite Pilgrimage

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

Solemn writing of the Venerable

KING BAZURU

President of the Bwa Sacré

Abidjan, September 2, 2026

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

Preliminary Note

This writing expresses my position as Venerable and President of the Bwa Sacré – and, like “The Feast of the Worker” before it, it does more: it institutes. It is addressed to the members of the Bwa Sacré and, beyond them, to all the Kamites of the world, of whatever sanctuary, whatever obedience and whatever shore they may be.

Let the nature of this text be read carefully. It is not a negotiation, and it is not a justification: I owe no one a justification for having put order in our house. It is an explanation. I explain, at length and without detour, so that every Kamite may reach the truth of the matter by himself and say to himself, on the last page, what I said to myself before writing the first: this decision was needed, it comes at the right time, it is just and necessary.

What is instituted here holds in two lines. First: a common reference of the calendar, from which all the Kamites of the world will count the same time. Second: the Kamite pilgrimage, held every year during the five days outside of time, from July 21 to July 25, in every sanctuary and according to the rites proper to each sanctuary – gathering into those five days all the feasts we scatter today across the whole year.

What is not instituted deserves to be said with the same clarity. Nothing is imposed on anyone. No rite is abolished, no sanctuary is moved, no obedience is diminished. Freedom of conscience lies at the heart of African spirituality, and this writing serves it rather than restricting it. As always in this series, this text criticizes disorders, never persons.

I. Opening: the cacophony

Let us look at ourselves without indulgence, for that is the only gaze that heals. Among the Kamites, today, every day of the year is a feast somewhere. Here, one obedience celebrates the epagomenal days in July; there, another celebrates them in August, because a different calculation leads it there; further on, a third has fixed them in January, and a fourth celebrates them whenever its founder so decided, on a date that has meaning for it alone. A single feast bears three names and five dates. The Djibon here, the feast of the Menu there, fixed by some on January 10 and by others elsewhere; here an annual sacrifice, there an initiation, further on a pilgrimage to a hill, a spring, a forest – all legitimate, all sincere, all alone.

The result, everyone can see: we are a people that celebrates without cease and never celebrates together. Our calendars contradict one another, our new years follow one another months apart, and when a Kamite from Dakar meets a Kamite from Kinshasa, from Port-au-Prince or from Salvador de Bahia, they discover that they do not live in the same year. A people that does not count the same time is not yet entirely a people: it is a crowd of families.

And this cacophony has a cost we do not measure enough. Outside, we are not taken seriously – and why would we be? Those who took a century to admit that we spoke not of religion but of spirituality have not yet recovered from that hangover; this is not the moment to add the spectacle of a people that does not know what day it is. Inside, the cost is graver still: if every day of the year is a feast, a libation, a pilgrimage somewhere in our community, then our community is in permanent festivity – and a community in permanent festivity has no room left for the one we have just exalted in our

previous writing: the worker. One cannot, in a single breath, institute the feast of the worker and let the feast devour the work.

That is why I write. We are going to fix a common reference of time, and we are going to gather our scattered feasts into a single pilgrimage, held by all the Kamites of the world on the same days – the five days our ancestors had placed outside of time. This will put order in the cacophony. This will reconcile the Kamites of the world around a single calendar. And this will give the rest of the year back its vocation: work, family, the œuvre.

This writing sets out why, and how.

Amen Hotep – Amenhotep.

II. Time is a decision

An illusion must first be dispelled: the one that would have a calendar be something one observes, and not something one decides. History says exactly the opposite. All the peoples that have counted as peoples have, at some moment, decided their time – and decided it long after the events they took as their landmark.

The Romans counted from the founding of their city, *ab urbe condita*: a date fixed by scholars centuries after the fact, and which no one had seen. Christians count from the birth of their Christ; but that era was invented in the year 525 of our calendar by a monk, Dionysius Exiguus, five centuries after the event, and centuries more were needed before it prevailed – and it is known today that he was off by a few years. Muslims count from the Hegira; but it was not the Prophet who decided it: it was the caliph Omar, seven-

teen years later, in consultation with his companions, who chose the emigration to Medina over the birth or the revelation, and who fixed the first month. Jews count from the creation of the world, according to a rabbinical computation established well after the texts it adds together. And the Gregorian calendar itself, the one that today regulates the affairs of the whole world, was born of a decision: the bull *Inter gravissimas* of Pope Gregory XIII, in 1582, which struck out ten days with a stroke of the pen – people went to bed on October 4 and woke up on the 15th – so that the feast of Easter would stop drifting.

None of these peoples waited for the sky to dictate its calendar. Each one decided, from a reference it judged to be founding, and time did the rest: the reference became self-evidence, and self-evidence became identity. What we are doing today is therefore neither an audacity nor a novelty: it is what every people does when it decides to exist in time.

And we have, to do it, a title that no one else possesses. For the calendar of the year of three hundred and sixty-five days – twelve months of thirty days and five added days – is an invention of our ancestors of the Nile valley. When Julius Caesar wished to reform the chaotic calendar of Rome, he sent for a scholar from Alexandria, Sosigenes, and copied the Egyptian calendar, adding to it the leap day. The Julian calendar is a copy of ours; the Gregorian calendar is a corrected copy of the copy. Those who worry at seeing us touch the calendar forget that it is by correcting ours that the world arrived at its own. We take nothing from anyone: we take back what is ours, and we put it in order.

III. The common reference: the first year

A calendar holds by its starting point. Ours is fixed, and has long been fixed in Kamite memory: the first year of the Kamite era corresponds to the year -4236 of the Gregorian count.

Where does this date come from? From the astronomers and chronologists who, tracing back the Sothic cycle – the one thousand four hundred and sixty years at the end of which our ancestors' civil calendar came back into phase with the rising of Sirius –, placed the institution of that calendar in the fifth millennium before our era, around -4236. Kamite tradition attaches this origin to the founding figure of Narmer, the king of the South who unified the Two Lands and set, on the palette that bears his name, the order of Maat over chaos. That the reign of Narmer falls eleven centuries later, as most Egyptologists hold today, changes nothing in the matter: a reference is a convention, and what gives it its value is not to be exact to the day – no era in the world is – but to be one, common, and counted by all. Christians did not give up their era because Dionysius was four years off. We shall not give up ours because theses dispute a date: we fix it, and we count.

The count is simple, and I want it known by heart in every Kamite home. The Kamite year begins on July 26. From January 1 to July 25, the Kamite year is the Gregorian year plus 4236; from July 26 to December 31, it is the Gregorian year plus 4237. Thus the year 2025 opened in 6261 and saw, on July 26, 2025, the year 6262 begin. The year 2026 opened in 6262; on July 26, 2026, we entered the year 6263 – and it is in the year 6263 of the Kamite era that this writing is sealed. July 26, 2027 will open the year 6264. There

is no more ambiguity, and there never will be again: whoever can add knows in which year he lives.

The architecture of the year is that of our ancestors, without retouching: twelve months of thirty days, three hundred and sixty days regulated like a clock, then five days set outside the year – the epagomenal days, the days outside of time – from July 21 to July 25; then the new year, on July 26. The leap day that the civil calendar adds every four years is absorbed by the civil count itself: we anchor our five days to the dates of July 21 to 25, and we leave them there. Our ancestors had a calendar that slid slowly across the seasons, and their descendants in Alexandria had remedied it by adding a sixth day every four years; we obtain the same result without touching the five days: they will return every year in the same season, on the same date, for everyone.

IV. Why calculate rather than observe

It will be objected – and I prefer to answer before it is objected – that our ancestors did not count: they looked. The new year was the heliacal rising of Sirius, Sopdet, the brightest star in the sky, which reappears at dawn after seventy days of absence; and it was the flood of the Nile, which it announced, and which fertilized the valley. Why not keep looking at the sky and the river, as they did?

Because the sky and the river are no longer the same, and we are no longer in the same place. The heliacal rising of Sirius does not fall on the same day in Memphis, in Abidjan, in Kinshasa, in Port-au-Prince or in Paris: it depends on latitude, and it shifts by weeks between north and south. It also moves with the centuries: in our

ancestors' time, it fell around mid-July of our calendar; today, in Egypt, it is in August. A people scattered across the whole Earth cannot take as a common landmark a phenomenon which, by nature, changes with the place. As for the flood of the Nile, it no longer exists: since the completion of the Aswan High Dam, in 1970, the river no longer overflows into the valley, and the landmark of four thousand years went out in a reservoir. To remain attached to observation is no longer to be faithful to our ancestors: it is to be faithful to conditions that have disappeared.

And look at what observation produces among those who still hold to it. Every year, on the eve of Ramadan and its feasts, the Muslim world watches for the moon – and every year, the moon divides: one country begins the fast on Monday, its neighbor on Tuesday; a single family, scattered over two continents, celebrates Eid a day apart; committees contradict one another, scholars clash, and the feast of the same God falls on different dates depending on the cloud cover. We shall not enter that quarrel. We shall do what the Romans, the Christians and the Gregorians did: we shall calculate from a reference. It is clean, and it is clear. A ten-year-old child, with a pencil, will know in every capital of the world on which day the Kamite year begins – and he will be right.

Our ancestors, for that matter, were not contemplatives waiting for the star: they were engineers of time who had built a calendar of three hundred and sixty-five days precisely so as not to depend on the moon. They had chosen calculation over observation, more than six thousand years ago. We are only completing their gesture.

V. The five days given back to man

In the ancient tradition of the valley, the five days outside of time were the birthdays of the Netjeru: Osiris, Horus, Seth, Isis, Nephthys. That is how the texts name them, and I do not hide it, for this series has never hidden anything of what the sources say.

But we hold from our ancestors – and we have established it in “The Parable of the Twins,” in “The Invisible Ledger” and in “The Feast of the Worker” – the faith in the one Creator, whose bounty covers our continent, and whose Ancestors are the intercessors, not the rivals. We do not celebrate gods. When the Kamite pilgrimage is held every year during the five days outside of time, the gods will disappear from them of their own accord, without anyone needing to drive them out: their place will be occupied. Occupied by whom? By the one for whom time was made. These five days, outside of time, are reserved for man.

“The Feast of the Worker” has already ordered these five days, and the pilgrimage receives them as they are, without changing a line. July 21, first day: the pregnant woman and the child to be born – for the worker begins in his mother’s womb, and his mother is the first worker. July 22, second day: the child, from birth to puberty, celebrated not for what he produces but for what he becomes – and it is at the threshold of this day that the initiations are held. July 23, third day and summit of the five: the Worker, honored by name before the community. July 24, fourth day: the wise, those who have laid down the tool and whose word remains. July 25, fifth day: the Ancestors, those who have departed and who watch over us, for whom names are spoken and the libation is poured. Then July 26, the new year.

Look at this arc: it begins before birth and ends after death. It contains everything African spirituality knows of man – that man is a being of passages, that every passage is crossed before witnesses, that the dead are not dead. And it contains, without anything needing to be added, everything our scattered feasts each try to say on their own side: fertility, initiation, work, wisdom, the dead. This arc is more consonant with our faith than any pantheon, because it has no rival to offer the Creator: it presents Him only with His creature, from end to end.

VI. What the Kamite pilgrimage is

It must now be said what this pilgrimage is, for the word could mislead. A pilgrimage, in the mind of the world, is a crowd converging on a single place – a Mecca, a Jerusalem, a Rome. It is not that. The Kamite pilgrimage does not have one center: it has a thousand. Every sanctuary is a destination. The Kamite pilgrim does not set out for a distant city; he returns to his own – the sacred grove of his village, the spring, the hill, the house of the Ancestors, the temple of his obedience, the house of his initiation – and if he lives at the other end of the world, he goes there in spirit, and the sanctuary comes to him in a room in Paris, Montreal or Bahia where his own gather. What makes the pilgrimage is not the distance traveled: it is the return, on the same days, to what made us.

Each sanctuary therefore organizes this pilgrimage where it wishes and according to its own rites – as was done before. I say it and I repeat it, because it is the heart of the institution: the Kamite pilgrimage is proper to each sanctuary. The Bwa Sacré will hold it in its own way; the Vodun sanctuary in its own; the Bwiti temple in its

own; the hunters' brotherhood, the initiation society, the cult of the Ancestors of a lineage, the house of Candomblé, the Haitian peri-style – each according to what it has received. No rite is prescribed by this writing, and none will ever be forbidden by it. What is common is the date and the meaning. What remains free is the place and the form.

And here is the second half of the institution, which gives the first all its weight: this pilgrimage gathers together all the disparate feasts we hold during the year. Initiations, annual sacrifices, libations to the Ancestors, feasts of founders, the Djibons, the feasts of the Menu, pilgrimages to hills and springs, days of obedience – everything that today is scattered from January to December finds its place within the five days. The first day receives what touches fertility and the life to come; the second, initiations and everything that carries the child across; the third, what honors man in his work; the fourth, what honors the elders and wisdom handed down; the fifth, everything owed to the dead – sacrifices, libations, names spoken. There is not a Kamite feast, wherever it is held, that does not find within these five days the day that suits it.

The rest of the year belongs to work. Not that it is forbidden to pray outside these days – one prays every day, and pours the libation when the heart asks for it – but the feast, the great feast, the one that stops the village and empties the offices, will have its time, and that time will be the same for all. A people that knows when it celebrates also knows when it works; and a people that celebrates together, on the same days, across the whole Earth, is a people the world sees.

VII. Order within freedom

I will be told: so you want to make everything uniform. No. And I want to take the time to say why, for it is here that the difference lies between what we institute and what others have imposed.

Look at creation. God could have made a single color of man; He made the Black, the White, the Yellow and every shade in between. He could have given men a single language, which would have been far more convenient for understanding one another; He gave thousands. Where other traditions see in the multiplicity of languages a punishment, we see the opposite: a bounty. Diversity is everywhere in creation – in the trees, the birds, the faces, the climates – and it is not there by accident: it is the signature of God. When one looks at a photograph of Western heads of state gathered together, one would think they all had the same barber; that is not our ideal. We say yes to diversity, and we respect it down to our rites.

That is why the Bwa Sacré has never seen in Bwiti, in Vodun, in Poro, in Komo, in the cults of the Ancestors of each lineage, in the Candomblé and the Vodou of the opposite shores, competitors to be diminished: it sees a complementarity. Each of these sanctuaries keeps one room of the common house, and the house is whole only if all the rooms remain. This complementarity would deserve a writing of its own, and it will come; let it suffice here to set down the principle: African spirituality does not convert, it welcomes; it does not replace, it adds; and its freedom of conscience is not a tolerance conceded, it is its very nature.

But diversity of rites is not disorder of dates. An orchestra plays on a hundred different instruments, and that is its richness; it plays at

the same tempo, and that is its music. If every musician chooses his tempo, only noise remains, and the most beautiful instruments change nothing. What we institute is the tempo, not the instrument. Each keeps his instrument, his timbre, his score; all play on the same days. The order we set takes nothing from freedom: it gives it a stage.

VIII. Peacefully, as our ancestors did

There remains the question of manner, and it is decisive, for the history of calendars and feasts is also a history of constraints. The Council of Nicaea fixed the date of Easter and struck with anathema those who celebrated it otherwise. Empires have imposed their calendars by the sword, Churches by excommunication, States by decree and fine. Follow my gaze: we know what an imposed time is, since the calendar that today regulates our administrations reached us in the baggage of colonization, as an instrument of uniformization, and our own landmarks – the agricultural seasons, the rites, the stars – were relegated by it.

We shall not do that. This institution is firm in substance and entirely peaceful in form. There will be no Kamite holy war, neither small nor great; there will be neither anathema, nor exclusion, nor debate organized to conquer. He who does not follow the common reference will suffer nothing: he will remain our brother, and his feast will remain his feast. We do not argue in order to constrain; we explain so that each may see. Our ancestors did not impose a custom by the blade: they instituted by palaver and by example. They bore arms to defend the village, never to convert a brother – and that is exactly the distinction we hold here. When a decision

was just, it was understood, and once understood, it was followed, and no one remembered any longer that it had been decided. That is how the institutions that last were born – and that is how this one will be born.

For I know it from experience, and history confirms it: what is useful prevails on its own. The Gregorian calendar did not conquer the world by the force of Gregory XIII, who had scarcely any; it conquered it because it was accurate and convenient, and the Protestant nations that had refused it on principle adopted it out of necessity, a century or two later. A common reference of Kamite time will render a service to every sanctuary – one will know when to come, when to invite, when to close the offices and when to open the sacred groves – and because it renders a service, it will be taken up. The first pilgrimage will gather a few sanctuaries; the tenth will gather nearly all of them; at the hundredth, no one will remember that it was ever otherwise. This is not the first time we institute peacefully what has become necessary, and it will not be the last.

IX. What we institute

Let the nature of this writing be measured, as for “The Feast of the Worker”: it is not a proposal, it is a protocol, and it executes. It has its ordered steps, which this volume unfolds; its exact words, which follow; its witnesses, who are all of you, members of the Bwa Sacré and Kamites of the world who read it; and its definitive writing – the signature and the timestamp that seal this publication. According to our own teachings, when these four things are gathered, the change is not described: it is done.

Consequently, and from this day forward, the following is instituted.

First, the reference. The Kamite era counts its years from the first year, which corresponds to the year -4236 of the Gregorian count. The Kamite year opens on July 26. From January 1 to July 25, it equals the Gregorian year plus 4236; from July 26 to December 31, the Gregorian year plus 4237. We are in the year 6263.

Second, the year. It is made of twelve months of thirty days, followed by five days outside of time, from July 21 to July 25, then by the new year, on July 26. These dates are fixed for all the Kamites of the world, in all places, without observation of the sky or the river.

Third, the five days. They are reserved for man, according to the order already instituted: the pregnant woman and the child to be born on the 21st; the child on the 22nd; the Worker on the 23rd; the wise on the 24th; the Ancestors on the 25th. No divinity is celebrated in them; the one Creator is thanked in them, and His creatures are honored.

Fourth, the pilgrimage. During these five days is held, every year, the Kamite pilgrimage. Each sanctuary organizes it in its own place and according to its own rites, as was done before, without this writing prescribing or forbidding any form. The pilgrim returns to his sanctuary, in body if he can, in spirit if he must.

Fifth, the gathering of the feasts. The feasts, sacrifices, initiations, libations and pilgrimages that the Kamite obediences hold today on scattered dates are gathered into these five days, each on

the day that corresponds to its meaning. The rest of the year is given back to work, to family and to the œuvre.

Sixth, freedom. Nothing in the foregoing is imposed on anyone. Freedom of conscience remains whole. No sanctuary is bound, no rite is abolished, no brother is excluded. This institution spreads by its justice and by its usefulness, and by these alone.

Seventh, the seal. The present writing is electronically signed and anchored in the Bitcoin blockchain, so that the date of this institution may be established for all and forever without the help of any authority. The common reference of Kamite time now has a certain date of its own.

X. What we teach

From this institution follow a few instructions, and they are simple.

To the sanctuaries: keep your rites, and fix your dates. From the year 6264 onward – July 21 to 25, 2027 – hold your pilgrimage during the five days, in your place, in your manner; publish your program in advance, so that your own, wherever they live, know when to come and when to gather in recollection. If today you hold your great feast on another date, do not abolish it: move it to the one of the five days that corresponds to it. You will lose nothing by it, and you will gain all the others.

To the families: make these five days the annual return. We taught it for funerals and for feasts, we repeat it for the pilgrimage: keep the protocol, prune the ornament. A journey to the village or to the sanctuary, a shared meal, the names spoken, the libation poured – the dignity of the pilgrimage is measured neither in expenses nor in

kilometers. And teach your children the date and the year: a Kamite child must be able to say in which year he lives, as he can say his name.

To the diaspora: the sanctuary is portable. A room where your own gather, on the same days as the village, with the same names spoken, is a sanctuary. The Kamite pilgrimage does not ask you for a plane ticket; it asks you for five days, the same as those of your mother who stayed in the country. That is the reconciliation of the Kamites of the world: not to meet in the same place, which is impossible, but to meet in the same time, which is now certain.

To every Kamite, finally: know your year. You live in the year 6263. Your year begins on July 26, and the five days that precede it are yours – your mother’s who carried you, the child’s you were, the worker’s you are, the wise man’s you will be, the Ancestor’s you will become. When you are asked which calendar is yours, you will no longer have to hesitate or apologize: you will answer with a number, and that number will be the same in the mouths of all your brothers.

XI. Solemn Conclusion

I summarize, so that it may be retained and handed down.

We celebrated without cease and never together; our calendars contradicted one another, our feasts covered the year and devoured the work, and the world did not take us seriously – rightly. All peoples have decided their time, and the calendar of the world is a copy of ours: we therefore had the right and the duty to decide our own. We have done so. The first year is fixed at –4236; the year opens on July

26; we are in 6263, and no one will be able to doubt it any longer. We calculate instead of observing, because the star changes with the place and the river no longer overflows, and because we want no quarrels over the moon. The five days outside of time are given back to man, from the pregnant woman to the Ancestors, and the gods withdraw from them of their own accord. During these five days the Kamite pilgrimage is held – in every sanctuary, according to its own rites, gathering all our scattered feasts – and the rest of the year is given back to the worker. All of it in freedom, in the diversity that is the signature of God, and in peace, as our ancestors instituted.

