

Interview with Sam Bowers - August 26, 1994

Thursday, August 26, 1994

Interview with Sam H. Bowers, Jr.
Uncle Roy's Home Cookin and Strick's Barbecue

I arrived early (5:15) for our 5:30 meeting. Tonight I spent less time enamored of the situation, of his mannerism, etc. and was frankly somewhat bored at times. But he supplied many key ingredients to his recipe of patriotism, violence and faith in Jesus of Galilee.

What are the most influential books you've read? *How to Think Straight*, by Robert M. Thouless. A book published by the U.S. Military. He criticized propaganda; and normal means of communication.

After WWII, we were a united nation--had common cause. There has not been a time like this since, though the 60's might have offered a *collegia* for a fleeting moment.

I was stationed in the Pacific during WWII in the Navy. The Navy enabled me to accept discipline. I had rebelled against discipline during my school years in Jackson. My teachers, I felt, had persecuted me for reasons having to do with their own ego-centric reasoning, rather than for reasons having to do with teaching me. The army gave me a reason to accept discipline--your country's honor and health is at stake--whereas the school's seemed to be persecuting me for the sake of their own gratuitous pleasure and gratification. During the cold war, which no one really took seriously outside of the folks in Washington, the national unity became unraveled, but during WWII, this nation was a genuine *collegia*.

By age 15 I was deeply suspicious of the academy. I did not know then the reasons for my suspicion--that the banking system controls the academy--but I felt the degeneracy of this viscerally. I was a hyper-child; I did not want to grow up. I tolerated school, I suppose, because it offered me social contacts--friends, a place to play ball, hanging out with folks, etc. But the authorities there were bent on making impositions on my childhood, and I despised them for this.

My mother was a very educated lady for her day. She instilled in me a love of the majesty of language, and persisted, albeit shrewdly and cunningly, that I abstain from reading trash like comic books and dime store novels. She did not dogmatically state her views, but would say things like, 'you would be so much better off reading the classics.' She had a gentle way about her. She was a master psychologist in this manner. 'I know you aren't terribly interested in school,' she might say, 'but please try to do better. This time will be over soon enough.' I would/should have loved her and given her more slack. She was very interested in my getting a good education; she'd go to PTA meetings and one of my teachers might pull her aside and say to her: 'Oh Mrs. Bowers, Sam has so much potential if he'd just apply himself.' I did not want to hurt my mother. But I secretly enjoyed the fact that I was not doing well in school; that I was confounding my teachers; that I was not doing what I wanted. This gave me some sense of power at a time I felt fully powerless and at the mercy

of the stronger authorities. They could not socially stigmatize me because I succeeded in frustrating the adult world. I enjoyed frustrating the adult world, which was constantly interfering with my childhood mission. That was a predestined formation, which shaped me and shapes me to this day. I have a childlike outlook; I reject the adult system! And I think most of the great leaders of our nation did as well--Tom-Tom--and ?--Douglas McArthur. All these guys were mama's boys. All these guys were children to the end. In talking about the child, we need to think about the difference between the 'soul' child and the personal child. The soul child has been with God; 'fresh from heaven' as the saying goes. But there is a personal child too, which has been the schizoid child. And the personal child can only take so much; the personal child cannot take too much overlooking or imposition before he must rage out against those powers which are seeking to tear him away from his equanimity.

I love to see children throw tantrums. [He holds his eyes in sorrowful pose.] A friend of mine has a little granddaughter, and we were talking together last week at her home and apparently the little girl thought we were ignoring her. The little girl sassed her grandmother and her grandmother slapped her hand. The little girl went over to a wall and began pounding on it with all her might [her demonstrates this himself]. [We should go awful slow of physical punishment; my parents rarely disciplined me physically.] I was an only child for 12 years; my brother is 12 years younger than I am. If the parent keeps tries to keep in communion with the soul child and to integrate the soul child with the personal child, this helps create a whole child. Jesus loves the child; prefers the child. I didn't know it was going on this way when I was a child; but in recent years [in prison to be exact] I've tried to reflect on my background. I've got tapes going on in my head that are 40 or 50 years old. Maybe that's just senility. I sometimes forget certain periods of my life, and remember others with total clarity.

Theologically and spiritually the Cathedral is right on abortion.

We are conceived in lust, born into sin and into the mark of Cain.

In the O.J. Simpson case, we will see the worst of both the legal and the judiciary system--and possibly the American public.

Socialism has come into the modern world since the industrial revolution. There are two views in socialism: communism and capitalism, but they are both socialist. Each is a sort of polar extreme of the other.

Take the size of Roman armies based on slavery and skilled labor. As Marx said, the proletariat will not be able to function any longer unless there was a revolution. A lot of what Marx was saying was accurate.

