

The Papuan Being Must Become Boukman

A Manifesto of Rebirth



The Sentence

- 1 The enslaved, tortured, abused, and dying Papuan being must be reborn as Dutty Boukman.*
- 2 Not as the literal resurrection of a historical man, but as the emergence of a consciousness that refuses to die.*
- 3 This is a prescription written in an emergency. A people does not reach for the name of a revolutionary when it is safe. It reaches for that name when the fire is already inside the house.*
- 4 Papua is that house. The fire has burned for more than sixty years. Its children have grown up breathing the smoke, and its neighbours have learned to sleep through the screaming.*

The Night in the Forest

- 5 In August 1791, in the forest of Bois Caïman in the French colony of Saint-Domingue, the enslaved gathered in the dark. It was the richest colony on earth, and every grain of its wealth was wrung from enslaved Black bodies. Sugar and coffee left its ports by the shipload. The enslaved left them in shallow graves.*
- 6 The plantations did not merely exploit the enslaved. They devoured them. So many were worked, whipped, and starved to death that the colony shipped in tens of thousands of new captives every year simply to replace the dead. This was not a society. It was a slaughterhouse with a harbour.*
- 7 Boukman was a priest and a leader among them, a man carried across the ocean in chains. That night, in a storm, he called them to an oath. Tradition remembers the rain, the fire, the blood of the sacrifice, and his prayer: that the god of the whites demanded their tears, while their own god demanded their freedom.*
- 8 Within days the plantations of the north were burning. Within thirteen years the colony was gone. On 1 January 1804, the formerly enslaved of Saint-Domingue declared the free nation of Haiti, the only nation in history born of a successful revolt of the enslaved.*
- 9 Remember what this means. The most profitable machine of the colonial world was broken by the very people it had been built to consume. The parasite had fed for a century. In one night, the host remembered that it was alive.*

The Head on the Pike

- 10 Boukman did not live to see the freedom he summoned. Within months he was killed by colonial troops. They cut off his head and raised it on a pike in the town of Le Cap, so that every enslaved eye would see it and learn the price of refusal.*
- 11 This is the empire's oldest lesson, taught in every colony on earth. Display the corpse, the severed head, and the bones of the one who refused, and the living will crawl back into their chains. Terror is the empire's cheapest weapon: one murdered body, properly displayed, can govern ten thousand living ones.*
- 12 In Saint-Domingue, the lesson failed. The head on the pike did not end the revolution. It fed it. The enslaved looked upon what the empire had done and understood that it could kill a man, but it could not kill what had been awakened in him.*
- 13 Here lies the first truth of this manifesto. A body can be displayed. A consciousness cannot. The empire can raise a head on a stake. It cannot cage a mind that has already freed itself.*

Not a Resurrection, but an Emergence

14 *Let no one misread the first sentence of this manifesto. Papua does not need a saviour descending from the past, and it does not need to copy another people's revolution. Saint-Domingue was not Papua. 1791 is not 2026.*

15 *What Papua needs is what was born in that forest: the moment a consciousness that was meant to die decides that it will not die. It cannot afford to. It must not.*

16 *Boukman is not a man to be imitated. Boukman is a threshold to be crossed. On one side of it, a people endures. On the other, a people begins to act.*

17 *The colonial order is a factory. It takes in Cosmobian human beings and produces silence, obedience, fear, forgetting, and death. The rebirth of Boukman is the moment the raw material refuses to be processed, and from that refusal everything is born anew: the return of its own gods, and with them a new history, a new future, a new being, a new life, and a new reality.*

The Paradigm Shift

18 *What is demanded here is not a new tactic. It is a major paradigm shift: a revolution in how the Papuan being sees itself, its enemy, and its world.*

19 *The old paradigm was written by the coloniser. In it, the Papuan is backward and the settler advanced; the forest is empty and the city full; the ancestors are superstition and modernity is truth; extinction is a tragedy of nature, and no one is to blame.*

20 *The new paradigm turns that worldview on its head. The Papuan is not backward. The Papuan is Cosmobian: a people whose existence is woven into land, ancestors, and cosmos. The settler order is not advanced. It is Synthobian: a civilisation severed from the earth, living on whatever it can extract. And extinction is not a tragedy of nature. It is genocide, with authors, budgets, and beneficiaries.*

21 *Name the crime in full. This is Psycho-Cosmocide: the murder of a people's mind and the murder of its cosmos, carried out first, so that the murder of its body can later be called progress.*

22 *Those who still see through the coloniser's eyes will fight with the coloniser's weapons, on the coloniser's ground, by the coloniser's rules, and they will lose. A people that sees with its own eyes has already begun to win.*