This writing has not proposed: it has instituted. The witnesses have read, the words are exact, the seal is set.

A people that celebrates on the same day is a people. Let us meet from July 21 to 25, in every sanctuary of the world: the year 6264 will open upon reconciled Kamites.

Amen Hotep – Amenhotep.

Done at Abidjan, September 2, 2026, in the year 6263 of the Kamite era.

KING BAZURU

Venerable and President of the Bwa Sacré



– Chapter IX –

The Door of Return

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

Solemn writing of the Venerable

KING BAZURU

President of the Bwa Sacré

Abidjan, September 4, 2026

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“The Secret Revealed”

Preliminary Note

This writing expresses my position as Venerable and President of the Bwa Sacré. It is addressed to all Kamites, but it is written for those among them who live on the other side of the water – in Port-au-Prince and Salvador de Bahia, in Kingston and Havana, in Harlem, Atlanta, Fort-de-France, Cayenne, London, Paris, and everywhere the slave trade deposited children of Africa and where their descendants live today. They are called the diaspora. I call them our own.

Twenty writings ago, in the very first of them, I wrote a sentence I have not forgotten, and have no right to forget: “You are the part of us that could not be protected in time. And we have never ceased to await your return.” That sentence was a promise. A man who promises and does not act is a man whose ledger carries a line he would not wish to bequeath. This volume keeps the promise: it opens the door.

As always in this series, this text criticizes systems and doctrines, never persons – and here, less than ever, peoples: the descendants of those who were deported and the descendants of those who stayed are the two halves of a single wound, and one does not heal a wound by pointing at one half. And I lecture no State here: I salute those that have already opened their door, and I ask the others to follow them.

As always, I do not ask to be believed on my word: the doors exist, the laws are published, the graves can be visited, and the references are at the end of the volume.

I. Opening: the door

There are, on the coasts of Africa, doors the whole world knows. At Gorée, in the House of Slaves, a narrow opening gives directly onto the ocean: it is called the door of the voyage without return. At Ouidah, at the end of the road that runs down to the beach, an arch of concrete and bronze bears its name in full letters: the Door of No Return. At Cape Coast and at Elmina, in the forts the Europeans built to store men, there is a low door, level with the waves, through which the captives were taken out to the longboats; above it, a plaque: *Door of No Return*. Millions of our brothers passed through these doors in one direction only. None came back.

But something happened in 1998, in the fort of Cape Coast, that few people know and that I want to place at the opening of this writing, because it is its key. That year, on Emancipation Day, the remains of two Africans who had died in slavery – a man named Samuel Carson, who died in America, and a woman named Crystal, who died in Jamaica – were brought back to Ghana. They were carried into the fort, passed through the door of no return – the other way – and buried at Assin Manso, near the river where the captives took their last bath before the coast. That day, on the outer face of the door, the one that looks toward Africa, a second plaque was fixed. It reads: *Door of Return*.

A door has no meaning in itself. It is the direction one gives it that makes it an exit or an entrance. For four centuries it was crossed toward the sea. The Bwa Sacré declares, by this writing, that from now on it will be crossed toward the land – and it tells those who will cross it what they will find on the other side: a name, a host, a calendar, a memory, and brothers who were waiting for them.

This writing sets out why, and how.

Amen Hotep – Amenhotep.

II. The two reproaches

Before opening the door, what clutters it must be cleared away. And what clutters it are two reproaches, facing each other for generations like two weary sentries.

The first comes from the other shore, and it is terrible: “You sold us.” It is terrible because it has been repeated so often that we ourselves have begun to believe it, and it must be answered with exactness, for exactness is here the only justice. The peoples of the interior – the Bwa, the Dogon, the Samo, the Minianka, the Senufo, the whole country of villages without kings – sold no one: they were attacked, and they fought. Let us no longer be described as game. In our villages there were watchmen in the trees because there were armed men in the fields: the alarm was given in order to engage, not to disappear. Four times in a thousand years the blade passed through our country, and four times we gave battle; in a thousand years no one succeeded in converting us, and it was not because our legs were swift: it was because we cost dear. When the position could no longer be held, we withdrew in good order, carrying away what had to survive – the children, the old men who knew, the objects of worship – and we began again farther on. A withdrawal after battle is not a flight. We still have our masks, our custom and our dead named over ten generations: that is not obtained by fleeing. The villages stayed open – they still are – but the faces were marked, and we had our share – of the horsemen first, of

the colonist next, who burned my village four times – and against whom, in 1915 and 1916, a war had to be waged. Let those who trafficked on the coasts and in certain courts be named where it happened, with their names and their trading posts; but let their fault no longer be spread over a continent that, in its immense majority, was hunted, not selling. And let the essential thing at last be looked at: who created the demand, armed the trading posts, chartered the ships, wrote the black codes, insured the cargoes and built ports on that commerce? The system had a center, and that center was not among us. I do not wish to plead further here; I pleaded in “The Book of Answers.” I wish to say something else to those who carry this reproach: we hear it, we do not flee it, and we will never ask you to silence it. A brother who is in pain has the right to tell his brother.

The second reproach comes from our shore, and it is less often admitted: “You forgot us. You took your masters’ names, their gods, their languages, and you come back as tourists.” It too contains a part of truth and a greater injustice. For those who took the masters’ names did not choose them: they were put on them the way one brands cattle. Those who lost the languages did not abandon them: they were whipped into silence. And those who come back “as tourists” come back as they can, with the means and the words they were left.

I answered the first reproach in “The Secret Revealed” and in “The Price of Silence,” and I say it again here in one sentence so that there is no misunderstanding: we did not give up; we fought each time they came, and we resisted afterward with what was left – the mark, the rite, the secret. Silence was never our first weapon: it was the second, the one kept when one has already paid in blood, and a

declared weapon is a dead one. Many left all the same, and we carry it. But let this be retained: the very reproach you make to us proves that you are here to make it – the lineage held on both sides of the water, and that is precisely what we wanted.

To the second reproach I answer now, and I answer my own: we have no right to judge those who survived over there with what they were left. One does not ask the survivor why he wears the clothes of the shipwreck. And look at what they did with those clothes: they kept our rhythms under new names, our Ancestors under the faces of the saints, our assemblies under the roofs of churches; they made of the first victorious slave revolution in human history – Haiti, 1804 – a nation, and that revolution began, let it be remembered, with a ceremony in a wood, one August night in 1791, at Bois-Caïman. A sacred grove. Those people forgot nothing. They encrypted.

There are the two reproaches cleared away – not erased, one does not erase a pain by decree – but laid side by side, where one sees that they are the two faces of a single crime, and that neither was committed by the one who receives it. Now the door is free.

III. The return has already taken place

People believe the return is a new idea, a dream of recent years, a fashion of social networks. It is false: the return has already taken place, several times, and it has left neighborhoods, family names and presidents. It must be told, for a people that knows the door has already been crossed is no longer afraid to cross it.

As early as 1787, then massively in 1792, free Blacks from North America – more than a thousand Black Loyalists sailing from Nova Scotia – founded, on the coast of Sierra Leone, a town they named Freetown. Maroons from Jamaica joined them in 1800. From that return a people was born, the Krios, and a language, Krio, still spoken today in the streets of the capital. In 1822, others returned from America founded, further south, the colony that became Liberia in 1847 – the first republic of modern Africa, whose very name speaks the return to liberty.

And here is the least known and most beautiful return, because it came from the shore one believes the most distant. In the 1830s, after the great revolt of the Muslim slaves of Bahia – the Malê revolt of 1835 – thousands of Afro-Brazilians, freed or expelled, took to the sea the other way and came home to the coast of the Gulf of Benin. In Ouidah, Porto-Novo, Lagos, Agoué, Lomé, they built neighborhoods still called the Brazilian quarters, with their balconied houses, their feasts, their cooking, their name: they are called the Agudás. In Accra, a group of them, arriving in 1836, received from the Ga the name Tabom – because to every question they answered *está bom*, “it’s good” – and their descendants bear that name with pride. And measure how far this return went: the Olympio family, come from Bahia, settled at Agoué; a century later, Sylvanus Olympio became the first president of independent Togo – the president who was assassinated, as I recalled in “The Inverted Curse,” for having wanted a currency of his own. The first president of his country was a son of the return.

Then came the return of the minds. In 1945, in Manchester, the Pan-African Congress gathered in one room men from both shores: Kwame Nkrumah and Jomo Kenyatta, from the continent; George

Padmore, from Trinidad; W. E. B. Du Bois, from America. Twelve years later, Ghana was independent, and these men of the diaspora had thought it with it. Du Bois, at ninety-three, settled in Accra, died there in August 1963, and is buried there: the greatest Black intellectual of America chose to come home to die. Padmore's ashes rest in the same city. Maya Angelou lived there. The return is not a hypothesis: it has graves, and those graves are deeds.

And the return of names, finally. In 1756, a ten-year-old girl, taken on the coast of Sierra Leone, was landed at Charleston and sold under the name Priscilla; the ship, the seller, the buyer, everything was recorded in registers that have survived. In 2005, her descendant in the seventh generation, Thomalind Martin Polite, came back to Sierra Leone, to Bunce Island from which Priscilla had left, welcomed by an entire country. Two hundred and fifty years later, a lineage crossed the door the other way, with its register intact. What the slavers' register had written in order to sell served to bring back.

So when I am told that the return is a dream, I answer: it is a history. It is two centuries old, with neighborhoods, languages, presidents, graves and names. What we do today is not to open a closed door: it is to recognize, at last, that it never stopped turning.

IV. The States open the door

And it must be said with joy, for this series has too often had to accuse: on this chapter, African States have done their duty, and they did it before me.

In 2019, four hundred years after the arrival of the first African captives in Virginia, Ghana proclaimed the Year of Return, and

hundreds of thousands of sons and daughters of the diaspora crossed the door of Cape Coast in the right direction; then the country extended the gesture into a decade, “Beyond the Return,” and it did what words alone cannot do: it granted Ghanaian nationality, by the hundreds, to people of African descent, in 2019 and again in 2024, in ceremonies where men and women from America and the Caribbean received a passport of the land of their ancestors. Its law has recognized since 2000 a right of abode for descendants of the trade.

In September 2024, Benin – the land of Ouidah, the land of the Door of No Return – passed a law recognizing Beninese nationality to any person able to establish descent from an African deported by the slave trade, and opened the following year the platform that receives the applications. Weigh that gesture: the country from which the ships departed says to the descendants of those they carried away: you are ours, by right, on paper, with a passport. Sierra Leone, for its part, has granted its citizenship to African-Americans whose ancestry had been traced to its soil.

I do not cite these States to flatter; I cite them so that they set the example. For many remain, on the coast and inland, from which as many captives departed, and which have written nothing yet. The door of return cannot be a Ghanaian or Beninese door: it must be an African door. I ask, in chapter nine, that it become one.

V. What you are to us

It must now be said, to those of the other shore, what they are to us – for one does not cross a door without knowing whether one is

awaited as a guest, tolerated as a stranger, or exploited as a customer.

You are not strangers. The stranger is the one whose lineage lies elsewhere; yours lies here. That you do not know in which village, under which tree, in which language you were mourned changes nothing about the lineage: it changes only the precision of the register – and we shall see that it can be rebuilt. Nor are you customers, and I will say in chapter eight what I think of those who treat you as such. You are the branch of the tree that the storm carried far away, and that took root where it fell. A branch that has taken root is a tree; but the wood is the same.

I wrote, in “The Book of Answers,” what it means to be Kamite: not a pigment, but an assumed filiation – the one who recognizes himself as of the lineage of the African cradles and chooses to carry it with dignity, whether he lives in Abidjan, Kinshasa, Paris, Salvador de Bahia or Port-au-Prince. I wrote it for all; I repeat it here for you alone, so that there is no doubt: you are Kamites in full right. Not second-class Kamites, not Kamites awaiting validation, not Kamites subject to a test. Kamites, because you choose the lineage – and the lineage, for its part, chose you long ago.

A word on genetic tests, since many of you use them and it is legitimate. They are useful: they name a region, sometimes a people, and they have made possible reunions no register could have offered. But let no one make them the register itself. Our villages never held the lineage by blood: they held it by the name, by the word given and by the gaze of the Ancestors – we showed this in “The Invisible Ledger.” The adopted child who bears the name is of the house; the stranger who has received a jatigi is under the

village's protection. The test tells you where your body comes from; it is the name given back and the sanctuary that will tell you where your home is. The one informs, the other welcomes.

And let this be retained, for it is the heart of the chapter: we owe you more than you owe us. What you did on the other side of the water – the revolutions, the music the whole planet dances to, the universities, the civil rights movements that pushed back contempt for all the Blacks of the world, the builders whose list I drew up in “The Builders,” from Katherine Johnson to Mark Dean – you did without a village, without a language, without a name, with a whip at your back and an empty register. We had all of that, and we held. You had nothing, and you built. The continent does not receive prodigal children: it receives elders who went through the worst and who come back standing.

VI. What the return is not

It must also be said what the return is not, for false promises have done more harm to the idea of return than all its enemies.

The return is not an obligation. No one asks you to leave Kingston, Harlem or Bahia. These lands have become Kamite lands by your blood and your dead, and the Bwa Sacré does not ask you to abandon them: it asks you to know that you have two homes, and not one. Haiti is a land of Africa; Salvador is a city of Africa; the sanctuary is portable, I wrote it in “The Kamite Pilgrimage,” and a room where your own gather on the same days as the village is a sanctuary. To return is not necessarily to move: it is first to know where one comes home to.

The return is not tourism. I say this with respect for those who visit, for one must indeed begin by visiting; but the one who crosses the door of Cape Coast with a guide, weeps, takes a photograph and leaves has not returned: he has passed through. To return is to be received by someone who answers for you, to receive a name, to come back on the same days each year – it is a protocol, and we showed in “The Sacred Protocols” that a passage without protocol is a passage not made. One stays stuck in the door.

The return is not naivety. Those who return will find a continent that has its plunderers and its corrupt, its leonine contracts and its residues – I wrote all that without varnish in “The Inverted Curse” and in “The Residue,” and I do not withdraw it to please you. They will also find people who will look at them as wallets. The return does not consist in believing that Africa is a paradise because one dreamed of it: it consists in entering a real house, with its leaking roof, and taking one’s share of the repair. That is how one is of the house: not because one admires it, but because one repairs it.

And the return is not a renunciation. You will not be asked to abjure the faiths you found over there: the Bwa Sacré is monotheist, and it honors the Ancestors without worshipping them; it has never asked anyone to burn what held him upright. Freedom of conscience is at the heart of African spirituality, I wrote it in “The Kamite Pilgrimage,” and it holds for those who return as for those who never moved. You will enter with what you are. It is what you are that we were waiting for.

VII. What we owe you

Here now is what the continent owes to those who return, and I say it the way one reads a debt in a ledger: aloud, without erasure.

We owe you a name. You were given the masters' names – Washington, Silva, Dupont, Brown – the way one brands a herd, and you carried them with more dignity than they deserved. But a Kamite has a name that does not begin with him and will not end with him; and that name, our sanctuaries can give back. Not a fanciful name chosen from a book, but a name given before witnesses, by a sanctuary, in a language, and entered in the register – the name of a lineage that adopts you, as our villages have always adopted, or the name recovered when the register allows it. The name given back does not replace the one you bear: it precedes it. You will keep the name of the shipwreck, and you will have that of the shore.

We owe you a host. I showed in “The House Without a Door” what the djatiguiya is: the stranger who arrives receives a jatigi, who lodges him, feeds him, protects him, presents him, and who answers for him on his own name. It is an institution, not a smile. The one who returns is entitled to a jatigi – and I will say in chapter nine how the Bwa Sacré organizes it. No son of the return must cross the door to fall into the hands of a tout: he must fall into the hands of a host who pledges his name.

We owe you memory – all of it, and exact. We owe you to tell what our ancestors did to keep you, and why they kept silent; to tell which villages were raided, who took up arms, who fell defending the track, and where we withdrew in good order when the position no longer held; and to tell also, where it happened and only there,

who trafficked on the coasts, without disguising those trading posts as museums of resistance nor spreading their fault over the peoples who were being hunted. We owe you the archives opened, the registers of the trade read aloud, and the steles engraved with the names of the villages from which one departed. This is not the debt of a guilty party: the continent did not sell its children, they were taken from it. It is the duty of a house toward the one who was torn from it. Memory is a duty fulfilled by telling it.

We owe you the same time. It is done: “The Kamite Pilgrimage” fixed for all the Kamites of the world the same reference – we are in 6263 – and the same five days, July 21 to 25. You will no longer have to ask which day to celebrate: it is the same as that of your mother who stayed in the country, seven generations away. And the fifth of those days, July 25, the day of the Ancestors, is the one on which those who departed are named: it is the day of the door.

And we owe you the truth about ourselves. Not the folklore sold to visitors, not the dances on the hour, not the cardboard “kings” who enthrone tourists for a fee; the truth of what our institutions have been and what they are – the register, the protocols, the palaver, hospitality, and their declines too. The one who returns is entitled to the house as it is, not to its shop window.

VIII. What we ask of you

A debt is read from both sides, and the return is not alms the continent gives to its own: it is an alliance. Here then is what we ask.

Come back with your hands, not only with your tears. I drew up in “The Builders” the list of what the diaspora invented: the blood bank, open-heart surgery, the calculation of orbits, the PC, optical fiber, voice over IP. That genius grew over there because over there there were laboratories, patents and capital. Bring the method. The continent does not need saviors; it needs partners – people who open a company, a school, a laboratory, a clinic, and who train there those who stayed. The true door of return is a partnership agreement.

Come back without contempt. You learned, over there, to measure a man’s worth by his efficiency; you will find here people who measure it by his word, his name, his time given. Do not take them for laggards: they keep institutions the modern world now pays dearly to recover – I showed it in “The House Without a Door.” Learn from them what you lost; they will learn from you what they do not yet have.

Learn a language. One only, that of the sanctuary that receives you or that of the people your register designates. Not to speak it perfectly, but because a name is not carried without its language, and because our languages are, as I will return to in a coming writing, the last register no colonizer was able to rewrite. Your children will speak it better than you; that is how a branch becomes a trunk again.

Enter the register. Come back on the same days, each year, in body or in spirit; have your passages recorded – the name received, the children born, the dead mourned – in the register of the sanctuary, as ours are recorded. A Kamite whose deeds are recorded nowhere

is a man on a deserted road; we offer you the road where you are known.

And I ask one thing of my own, of those of the continent, for this series does not lecture a single shore. Stop selling the return. Stop selling “enthronements” to visitors looking for their name, “ceremonies” priced by the hour, lands that do not exist and fabricated genealogies. The one who monetizes the return sells his brothers a second time – and he no longer has the excuse of the cannon at his temple. The invisible ledger records that too.

IX. What we institute

What follows is articulated with what I have instituted elsewhere on the welcome of those who return: no proselytism, no insult to a brother’s faith, no shame, no money – and the rules of safety before all the rest.

Let the nature of this chapter be measured, as for “The Feast of the Worker” and “The Kamite Pilgrimage”: it is not a proposal, it is a protocol, and it executes – with its steps, its exact words, its witnesses who are all of you, and its definitive writing, the seal that timestamps this publication. According to our own teachings, when these four things are gathered, the change is not described: it is done.

Consequently, and from this day forward, the Bwa Sacré institutes the following.

First, recognition. Every descendant of an African deported by the slave trade, of whatever shore and whatever nation, who recognizes himself as of the lineage of the African cradles and chooses to

carry it, is a Kamite in full right. He has nothing to prove to the Bwa Sacré, neither by test, nor by archive, nor by payment. His word of filiation suffices: that is how our villages have always adopted. And the one who returns need not announce it; no return is published or displayed without his will.

Second, the jatigi of return. Each sanctuary of the Bwa Sacré, and each Kamite sanctuary that wishes to follow, designates among its own hosts of return – jatigis – who receive, lodge, present and protect those who return, and who answer for them on their name, according to the institution of the djatiguiya. The host of return is not paid; he is recorded.

Third, safety. The welcome of the return is made according to the rules of safety of the Bwa Sacré, and those rules take precedence over everything that precedes: it is forbidden to get oneself killed. The door is open to the brother; it is never open to the blade.

Fourth, the name given back. The one who returns receives, if he asks for it, a lineage name – recovered when the register allows it, given by adoption when it does not – in a ceremony held before witnesses, in the language of the sanctuary, on the fifth day of the pilgrimage, July 25, day of the Ancestors. The name is entered in the register of the sanctuary and sealed. It precedes the name borne; it does not abolish it.

Fifth, the day of the door. July 25, day of the Ancestors, is declared the Day of Return for all the Kamites of the world. On that day, in every sanctuary, those who departed through the doors of no return are named, and those who return are welcomed; and wherever a door exists – at Gorée, Ouidah, Cape Coast, Elmina,

Bunce and everywhere embarkation took place – it is crossed that day in the direction of the land.

