

VII

DEAREST LILIUOKALANI

earest Liliuokalani,

There was no fault in your ways or the manner you executed your duties to the Hawaiian people. You supported *ho'oponopono*, reconciliation. You protected Hawaiian land. You believed in the freedom to live out one's purpose. You represented the human imperative.

You warned America. America did not pay attention. The subversive element morphed into another subversive element and another... Only names kept changing, the game was forever the same.

After a *haole* mafia orchestrated a takeover of the Hawaiian government via a false flag, suspended your civil liberties, and imprisoned you without due process, an Anglo-American mafia orchestrated a 1963 takeover of the American government and used the 2001 attack on the Twin Towers in New York City to declare the Patriot Act. The Patriot Act should have been called the Treason Act since it suspended American civil liberties and legalized imprisonment without trial of every American who did not please the U.S. government—or rather, its puppet masters. Your story became America's story, just like you said it would. Curses are like young chickens; they always come home to roost.¹

Devious, primitive, a puppet on the strings of the lower instincts, forever seeking more and more, a disordered few insisted on creating disordered societies and driving people out of paradise on Earth.

The people did not understand why the authority they honored and trusted betrayed them. Shocked, confused, and afraid to stand alone or be punished, the people fell for tyrant's lies, misdirection, and psychological operations. They re-interpreted tyrant's behavior and began to see the world from the view of the tyrant. Believing they could not do without an idol, protector, or savior, the people repressed their experience, killed their indignation, smothered their inner vitality, disconnected from reality, and permitted tyrant's disorder to be right.² Exploitation and violence were allowed a positive evaluation in the people's cognitive system. This evaluation was held up for the next generation, who came to believe that this was a natural state and the only way to live. Callous exploitation and mass human sacrifice became a system of brutal social conditioning and a distorted and inverted world.

You refused to deny your own experience. You followed your own conscience. You asked yourself, where would the alien element stop—as if you could not entirely believe the answer you had provided already.³ Like John F. Kennedy, the Martin Luther King family, or the American people, you did not expect to be betrayed. You had trouble accepting your own answer: the alien element never

stops. Just like Charles Windsor pushed Princess Diana down every time she came up for air, a disordered few steadfastly pushes the people down every time they try to assert their rights.

Citizens all over the world want to believe that parents, partners, governments, and even tyrants will finally come around. People all over the world keep hoping that this time things will be different. They desperately long for a happy ending. Royals and presidents are idealized and events are distorted in the service of avoiding the awareness of a horrific truth: the authorities are only out for themselves; they don't care about the people. We are not safe. We are not protected. We are not recognized in this land.

William F. Pepper, a lawyer for the King family, explains the emotional aspect of denial and hope:

*"I believe that we, the King family and myself, made a mistake. When the president refused to appoint an independent 'truth and reconciliation commission' and instead offered a DOJ [Department of Justice] investigation, we should have said 'no thank you' and made it clear that we could not and would not cooperate with yet another 'official' investigation attached to the very institution of power, which we believed had participated in the heinous crime being investigated. We did not take that position and I believe we were wrong. But, in the depth of most democratic souls, there is a hope and a yearning for the ideals with which we are raised, a hope that our government will ultimately do the right thing in such a case, and a yearning also that our worst fears will not be realized—that it has all been a lie and that, at the end of the day, our democracy is a perpetrated illusion, a myth, even a disappearing fantasy when it comes up against the special interests of wealth and power who from the shadows dominate the institution of public life and power in our Republic."*⁴

The predatory few know about the yearning for a happy ending. They rely on the yearning and feed the hope with lies and lip service as they colonize the world. You, dearest Liliuokalani, would be the first to know.

We the people need to wake up from the spell of the tyrant's stunted, parasitic condition. We need to step away and observe how we get baited, hooked, and swindled. We need to understand that seduction is inevitably bound up with deception and that secrecy—so insidiously cultivated by a disordered few—and denial—so loyally allowed by the enabler—are two sides of the same pathological coin. Mass sacrifice will only end when we cut the cord, break the hypnotic hold, and demand that secret history becomes public knowledge—now, right this minute. We can only safeguard the future if we understand the past and

its ongoing hidden repetitions. We might be shocked, we might be incredulous, we might have trouble wrapping our heads around the scope or vileness of the criminal insanity. Yet we need to be brave and show backbone. Only an aware public is a strong opponent.

There is no rational explanation for what a completely self-serving person will do. The predatory agenda comes before everything else and whatever it takes will be done. If something does not work, something else will be tried until the goal is reached. Everything and everyone are a means to the end, everyone is expendable, and anything goes, particularly when secret black budgets are involved.

Just like one does not plead with self-destructive addicts who keep filling up their veins to the detriment of others, one does not plead with empty vessels who keep filling up their emptiness to the detriment of all others. One does not negotiate with madness and one does not keep hoping for evil to change. Wanting to comprehend or change the disordered few and their everlasting inconsistencies is akin to bleeding a stone. It will only lead to exhaustion, frustration, and feelings of helplessness and hopelessness.

We need to stop blowing up countries and families and start blowing up illusions and belief-systems. When we dare to stand on our own two feet and dare see the pathological few for what they truly are, we have broken the spell. Once we break the spell, translate our new awareness into action, show zero tolerance, and stop playing the game altogether, we will be happy to be free and free to be happy.

Thank you dearest Liliuokalani, *Ha'ina mai kai puana*—Let the story be told!

1 Robert Southey, *The Curse of Kehama*

2 Roy Medvedev, *Let History Judge*, 620 and Patrick J. Carnes, *The Betrayal Bond*, 116

3 Queen Liliuokalani, *Hawaii's Story by Hawaii's Queen*, 372

4 William F. Pepper, *An Act of State: The Execution of Martin Luther King*, 26