The Great Inversions

23 *Where the colonial order produces submission, the Papuan being must produce defiance.*

24 *Where it produces fear, the Papuan being must produce courage.*

25 *Where it buries the murdered in silence, the Papuan being must speak every name aloud.*

26 *Where it destroys memory, the Papuan being must recover memory.*

27 *Where it fractures the cosmos, the Papuan being must restore the world.*

28 *Where it reduces a people to objects, the Papuan being must awaken the sovereign human being.*

29 *Where it teaches shame of the skin, the hair, the tongue, and the mountain, the Papuan being must teach pride in every one of them.*

30 *Where it divides clan from clan, valley from valley, and coast from highland, the Papuan being must become one mind and one heart in many bodies.*

31 *Every machine of domination runs on what it extracts from the dominated: their labour, their land, their fear, their consent. Each inversion is a gear torn from that machine. Tear out enough of them, and the machine stops.*

From Endurance to Transformation

32 Dutty Boukman is the metaphor for the moment when the enslaved cease merely to endure their condition and begin to transform it.

33 Endurance is not nothing. For more than sixty years Papuans have endured, and endurance has kept them alive. But endurance is the virtue of the besieged. It holds the wall. It does not lift the siege.

34 A people that only endures becomes an expert in its own suffering. It learns to count its dead, to name its massacres, to petition the deaf. It writes reports for a world that files them away. It survives each year and loses each decade. This is the slowest tragedy of all: not one great slaughter, but a people dying politely, one generation at a time.

35 The dying Papuan being therefore cannot remain merely the victim of history. It must become the subject of its own historical becoming.

36 A victim is written. A subject writes. A victim waits for the verdict of others. A subject delivers its own. The whole revolution begins in the shift from one grammar to the other: from this was done to us to this is what we will do.

The Four Emergences

37 From the tortured body emerges the resisting body. The body that was beaten, chained, displaced, and starved becomes the body that rises, gathers, marches, plants, and stands its ground. The empire wrote its power on Papuan flesh. Now that flesh must write back.

38 From the silenced voice emerges the sacred alarm of revolution. This is Kurumbi Wone: the warning of danger the ancestors built into the order of the world. When the voice that was meant to be silenced becomes the alarm, the whole land hears it. The alarm does not ask permission to sound.

39 From the violated consciousness emerges the sovereign consciousness. The mind that was colonised, catechised, and taught to see itself through the occupier's eyes turns the camera around. It sees the occupier clearly for the first time, and it sees itself as it truly is.

40 From the dying being emerges the being that refuses extinction. This is the final emergence and the hardest. It is not the refusal to die, for every person dies. It is the refusal to let a world die with them.

41 Body, voice, mind, and being. The colonial order attacked all four. The rebirth must reclaim all four, or it is no rebirth at all.

Truganini and Boukman

42 Every Papuan death is the death of Truganini. That is the diagnosis.

43 Every Papuan who awakens is the rebirth of Boukman. This is the prescription.

44 The empire put Truganini's bones behind glass and Boukman's head on a pike. In both cases it believed the display was the ending. In both cases it was wrong. The palawa are still here. Haiti is still here.

45 The empire turned Truganini's name into an ending: the last. A people turned Boukman's name into a beginning: the first. The first night. The first oath. The first crack in the wall.

46 Papua stands between these two names. One is a verdict written by the coloniser. The other is a vow spoken by the colonised. Papua must choose which name it will carry into the twenty-first century.

The Borrowed God

47 Boukman's revolution began as a sacred act. Before the enslaved could refuse their masters, they had to refuse their masters' image of heaven: the god who blessed the plantation, sanctified the whip, and promised freedom only after death.

48 Papua knows this god. It arrived on the same ships as the traders, the soldiers, and the administrators. It taught Papuans that their mountains were empty of spirit, their ancestors were demons, and their true home was a distant city they would

never see. It moved the sacred centre of the world from Papua to Jerusalem and left Papuans cosmologically homeless on their own land.

49 This is not a war on faith. Every people has the right to its prayers. It is a war on the use of heaven to justify the theft of the earth. Any god who asks a people to accept its own extinction with patience is not a god of the oppressed. It is the colonial order in priestly robes.

50 The reborn Papuan being must recover its own sacred ground: Wone, the primordial order; the ancestors who never left; the land that was always holy. Only a people that knows where the sacred lives can know what is worth defending.

The Civilisational Savages

51 For five hundred years the empire has called the Papuan a savage, as it once called Boukman's people savages. Turn the camera around and see who the real savage is.