Sixth, the call to the States. The Bwa Sacré asks all the States of Africa from which captives departed to do what Ghana and Benin have done: to recognize by law, to the descendants of the trade, the right to return, to reside and to belong. The door of return must be an African door, and not the door of two countries.

Seventh, free-dom. Nothing in the foregoing is imposed on anyone. No one is bound to return, to receive a name, or to leave the land where he lives. Freedom of conscience remains whole, and the return is a right, never a duty.

Eighth, the seal. The present writing is electronically signed and anchored in the Bitcoin blockchain, so that the date on which the door was declared open may be established for all and forever.

X. What we teach

From this institution follow a few instructions, and they are simple.

To the families of the continent: when a son of the return knocks at your door, open it as your ancestors opened it – without closing it behind him and without presenting him the bill – and as your ancestors also opened it: looking at who knocks. To receive has never meant not to look. Tell him the village, teach him the names of things, seat him under the tree. Tell him of the battles fought, the withdrawals in good order and the marks on the faces: that is how one is of the same house.

To the sanctuaries: designate your jatigis before the next pilgrimage – July 21 to 25, 2027, year 6264 – prepare the rite of the name given back according to your own forms, and keep the register. Publish that you welcome, and on what conditions: no proof, no paper, no payment – the word of filiation suffices. But the rules of safety remain and take precedence over all the rest: no one is received bearing arms, no one is received in secret, no Kamite assembly gives a newcomer a place, a date, a strength or a route. Where war is under way, one receives outside the village, by day, before witnesses, and for as long as it takes.

To those of the other shore: do not come alone the first time, come during the five days, and come to a host. If you cannot come, hold the five days where you are; on July 25, name those who departed and tell your children that the door is open. One day it is they who will cross it, with a name already ready.

And to the children of both shores, who knew neither the trade nor the silence: know that you are a single lineage that the sea cut in two, and that the sea does not have the last word. The ships took four centuries to empty a continent; it will not take four centuries to reopen a door – it will take a name, a host, five days and one generation.

XI. Solemn Conclusion

I summarize, so that it may be retained and handed down.

There are on our coasts doors that millions of our own crossed toward the sea, and which were named doors of no return; in 1998, at Cape Coast, two of our own crossed them the other way, and on

their inner face was written: door of return. Two reproaches cluttered that door – “you sold us,” “you forgot us” – and we laid them side by side, where one sees that they are the two faces of a single crime. The return is not a dream: it founded Freetown and Monrovia, built the Brazilian quarters of the coast, gave Togo its first president, brought Du Bois home to die in Accra and Priscilla back to Bunce; and Ghana and Benin have written it into their laws. Those who return are neither strangers nor customers: they are Kamites in full right, and we owe them a name, a host, memory, the same time and the truth. We ask of them their hands, their respect, a language and an entry in the register. And we institute recognition, safety, the jatigi of return, the name given back, the day of the door, the call to the States – in freedom, and under the seal.

This writing has not proposed: it has instituted. The witnesses have read, the words are exact, the seal is set.

The door of no return never existed: there was only one door, and our backs were turned to it. We have turned around. Come in.

Amen Hotep – Amenhotep.

Done at Abidjan, September 4, 2026, in the year 6263 of the Kamite era.

KING BAZURU

Venerable and President of the Bwa Sacré

– Chapter X –

My Mother's Tongue

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

Solemn writing of the Venerable

KING BAZURU

President of the Bwa Sacré

Abidjan, September 4, 2026

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

Preliminary Note

This writing expresses my position as Venerable and President of the Bwa Sacré. It is addressed to all the Kamites of the world, but it is written first for mothers, because what it speaks of passes through them: language. We say “mother tongue,” and we say it rightly – a man’s first language is that of the woman who carried him, and it enters his ear before he has eyes.

I wrote, in “The Door of Return,” that our languages are the last register no colonizer was able to rewrite, and I promised to return to it. I return to it, and I do so with a worry I will not hide: this register, which four centuries of predation could not close, we are closing ourselves, in our living rooms, in a low voice, with the best intentions in the world. This writing says how, what it costs, and what the Bwa Sacré institutes to stop it.

As always in this series, this text criticizes methods and doctrines, never persons – and above all not the parents who, believing they do well, speak to their children in a language that is not their own: they carry out a lesson that was driven into their bodies, and this writing addresses the lesson, not those who bear it. It asks no one to give up French, English or Portuguese: those are tools. It asks that one not trade one’s mother for a tool.

As always, I do not ask to be believed on my word: the alphabets are on keyboards, the translations are in print, and the references are at the end of the volume.

I. Opening: the house where no one speaks anymore

Enter, on a Sunday, a house in Abidjan, Bamako, Douala or Libreville – an ordinary house, neither rich nor poor, where people have been to school. The grandmother is seated. She speaks to her grandchildren in the language of her village, the one she received from her own mother, and which holds the tales, the names of the plants, the genealogies, the ways of greeting according to the hour and the rank. The children answer her in French. They understand her, more or less. They do not speak it. Their parents, between themselves, speak French too; the grandmother's language serves them for secrets, for anger and for prayer. And when the grandmother dies, there will be no one left, in that house, to say things the way she said them.

I am not describing an exception. I am describing the norm of the educated African cities, and I describe it without reproach, because I have seen it up close and I know where it comes from. But I want this scene to be looked at with the eyes this series has learned to bring to everything – the eyes of the engineer looking at a register. What is happening in that house is not a change of fashion: it is the closing of a register that held for five thousand years. And it closes without noise, as registers close – not by a decision, but by a generation that does not copy.

I showed, in "Before the Greeks, Before Rome," what becomes of a people whose language dies: the Etruscans survived in their flesh, but their language was not copied, and no one can read their prayers anymore. The emperor Claudius had written twenty books about them and a lexicon; those were not copied either. The last

one who knew was not followed. That is exactly what I see in the Sunday house: the grandmother is the last Etruscan, and the children are Rome.

This writing sets out how we came to this, what it carries away, and why it is not too late.

Amen Hotep – Amenhotep.

II. The last register

It must first be said what a language is, for a people that someone tried to erase. And for that, one must remember what this series has established about erasure: absorb, erase, reattribute. Our arms, our lands, our works were absorbed; our archives erased, our cults demonized, our inventions reattributed. Now look at what could not be taken. The languages.

Bodies could be taken – the languages stayed in the mouths of those who remained. Libraries could be burned – the languages were not in the libraries, they were in the mothers. Cults could be forbidden – the languages prayed in a low voice. An administration, a court, a school, a currency could be imposed – and people left the administration, the court, the school and the market, and went home, and spoke their language. Four centuries of predation, and at independence the continent still spoke its two thousand languages – nearly a third of all the languages on Earth. No other register of our civilization came through the Great Danger so intact.

And this register records. I showed it in “The Invisible Ledger”: look for the word “prison” in our languages, and you will find

almost everywhere a borrowed word – the *kasó* of Bambara comes from the French *cachot*, the *jela* of so many languages comes from the English *jail*. The language noted the import, faithful to its function. I asked, in “The House Without a Door,” a question that remained open: what ancient word, in our languages, says “to colonize”? I have still received none. The words a language has not made say what its speakers never turned into a project; the words it borrowed say what was brought to it. A language is the minutes of a people, kept without its knowledge, and unfalsifiable because replicated in every mouth.

And to measure what it is worth, look at those from whom it was taken. The diaspora lost its languages – not by neglect, but under the whip: captives of the same language were deliberately separated so that they could not speak to one another, and those who spoke were punished. And what did they do? They made languages. The Creole of Haiti, the Papiamentu of Curaçao, the Krio of Freetown, the Gullah of the Carolina islands: languages born in chains, with words taken from the masters and a grammar come from home, and which became the languages of entire peoples – Creole has been an official language of Haiti since 1987. When a people’s register is taken from it, it opens another. That is what a language is: the thing a people remakes first when everything has been taken from it.

III. The symbol

So how does a register that withstood four centuries of the whip close in two generations of peace? The method must be told, for it has a name, and our elders know it: the symbol.

In the schools of French Africa, during colonization and long after, this was the practice. The child caught speaking his language in the schoolyard was given an object – a bone, a shell, a piece of wood, sometimes an animal’s jawbone – hung around his neck or put in his hand: the symbol. He had to keep it until he caught a classmate speaking his own language in turn, to whom he passed it. And at the end of the day, whoever held the symbol was punished. Measure the mechanism, for it is of formidable intelligence: the language was not punished – every child was made the informer against the language of the others, and to his mother’s language were attached shame, ridicule and fear. Ngũgĩ wa Thiong’o tells, in “Decolonising the Mind,” the same thing in British Kenya: a metal plate around the child’s neck, with the words *I am stupid* or *I am a donkey*. Two empires, two languages, a single method.

The symbol has disappeared from schoolyards. But look at what it has become: it has entered the homes. The parent who corrects his child – “speak French, you talk like a villager” – holds the symbol in his hand without knowing it. The mother who dares not speak her language to her baby for fear that he “gets the accent” wears the symbol around her neck. The young man ashamed to answer his grandmother in front of his friends has the symbol in his throat. No schoolmaster is needed anymore to pass it: we pass it to ourselves, from hand to hand, from generation to generation, and at the end of the day, it is the language that is punished.

That is why I said, in the note, that this writing addresses the lesson and not those who bear it. The parent who silences his mother’s language is not a traitor: he is a child around whose neck a bone was hung, and who grew up. But he must now look at what he holds in his hand, and set it down.

IV. What the language carries away

I will be told: so what? The children speak French, they succeed at school, they will work in the world. What exactly is lost when a language goes out in a house? It must be answered piece by piece, for the loss is invisible until the day one looks for something and no longer finds it.

Knowledge is lost. Amadou Hampâté Bâ said it at the rostrum of UNESCO, in 1960, in a sentence the whole world has kept: in Africa, when an old man dies, a library burns. But let it be understood what burns: the names of the plants and their uses, the signs in the sky that announce the rain, the ways of counting – Yoruba counts by twenties, with subtractions of an elegance that astonishes mathematicians – the recipes of remedies, the techniques of the field, the memory of lineages over ten generations. All of that exists only in the language: translated, it loses half its precision; not handed down, it loses everything. The grandson who does not speak his grandmother's language does not inherit a burned library: he inherits a library to which he has no key.

The register is lost. I have shown what a name is worth, and by what it holds: the word given, the witnesses, the gaze of the Ancestors. But in what language do the Ancestors gaze? In their own. The name a Kamite bears has a meaning in his language – it says a day of birth, a rank, a vow, an event – and a name whose meaning is no longer understood is a label. The proverbs that carried morality, the formulas that opened and closed palavers, the exact words of the rites – of which we said, in “The Sacred Protocols,” that they tolerate no approximation – all of that is in the language. A

protocol whose words one can no longer say is no longer executed: it is mimed.

The mother is lost. I say it without metaphor. The woman who carried the child spoke to him for nine months in her language, and the child heard her before being born; that is the first of the five days outside of time, the day of the pregnant woman, which we instituted in “The Feast of the Worker.” When that language is taken from him, the voice he heard first is taken from him, and a learned voice is put in its place. There are, in the great cities of the continent, adults who have never been able to say “I love you” to their mother in the language in which she could hear it. That is not progress. It is an amputation painted in the colors of progress.

And laughter is lost. Let no one smile: a people that no longer laughs in its language laughs in that of others – at their jokes, their characters, their innuendos – and ends up laughing at itself with the words of those who laughed at it. I denounced, in “The Devil Always Wears Our Face,” the films in which our ancestors are demons; they are shot in our languages, but thought in the language of the symbol.

V. Our languages can say everything

Here now is the lesson that was driven into us with the symbol, and that must be torn out: “your languages are good for the village; for science, law and the world, ours is needed.” That sentence is false, and men have proven it, pieces in hand.

Cheikh Anta Diop, in 1954, in “Nations nègres et culture,” translated into Wolof pages of Einstein’s theory of relativity – not for

show, but to prove, formula by formula, that an African language could carry the most abstract physics of the century without losing a nuance. Julius Nyerere, president of Tanzania, translated Shakespeare into Swahili with his own hand – “Julius Caesar” in 1963, “The Merchant of Venice” in 1969 – and he made Swahili the language of the school, the administration and the parliament of a nation of a hundred languages, which is spoken today from one end of East Africa to the other. Ethiopia has never ceased to write Amharic and to pray in Ge’ez in an alphabet that has been its own for two thousand years. Somalia gave its language an official script in 1972 and put it in its schools. Rwanda speaks a single language, Kinyarwanda, from the president to the peasant, and governs with it.

And we invented scripts – for we were told too that we had none. The Vai of Liberia, a syllabary created around 1833 by Momolu Duwalu Bukele. The Bamum script, which King Njoya devised in Cameroon at the end of the nineteenth century and had taught in his schools. N’ko, invented in 1949 by Solomana Kanté, a Guinean to whom a journalist had said that African languages could not be written, and who answered with an alphabet in which newspapers, textbooks and dictionaries of Manding are printed today. Ajami, which has written Hausa, Fula, Wolof and Swahili in Arabic characters for centuries. The Tifinagh of the Berbers, more than two thousand years old. And I showed, in “The Divine Words,” that the alphabet itself – the one of this book – was born on the soil of Egypt. The people that gave writing to the world has no lesson in writing to receive.

Let the rule therefore be retained, and turned against the symbol: there is no language incapable of saying science. There are only

languages that were not allowed to say it. Bambara, Baoulé, Lingala, Yoruba, the Bwamu of my fathers can carry the Navier-Stokes equations exactly as Swahili carries Shakespeare: it suffices that a man sit down and put them there. And that man, I will say in the next chapter, now has a help that Diop did not have.

VI. The memory of the machines

For here is the chapter where the Age of Aquarius enters the Sunday house, and it enters with a threat and a remedy, which must be looked at one after the other.

The threat, I announced it in “The New Fire”: artificial intelligences learn from what is written, and the overwhelming majority of what is written is in English, then in a handful of languages of Europe and Asia. A language that has no digitized texts, no recordings, no online dictionaries does not exist for the machine – and a language that does not exist for the machine will not exist for the children the machine will educate. Ask an artificial intelligence to speak to you in Bwamu, in Senufo, in Bété: it stammers or invents, because no one gave it anything to read. That is the third writing of our history by others, after the colonial chroniclers and the press agencies: our grandchildren will learn the world from machines that never heard their grandmother.

But here is the remedy, and it is greater than the threat. For the first time in history, the knowledge of a language can be preserved without a single living speaker being needed to carry it, and it can be learned, transmitted and translated without end. What the old man’s death used to carry away, the recording keeps. What the

absence of a textbook forbade, the machine makes. And above all – weigh this, for it is the end of an excuse a century old – the machine translates. The great reason given for abandoning our languages was access: “French is needed to read the books, English to read the science.” That reason is dead. The child who speaks his language can now read, in his language, everything the world has written, as soon as his language is in the machine. The tool presented to us as the gravedigger of our languages is the one that can make them universal.

And Kamites have already begun. Since 2019, African researchers gathered under the name Masakhane – “let us build together,” in Zulu – have been building, language by language, the automatic translations the big companies had not judged profitable. Rwanda had its citizens record thousands of hours of spoken Kinyarwanda in an open repository, and its language is today among the best endowed in the world for speech recognition – a country of thirteen million inhabitants did for its language what nations of a hundred million have not done for theirs. The translation models now cover dozens of African languages they ignored five years ago. The door is open; what is missing is not the technique, it is the decision to pour our languages into the memory of the machines before the old people are dead.

So let the consequence be understood, for it turns the Sunday scene upside down: in the age that begins, the grandmother’s language is no longer a handicap. It is data – rare, precious, irreplaceable – that her grandchildren are the only ones in the world able to supply. It is no longer the child who must be ashamed of speaking like his grandmother: it is the world that needs him to record her. The last

reason to close the register has just fallen. Only shame remains, and shame is not a reason: it is a symbol worn around the neck.

VII. Diversity, the signature of God

I will finally be objected: two thousand languages is too many; a modern people needs a common language; let the small ones die and keep the big ones. I answer with what I wrote in “The Kamite Pilgrimage”: God could have given men a single language, which would have been more convenient; He gave thousands, and where others see a punishment, we see His signature. One does not correct the signature of God for the convenience of administrations.

And the objection is wrong on the facts. Our ancestors always lived with several languages at once: the mother’s language, that of the market, that of the neighbor, that of prayer. Dioula, Hausa, Swahili, Lingala, Wolof are languages of the common house, born so that peoples could speak to one another, and they grew without killing the languages of the particular houses – the Tanzanian speaks Swahili in the square and his own language at home, and is no less Tanzanian for it. The Kamite does not have to choose between his mother’s language and his country’s, nor between his country’s and the world’s: he stacks them, like his ancestors, and each serves what it is made for. The mother’s language is not the competitor of French: it is what remains when French has finished serving.

An orchestra, I wrote, plays a hundred instruments at the same tempo. Two thousand languages are two thousand instruments; one does not make music by breaking all of them but one.

VIII. What we institute

Let the nature of this chapter be measured, as for the writings that institute: it is not a proposal, it is a protocol, and it executes – with its steps, its exact words, its witnesses who are all of you, and its definitive writing, the seal that timestamps this publication. According to our own teachings, when these four things are gathered, the change is not described: it is done.

Consequently, and from this day forward, the Bwa Sacré institutes the following.

First, the rule of the house. In the Kamite house, the child's first language is his mother's language – or, when the parents do not share one, one of the two, chosen and kept. It is in that language that he is spoken to from the womb, lulled, scolded and named. French, English, Portuguese come afterward, at school, as tools one adds and honors – not as masters that replace.

Second, the symbol set down. No one, in a Kamite home or sanctuary, shames a child for speaking his mother's language. The one who says “you talk like a villager” holds the symbol; let him set it down. Shame of the language is declared what it is: a colonial lesson, and not a politeness.

Third, the register of voices. Each sanctuary of the Bwa Sacré, and each Kamite sanctuary that wishes to follow, records its elders – the tales, the genealogies, the names of plants and remedies, the proverbs, the public formulas of the rites, the ways of greeting and counting – in their language, with the name of the speaker, the date and the place; these recordings are dated and sealed as our writings are, and poured into an open repository, accessible to humans and

to machines. What is secret remains secret; what was said under the tree is said to the machine, so that the tree does not die with the old man.

Fourth, the writings rendered. The writings of this series, which appeared in French and in English, will be rendered in the Kamite languages, beginning with those of our own houses, and poured into the same repository: a people cannot ask its children to speak a language in which its own founding texts do not exist.

Fifth, the name in the language. The name given back, instituted by “The Door of Return,” is given in the language of the sanctuary, and its meaning is explained to the one who receives it; and the one who returns, whom we asked to learn a language, finds in the register of voices the means to learn it.

Sixth, the call to the States. The Bwa Sacré asks the States of Africa to do what UNESCO has recommended since 1953 and what Tanzania, Ethiopia, Rwanda and Somalia have done: that the first years of school be conducted in the child’s language, the languages of the world coming afterward, added and not substituted; that the national languages have dictionaries, textbooks and digital data financed as roads are financed; and that no child ever again be punished, in a school of Africa, for having spoken like his mother.

Seventh, freedom and the seal. Nothing in the foregoing is imposed on anyone: freedom of conscience remains whole, and each house remains master of its speech. The present writing is electronically signed and anchored in the Bitcoin blockchain, so that the date on which the symbol was set down may be established for all and forever.

IX. What we teach

From this institution follow a few instructions, and they are simple.

To mothers: speak to your child in your language, from the womb and without apology. You will be told that he will get the accent; he will get his mother, which is worth more. You will be told that he will fall behind at school; the studies, for fifty years, say the opposite – the child who masters his first language learns the second better. And the day he tells you in your language what he could say in no other, you will know what you kept.

To fathers: seat the child next to the grandmother, and keep quiet. She knows what to tell him, and in what order. Record her, with her consent, while she is here: a telephone suffices, and the sanctuary will tell you where to pour the files. A father who has recorded his mother's voice bequeaths to his children a library that will not burn.

To young Kamites: your grandmother's language is not your past, it is your exclusive share of the future. No one else in the world can give it to the machines; no one else can translate science into it; no one else can write in it the novels, the songs and the code of tomorrow. Those who are ashamed of it today will ask you tomorrow to teach it to them.

To those of the other shore: you remade languages in chains; keep them, they are Kamite in full right. And take a second one, that of the sanctuary that receives you: the register of voices is open for you, and a name one understands is carried better than a name one spells.

X. Solemn Conclusion

I summarize, so that it may be retained and handed down.

Our languages are the last register that erasure could not close: they came through the Great Danger in the mouths of our mothers, they noted what was brought to us and kept silent about what we never wished to do, and those from whom they were taken remade others in chains. This register, we were taught to close it ourselves, by the symbol – the bone around the child's neck – and the symbol entered our homes, where we pass it from hand to hand believing we do well. It carries away knowledge, the register, the mother and laughter. But the lesson it carried is false: our languages can say everything, Diop proved it with Einstein and Nyerere with Shakespeare, and we invented our scripts. And the age that begins, which threatened to ignore our languages, is the one that can make them eternal and universal – if we pour them into the memory of the machines before the old people die. The last excuse has fallen; only shame remains, and shame is set down. We institute the rule of the house, the symbol set down, the register of voices, the writings rendered, the name in the language, the call to the States – in freedom, and under the seal.

This writing has not proposed: it has instituted. The witnesses have read, the words are exact, the seal is set.

They could take our bodies, our lands and our books. They could not take our mothers' tongue. Let us not give it away.

Amen Hotep – Amenhotep.

Done at Abidjan, September 4, 2026, in the year 6263 of the Kamite era.

KING BAZURU

Venerable and President of the Bwa Sacré



– Chapter XI –

The Palaver Tree

*A Bwa Sacré writing on justice without prison – the palaver
that repairs, the world that rediscovers it, and the proof of
Rwanda*

Solemn writing of the Venerable

KING BAZURU

President of the Bwa Sacré

Abidjan, September 4, 2026

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

Preliminary Note

This writing expresses my position as Venerable and President of the Bwa Sacré – and, where it must, as a sworn expert before the courts, who has spent nineteen years watching how modern justice investigates, rules and locks away. It is addressed to all the Kamites of the world, and also to jurists, magistrates and States, for it speaks of something that belongs to them as much as to us: the way justice is rendered between men.

I established, in “The Invisible Ledger,” that the Africa of our ancestors did not know the prison, and that our languages had to borrow the word. I showed, in “The House Without a Door,” cities so well governed that the houses had no doors. It remains to say how justice was rendered there – for a city without thieves is not a city without faults, and a society without prison is not a society without judgment. It judged otherwise, and it is this “otherwise” that the world is now rediscovering, at great expense, under other names.

A necessary precision, for this series has never cheated with words. This writing does not ask for the abolition of the courts nor the opening of the prisons tomorrow; it does not claim that the palaver judges mass murder or arms trafficking. It says what the palaver can do, what the prison cannot, and what the first can give back to the second. As always, it criticizes methods and institutions, never persons – least of all the magistrates of our countries, who judge with means one would not dare give to a dispensary. And as always, I do not ask to be taken at my word: the figures are public, the laws are published, and the references are at the end of the volume.

What this writing institutes within the Bwa Sacré has since been carried to the States and to the law in the declaration “Judging Without Prison” (September 13, 2026), which gives it its continental scope, its avowed shortcomings and its safeguards; on everything the two texts settle together, it is the later declaration that governs.

I. Opening: the house without prison

Let us return for a moment to Benin City, in 1691, as the Portuguese captain Lourenço Pinto describes it: a capital larger than Lisbon, straight streets as far as the eye can see, and houses without doors, because theft was unknown there. I explained why the house needed no door: the register of the name closed better than iron. But I did not answer the question that comes next, and that an honest mind must ask: and when someone did wrong anyway? For there were faults. There are always faults. Unpaid debts, blows, adulteries, words that wound, fields encroached upon, thefts – rare, but real – and sometimes blood.

The answer holds in one word that our languages have kept, and that French borrowed: the palaver. Under the tree, before everyone, one investigated, listened, ruled, repaired, and closed. And no one was put in a cage – because the cage did not exist, and because it would have served no purpose: one does not repair a man by removing him from men.

The prison arrived in the colonizer’s luggage, and not only as a building: as an idea. The idea that a fault is paid in subtracted time of life, that the victim has nothing to say, that the State confiscates the conflict and settles it between itself and the guilty party, and that the community watches. Our languages recorded the import –

the Bambara *kasu* comes from the French *cachot*, the *jela* comes from *jail* – and the *indigénat* regime, which for sixty-five years allowed any administrator to lock up an African without a judge, finished teaching us that justice was the wall.

This writing says that this was not justice: it was its breakdown. And it shows that the world now knows it – for the countries that brought us the prison are today searching, in their law faculties and their parliaments, for the way out of it. They call this restorative justice. Our ancestors called it the tree.

Amen Hotep – Amenhotep.

II. What the prison does

Let us first look at the prison as it is, with the figures of those who invented it, for they are public and they are damning.

The United States, which carried the idea to its perfection, locks up nearly two million people – the largest number of prisoners in the world, and one of the highest incarceration rates on the planet. And what does this confinement produce? Their own administration measured it on hundreds of thousands of released prisoners: two out of three are arrested again within three years, more than eight out of ten within nine years. The prison does not correct: it recruits. In France, the prisons overflow at more than one hundred and twenty percent of capacity, with mattresses on the floor, and recidivism follows. And among us, where the prison is a legacy without the means of the legacy: the remand prison of Abidjan, built for one thousand five hundred inmates, holds several times more, a considerable share of them – often half, sometimes more –

awaiting trial – men stored before they have even been judged, in conditions that no one defends. This is not a criticism of our guards or our judges: it is the portrait of a machine that was delivered to us without the instructions and without the budget.

But the worst is not in the figures: it is in the structure, and a Norwegian criminologist, Nils Christie, named it in 1977 in an article that every law faculty cites: conflicts are property, and the State has stolen it. When one man wounds another, the conflict belongs to both, and to their families, and to their neighborhood. Modern justice confiscates it: the prosecutor takes the place of the victim, the lawyer takes the place of the guilty party, and the two real persons attend, mute, a dialogue between professionals who speak of them in the third person. The victim leaves without having been heard, without reparation, often without even knowing why; the guilty party leaves without having looked anyone in the face, with a debt to the State and none to the one he wounded. And the community, which should close the wound, was summoned only as a spectator. This is called a trial. Our ancestors would have called it a palaver without the parties.

That is what the prison does: it removes the man from men, the victim from the conflict and the community from the reparation, and it calls the resulting silence order.

III. The tree, seen by the engineer

Now let us look at the palaver as this series has looked at every institution of the Ancestors – with the eyes of the engineer who takes a protocol apart – and let each recognize what he sees.

First, the summons. A known fault does not remain between two persons: it is brought before the elders, and the elders summon – the offender, the victim, and their two lineages. For among us, one never judges an individual alone: one judges a man who bears a name, before those who bear the same. His family answers for him, as the host answers for the stranger in the *djatiguiya*. This is the first difference, and it changes everything: the guilty party is not isolated, he is surrounded – by people who have an interest in his repairing, because it is their name that bleeds.

Next, the hearing, and it is public. Under the tree, everyone speaks – the victim first, at length, without being interrupted; then the offender; then the witnesses; then anyone who has something to say. The engineer says: full adversarial process, without filter. There is no lawyer to speak in people's place, because the palaver is not looking for who has the better lawyer: it is looking for what happened, and what it did. And one does not leave when one has won: one leaves when one agrees – I wrote it in “The House Without a Door,” and it is the golden rule.

Then the qualification and the reparation. The elders say what the fault is, and what it is worth – and what it is worth is paid to the victim, not to the State: animals, grain, labor, cowries, a restitution, according to scales that custom knew by heart – and sometimes, where a bloodshed was being closed, a marriage alliance between the two lineages, of which I will say once and for all that it belongs to what we do not take up again: no reparation, among us, is paid with a woman any longer. The engineer says: reparation directed toward the one who suffered the harm. The offender does not “pay his debt to society”: he pays his debt to the one to whom he owes it, and society verifies that it is paid.

Then the reintegration, which is a rite, and which modern justice has entirely forgotten. When the reparation is made, one eats together, one pours the libation, one pronounces the exact words that close – we showed in “The Sacred Protocols” that an unmarked passage is a passage not made. The offender becomes once more a man of the village: not a former inmate, not a criminal record, not a shadow – a man whose register bears a line of fault and a line of reparation, and who can look his victim in the eye at the market. The engineer says: the commit, the definitive write, after which the system starts again from a clean state.

And finally, for the irrecoverable – the one who refuses to repair, who reoffends, who threatens the whole village – the ultimate penalty, which was not the cage: banishment. Striking from the register. It was said aloud, before everyone, and the man left the village without a name; and in a world where the name is everything, that was death standing up. Let no one say, then, that our ancestors were lax: they had a penalty more dreaded than twenty years of prison, and they reserved it for those for whom reparation had failed.

Summons of the lineages, public and adversarial hearing, reparation to the victim, ritual reintegration, entry in the register, and banishment as a last resort: that is the protocol. It ran for millennia, without a single wall.

IV. The Charter of Mandé

I will be told that I am describing a village custom, and not a law. Then let us speak of law, and let us speak of the oldest we have.

Around 1236, after the victory of Sundiata Keita, the chiefs of the clans of Mandé gathered at Kurukan Fuga and proclaimed a charter – transmitted by the griots from mouth to ear for eight centuries, set down in writing in the twentieth century, and inscribed by UNESCO, in 2009, on the intangible cultural heritage of humanity. This Charter of Mandé organizes an empire: it distributes the clans, regulates alliances, protects the stranger, fixes the duties of women and men, forbids insult and lying, and lays down – half a millennium before the declarations of Europe – that every life is a life, and that no one must harm the life of another. It provides for sanctions; it does not provide for prison. The greatest empire of West Africa lived for two centuries under a constitution that ignored the cage.

The historians have gone round the question, and I refer to the collective work edited by Florence Bernault that I cited in “The Invisible Ledger”: prison as punishment was foreign to precolonial African societies, whose justice aimed at reparation and reintegration. It was introduced by colonization – and, in the French empire, by an instrument that deserves to be named: the *indigénat* regime, in force from 1881 to 1946, which authorized the administrator to inflict prison on any “native” without trial, for faults he defined himself – showing disrespect, not paying the tax, not reporting for forced labor. The prison did not come to us as a progress of justice: it came as a tool of administration, and it is in 1946, that same year, that the *indigénat* was abrogated and that forced labor was abolished by a law carried by one of ours.

So when we are told that the prison is justice and the palaver is folklore, let us answer with dates: the palaver governed an empire in 1236 under a charter that humanity has listed; the prison was

brought to us by a regime of exception that the Republic itself ended up being ashamed of having kept.

V. The world rediscovers the tree

And here, as for music in “The House Without a Door” and rites in “The Sacred Protocols,” is the moment when the modern world arrives after our elders and confirms.

After Christie’s article, an American, Howard Zehr, published in 1990 a book, “Changing Lenses,” which founded an entire school under the name of restorative justice. Read his definition and tell me whether you do not recognize the tree: the fault is first a harm to persons and to relationships, not to the State; justice consists in bringing together the victim, the offender and the community to name the wrong, decide the reparation and restore the bond. It is the palaver, translated into English sixty years late and with an academic vocabulary.

And it did not remain a book. New Zealand, in 1989, rewrote its law on juvenile justice around family group conferences – the extended family gathered with the victim to decide the reparation – saying it without detour: it drew on the practices of the Maori, to whom the prison had been brought by the same ship as to us. The United Nations adopted in 2002 basic principles on restorative justice; the European Union framed in 2012, in the directive on victims’ rights, recourse to restorative justice; the Council of Europe recommended it to all its States in 2018; France put it in its code of criminal procedure in 2014. And the studies, this time again, rule in favor of our elders: the great review by Sherman and

Strang, in 2007, compiled the controlled experiments – where victim and offender meet under guidance, victims are far more satisfied, their fear and anger diminish, and recidivism falls, especially for violent offenses. What the laboratory measures, the tree was doing.

Then there is the example that went round the world, and it is African: in 1995, South Africa, emerging from apartheid, did not choose the trials of Nuremberg. It created the Truth and Reconciliation Commission, chaired by Desmond Tutu, where full and public confession of an act with a political motive could be worth amnesty, where the victims spoke before the country, and whose declared foundation was not an imported legal doctrine but a word from our languages: *ubuntu* – I am because we are. Tutu wrote it: without forgiveness, no future. One may debate its limits, and they have been debated. But let the method be remembered: before the vastest crime, an African country chose the palaver, and it remained standing.

Even the countries that keep the prison are turning it into a village. Norway, which has one of the lowest recidivism rates in the world, has built prisons where one cooks, works, votes and prepares one's return, on a principle it calls normality: the penalty is the deprivation of liberty, and nothing else – the man remains a man who is being prepared to come back. They took a century and billions to find again what the tree knew: one does not repair a man by removing him from men.

VI. Gacaca: the proof at the scale of a genocide

It remains for me to administer the heaviest proof, and I choose it because it is African, recent, quantified, and because it was rendered before the greatest crime our continent has known in living memory.

In 1994, in one hundred days, the genocide against the Tutsi in Rwanda made, according to the sources, between eight hundred thousand and one million dead – killed not by a distant army, but by neighbors, with machetes, on every hill. When the massacres ceased, the country counted more than one hundred thousand suspects crammed into prisons built for ten times fewer, and a decimated judicial apparatus. The experts did the arithmetic: at the pace of the ordinary courts, judging everyone would have taken more than a century. The international tribunal created at Arusha, with its immense means, judged in twenty years a few dozen leaders.

So Rwanda did what no modern State had dared: it turned to the tree. It reopened an ancient institution, the *gacaca* – the word means “the grass,” because one sat on the ground there – the assembly of the hill where the elders settled disputes. The law of 2001 made courts of them: nearly twelve thousand gacaca courts, held not by magistrates but by persons of integrity elected by their community – the *inyangamugayo*, “those who detest dishonor” – more than one hundred and fifty thousand lay judges, sitting in the open air, before the population, with confession, public admission, the testimony of survivors, reparation through community service, and reduced sentences for those who confessed and asked forgiveness. From 2002 to 2012, these assemblies handled nearly two

million cases. Two million. Where imported justice would have taken a century, the tree took ten years.

I do not hide the criticisms, for this series has never cheated: human rights organizations noted trials without lawyers, pressures, false testimony, judges sometimes themselves compromised; survivors found the sentences too lenient, accused persons found them unjust. All of this is true, and I leave it to the debate of historians. But I retain what no one disputes: before a crime that the courts could not absorb, an African society rendered justice with its own protocols, in the open air, with the victims at the center and the neighbors as judges – and it produced, in ten years, what neither Arusha nor the ordinary courts could have produced in a century: confessions, bodies returned to families, guilty men returned to their hills, and a country that holds. Gacaca is the demonstration, at the scale of a genocide, that the tree is not a memory: it is a capacity.

VII. What the palaver is not

We must, as always, disarm the bad-faith objections – those from outside and those from within.

The palaver is not impunity. Whoever believes that a justice without prison is a justice without penalty has never seen a man return animals before his whole village, nor an offender ask forgiveness on his knees before the lineage he has offended, nor a banished man leave the square without anyone turning around. Our penalties were public, swift, executed – and they ended. The prison never ends: the criminal record follows the man to the grave.

The palaver is not a court of rumors. The invisible ledger, I have shown, is consensual: an isolated accusation does not make an entry; the testimonies must concur under the tree. The palaver has its rules of evidence, its oaths – sworn before the sacred, which makes them heavier than before a clerk – and its elders chosen for their name, not for their power. Where it degenerated into the settling of scores, it is because the tree had been removed and the crowd kept.

The palaver is not made for everything. Our ancestors knew it: for blood, there was the blood price and exile; for war, there was war. I do not claim that the palaver of the Bwa Sacré will tomorrow judge the arms trafficker or the serial killer: the State keeps what it must keep, and it is right to. But look at what our prisons are full of: debts, brawls, telephone thefts, land quarrels, blows between neighbors, family affairs – the immense majority of human conflicts, which the tree settled in an afternoon with the parties, and which the prison settles in three years without them.

And the palaver is not against the justice of the State: it comes before it. The United Nations and the Council of Europe say it in their language – restorative justice is complementary, not a substitute. Our ancestors said it in theirs: one goes under the tree before going to the king. What we institute takes nothing from the courts: it gives them back the time to judge what must be judged.

VIII. What we institute

Let the nature of this chapter be measured, as for the writings that institute: it is not a proposal, it is a protocol, and it executes – with

its steps, its exact words, its witnesses who are all of you, and its definitive write, the seal that timestamps this publication. According to our own teachings, when these four things are gathered, the change is not described: it is made.

Consequently, and from this day, the Bwa Sacré institutes what follows.

First, the tree. Every dispute between members of the Bwa Sacré – debt, word, land, family, honor, blows without blood – is brought first under the tree, before the palaver of the sanctuary, before any external recourse. The palaver is voluntary: no one is compelled to it, and no one loses, by going there, any of his rights before the courts of his country.

Second, the persons of integrity. Each sanctuary designates from among its own, for a limited term known in advance, palaver elders – chosen for their name and not for their rank, men and women – who summon, listen, qualify and rule. No matter of inheritance, widowhood or violence within the family is judged without a woman sitting. No one sits in a matter in which he has an interest or a close kinship, and each party may object once without having to say why. They are forbidden to receive anything whatever from the parties; the sanctuary pays them a modest and public allowance, for an office without the means to live is a corruption arranged in advance.

Third, the protocol. The palaver is held in public, before the two lineages; the victim speaks first and without being interrupted; the offender answers face to face; the witnesses speak; the elders qualify the fault and fix the reparation, which goes to the victim; the reparation made, the reintegration is pronounced by the exact

words and sealed by the meal or the libation; and no one parts before agreement.

Fourth, the register. Every palaver is entered in the register of the sanctuary – the fault, the reparation, the reintegration – dated and sealed as our writings are. The line of fault is not erased; the line of reparation closes it. A reintegrated man has no criminal record: he has a history, and it is complete.

Fifth, striking from the register. Whoever refuses the reparation pronounced, or threatens the community by reoffending, is struck from the register of the sanctuary, aloud and before all: it is the only penalty of the Bwa Sacré, and the heaviest. It is reversible by reparation, never by time.

Sixth, what the tree does not touch. Blood, rape, offenses against children and trafficking belong to the judge of the State and to him alone: no palaver hears them, no reparation closes them, and whoever is seized of such a matter brings it to the judge. And no palaver of the Bwa Sacré hears an accusation of witchcraft, neither receives it nor founds it: whoever invokes one to dispossess someone is sent before the criminal judge. It is through that door that the abuses entered among our fathers; we close it.

Seventh, the call to the States. The Bwa Sacré asks the States of Africa to do what New Zealand did with the Maori and Rwanda with *gacaca*: write the palaver into the law as the first instance for small conflicts, recognize its agreements, refer to it before locking up, and stop storing men awaiting trial for faults that a tree would settle in an afternoon. The prison must become again what it should have remained: the exception, for those whom reparation cannot reach.

Eighth, freedom and the seal. Nothing of the foregoing is imposed on anyone, and freedom of conscience remains entire. The present writing is electronically signed and anchored in the Bitcoin blockchain, so that the date on which the tree was reopened is established for all and forever.

IX. What we teach

From this institution follow a few instructions, and they are simple.

To the families: when one of yours has done wrong in a matter that can be repaired – a debt, a word, a boundary mark, a brawl without blood – do not hide him; bring him under the tree, with you at his side. An offender surrounded by his own repairs; an abandoned offender reoffends. But when he has shed blood, touched a woman or a child, it is to the judge of the State that he is brought, and the name of the house is saved by bringing him there, never by covering him. And when one of yours has been wounded, the palaver is open to you, and so is the court: no one must hold back a victim from going to lay a complaint, and whoever holds her back has already begun the injustice.

To the palaver elders: listen more than you speak, let the victim speak to the end, never rule before agreement, and enter everything in the register. Your authority does not rest on your age: it rests on what is said of your name when you are not there.

To the Kamite jurists, lawyers, magistrates, professors of law: you learned restorative justice from American books and European directives. Turn around: it is under the tree of your village, eight

centuries ahead. Write it into our codes with our words, before it is sold back to us under license.

To every Kamite: when you are wronged, you have the choice between putting a man in a cage and being repaired. Choose reparation: it is you that it serves, and it is thus that our ancestors kept cities without doors.

X. Solemn conclusion

I summarize, so that this may be retained and passed on.

Our ancestors had no prison, and they had a justice: the palaver – summons of the lineages, public hearing, reparation to the victim, ritual reintegration, entry in the register, banishment as a last resort – which the Charter of Mandé carried to the scale of an empire in the century of Sundiata. The prison came to us through the *indigénat*, as a tool of administration, and everywhere it has produced what it produces: men stored, victims mute, conflicts confiscated, and recidivism. The world knows it: it rediscovers the tree under the name of restorative justice, from Christie to Zehr, from New Zealand to the United Nations, and the studies prove it right; South Africa chose it before apartheid, and Rwanda, before a genocide, judged two million cases in ten years on the grass of the hills. The palaver is neither impunity, nor rumor, nor a cure for everything: it is the first instance, before the king. We institute the tree, the persons of integrity, the protocol, the register, what the tree does not touch, the striking from the register, the call to the States – in freedom, and under the seal.

This writing has not proposed: it has instituted. The witnesses have read, the words are exact, the seal is set.

One does not repair a man by removing him from men. Our ancestors knew it; the world is relearning it; the tree is reopened.

Amen Hotep – Amenhotep.