52 Who packed human beings into the holds of ships and threw the sick overboard? Who whipped, branded, and worked people to death to sweeten the tea of Europe? Who cut off a man's head and raised it over a town? Who now bombs highland villages, poisons rivers with mine tailings, and sells the forests of the ancestors by the hectare? Not the enslaved. Not the Papuan.

53 These are the civilisational savages: those who murder in the name of order, enslave in the name of commerce, and commit genocide in the name of progress. Their savagery wears a uniform and a suit, carries a flag and a Bible, and speaks the language of law. It is the most dangerous savagery the planet has ever known, because it believes itself civilised.

54 The first act of the reborn Papuan being is to stop accepting the savage's definition of savagery.

The Host Awakens

55 The colonial order is a parasite, and every parasite guards one secret it cannot afford to have discovered: it cannot live without the host.

56 It needs Papuan land to mine, Papuan forest to fell, Papuan labour to exploit, and Papuan elites to wear its uniform and sign its papers. Above all, it needs Papuan consent: the quiet, daily agreement to be governed, catechised, educated, and erased.

57 The Synthobian civilisation that feeds on Papua presents itself as strong, even absolute and immortal. That image is its most potent psychological virus, implanted deep in the colonised Papuan mind. The moment Papuans recognise this civilisation for what it is, a ghost costumed as a god, it loses its legitimacy, its power, and its curse over Papua. It is no longer strong. It is no longer immortal. It is merely dependent, its wealth borrowed from the ground of the Cosmobian world it despises.

58 When the host awakens, it does not beg the parasite for mercy. It withdraws what it was feeding. It refuses the sale of the land. It refuses the forgetting of the tongue. It refuses the uniform, the bribe, the title, and the seat at the coloniser's table. It refuses to be the hand that signs away the valley.

59 This is Wonesis in its revolutionary form: not a return to the past, but a return to right relationship, which the parasite cannot survive. A people rooted in Wone, in land, in ancestors, and in one another is a host the parasite can no longer enter.

The Critical Choice

60 Every Papuan now stands at an existential crossroads. There is no third road, and there is no longer time to stand still.

61 One road leads into the parasite's house. It offers salaries, titles, uniforms, and a seat at the coloniser's table, and it asks only one thing in return: that you forget. At its end stands the Synthobian Papuan, fluent in the empire's language and a stranger in their own valley: the host who has learned to love the parasite.

62 The other road leads home, through a Bois Caïman of Papua's own. It is harder, poorer, and more dangerous. It asks you to remember when remembering is punished, to speak when speaking is watched, and to stay rooted when everything is designed to uproot you. At its end stands a Cosmobian people, alive and sovereign.

63 To refuse to choose is to let the parasite choose for you. In the presence of genocide, neutrality is a vote for the grave.

The Question

64 For six decades the question has been asked in the language of the besieged: how can the Papuan being survive colonial domination?

65 That question is no longer enough. It asks how to outlast the storm. It does not ask what the storm has already destroyed, or what must be built in its place.

66 The deeper question is this:

What must the Papuan being become in order to survive the destruction of its world?

67 A world is not destroyed only when its forests fall and its people die. It is destroyed when its children no longer know that it was ever a world. To survive that destruction, it is not enough to stay alive. A people must become something the destroyer did not plan for and cannot contain.

Every Papuan Must Become Boukman

68 Papuans must become Boukman.

69 Not the man, but the night. Not the history, but the threshold. Not the sword of 1791, but the oath beneath it: that a people meant for consumption will no longer consent to be consumed.

70 Let every Papuan mother who teaches her child the ancestral tongue be Boukman.

71 Let every Papuan who refuses to sell the land, whatever the price, be Boukman.

72 Let every Papuan voice that sounds the sacred alarm when the world prefers silence be Boukman.

73 Let every Papuan mind that turns the camera around and sees the coloniser clearly be Boukman.

74 The empire will try again what it has always tried. It will display the bodies. It will raise the heads. It will write the word last over the living. Let it try. A consciousness that has crossed the threshold cannot be marched back across it.

75 In the forest of Bois Caiïman, the enslaved swore that they would rather die free than live in chains. In the mountains, valleys, coasts, and swamps of Papua, the oath must be sworn again, in a new form, for a new century:

76 We will not be the last. We will be the first.

77 The first generation to refuse forgetting. The first to refuse being processed. The first to turn endurance into transformation and survival into sovereignty.

78 The dying Papuan being is dying no longer. It is being born.

The views, words, and ideas expressed in this manifesto are personal, reflective, and diagnostic rather than declarations of settled truth — a reading of the human condition through the Psycho-Cosmocide lens, offered to provoke thought and questioning rather than to close it.

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