Done at Abidjan, September 4, 2026, in the year 6263 of the Kamite era.

KING BAZURU

Venerable and President of the Bwa Sacré



– Chapter XII –

The Queen Mothers

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

Solemn writing of the Venerable

KING BAZURU

President of the Bwa Sacré

Abidjan, September 4, 2026

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

Preliminary Note

This writing expresses my position as Venerable and President of the Bwa Sacré. It is addressed to all the Kamites of the world, and it repairs an injustice of this series: since “The Secret Revealed,” twenty-three writings have spoken of our ancestors, our rites, our builders, our workers – in a man’s voice, and most often in the masculine. Yet half of what we have described was held by women, and the first worker of all our writings, she of the first of the five days outside time, did not yet have her volume. Here it is.

I do not write it to flatter, nor to catch up with a fashion. I write it because this series looks at the institutions of the Ancestors with the eyes of the engineer, and that, seen thus, the Kamite woman is not a subject for speeches: she is an institution – with her offices, her rights, her powers, her guarantees – that the modern world, once again, is rediscovering by feel. And I write it also because this series is an audit, not a song of praise: one will read here what our societies built for their daughters, and what mimicry and ornament have undone.

As always, this text criticizes doctrines and methods, never persons. And as always, I do not ask to be taken at my word: the queens have dates, the revolts have archives, the markets have figures, and the references are at the end of the volume.

I. Opening: the head of Augustus under the threshold

In 1910, at Meroë, in Sudan, British archaeologists cleared the threshold of a temple and found, buried beneath it, a bronze head

with eyes of glass and calcite: the portrait of the emperor Augustus, torn from a Roman statue in Egypt. It is today in the British Museum, and we know how it got there. Around the year 25 before our era, the armies of Kush, led by their queen – the kandake Amanirenas, whom the Roman sources describe as one-eyed and formidable – attacked the Roman garrisons at Aswan, brought back the spoils, and buried the emperor's head under the threshold, so that every worshipper entering the temple would walk on the face of Rome. Rome negotiated. The treaty was favorable to Kush, and the most powerful empire on Earth left the queen in peace.

I place this head at the opening of this writing because it says, in a single object, what this volume is going to demonstrate: on our continent, the power of women is neither a recent conquest nor an import; it is an ancient institution, which stood up to empires, held the markets, held the funds, held the lineages – and which we were taught to see as an anomaly, when it was the rule.

This writing lays out that institution piece by piece: the queens, the mothers of lineage, the market women, the tontine, the first worker. Then it says what we have allowed to come undone, and what the Bwa Sacré institutes to give it back.

Amen Hotep – Amenhotep.

II. The queens who stood up

We must first line up the names, because we were made to forget them, and a people that cannot name its queens believes it never had any.

Hatshepsut reigned over Kemet as pharaoh, in title and in crown, for more than twenty years, and had built at Deir el-Bahari a temple that the whole world visits. The kandakes of Kush – Amanirenas, Amanishakheto, whose jewels have been found – governed a kingdom that Rome could not subdue. Amina of Zazzau, in the sixteenth century, extended the Hausa country and had her cities girded with walls that still bear her name. Nzinga Mbandi, queen of Ndongo and Matamba, stood up to the Portuguese for forty years, from 1620 to her death in 1663, negotiating, warring, withdrawing and returning, and died a sovereign. And in Dahomey, an entire regiment of women – the Agojie, whom the Europeans called Amazons – formed for two centuries the elite of the royal army, down to the battles of 1892 against the French columns.

Then came the time of resistance, and the women were on its front line. Kimpa Vita, called Dona Beatriz, born in Kongo around 1684, preached the reunification of a kingdom torn by wars and the slave trade, gathered thousands of followers in the abandoned capital of Mbanza Kongo, and was burned alive in 1706, at twenty-two, by a king whom the missionaries had persuaded. Ndaté Yalla Mbodj, *lingeer* of Waalo, in Senegal, governed from 1846 to 1855 and wrote to the French governor, in substance, that her lands were not for the taking; she fought Faïdherbe and lost her kingdom, not her name. Yaa Asantewaa, queen mother of Ejisu, took command in 1900 of the war against the British when the chiefs hesitated – the War of the Golden Stool, in which the governor had demanded that the sacred seat of the Asante be handed over to him – besieged the fort at Kumasi, was defeated, deported to the Seychelles, and died there in 1921; the Golden Stool was never handed over. And Aline Sitoé Diatta, of Kabrousse in Casamance, born around 1920, a priestess

to whom the spirits had spoken, called on the Diola in 1942 to refuse the requisitions of rice and soldiers by Vichy France; arrested in 1943, deported to Timbuktu, she died there in 1944, at twenty-four, and her name is today on schools and stadiums.

Let the series be remembered: Kemet, Kush, Zazzau, Ndongo, Dahomey, Kongo, Waalo, Asante, Casamance. Nine peoples, fifteen centuries, and each time women at the head – not by tolerated exception, but by a place the institution reserved for them. For behind every queen there is a rule, and it is the rule we must look at.

III. The mother of the lineage

The rule, among the Asante, has a name: *ohemaa*, the queen mother. She is not the king's mother – she is an office. The *ohemaa* is the guardian of the royal lineage, and it is she who, at the king's death, designates among the men of the lineage the one who will ascend the stool; it is she who sits on the council, who may rebuke the king in public, and to whom the affairs of the kingdom's women are brought. Yaa Asantewaa did not take command by a coup: she took it because her office allowed it, when those who should have taken it shrank back. And this office exists because the Akan count the lineage through the mothers: the child belongs to the *abusua*, the clan of its mother, and inherits from its maternal uncle. The blood that counts is the blood of women.

Among the Mandé, it is not the lineage that is maternal, but the peace. The Bambara language distinguishes two forces that govern every society: *fadenya*, “father-childness,” which is the rivalry between half-brothers of the same father, ambition, competition,

the desire to surpass; and *badenya*, “mother-childness,” which is the solidarity of the children of one mother, concord, sharing. Our elders knew that a society needs both, and that without the second, the first tears it apart. Measure the engineer’s lesson: the very name of social cohesion, in the language of the Mali empire, is the name of the mother.

And I described, in “The Stealers of Women,” what the Bwa country had built for its daughters: the choice of husband guaranteed by the very architecture of the village, the private kitchen over which the husband has no right, the orchard, the tavern, the economy of her own, the cults kept in the native village, and above all the all-risk insurance – the status of “daughter of the village,” which allowed a woman to leave with her children without failure being able to destroy her. A woman chooses freely only if failure cannot destroy her: our ancestors had stretched the net before proclaiming freedom. The ohemaa, the badenya, the daughter of the village: three peoples, three devices, one idea – the woman is not protected by the kindness of men, she is protected by the rule.

IV. The market women

Let us now come down from the throne to the marketplace, for it is there that the institution is seen every day, and it is there that it made modern empires tremble.

In November 1929, in southeastern Nigeria, tens of thousands of Igbo, Ibibio and Ogoni women, learning that the British administration was preparing to tax them, rose in a single movement: they “sat” on the warrant chiefs – that is the name of the ancient

practice, surrounding a man's house and singing until he yields – burned native courts, looted trading posts. The army fired: more than fifty women were killed. The British called this the “Aba riots”; the women called it *Ogu Umunwanyị*, the Women's War, and it forced the administration to reform the warrant chief system. Twenty years later, at Abeokuta, Funmilayo Ransome-Kuti and her Women's Union forced the king of the town, the Alake, to abdicate in 1949 – because he taxed the market traders. A king overthrown by the market women: that is the weight of the institution.

And look at Lomé, in the 1960s to the 1980s. A group of trading women, most of them without schooling, took control of the import and distribution of wax cloth across the whole region – the Dutch prints whose patterns, names and prices they fixed – to the point that the manufacturers of Europe negotiated with them and their fortunes were counted in buildings and German sedans. The people christened them the Nana Benz. They asked no bank for credit: they were the bank. And from Makola in Accra to the markets of Adjamé, Sandaga and Kinshasa, it is still women today who hold the trade in foodstuffs, cloth and retail – the studies of West African cross-border trade put figures on it: the majority of that trade, the trade that feeds the cities, passes through women's hands.

And the land? The agricultural organizations repeat it every year: nearly half of Africa's agricultural workforce is female, and in food crops – what is eaten, what feeds – the share of women is greater still. Africa's granary is filled by women who, most often, do not own the field they cultivate. I return to this point in “The Written Land”; let it be kept in mind.

V. The tontine, or the bank without a bank

How did these women finance their trade, when no bank would lend to them? Through an institution that this series must look at as it looked at the invisible ledger: the tontine – *susu* in Ghana, *esusu* or *ajo* among the Yoruba, *ton* in Mali, *njangi* in Cameroon, and a hundred other names for one mechanism.

Ten, twenty, thirty women meet on a fixed date. Each pays in the same sum; one of them, in turn, receives the whole. In thirty rounds, each has received once thirty times her stake – a capital that none could ever have saved alone, without interest, without a file, without any guarantee other than the one this series knows well: the name. She who fails her turn is not sued before a court: she is struck, and her family with her, from the invisible ledger – and no one fails. Look at this device as an engineer: a distributed credit system, without headquarters, without initial capital, without a rate, whose default rate is close to zero, and which has run for centuries on verified trust alone. Development economists have measured it everywhere, and they ended up copying it: the microcredit that was crowned with a Nobel Prize in 2006 is a tontine with a counter.

And the tontine did what the banks did not do: it financed the Nana Benz, the stalls of Makola, the tables of Adjamé, the schooling of millions of children, the funerals, the weddings, the businesses that fed our cities when the States had nothing. Still today, surveys show that in our countries a considerable share of savings circulates outside the banks, in these circles – and that they are, in the great majority, circles of women. When we speak of the mobile money that has revolutionized Africa, let it not be forgotten what it digitizes: the mothers' tontine.

VI. The first worker

We must now go back to the source, for this whole institution flows from it. In “The Feast of the Worker,” we dedicated the first of the five days outside time, July 21, to the pregnant woman and the unborn child, saying: the worker begins in his mother’s womb, and his mother is the first worker. I want to unfold that sentence.

The Kamite woman carries the child, and it is work; she nurses it, and it is work; she gives it her language – I wrote “My Mother’s Tongue” for that – its everyday name, its first rules, and it is work. Then she farms, she sells, she cooks, she keeps the tontine’s cash, she heals, she organizes the funerals and weddings that we have shown to be protocols – and who executes them, if not the women? Look at any ceremony of ours: the men speak, the women do. The protocol holds because they hold it.

And I add what the age of Aquarius makes visible. We said that work is going to the machines and that the worker remains. But there is one work that no machine will take: to carry, to bring into the world, to feed from one’s own body, and to make of the child a man who has a name. That work was never counted in any gross domestic product, and it is the only one without which there would be no product at all. In the age that begins, when the shuttles weave by themselves, the first worker will be the last who cannot be replaced. It is time she was counted.

VII. What we have allowed to come undone

This series is an audit, and the audit does not stop at the glories. We must say what the institution has lost, and by what.

It has lost its offices. Colonization, in naming its warrant chiefs, named only men: the ohemaa had no equivalent in the governor's organization chart, and the market women had no seat on the colonial council – which is precisely why they “sat” on the chiefs in 1929. Then the independent States inherited the organization chart, not the institution. One had to wait for Ellen Johnson Sirleaf, elected in 2005 and inaugurated in January 2006, for a woman to reach the head of an African State – and to get there, the women of Liberia, led by Leymah Gbowee, had to force warlords to peace in 2003 by sitting, dressed in white, before the doors of the negotiations, until they signed. The Women's War, again. The Nobel Peace Prize crowned them both in 2011; Wangari Maathai, of Kenya, had received it in 2004 for having tens of millions of trees planted by village women. Rwanda, for its part, has had the most female parliament on the planet since 2008. The institution is returning – but it returns through the door of the State, when it had a door of its own.

It has lost rights through mimicry. I showed, in “The Stealers of Women,” that the Bwa country did not know the bride price, precisely so that no daughter would ever be given or acquired; our sons today pay bride prices by imitation and by administrative obligation. Where custom guaranteed the wife her kitchen, her orchard, her trade and her cults, laws and religions come from elsewhere have reduced the woman to guardianship – and what is then called “African tradition” is an import on which a wrapper has been put.

And it must be said with the same clarity, for the Venerable must speak to his own house: there are practices presented to us as traditions that wound our daughters – the mutilation of their bodies, marriage imposed on children, widowhood rites that humi-

liate instead of protecting. I taught, in “The Sacred Protocols,” to distinguish the protocol from the ornament, and to keep the one while pruning the other. What wounds the first worker is not a protocol: it is an ornament gone wrong, and the Bwa Sacré does not defend it. Our ancestors had stretched a net beneath their daughters; what tears the net is not from among us, whatever age is claimed for it.

VIII. What we institute

Let the nature of this chapter be measured, as for the writings that institute: it is not a proposal, it is a protocol, and it executes – with its steps, its exact words, its witnesses who are all of you, and its definitive write, the seal that timestamps this publication. According to our own teachings, when these four things are gathered, the change is not described: it is made.

Consequently, and from this day, the Bwa Sacré institutes what follows.

First, the queen mother. Each sanctuary of the Bwa Sacré designates from among its women a queen mother – after the example of the ohemaa – chosen for her name and not for her rank, who sits by full right on the council of the sanctuary and under the palaver tree, to whom the affairs of women are brought, and who may, in public, rebuke the Venerable himself. Her office is entered in the register.

Second, the name of the mothers. The genealogies kept by our sanctuaries, and the register of voices instituted by “My Mother’s Tongue,” bear the name of the mothers beside that of the fathers, at

every generation. A lineage of which only the men have been written is a lineage half erased; we write it whole.

Third, the first day. July 21, the day of the pregnant woman and the unborn child, is also the day of the Queen Mothers: each sanctuary names and honors on that day its market women, its tontine mothers, its healers, its elder women – by name, before all, as the workers are named on the third day.

Fourth, the sanctuary's tontine. Each sanctuary keeps, under the guard of its queen mother, a tontine open to its members, according to the ancient mechanism – equal stake, rotating turn, register of the name – and entered in the sealed register of the sanctuary, so that the mothers' bank too has its book.

Fifth, the net. No daughter of the Bwa Sacré is given, acquired, married against her word, or wounded in her body in the name of a tradition. The daughter of the sanctuary keeps, wherever she goes, the status of daughter of the village: the door of her native house remains open to her and to her children. What tears this net is not a rite of the Bwa Sacré.

Sixth, the call to the States. The Bwa Sacré asks the States of Africa to give back to women what the colonial organization chart took from them: the seat on the council, the title to the land they cultivate, the access to credit that the tontine always gave them, and the protection of the law against what wounds their daughters – drawing on what Rwanda did for its parliament and on what our markets have always known.

Seventh, freedom and the seal. Nothing of the foregoing is imposed on anyone, and freedom of conscience remains entire. The

present writing is electronically signed and anchored in the Bitcoin blockchain, so that the date on which the queen mothers took back their seat is established for all and forever.

IX. What we teach

From this institution follow a few instructions, and they are simple.

To the men of the Bwa Sacré: when you speak under the tree, remember who prepared the place, the meal and the rite – and make her a place in the speaking. A council without a queen mother is a council that deliberates without half of the register.

To the mothers: you are the first worker, the bank, the language and the net. Teach your daughters the names in this chapter – Amanirenas, Nzinga, Kimpa Vita, Ndaté Yalla, Yaa Asantewaa, Aline Sitoé – as one teaches an alphabet: a girl who knows that her ancestors stood up to Rome does not let herself be told that she was born to keep quiet.

To the Kamite daughters: the freedom our villages built for you is not a gift being made to you, it is an inheritance that was hidden from you. Take it back. Hold the cash, hold the market, hold the laboratory, hold the council – and when you are told that this is no place for a woman, answer with a bronze head buried under a threshold.

To the sanctuaries: designate your queen mother before the next pilgrimage, from July 21 to 25, 2027, year 6264, and let her be the first named on the first day.

X. Solemn conclusion

I summarize, so that this may be retained and passed on.

The power of women is not an import on our continent: it is an institution, from Hatshepsut to the kandakes who made Rome negotiate, from Nzinga to Yaa Asantewaa, from Kimpa Vita to Aline Sitoé Diatta. Behind every queen, a rule: the ohemaa who designates the king, the badenya that names peace with the name of the mother, the daughter of the village whom failure cannot destroy. The market women have overthrown kings, constrained empires, held the cloth, the food crops and the granary; the tontine was the bank without a bank, and the Nobel's microcredit is only its copy. The first worker is the one no machine will replace. And we have allowed her offices to come undone by the colonial organization chart, her rights by mimicry, and her net by ornaments that wound – which the Bwa Sacré does not defend. We institute the queen mother, the name of the mothers, the first day, the sanctuary's tontine, the net, the call to the States – in freedom, and under the seal.

This writing has not proposed: it has instituted. The witnesses have read, the words are exact, the seal is set.

Half of the register was written. Here is the other half. A lineage is written with both.

Amen Hotep – Amenhotep.

Done at Abidjan, September 4, 2026, in the year 6263 of the Kamite era.

KING BAZURU

Venerable and President of the Bwa Sacré



– Chapter XIV –

The Written Land

A Bwa Sacré writing on the land of the Ancestors – the “land without a master” that never was, the sacred groves without a title, and the book of the land that must be opened without closing the house

Solemn writing of the Venerable

KING BAZURU

President of the Bwa Sacré

Abidjan, September 4, 2026

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

Preliminary Note

This writing expresses my position as Venerable and President of the Bwa Sacré – and, where it must, as an engineer who has spent years designing registers, including registers of land. It is addressed to all the Kamites of the world, and first to those who hold a field, a grove, a territory, without any paper saying so.

I closed “The House Without a Door” on a sentence I have not forgotten: the house may remain without a door, but the land must have a book. I said there that our hospitality without a register had cost us our lands, and that the lesson was not to close our houses, but to write the land. This writing keeps that promise: it says what the land was for our ancestors, how it was read to us backwards, what it still costs us not to be written, and what the Bwa Sacré institutes to write it – without a single sacred grove losing its silence.

A necessary precision, for this series has never cheated with words: this writing does not ask that the land of the Ancestors be turned into merchandise, nor that it be cut into lots for sale. It asks the opposite: that it be written so that it can no longer be taken. It criticizes methods and laws, never persons – and it lectures no State: several have already begun, and I name them.

As always, I do not ask to be taken at my word: the decrees are in the official gazettes, the figures are published, the sacred groves are listed, and the references are at the end of the volume.

I. Opening: the land has three owners

In 1912, a Nigerian chief, questioned by a British committee on the ownership of land in his country, answered with a sentence that jurists still quote, a century later, in every law faculty in Africa. He said, in substance: I conceive that land belongs to a vast family of which many are dead, few are living, and countless members are still unborn.

Let an engineer weigh that sentence, for it is an architecture. The land has three owners: the dead, who cleared it and who rest in it; the living, who cultivate it and who are only its keepers; and the unborn, for whom the living keep it. None of the three can sell it alone, because none of the three owns it alone. It is exactly the arc we instituted in “The Feast of the Worker” – from the pregnant woman to the Ancestors – laid upon the soil. The Nigerian chief of 1912 was not describing a custom: he was describing a law, deeper than the law of property, and the British commissioner noted it without understanding it.

For here is what the law come from elsewhere made of that sentence. Where the land belonged to all because it belonged to the dead, the living and the unborn, it read: it belongs to no one. Where no one could sell it, it read: it is free. And it invented, to say this, a formula that has served as the key to every plunder in the world: vacant land without a master.

This writing says how that formula was written, what it took, what it still takes, and how it is closed – not by closing the house, but by opening the book.

Amen Hotep – Amenhotep.

II. The land without a master

The decree is dated, and it must be read. On October 23, 1904, the French government organized the public domain of French West Africa, and wrote into it that vacant lands without a master belong to the State. Thirty years later, the decree of November 15, 1935 went further: lands are presumed vacant and without a master if they are neither registered nor developed for more than ten years – development being defined by the administrator, according to his criteria, which were neither those of our farmers' fallow nor those of our villages' sacred grove. Thus, with a stroke of the pen, the forest that the Ancestors had forbidden to the axe became vacant; the field left to rest according to the ancient rotation became without a master; and the land of a whole continent, which had had owners for millennia, became the property of a foreign State, because it was not written in that State's own register.

Let the procedure be measured, for it is the same as the one we dismantled in "Before the Greeks, Before Rome": absorb, erase, reassign. One absorbs the land into the domain of the State; one erases the ancient law by recognizing it only if it resembles the new law – that is, never; one reassigns by concession, title, lease. The colonizer did not steal the land with soldiers, or not only: he stole it with a definition. And the definition was: what is not written does not exist.

Then came the independences, and one might have believed the formula would die with the empire. It survived. Many of our States inherited the colonial domain by nationalizing it: the Senegalese law of 1964 on the national domain brought into the patrimony of the nation all unregistered lands – that is, almost all of them –

leaving the communities a right of use, not a title. Others did the same, with the same words. The master had changed; the land remained “without a master” for those who had cultivated it for twenty generations.

III. What it costs today

Here is the figure I want engraved, for it commands all the rest: the World Bank estimated, in 2013, that nine hectares out of ten of Africa’s rural land were documented by no title and no register. Ninety percent. The continent richest in land is the one whose land is the least written. And we shall see what that costs, item by item.

It costs whole lands. From 2008, when food prices soared, States and companies from elsewhere acquired by lease, on our continent, millions of hectares – the independent observatories counted several tens of millions worldwide in a decade, a large share of them on our continent. The most famous case is that of Madagascar: in 2008, a foreign conglomerate negotiated with the government a lease on one million three hundred thousand hectares – on the order of a third of the country’s arable land, which the press of the time announced as half – to grow maize and palm oil for export. The people learned of it from the press; the president fell in March 2009; the project, never signed, was abandoned. But how many contracts have not brought down a president? Every hectare leased that way was, in a register somewhere, “vacant and without a master”; on the ground, families had cultivated it since forever.

It costs credit. A farmer who cannot prove that his field is his cannot pledge it, and therefore cannot borrow: that is one of the

roots of the rope I described in “The Inverted Curse” – the seed credit of the commodity chain, because no bank lends against a land that does not exist on paper. The Peruvian economist Hernando de Soto put a figure on this “dead capital” at the scale of the poor world: thousands of billions of dollars of assets owned, held, cultivated, and yet unusable as capital, because unwritten. We hold the largest share of it.

It costs peace. Look where the conflicts that bleed our countryside come from: field boundaries, contested successions, lands sold twice, herders and farmers quarrelling over a corridor no one has traced, “natives” and “newcomers” whose respective rights were never written anywhere. A considerable share of the cases that clog our courts is about land, and most would be stillborn if the territory had a book.

And it costs the women. I showed, in “The Queen Mothers,” that nearly half the arms of African agriculture are women’s arms, and that in food crops their share is greater still. Yet the registers, where they exist, are kept in the names of men; and where they do not exist, it is custom reinterpreted by mimicry that decides – and it often decides against the widow. A land written in the name of the woman who cultivates it is a land that is not taken at the husband’s death.

IV. The sacred grove, or the invisible title

We must now speak of the land that is at the heart of this writing and of the Bwa Sacré itself: the sacred grove. For it is the living

proof that our ancestors knew how to hold a land without paper – and the proof, too, that this holding is no longer enough.

Everywhere on the continent, there are forests that the axe has never opened: the grove of initiation, the forest of the masks, the spring of the Ancestors, the thicket of the village's founding. No one owns them, and no one cuts there. What protects them is neither a guard nor a fence: it is the prohibition – the sacred, which we showed in "The Price of Silence" to be the most powerful deployment layer there is. And look, as an engineer, at what that prohibition has produced: the biologists who study the sacred groves of Benin, Ghana, Kenya or Casamance find there islands of ancient forest, species vanished all around, intact springs – nature reserves that no State decreed, and that have held for centuries where national parks struggle to hold for decades. The world has recognized it: the Osun-Osogbo sacred grove, in Nigeria, has been listed by UNESCO since 2005, and the kaya forests of the Mijikenda, in Kenya, since 2008 – forests protected by oaths, inscribed on the heritage of humanity.

But here is the problem, and it is exactly that of the house without a door. The sacred grove is protected by an invisible title – the prohibition, the register of the name, the gaze of the Ancestors – which is valid only for those who read it. The developer does not read it. The lease's surveyor does not read it. The State's cadastre, where it exists, does not read it: for the cadastre, the sacred grove is an undeveloped wooded parcel, that is, in the language of 1935, vacant and without a master. How many sacred groves have become housing estates on the outskirts of Abidjan, Cotonou, Lomé, Kinshasa? Those who razed them did not violate a prohibition: they

never knew there was one, because it was written nowhere they read.

The lesson is therefore the same as for the house: the invisible title held our villages, and it must be given a visible brother. Not to replace the sacred – the sacred remains, and it remains secret – but so that what it protects be readable by those who read only registers. The sacred grove must have traced boundaries, a named keeper, public rules – what is done there, what is not done there, who decides – and a dated entry that no cadastre can ignore. One does not write what happens in the grove. One writes that the grove exists, where it begins, and that it is not for the taking.

V. What the world has already done

And here, as always in this series, is the moment when we show that what we ask is not a dream, because others have done it – and this time, the best examples are among us.

Rwanda, between 2009 and 2013, wrote nearly all its lands. More than ten million parcels, demarcated not by surveyors sent from the capital, but by the communities themselves, hill by hill, with aerial photographs and simple markers, in the presence of the neighbors who confirmed the boundaries – the palaver applied to the cadastre. Four years, a cost of a few dollars per parcel, and a whole country in which every field has a title, a number, a named owner – man or woman, for Rwandan law entered wives at the same rank as husbands. What the colonizers had not done in a century, and what was said to be impossible, a country of eleven million inhabitants did in four years.

Côte d'Ivoire passed law no. 98-750 of December 23, 1998 on the rural land domain, which recognizes customary rights – those of villages, of lineages, of land chiefs – and provides for them to be established by a land certificate. The procedure starts from the village: a village committee for rural land management identifies the boundaries and the rights-holders, the inquiry is public and adversarial, the neighbors are summoned and sign; the administration then registers, and the certificate is convertible into a land title. Since 2016, a Rural Land Agency (AFOR) has been charged with speeding up its issuance. That is the right architecture: start from the ancient law, establish it on the spot before witnesses, and write it. The difficulty is that, twenty-eight years later, the proportion of land actually certified remains low: the procedure is slow, costly, and the villages do not see their interest in it – until the day a lease signed elsewhere teaches them that they should have. I have shown elsewhere, in “Judging Without Prison,” that this device is far more than a land procedure: custom establishes the facts there and reconciles, the State enters, guarantees and protects the weak. It is that formula that must be retained. What Côte d'Ivoire lacks is therefore not the architecture – it is sound – but the speed and the cost. Mali, by its agricultural land law of 2017, likewise recognizes customary rights and institutes village land commissions. Benin, Burkina Faso, Ethiopia have their certification programs. The direction is taken; it is the speed that is lacking.

And the age of Aquarius brings here the tool that was needed. A land register, to be worthy of trust, must be tamper-proof, distributed, dated and consultable by all – exactly the properties of the invisible ledger of our villages, and exactly those offered today by registers timestamped and anchored in a public blockchain, whose

seal every writing of this series bears. Countries have begun to anchor their land registers in this way – Georgia since 2016, Sweden in experimentation – and African projects tried it as early as 2016 in Ghana, without yet succeeding. What we did for the worker with TRAVAILLEUR-0, we design for the land: a book of the territory in which every boundary, every keeper, every right of use and every sacred grove is entered, dated and sealed – without anyone being able to rewrite it in his own name.

VI. What writing is not

We must disarm the bad-faith objections, for they are many, and some come from among us.

Writing the land is not selling it. It is the opposite. What is not written is taken; what is written is defended. A land entered in the name of a lineage, with its three owners – the dead, the living, the unborn – can be sold only by a palaver in which all three are represented; an unentered land can be leased by a ministry to a conglomerate without the village hearing of it. The title is not the door to merchandise: it is the lock against it.

Writing the land is not cutting it up. Our ancestors held lineage lands, village lands, corridors of passage, common groves, rotating fallows. The book of the territory must write that as it is – collective rights, overlapping uses, prohibitions – and not force it into the mold of the fenced individual lot. Rwanda wrote parcels; others will write territories. The register adapts to the law, not the reverse.

Writing the land is not profaning it. The book says that the sacred grove exists, where it begins and that it is not for the taking. It does not say what happens there. The secret stays in the grove, as it stayed in the mark and in the rite; what is written is the frontier of the secret, so that no bulldozer crosses it out of ignorance.

And writing the land is not closing the house. I asked, in “The House Without a Door,” that hospitality remain whole for persons and become exact for goods. The stranger will be welcomed tomorrow as yesterday, housed, fed, introduced – but welcomed according to our rules of safety, for it is forbidden to get oneself killed: no one is received under arms, no one is received in secret, and one takes the time that is needed. The door is open to the guest; it is never open to the blade. And when he asks for the land, he will be shown the book.

VII. What we institute

Let the nature of this chapter be measured, as for the writings that institute: it is not a proposal, it is a protocol, and it executes – with its steps, its exact words, its witnesses who are all of you, and its definitive write, the seal that timestamps this publication. According to our own teachings, when these four things are gathered, the change is not described: it is made.

Consequently, and from this day, the Bwa Sacré institutes what follows.

First, the three owners. Every land held by a lineage or a sanctuary of the Bwa Sacré belongs to the dead, the living and the unborn. No living person may alienate it alone: every transfer is brought

under the palaver tree, before the whole lineage and the queen mother, and is valid only once entered in the register.

Second, the book of the territory. Each sanctuary opens a book of the territory in which are entered, with their boundaries, their keepers and their rules of use, the lineage lands, the common lands, the corridors and the fallows of its members. Each entry is dated, signed by the witnesses of the palaver, and sealed as our writings are.

Third, the written sacred grove. Every sacred grove, spring, hill or place of initiation kept by a sanctuary is entered in the book of the territory – its boundaries traced, its keeper named, its prohibition declared – and that entry is brought to the knowledge of the local land authorities, so that no cadastre can hold it to be vacant. What happens in the grove is not written; what is written is that the grove is.

Fourth, the name of the women. The land cultivated by a woman is entered in her name, or in hers beside her husband's, after the example of Rwandan law. The widow does not lose the land she has fed.

Fifth, certification. The Bwa Sacré asks its members to have their customary rights established according to the laws of their countries – the land certificate in Côte d'Ivoire, the land commission in Mali, and their equivalents elsewhere – and the book of the territory is kept so as to serve as evidence in those procedures. The sanctuary's register does not replace the State's: it precedes it, and it feeds it.

Sixth, the call to the States. The Bwa Sacré asks the States of Africa to do what Rwanda did: write all the lands, in a few years, by the communities themselves, at low cost, with women at the same rank as men; recognize sacred groves as protected areas by full right upon simple entry; repeal from their codes the presumption of vacant land without a master; and sign no more leases on any land whose book has not been opened before those who cultivate it.

Seventh, freedom and the seal. Nothing of the foregoing is imposed on anyone, and freedom of conscience remains entire. The present writing is electronically signed and anchored in the Bitcoin blockchain, so that the date on which the book of the territory was opened is established for all and forever.

VIII. What we teach

From this institution follow a few instructions, and they are simple.

To the land chiefs and the elders: gather the palaver, walk the territory with the young people and the neighbors, name the boundaries aloud, and have them written. What you know by heart will die with you if you do not dictate it; and what you have dictated before witnesses, no lease will be able to erase.

To the families: never sell alone what you hold as three. A field sold by a living person without the dead and the unborn is a field stolen from its own lineage; and when you are offered more for your land than it is worth, it is because someone knows what it will be worth.

To the keepers of the sacred groves: trace the frontier of the secret. The secret stays inside; the boundary is written outside. A grove

whose boundary is written can remain silent for a thousand more years.

To the Kamite engineers, surveyors, computer scientists, jurists: it is for you to build the book. Make it simple, like Rwanda; make it faithful to the ancient law, with its collective rights and its overlapping uses; and make it tamper-proof, with the tools of the new age. The land of the Ancestors has been waiting for its register since 1904.

IX. Solemn conclusion

I summarize, so that this may be retained and passed on.

The land has three owners – the dead, the living, the unborn – and no one can sell it alone: a Nigerian chief said it in 1912, and it was a law, not a custom. The law come from elsewhere read it backwards – vacant land without a master, decrees of 1904 and 1935 – and our States inherited the formula. It costs nine hectares out of ten undocumented, millions of hectares leased to foreigners without the villages knowing, credit refused to the farmer, the peace of the countryside, and the land of the women. The sacred grove, protected by an invisible title that biologists admire and that UNESCO lists, falls under the bulldozer of those who read only registers. Rwanda wrote ten million parcels in four years, Côte d'Ivoire and Mali have laid the right architecture, and the new age gives the tamper-proof register. Writing the land is neither selling it, nor cutting it up, nor profaning it, nor closing the house: it is tracing the frontier of the secret so that no one crosses it out of ignorance. We institute the three owners, the book of the territory, the written

sacred grove, the name of the women, certification, the call to the States – in freedom, and under the seal.

This writing has not proposed: it has instituted. The witnesses have read, the words are exact, the seal is set.

The house may remain without a door. The territory now has a book. And the land without a master never existed: it had three masters, and they had not been consulted.

Amen Hotep – Amenhotep.

Done at Abidjan, September 4, 2026, in the year 6263 of the Kamite era.

KING BAZURU

Venerable and President of the Bwa Sacré



– Chapter XV –

The Other Front

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

Solemn writing of the Venerable

KING BAZURU

President of the Bwa Sacré

Abidjan, September 4, 2026

Corrected edition of September 5, 2026

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

Preliminary Note

This writing expresses my position as Venerable and President of the Bwa Sacré. It is addressed to all the Kamites of the world, and first to our daughters – those who stayed and those who left, those of Abidjan and those of Paris, Brussels, Montreal and New York, who carry our names in cities where a fight that is not theirs has been waged for two centuries.

I wrote “The Queen Mothers” to establish that the Kamite woman is an institution. I must now say what follows from it, and what is not said, because it displeases: the struggle of the Western woman and that of the African woman are not the same struggle. They have neither the same past, nor the same adversary, nor the same front. The first fights against what she has lived; the second has not lived that. And when she takes the first one’s fight for her own, she betrays no one: she forgets. In this series, forgetting is the one fault we do not let pass: the register is all that we were left.

A necessary precision, for this series has never cheated with words. This writing is not against the Western woman nor against her fight: that fight was just, waged against a real past, and won at great cost; that past will be read here with exactness, for one respects a fight only by knowing it. Nor is it a weapon for the man who would like his wife to keep quiet: it points the Kamite woman to her true adversary, who is not her father – nor the husband who tears the net. It criticizes doctrines, never persons; and it does not ask to be taken at its word: the references are at the end of the volume.

I. Opening: Akron, 1851

In May 1851, in a church in Akron, Ohio, a convention for women's rights was being held. Well-educated men had explained there that woman, a delicate creature, had to be helped into carriages and carried over puddles, and therefore had no vocation to vote. A woman then rose from the back of the hall. She was Black, tall, born a slave in the State of New York, and she had given herself the name Sojourner Truth. She said, in substance: nobody ever helped me into carriages or carried me over puddles; I have ploughed, I have planted, I have gathered into barns, and no man could do it better than I; I have borne children and seen them sold – and ain't I a woman?

I place this scene at the opening of this writing because it contains everything it is going to say. That day, for the first time in an assembly of the women's movement of the West, a daughter of Africa told that movement one simple thing: the woman you describe is not me. The fragile woman carried over puddles, the woman shut in the parlor, the woman who never held a plough – that woman existed, and it was against her condition that those ladies were rightly fighting. But Sojourner Truth had never been that woman. She had ploughed. Her ancestors, on the other shore, had held the fields, the markets and the granaries. And her problem was not being carried: it was having been sold.

One hundred and seventy-five years later, millions of our daughters live in the cities of the West, and many march in its processions, take up its words, adopt its angers, inherit its enemies. This writing tells them what Sojourner Truth said at Akron, and it tells them

with the archives: this fight has a past, and that past is not yours. You have another. It is waiting for you.

Amen Hotep – Amenhotep.

II. What the Western woman lived

We must first do justice to the Western woman, and the only way to do it is to read her past without softening anything. For that past is terrible, and it is what explains everything about her fight.

Greek learning, which founds the West, had defined her from the start. Aristotle, in his treatise on the generation of animals, writes that the female is as it were a mutilated male – an unfinished man, an accident of nature, whose contribution to the child is only the matter, the form coming from the father. That sentence was taught in every university of Europe for two thousand years. Rome made that idea into law: the woman there passed from the power of her father to the hand of her husband, and a perpetual guardianship had been invented for her, because she was held to be light of mind. Then the Church added the fault: Tertullian, in the third century, addressing Christian women, tells them that they are the devil's gateway, those through whom sin entered, and that it is because of them that the Son of God had to die. Eve bore the fault of humanity, and every woman bore Eve.

Then came the fire. Between the fifteenth and the eighteenth century, Europe tried and burned its witches: historians count between forty and sixty thousand executions, of which three quarters or more were women – widows, midwives, healers, old women who talked to themselves – on the basis of a manual, the “Hammer

of Witches” of 1486, which learnedly explained why woman, weaker in faith and more carnal, was the natural prey of the demon. Let it be measured what that does to a civilization: for three centuries, in every village, the woman who knew something the men did not know risked the stake.

Then came the law, and it is dated. In England, the jurist Blackstone summed up his country’s law in 1765 in a sentence every law faculty quotes: by marriage, the husband and wife are one person in law, that is, the very legal existence of the woman is suspended during the marriage. Suspended. She owns nothing, signs nothing, pleads nothing; her goods, her earnings, her children are his. In France, the Civil Code of 1804 – the very one that would be exported to our colonies – writes in article 213 that the husband owes protection to his wife and the wife obedience to her husband, and ranks the married woman, in article 1124, among the incapable, with minors and the interdicted. A married Frenchwoman could neither open a bank account nor work without her husband’s authorization: that permission was abolished only in 1965. She voted only in 1944. The husband remained “head of the family” in the Code until 1970. In Switzerland, women voted at the federal level in 1971, and in one canton in 1990, by order of the federal court. In the United States, a woman could not obtain a credit card without a man’s signature until 1974.

And school. The first Frenchwoman to sit the baccalauréat, Julie-Victoire Daubié, did so in 1861, at thirty-seven, after they had hesitated to open the hall to her. Oxford awarded degrees to women only in 1920, Cambridge only in 1948. For centuries, the Western woman was kept out of knowledge by men who then explained to her that she was not capable of it.

Then came the parlor. When industry took work out of the house, the bourgeoisie of the West invented a new ideal: the housewife, the angel in the house, the woman who does not work because her husband earns, and whose idleness is the proof of the husband's success. The corset squeezed the body; the parlor squeezed the life. And when, after the war, the women who had run the factories had been sent back to their kitchens, an American, Betty Friedan, described in 1963 the malaise of those suburban women who had everything – the house, the husband, the children, the refrigerator – and who woke each morning with a question that had no name: is this all? That book launched the second wave of feminism, and one must understand against what: against confinement in the house. Simone de Beauvoir had written in 1949 that one is not born a woman, but becomes one – that is, that the fragile, minor woman, destined for the home, was a fabrication of society, and could be undone.

And until only yesterday: marital rape was recognized as a crime in France only in 1990, in England only in 1991; until then, marriage was worth perpetual consent. The Paris ordinance forbidding women to wear trousers without police authorization, issued in 1800, was formally repealed only in 2013.

That is what the Western woman lived: defined as a failed man, held in perpetual guardianship, charged with the sin of the world, burned when she knew, erased in law by marriage, deprived of account, vote, degree and name, then shut in a parlor she was told was her happiness. Her fight is the exact answer, point by point, to that list. She fights to exist in law, to leave the house, to work, to sign, to own, to learn, to dispose of her body. She fights against her fathers, her husbands, her priests and her judges, because it is they,

really, who wrote that list. That fight is just. It is hers. And it is the consequence of her past.

III. What the Kamite woman lived

Now let us lay the same list on the table, and see whether it describes our mothers.

A failed man? Our languages could not even say it. The Yoruba scholar Oyèrónkẹ́ Oyěwùmí showed, in a book of 1997 whose title says everything – “The Invention of Women” – that the Yoruba language has no gendered pronouns, that its words for man and woman are not hierarchical, and that what ordered society was not sex but age: one was the elder or the junior of someone, and a woman was the elder of every man born after her. Ifi Amadiume, in a study of 1987 on her own Igbo village, described “male daughters” who inherited like sons, and “female husbands” who took a wife and founded a house, without anyone being troubled: the role was not riveted to the body. I said in “The Queen Mothers” that the Akan counted blood through the mothers, and that the language of Mali named peace with the name of the mother. Where the West founded its knowledge on the inferiority of woman, ours had not even asked the question in those terms.

Perpetual guardianship? Legal existence suspended by marriage? I described in “The Stealers of Women” what the Bwa country had built: the choice of husband guaranteed by the very architecture of the village, a marriage the parents themselves could neither impose nor prevent, a private kitchen over which the husband has no right, an orchard, a tavern, a trade, cults kept in the native village, and, in

case of separation, the status of daughter of the village that reopened to her the door of home with her children. The married Bwa woman was not suspended: she was doubled – a house at her husband's, a door at her fathers', and an economy of her own between the two.

The bank account? Your grandmother was the bank. The tontine – susu, esusu, ton, njangi – financed the markets of the whole continent without any man signing. Work outside the house? The Kamite woman was never shut in a house: she was in the field, at the market, at the spring, at the tavern, and it was the house that followed her. Africa's food crops have been in women's hands since always; the market women of Lomé negotiated with the manufacturers of Europe; the women of Aba burned the courts of the British Empire in 1929. Knowledge? Who held the plants, the births, the rites of birth, the word of the lineage, if not the women – and who burned them for it? No one. Power? The ohemaa designated the king; the iyaloode of the Yoruba sat on the council of chiefs on behalf of all the women of the town, and one of them, Efunsetan Aniwura, was in the nineteenth century one of the richest persons in Ibadan; among the Igbo, a queen of the women, the omu, governed beside the king of the men, with her own council and her own courts – what the anthropologist Kamene Okonjo called a dual-sex political system. And the Balobedu of southern Africa have been governed since 1800 by a queen, the Modjadji, whose line is female.

I do not claim that our villages were paradises. I named in "The Queen Mothers" the ornaments that wound – the mutilation of the body, the child bride, the widowhood that humiliates – and I shall return to them, for they are on the front that is hers. But let one

look at the Western woman's list and lay it on our mothers: it does not hold. Not one line. Our mothers did not have to fight to exist in law, to leave the house, to work, to hold the cash, to speak in public, to know: they had all of that, not by the kindness of men, but by the rule. It is not the same story. It is not the same past. And a fight is always the child of its past.

IV. Two memories

I now want to set them face to face, the woman of the West and the Kamite woman, line by line, so that our daughters see the difference with their own eyes, and none can say any longer that she did not know.

The Western woman fought to leave the house. The Kamite woman never entered it. She fought for the right to work. Yours never stopped, and her work was never counted. She fought to open an account in her name. Your grandmother was the bank. She fought to keep her wages. Yours kept the granary. She fought to own. Yours had her kitchen, her orchard, her trade and her door. She fought to speak in an assembly. Yours sat on the chiefs until they yielded. She fought to learn. Yours knew the plants and the rite, and no one burned her. She fought to stop being the devil's gateway. Yours was the gateway of the lineage, and the blood that counted was hers. She fought so that her husband would no longer be her head. Yours was never "head" of anyone until a code from elsewhere wrote it.

And look now at whom each fought against, for that is where everything is decided. The Western woman fought against her fathers, her husbands, her priests, her legislators – against the men of

her own house, because it was they who had written her condition. Her fight is, in the strict sense, a civil war between the sexes, and it could not be otherwise: when the enemy is in the house, one fights in the house. But the Kamite woman did not lose her offices because of her fathers. She lost them by a decree. The ohemaa was not deposed by the Asante king: she was struck from the governor's organization chart. The omu was not erased by the obi: she was erased by the warrant chief appointed from London. The women of Aba did not rise against their husbands: they rose against the administration, and their husbands, that day, had no more power than they. The Kamite woman's father is not her jailer: he was deposed by the same decree as she, the same day, by the same hand.

That is why this fight does not travel. It was forged for a precise enemy, in a precise house. When a Kamite daughter takes it for her own, she takes the enemy that comes with it too, and she looks for him in her own house – in her father, her brothers, her husband – where he never was. She imports a civil war into a family that had been dispossessed together. The language of Mali says it better than I: the Western struggle is a fadenya – a rivalry between children of the same father, each wanting his share against the other. The Kamite struggle can only be a badenya – the children of the same mother, dispossessed together, who take back together what was taken from them.

V. How the housewife was manufactured

I will be told: but the African woman of today does live what the Western woman lived – the husband as head, the permission, the house, the guardianship. That is true, and it is exactly what must be

explained, for it does not come from our ancestors. It was manufactured, and we know by whom.

The Civil Code of 1804 did not stay in France. It left in the colonizer's luggage, with the prison and the land without a master, and it entered our family codes at the moment of the independences. Côte d'Ivoire passed in 1964 a law on marriage that made the husband the head of the family, gave him the choice of residence and the administration of property; France erased the "head of the family" from its code in 1970; Côte d'Ivoire reformed its own only in 2013, then in 2019. For nearly half a century, then, the Ivorian woman fought against a sentence that France itself had struck out, and that was presented to her as the law of her country. Senegal wrote in 1972, in its family code, that the husband is the head of the family, and that line is still there. Other codes of Africa carry the same sentence, and we are told that it is our tradition. It is Napoleon's article 213, translated into African tradition by men who had learned the law in Paris.

And the housewife herself – the woman at home who does not work – was manufactured among us by the colonial school. The historians have documented it: in the Belgian Congo, in the British colonies, in ours, the missions and the administrations opened social centers and domestic-science schools where African girls were taught to keep a house in the European way – sewing, ironing, the settler's cooking, hygiene, deference – to make of them the suitable wives of clerks and *évolués*. They took girls whose mothers held the market and the granary, and taught them that the respectable woman stays at home and waits for her husband. Betty Friedan's "problem that has no name" was exported to Africa by ship, with its irons. It touched only a bourgeoisie; but it is that

bourgeoisie which writes the codes, and which sends its daughters to Paris.

So yes, a Kamite woman may live today what the Western woman lived yesterday. But let her know what she is living: not the tradition of her ancestors, but an import on which a wrapper has been put – a foreign law, a foreign school, a foreign ideal, written into our codes by mimicry. And let her see the consequence, for it is immense: the Western woman had to destroy her past to be free; the Kamite woman must find hers again. The one advances by burning behind her. The other advances by turning around. It is not the same direction.

VI. The loss of memory

Let us come to our daughters of the diaspora, for it is for them that I write, and I am going to speak to them without detour.

A Kamite daughter arrives in Paris, in Brussels, in Montreal. She enters the university, she finds a job, she meets women who are fighting – and they are right to fight, in their house, against their past. She is handed words: patriarchy, male domination, emancipation, leaving the home, taking one's place. She is told the story of the woman shut in, held in guardianship, burned, erased. And she recognizes something, because she saw her mother suffer the code of 1964 and the domestic-science school, and she says to herself: this is my story too. She takes the words. She takes the anger. She takes the enemy. And one day she goes home to the village for the funerals, she looks at her father, her uncles, her brothers, and she sees them with the eyes she was given: patriarchs. She no longer

sees men deposed by the same decree as her mother. She sees jailers. She has entered the civil war of another house, and she brings it back into her own.

That is what I call a loss of memory, and the word must be measured. In this series, we have shown that what the Ancestors left us is neither gold nor stone: it is the register – the name, the lineage, the mark, the language, the rite. A daughter who takes another's past for her own has struck her own grandmother from her register. She no longer knows that her grandmother held the market, the tontine, the granary and the door; she believes her grandmother was the angel in the house, because that is the only grandmother whose story she has been told. She fights to get out of a parlor her ancestors never entered, and she calls that emancipation. Sojourner Truth, in 1851, still knew that she had ploughed. Our daughters, in 2026, no longer know it.

And there is worse, for the borrowed fight does not content itself with making her forget her grandmother: it assigns her a role. In the Western narrative, the African woman is not a fighter: she is the victim one comes to save. An Indian philosopher, Gayatri Spivak, summed up the whole colonial discourse in 1988 in one formula: white men saving brown women from brown men. Western feminism, when it looks toward Africa, has too often taken that formula for its own, replacing white men with white women. The episode is documented: at the United Nations world conference on women, in Copenhagen, in 1980, Western feminists made excision the central subject, speaking for African women, with images, in the tone of a crusade; and the African women present, gathered in the Association of African Women for Research and Development, answered with a statement that stands: they had been fighting those practices

at home for a long time, and they refused to have them taken out of their hands to be made into a spectacle of rescue. They said, in substance: this front is ours, do not speak in our place. A Kamite daughter who enters that movement without memory enters it through the victim's door, and one does not easily leave by that door: one remains there the woman who is saved, and one ends up telling one's own story in the language of those who save you.

I say it therefore with the clarity the Venerable owes his house: the Kamite daughter who takes the Western woman's fight for her own does not become a free woman. She becomes a borrowed woman – with a borrowed past, a borrowed enemy, and a borrowed role. And while she goes up to the front of a war that is not hers, her own remains without soldiers.

VII. Our scholars said it before me

Let no one believe that I speak alone, nor that I speak as a man against women. What I write here, the most learned African women of our time wrote before me, and I only carry it under the seal.

As early as 1978, the Senegalese Awa Thiam gave the floor to Black women, and said that the Black woman of Africa had her own fights, which the feminism of Europe could neither understand nor wage in her place. In 1981, the Sierra Leonean Filomina Chioma Steady established that the African woman, because she had always been a producer, a trader and a mother of lineage, did not have the same starting position as the woman of the West, and that an African feminism could only be different. In 1985, the Nigerian Chikwenye Okonjo Ogunyemi proposed another name for that dif-

ference – African womanism – because the word of the West contained neither race, nor colonization, nor the mother, nor the community, which are the heart of our women’s condition. In 1987, Ifi Amadiume dismantled, village in hand, the categories of sex that European anthropologists had laid over the Igbo. In 1995, the Nigerian Catherine Acholonu named “motherism,” the thought that starts from the mother and the land rather than from the rivalry of the sexes. In 1997, Oyèrónkẹ́ Oyěwùmí published “The Invention of Women” and established that woman, as an inferior category, had been invented among the Yoruba by colonization. And in 2004, the Nigerian Obioma Nnaemeka coined the word “nego-feminism” – the feminism of negotiation, which refuses the war of the sexes, because, she said, African women do not fight against their men, but with them, against what dispossessed them together.

There are seven women, scholars, published by the greatest universities in the world, who have been saying for fifty years what this writing institutes today: the Western woman’s fight is hers, it is just, and it is not ours. Let a Kamite daughter read those names before taking the words of another house. Her own house wrote first.

VIII. The front she has left without soldiers

For here is the other front, and I am going to describe it post by post, with the figures, so that no one says I am turning our daughters away from a fight toward a void. I am turning them away from a borrowed fight toward the only one that really awaits them, and it is immense.

The first front is the womb. Sub-Saharan Africa alone carries nearly seven maternal deaths out of ten in the world: a woman dies there giving life about forty times more often than in Europe. The first worker, she of the first of our five days outside time, dies of her work – of a hemorrhage that a bag of blood would have stopped, of a road no taxi takes at night, of a maternity ward four hours' walk away. And those who survive a labor that lasted too long sometimes keep the fistula, that wound which makes the body leak and drives the woman from her village: hundreds of thousands of our sisters live with it.

But let no one be mistaken about this front, for people hold fixed ideas about us, and this is one of them: the African woman did not die in childbirth “since forever.” I grew up in a village without seeing a woman die in childbirth. Our villages had midwives, plants, rites of birth – and a surgery. In 1879, at Kahura, in the kingdom of Bunyoro, the Scotsman Robert Felkin watched a surgeon of the country perform a caesarean section: the mother put to sleep and washed with banana wine, the midline incision, the vessels cauterized with a hot iron, the wall closed with seven iron pins, a dressing of roots; mother and child lived, and the wound was closed on the eleventh day. He published it in the *Edinburgh Medical Journal* in 1884. At that date, in Europe, the caesarean did not become an operation in which the mother regularly survived until Porro's operation, at Pavia, in 1876, and antisepsis was still being debated there. The knife of Kahura is today in the Science Museum in London. Death in childbirth is therefore not our heritage: it is a regression, that of States which have put neither the maternity ward at the end of the road nor the blood in the refrigerator. That is the first fight, and it appears in no procession of the West, because

the West won it a century ago without thinking about it – and because we had won it before the West, before we were made to lose it.

The second front is the girls' school. Millions of girls in sub-Saharan Africa will never enter a classroom – more than boys – and one girl in three is married there before eighteen, in some countries three in four. A married child is a pupil withdrawn, a mother at fifteen, and a mother at fifteen is the first line of the first front. Our Bwa ancestors did not marry children: marriage was made at the tavern, between young people who had chosen each other. The child bride is an ornament gone wrong, and it is on our front.

The third front is the body. More than two hundred million living women and girls have undergone the mutilation of their sex, and the largest share of them are African. That front is ours – it is what the women of Copenhagen said in 1980 – and it is not won by images shown in Paris: it is won in the hut of the cutter, by the mothers and grandmothers who decide, one village after another, to do it no more. It is a fight of the register: the uncut girl must remain entered as marriageable, and it is for the queen mother of the sanctuary to write it.

The fourth front is the land. I showed in “The Written Land” that half the arms of African agriculture are women's arms, and that the registers, where they exist, are kept in the names of men. The Kamite woman feeds the continent on a land that is not written in her name, and that is taken from her at her husband's death. The Western woman fought to own what her husband owned; the Kamite woman must fight to have written what she already cultivates.

The fifth front is water and firewood. In the households of Africa that have no water, it is the women and girls who carry it, in eight cases out of ten; the international organizations estimate at two hundred million hours a day, worldwide, the time women spend fetching water, and Africa carries the largest share of it. Two hundred million hours a day of women walking with a basin on their heads, who are not at school, nor at the market, nor at the council. There is no procession for that. There are wells to dig, and our engineers must dig them.

The sixth front is the code. Napoleon's sentence – the husband is the head of the family – is still in several of our laws, and it is presented there as our custom. That one must be struck out, and that struggle resembles the Western woman's, because it aims at the same sentence; but let it be known against whom it is waged: not against our fathers, but against an imported article, and it must be said while striking it out.

And the seventh front is memory itself: giving back to our daughters the names of their queens, the institutions of their grandmothers, the language of their mothers, so that none need borrow a past any longer. That front is the Bwa Sacré's, and it begins here.

That is the other front. The womb, the school, the body, the land, the water, the code, the memory. Seven posts, and on each of them, women who die, who keep silent or who walk with a basin – while Kamite daughters, educated, courageous, ardent, march in cities where those fights were won before their birth, for causes that do not concern them, against men who are not their adversaries. It is not a lack of courage. It is a lack of memory. And memory can be given back.

IX. What this writing is not

We must disarm the bad-faith objections, for they will be many, and they will come from both sides.

This writing is not a contempt for the Western woman's fight. I have read her past with exactness, and I say it: it is frightening, and the fight that came out of it is one of the most just that humanity has waged. Not taking it for one's own is not despising it: it is respecting it enough not to steal it. The Kamite daughter who lives in the West may lend her voice to that fight, as the guest helps the house that welcomes her – that is the law of djatiguiya. She does not lend it her memory.

This writing is not an order to keep quiet. It does not tell the Kamite woman to go back into a house – she was never there. It tells her where her front is, and it describes it to her with figures that should make her rise faster than any slogan.

This writing is not a weapon for men. Let the Kamite man who tears the net – the one who marries the child, who has his daughter cut, who takes the widow's land, who makes his wife his minor in the name of an imported code – not shelter behind these pages: he too is on the other front, on the wrong side, and the Bwa Sacré names him in "The Queen Mothers" as the one the net does not cover. Badenya does not excuse the brother who strikes: it drags him under the tree.

And this writing is not a nostalgia. It does not say that everything was perfect before the decree. It says that what was good had been built by the rule, that what wounds came from elsewhere or went wrong, and that in both cases the Kamite woman's fight consists in

finding again and repairing, not in burning behind her a house that never shut her in.

X. What we institute

Let the nature of this chapter be measured, as for the writings that institute: it is not a proposal, it is a protocol, and it executes – with its steps, its exact words, its witnesses who are all of you, and its definitive write, the seal that timestamps this publication. According to our own teachings, when these four things are gathered, the change is not described: it is made.

Consequently, and from this day, the Bwa Sacré institutes what follows.

First, the other front. The Bwa Sacré declares that the Kamite woman's struggle has its own name and its own front, and it fixes its seven posts: the womb, the school, the body, the land, the water, the code and the memory. Every action of the Bwa Sacré for its daughters attaches to one of these seven posts, and is entered in the register under that name.

Second, memory given back. Each sanctuary, and first each sanctuary outside Africa, teaches its daughters, before their fifteenth year, the Kamite woman from before the decree: the queens named in “The Queen Mothers,” the ohemaa, the omu, the iyalode, badenya, the daughter of the village, the market and the tontine – and it teaches them, beside it, with exactness and without contempt, the past of the Western woman, so that they know how to tell the two apart and none takes a borrowed past.

Third, the guest and the front. The Kamite daughter who lives in the West is a guest there, and she honors the fight of the house that welcomes her: she may lend it her voice. She lends it neither her memory nor her enemy: she does not make of her fathers and brothers the adversaries of a war that was fought in another house, and she does not bring that war back to the village. Her front is hers, wherever she lives, and her sanctuary gives her the means to serve it from afar – through the tontine, through the register, through the return.

Fourth, the husband is not the head. No rule of the Bwa Sacré makes the husband the head of his wife nor the wife the minor of her husband. The house is run by two; under the palaver tree, the woman speaks for herself; and the sentence of article 213, wherever it survives in our codes, is declared foreign to our customs.

Fifth, the count of the mothers. Each sanctuary keeps the count of its women who died in childbirth and names them on the first of the five days outside time, with the Queen Mothers. The sanctuary's tontine, instituted by "The Queen Mothers," pays first for the transport of the woman in labor to the maternity ward, by day as by night: no woman of the Bwa Sacré dies of a road.

Sixth, the call to the States. The Bwa Sacré asks the States of Africa to strike from their codes the sentence that makes the husband the head of the family, as France did in 1970 and Côte d'Ivoire in 2019; to write the land in the name of the woman who cultivates it; to make childbirth and the caesarean free; to keep the girl at school until her majority and to forbid, and enforce the ban on, child marriage and mutilation; and to bring water to the villages, so that the two hundred million hours return to the girls.

Seventh, freedom and the seal. Nothing of the foregoing is imposed on anyone, and freedom of conscience remains entire. The present writing is electronically signed and anchored in the Bitcoin blockchain, so that the date on which the other front was named is established for all and forever.

XI. What we teach

From this institution follow a few instructions, and they are simple.

To the daughters of the diaspora: when you are handed a word, ask from what past it comes. When you are told the story of the woman shut in, ask whether it is your grandmother's. When an enemy is pointed out to you, look whether he was not deposed by the same decree as you. And when you have understood that your fight is not that one, do not sit down: rise for the other. There are maternity wards to build, wells to dig, lands to write, codes to strike out, girls to keep at school, and names to give back. You have the degrees it takes. What you lacked was the front.

To the mothers: tell your daughters about the real grandmother — the one of the market, the tontine, the granary and the door — before someone else tells them about a parlor grandmother. A daughter who knows where she comes from borrows no past.

To the Kamite men: do not read this writing as a victory. It reminds you that you were deposed the same day as your sisters, by the same hand, and that the only fight worth waging is waged at their side, against what took your offices from you both. The one among you who tears the net is not a traditionalist: he is the ally of the decree.

To the women of the West, if they read us: we ask nothing of you, except what our sisters asked of you in Copenhagen – do not speak in our place. Your fight is yours, and we honor it. Ours is ours, and we name it.

XII. Solemn conclusion

I summarize, so that this may be retained and passed on.

The Western woman was defined as a failed man, held in guardianship, charged with sin, burned when she knew, erased in law by marriage, deprived of account, vote, degree and name, then shut in a parlor; her fight is the exact answer to that past, it is waged against the men of her house, and it is just. The Kamite woman did not have that past: she held the field, the market, the tontine, the granary, the door and sometimes the throne, by the rule and not by the kindness of men; what she lost, she lost by a decree, an imported code and a domestic-science school, the same day and by the same hand as her fathers. A fight is the child of its past: to borrow another's is to borrow her enemy, and to look for him in one's own house where he never was. Our scholars have said it for fifty years. And meanwhile, the other front is without soldiers: the womb, the school, the body, the land, the water, the code and the memory. We institute the other front, memory given back, the guest and the front, the husband who is not the head, the count of the mothers, the call to the States – in freedom, and under the seal.

This writing has not proposed: it has instituted. The witnesses have read, the words are exact, the seal is set.

Sojourner Truth had ploughed, and she knew it. Our daughters have ploughed, held the market and made Rome negotiate – let them know it again. There is a front waiting for them, and it is theirs.

Amen Hotep – Amenhotep.

Done at Abidjan, September 4, 2026, in the year 6263 of the Kamite era.

KING BAZURU

Venerable and President of the Bwa Sacré



– Solemn Call –

A Solemn Call to All Kamites

*So that never again shall the death of an elder be the destruction
of a library*

Call of the Bwa Sacré to the peoples of Africa, of the continent and of the diaspora

LANGUAGES · MEMORY · ARTIFICIAL INTELLIGENCE

BAZURU

President of the Bwa Sacré

Abidjan, 12 September 2026

English edition · Original French edition: *Appel solennel à tous les Kamites*

A Solemn Call to All Kamites

So that never again shall the death of an elder be the destruction of a library

Peoples of Africa,

Kamites of the continent and of the diaspora,

Keepers of our traditions,

Customary chiefs, linguists, researchers, computer scientists, teachers, students and African youth,

I address you today in my capacity as President of the Bwa Sacré, but also as a son of an Africa that watches, generation after generation, part of its memory disappear.

I speak to you of a silent emergency.

Our languages are dying.

They do not die in the din of weapons.

They die when a child no longer understands the language of his grandfather.

They die when an elder takes with him a word that no one has recorded.

They die when a proverb is no longer understood.

They die when a song is no longer sung.

They die when a knowledge handed down orally for centuries meets a generation that no longer knows how to listen.

And when the last man able to name a plant, a ceremony, a star or a principle in the language of his ancestors disappears, it is not only a word that disappears.

It is an African way of thinking the world that goes out.

Amadou Hampâté Bâ left us this formula, now famous:

“In Africa, when an old man dies, it is a library that burns.”

For a long time, that sentence described a fatality.

Today, for the first time in our history, we possess the technical means to prove that fatality wrong.

Artificial intelligence changes the game

Many of us have been wary of artificial intelligence.

That wariness was not always without foundation.

A technology we do not master can indeed become an instrument of dependence.

But there is a more dangerous mistake still:

refusing a tool while others learn to use it.

Artificial intelligence can listen.

It can transcribe.

It can compare thousands of hours of speech.

It can learn grammatical structures.

It can preserve dialectal variants.

It can link a word to its pronunciation, its context, its translation and its history.

It can take part in speech recognition, speech synthesis and machine translation.

And above all, unlike a human being, digital knowledge can be copied, backed up and passed on without depending on the span of a single human life.

I must, however, make one essential point:
it is not artificial intelligence itself that is eternal.

Companies disappear. Software changes. Artificial intelligence models are replaced.

What must survive is our data: our voices, our texts, our dictionaries, our corpora, our archives and our knowledge.

Artificial intelligence must learn from our heritage.
It must never become its owner.

Look at what those who started before us are doing

Look at English-speaking Africa, and particularly South Africa.

South Africa did not simply declare that its languages were important.

It built a national infrastructure devoted to digital language resources: the South African Centre for Digital Language Resources – SADiLaR.

Texts are digitised.

Voices are recorded.

Corpora are assembled.

Dictionaries, language tools and multimodal resources are developed.

These resources serve research in speech recognition, speech synthesis, machine translation and the computational processing of languages.

In other words:

while some are still debating whether their languages should be protected, others are already building the infrastructures that will allow machines to speak them.

That is the real stake.

This is not about artificially opposing English-speaking and French-speaking Africa.

It is about observing a difference in organisation and drawing a lesson from it.

What other Africans have begun to build, we can build as well.

Mali: we cannot wait

I address Mali in particular.

Land of ancient civilisations.

Land of Bambara, Soninke, Fula, Songhay, Dogon, Senufo, Mini-anka, Tamasheq, Bozo, Khassonke, Bomu and Bwamu, and of so many other languages.

We have academics.

We have linguists.

We have computer scientists.

We have radio stations holding thousands of hours of archives.

Above all, we still have elders who hold a knowledge that no one has fully written down.

What are we waiting for?

Every year that passes takes speakers away.

Every burial can take away a vocabulary.

Every death can erase a pronunciation, a story, a proverb or a knowledge that we will never recover exactly.

Mali must create a true national infrastructure of African language data for artificial intelligence.

Not tomorrow.

Now.

Burkina Faso: a door has just opened

And here I want to acknowledge an important development.

In Burkina Faso, something is beginning.

In March 2026, in Koudougou, the ministry in charge of the Digital Transition brought together linguists, researchers, journalists and artificial intelligence specialists to work on building corpora for AI models.

Mooré, Dioula, Fulfulde and Gulmancema are concerned.

That is progress.

I salute it.

But I also say:

we must go much further.

Because Burkina Faso is not reducible to four languages.

What will become of the languages of the Bwa?

What will become of those of the San, the Lobi, the Bissa, the Gurunsi and the many other communities?

A language spoken by a few tens of thousands of people deserves to survive as much as a language spoken by several million.

Technology allows us precisely to stop choosing between the two.

Côte d'Ivoire: we must act

I also address Côte d'Ivoire.

Country of the Akan, the Gur peoples, the Mande and the Kru.

Country of Baoulé, Agni, Attié, Ébrié, Senufo, Koulango, Lobi, Bété, Dida, Guéré, Yacouba, Malinké and so many other languages and communities.

These languages are an immense wealth.

But a language celebrated in speeches and absent from the digital world gradually becomes invisible to machines.

And in the world that is coming, that invisibility will have consequences.

If tomorrow digital assistants understand French and English perfectly but remain unable to understand a grandmother speaking her mother tongue in her village, we will have created a new form of exclusion.

Tomorrow's digital divide will also be a linguistic one.

Côte d'Ivoire must therefore also build its great national banks of voices, texts and linguistic knowledge.

I now address the whole of French-speaking Africa

For too long we have regarded language as a matter reserved for linguists.

That is over.

In the twenty-first century, language is also a question of digital sovereignty.

Whoever owns the data owns part of the capacity to train the machines.

Whoever documents a language determines in part what future generations will be able to know of it.

And whoever abandons that responsibility to others cannot be surprised when others tell his story in his place.

So we must stop waiting.

Let us not wait for Google to record our grandmothers.

Let us not wait for a European university to come and collect our last speakers.

Let us not wait for an American company to decide which African languages are profitable enough to deserve an artificial intelligence.

These actors can be our partners.

They must not be the sole keepers of our memory.

I call for a great mobilisation

I call on the African states.

I call on the universities.

I call on the academies of national languages.

I call on the traditional chiefs.

I call on the keepers of our sacred groves.

I call on the griots.

I call on the traditional hunters.

I call on the priests of our traditions.

I call on the women who still know the old songs.

I call on the farmers who know the traditional names of plants.

I call on the blacksmiths.

I call on the healers and holders of knowledge, with respect for what must remain secret.

I call on the linguists.

I call on the computer scientists.

Above all, I call on African youth.

Take your phones.

Take your microphones.

Go and see your parents.

Go and see your grandparents.

Go to our villages.

Record.

Ask:

What is this called?

How was that said in the old days?

What is the difference between these two words?

How do we count?

How are the seasons named?

What are the constellations called?

What are the kinship terms?

Which proverbs did our ancestors use?

How is birth told?

How is death spoken of?

How are the visible world and the invisible world named?

Record the answers.

But let us not content ourselves with piling up files.

Let us document them scientifically.

Let us identify the language.

The dialect.

The village.

The speaker's generation.

The date.

The exact transcription.

The translation.

The context.

And where several versions exist, let us keep the different versions rather than arbitrarily inventing a single one.

For to save an error for eternity would not be to save our heritage.

It would be to make our error eternal.

And I issue a warning

If we do not do this work ourselves, others will.

And in fifty years, our great-grandchildren may ask an artificial intelligence:

“How did my ancestors speak?”

The machine will answer with the data it has found.

If that data was produced exclusively by others, it will then be too late for us to protest:

“That is not our true language!”

“That is not our tradition!”

“Our ancestors did not say that!”

The machine will not have invented our silence.

It will simply have inherited it.

That is why our generation bears a historic responsibility.

The Bwa Sacré takes its share

As President of the Bwa Sacré, I consider that the safeguarding of our heritage can no longer be oral alone.

We must preserve our language.

We must preserve our variants.

We must record our elders.

We must document our transmissible knowledge.

We must build a corpus that our descendants will be able to consult and that future artificial intelligences will be able to learn.

But we must also distinguish what belongs to the public heritage from what belongs to the sacred and must not be handed over indiscriminately to machines or to the whole world.

To safeguard does not mean to disclose everything.

Cultural sovereignty also requires knowing what we transmit, to whom we transmit it and under what conditions.

Kamites, the hour has come

Our ancestors passed their languages on to us without computers.

Without hard drives.

Without the Internet.

Without artificial intelligence.

They managed to carry them across centuries.

And we, who have satellites, smartphones, servers, cryptography and artificial intelligence, would have the excuse of letting them die?

No.

Our generation would be unforgivable.

We are probably one of the last generations able to record certain elders.

But we are also the first African generation with the technological means to preserve their voices on a massive scale.

That is our responsibility.

That is our chance.

Once, when an old man died, a library burned.

From now on, let us record the library before the fire takes it.

Let every people build its corpus.

Let every language have its archives.

Let every community keep its voices.

Let every child be able to find the words of his ancestors again.

And tomorrow, when artificial intelligence speaks the languages of the world, let the languages of Africa stand among them.

Not as ethnographic curiosities.

Not as the digital remains of vanished peoples.

But as living languages.

Languages taught.

Languages spoken.

Languages thought in.

Languages that create.

We ask no one to save our languages in our place.

We call on Africa to take possession of its own digital future.

Let us rise.

Let us record our languages.

Let us preserve our voices.

Let us pass on our memory.

For a people that keeps its speech keeps an essential part of itself.

And what our ancestors managed to pass on to us across the centuries,

we have no right to let die in our hands.

For our ancestors.

For our children.

For the generations not yet born.

May our languages live.

May our memory endure.

And may Africa speak to the future in its own voice.

The President of the Bwa Sacré

BAZURU

Abidjan, 12 September 2026



Solemn Conclusion

I close here the second volume, and I close it as one walks around a house once the roof is on: room by room, to check that each one holds, and that the whole holds.

We began with a feast, and we instituted it: the five days outside time, July 21 to 25, given back to the Worker from his conception to his Ancestors, and a register opened so that his work would never again be anonymous. We looked at a city without thieves, described by the ink of others, and we understood that the house had no door because the register of the name was the door – and that our hospitality without a register had cost us our lands. I testified, with dates and countries, to the slavery that does not say its name, and I refused the residue the last complicity it demands: silence. We gave back their names to the Black builders of modernity, from the blood bank to optical fiber, and we said that pride is worth something only if it produces institutions. We recalled that the first number of humanity was carved on a bone by the shore of a lake of ours, and that the Kamite is a mathematician or admires mathematicians – he never mocks them. We gave every Kamite, in two volumes, the means to answer what he is asked, without anger and with the text in hand.

Then we instituted, one after another, the things that make a people a people. A common time: the first year fixed at Narmer, the rule of 4236 and 4237, and a pilgrimage held by all the Kamites of the world on the same days – a thousand centers, not one. A reopened door: that of no return, crossed toward the land, with a host who answers on his own name and a name given back on July 25. A lan-

guage: the mother's, first in the house, the symbol set down, the register of voices opened to people and machines. A justice: the tree reopened, the palaver that repairs where the prison stores, the protocol, the register and the last resort. An institution we had been made to take for an anomaly: the Kamite woman – the queen mother who sits by full right, the mothers' names beside the fathers', the sanctuary's tontine, and the net that nothing must tear. A land: the book of the land opened without the house closing, and the register TERRA-0, so that proof no longer depends on one man's memory. And a front: hers, with its seven posts, so that our daughters no longer go up to the front of a war that is not theirs while their own remains without soldiers.

One thread runs through these fourteen writings, and I can now stretch it whole: **the first volume showed what had been taken from us; this one shows that nothing taken from us was lost, and that it is enough to institute it again.** The invisible ledger held our cities: we give it a written and sealed brother. The five days were outside time: we have taken them back. The door opened toward the sea: we have turned it around. The language was in our mothers' mouths: we put it into the memory of the machines. The queen mother designated the king: she takes her seat again. Each time the method is the same, and it is the Ancestors' – steps, exact words, witnesses, a definitive write – and each time the modern world, when one looks closely, is rediscovering at great cost what our villages knew.

And this volume does not close upon ourselves. On September 12, I called on the peoples of Africa, of the continent and of the diaspora, to record their languages while there is still time: the machines that will speak tomorrow will learn only what they have

been given to hear, and the death of an elder must no longer be the burning of a library. *My Mother's Tongue* had opened the register of voices within our walls; the call carries it outside. It is the only room in this house that does not address our own first, but everyone who can still act.

We were reproached for having no holy book. We do not claim to have received one: we have a register, written by men, before witnesses, dated and sealed, whose author and date are known – and I hold that a book whose author is known is worth more than a book whose origin must be believed. We shall soon be reproached for having no liturgy. The third volume has already begun, and it answers: the Three Books of Lassa – *The Threshold*, *The Libation*, *The Baobab* – give Kamitism the gesture of the day, the moon and the year, the rite of the threshold, the libation of the house and the charge of the sanctuary. It will be the book of the charge: the one the Bwa Sacré takes up, on the hill of Lassa, before all the Kamites of the world.

Let our children know it, and let them never again be ashamed of what they are: **they do not descend from a people without a house. They descend from a people whose house needed no door – and which, today, keeps its register.**

The house is built. The register is open. The door opens both ways.

Amen Hotep – Amenhotep.

KING BAZURU

*Venerable and President of the Bwa Sacré
Abidjan, 2026 – year 6263 of the Kamite era*

After this volume, the house can be lived in.



General Bibliography

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Chapter VII – The Book of Answers – Volume II

The texts invoked

Numbers 12 (Moses's Kushite wife and Miriam's punishment); Amos 9:7 (“Are you not to me like the children of the Kushites?”); Jeremiah 38 (Ebed-Melech the Kushite); 1 Kings 10 (the queen of Sheba); Genesis 9:20–27 (Canaan cursed, not Ham; no color); Acts 17:22–28 (Paul in Athens and the “unknown God”); Revelation 1:14–15 (hair “like wool,” feet “like burnished bronze”); Matthew 2:13–15 (the refuge in Egypt); Quran 14:4 (“We never sent a messenger except in the language of his people”) and 30:22 (the diversity of tongues, a sign of God); Catechism of the Catholic Church, § 847 (the salvation of those who never knew the Gospel).

History of religions and of the trades

David M. Goldenberg, *The Curse of Ham*, Princeton, 2003 – the manufacture of the “curse”; the bulls *Dum Diversas* (1452) and *Romanus Pontifex* (1455); the Code Noir (1685); on the slave ship “Jesus of Lübeck”: English naval archives; on the trans-Saharan and eastern trades: published scholarship (incl. Ralph Austen; UNESCO, *General History of Africa*); the Mauritanian abolition of 1981, criminalization of 2007; the destruction of the Timbuktu mausoleums (2012) and the international trial that followed (ICC, 2016).

African Judaisms

The Beta Israel of Ethiopia and operations Moses (1984) and Solomon (1991); the African-American spirituals on the Exodus (“Go Down Moses”): collections published from the nineteenth century onward.

African Christianity and Islam

The Church of Ethiopia (Axum, fourth century) and Christian Nubia; the Desert Fathers of Egypt; Augustine of Thagaste (Numidia); John S. Mbiti, *African Religions and Philosophy*, 1969 – the supreme God of the African traditions; the West African brotherhoods (Tijaniyya, Mouridiyya, Qadiriyya), Toubas and the qasidas; Mansa Musa in Cairo (1324): the chronicles of al-Umari; the charter of Kurukan Fuga (thirteenth century); the Timbuktu manuscripts and Ajami.

Egypt and monotheism

Akhenaten and the cult of Aten (fourteenth century BCE): standard Egyptological literature; the Pyramid Texts, among the most ancient religious corpora of humanity; the divine name Amen/Amun in the Nile valley; proceedings of the UNESCO Cairo symposium (1974), with Cheikh Anta Diop and Théophile Obenga.

The writings of the series

“The Book of Answers” (volume one) – the questions of the world; “The House Without a Door” – the morality of the doorless cities and the

music that attunes; “The Residue” – testimony on the residue of the trades; “The Builders” and “The Alpha and the Omega” – the proofs by works; “The Feast of the Worker” – the monotheism of the Bwa Sacré. All signed, timestamped and anchored on Bitcoin – bwa-sacre.org.

Chapter VIII – The Kamite Pilgrimage

The calendar of our ancestors

Richard A. Parker, *The Calendars of Ancient Egypt*, Chicago, University of Chicago Press, 1950 – the reference study: twelve months of thirty days, five epagomenal days, Sothic cycle of 1,460 years.

Eduard Meyer, *Ägyptische Chronologie*, Berlin, 1904 – the computation, from the Sothic cycle, of the institution of the civil calendar in the fifth millennium before our era; Censorinus, *De die natali* (AD 238), ch. 21 – the ancient testimony on the coincidence of the rising of Sirius and the new year in AD 139.

Narmer Palette (Hierakonpolis, excavations of Quibell and Green, 1897-1898), Egyptian Museum, Cairo, JE 32169 / CG 14716 – the king wearing the two crowns, order set over chaos.

Pliny the Elder, *Natural History*, XVIII, 211 – Sosigenes of Alexandria, Caesar’s adviser for the Julian reform of 46 BC: the Roman calendar copied from the Egyptian; Alexandrian reform under Augustus (25 BC), the quadrennial sixth epagomenal day, preserved by the Coptic calendar.

Cheikh Anta Diop, *The African Origin of Civilization (Nations nègres et culture, 1954)*, Lawrence Hill, 1974; Théophile Obenga, *La philosophie africaine de la période pharaonique*, Paris, L’Harmattan, 1990 – the Nile valley given back to Africa.

The peoples that decided their time

Dionysius Exiguus, *Liber de Paschate* (525) – the invention of the Christian era, five centuries after the event; its diffusion by Bede the Venerable (8th c.).

Tabari, *History of the Prophets and Kings* – the institution of the era of the Hegira by the caliph Omar (c. 638), seventeen years after the emigration.

Gregory XIII, bull *Inter gravissimas* (February 24, 1582) – suppression of ten days (October 4-15, 1582) and the rule of centurial years; staggered adoption until the 20th century.

Council of Nicaea (325), canons and synodal letter – the fixing of the date of Easter and the anathema against the Quartodecimans: the example of what we shall not do.

The star and the river

Heliacal rising of Sirius: dependence on latitude and secular drift – Otto Neugebauer, *A History of Ancient Mathematical Astronomy*, Springer, 1975.

Aswan High Dam, completed in 1970 – end of the annual flood in the valley downstream: reports of the International Commission on Large Dams and the hydrological literature of the Nile.

Chapter IX – The Door of Return

The doors

House of Slaves, Gorée (Senegal), UNESCO World Heritage site since 1978; the “door of the voyage without return” and the work of its curator Boubacar Joseph Ndiaye.

Door of No Return, Ouidah (Benin), monument inaugurated in 1995 within the UNESCO “Slave Route” project, launched at Ouidah in 1994.

Cape Coast and Elmina Castles (Ghana), UNESCO World Heritage; ceremony of August 1, 1998 (Emancipation Day): return of the remains of Samuel Carson (United States) and Crystal (Jamaica) through the *Door of No Return*, placing of the *Door of Return* plaque, burial at Assin Manso (Donkor Nsuo river) – archives of the Ghana Museums and Monuments Board and the Ghanaian press of 1998.

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Christopher Fyfe, *A History of Sierra Leone*, Oxford University Press, 1962 – Freetown: the settlement of 1787, the Black Loyalists of Nova Scotia (1792), the Jamaican Maroons (1800), the birth of the Krios.

Pierre Verger, *Flux et reflux de la traite des nègres entre le golfe de Bénin et Bahia de Todos os Santos*, Paris, Mouton, 1968 (English ed. *Trade Relations between the Bight of Benin and Bahia*, Ibadan University Press, 1976) – the reference study on the Agudás; João José Reis, *Slave Rebellion in Brazil. The Muslim Uprising of 1835 in Bahia*, Johns Hopkins University Press, 1993.

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Polite, descendant of Priscilla, deported in 1756 to Charleston aboard the *Hare*.

The States that opened the door

Ghana: Immigration Act, 2000 (Act 573), section 17, right of abode for persons of African descent in the diaspora; “Year of Return,” 2019, and “Beyond the Return” program (2020-2030); naturalization ceremonies of people of African descent, Accra, November 2019 and November 2024.

Benin: law of September 2024 recognizing Beninese nationality to people of African descent, and official application platform opened in 2025 – Official Journal of the Republic of Benin.

Sierra Leone: grants of citizenship to African-Americans whose ancestry has been traced to Sierra Leonean territory, since 2019 – official communications of the Office of Diaspora Affairs.

Haiti: Bois-Caïman ceremony, August 14, 1791, and independence of January 1, 1804 – C. L. R. James, *The Black Jacobins*, London, 1938.

Chapter X – My Mother’s Tongue

The symbol and shame

Ngũgĩ wa Thiong’o, *Decolonising the Mind. The Politics of Language in African Literature*, London, James Currey, 1986 – the metal plate around the child’s neck and the choice to write in Gikuyu.

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Chapter XI – The Palaver Tree

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Chapter XII – The Queen Mothers

The queens

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Chapter XIV – The Written Land

The land of the Ancestors and the land without a master

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Chapter XV – The Other Front

Akron, 1851

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“head of the family”); Cour de cassation, criminal chamber, September 5, 1990 and June 11, 1992 (marital rape); ordinance of the Paris prefect of police of November 7, 1800 on the wearing of trousers, declared lapsed in 2013; Switzerland, federal vote of February 7, 1971 and Federal Court ruling of November 27, 1990 (Appenzell Innerrhoden); United States, Equal Credit Opportunity Act, 1974; United Kingdom, *R v R* [1991] UKHL 12.

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THE KAMITE HOUSE

*The feasts, the answers and the institutions
of the Kamites of the world – Fourteen writings and a call*

Text by KING BAZURU

Venerable and President of the Bwa Sacré

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