What happened in America [he says, 'you will be interested in this'] is that the central bankers in Europe [London had the paper money and petroleum and Zurich had gold and

Central Europe] displaced the authority of Cathedral. Marx had been right; production of labor has no longer the central factor in light of technology and automation. What the bankers discovered is that automation is producing so much that consumption is the problem. The central bankers said: we've got to do something concerning consumption. Where are the population markets? In the third world, but they are backward. We will then bankrupt the national governments that control these countries. We will take:

- i. territory
- ii. resources
- iii. life force
- iv. grammaries
- v. fringe (?)

The bankers also saw the southern U.S.: we need to start hollering about civil rights, despite the constitution, it doesn't matter what sort of anarchy happens, because we decide what the standard of living is; we are in charge and we will stay in charge; we know how to utilize fear and greed; there was also certainly a thirst for righteousness in some people, which we [the bankers] are not going to ignore, but which we are going to pervert; we're going to use fear and greed wherever there is a leader we'll bribe him or assassinate him.

As far as Christian faith goes, we've got the pagan academy, which teaches us that man can become their own god.

But there arose a few patriots. I did not fully understand what was going on, but I--and we--had an instinct. We knew that something was wrong--we knew that persecutions were exaggerated; it was not for anything but economic means. As an American patriot, I take my liberty as common or as nothing. Liberty is not individual but common. I cannot deny other citizens their rights to full citizenship; I cannot violate his citizenship. If they can do it to him, they will do it to me. This is the "delicate artificiality" of liberty. [But there will be casualties? "Yes"] If a black man stands up and demands his constitutional rights, I must support that man as strongly as I wish him to do for; but if he permits himself to be deluded by socialism, he's become devoid of grace. [He must be eliminated?] God will permit his common liberty, but he will not permit Baal to come and corrupt his liberty and his citizenship. This is the basic premiss, as I see it, of the anti-civil rights movement. The civil rights movement was devoid of grace; it was using some unfortunate people as means to a communistic end. The whole motivation of the movement was wrong; in other words, when a local person stood up for his rights, there was sometime a nobility to it; but when socialism was advanced from [outside], fostered by the bank, justified by academy, promoted by the media, buttressed by the judiciary, Baal was worshipped. [And false gods must be destroyed.]

I've only been able to reflect on this recently, in retrospect.

In 1952, I was self-destructive; I had been blown away by a fraudulent business deal in Laurel; I was in despair for all sorts of reasons. I was self-destructive, suicidal man. I was

embarked on suicide, when I was struck by a Damascus Rd. type experience, an ecstatic experience in which I heard God say to me: "everything is alright." The personal child was so enraged he wanted to destroy everything. I was a complete heathen and anti-clerical as I could be. Here I was in the Bible belt with total antipathy towards God. I knew God had come into my life and had saved me from destruction, while my personal child was leading me into destruction. I was on air for three days. My suicide was personal, business-related, social, there was nothing political about it. [My Christian Science background probably fed into it somehow.] A boy was working with me; we supplied cigarettes to cigarette machines around town. We would wake up early Monday mornings and make the rounds refilling machines. This boy was always fresh from his Sunday sermon, which he found always inspiring and energizing. In his presence, I restricted my anti-clerical venom; we would debate certain topics, like the infallibility of scripture, etc. [All this is after the experience.] I thought I needed to get more familiar with the Bible, so I bought at 1611 King James Bible at the Baptist Book House; when I read the epistolary dedicatory, I realized that these guys were speaking the truth, and, of course, I've always been interested in the majesty of language. I have known the Declaration since childhood. This was the closest I'd felt to God since my Damascus Rd. type experience 4 years ago. [He's talking about God intervening in his life; manifesting himself to him even though he did not deserve it.] The living God made himself real to me even when I did not deserve it. God used his blackjack on Paul a lot more vigorously than he did on me; more than on me. I received an experience of 7 "unmerited grace."

I had read the writings of the eastern philosophers; there was a book called *The Writings of the Masters of the Far East*. I would read this and other eastern writers and learn about meditation practices and breathing control. But in eastern thought, there was always something you had to do; but in my mystical experiences, I knew the Lord had picked me up. Buddhism is good, ok, but it did not really fit my experiences. And then I stumbled onto Paul, whose idea of "unmerited grace" fit me perfectly. I realized all the horrible experiences of my life could be redeemed by the grace of God.

At the end of WWII, on August 26, D-Day, I got off duty and went up to the top of the deck of the ship I was working on. I looked out into the sea and saw such beauty; there were tears in my eyes. I thought, "I thank you Lord; there were many better men than I who perished in this war, but I appreciate your sparing my life."

Since discovering the apostle Paul, I have been a serious student of the Bible. I like John, Luke, Paul, but also Elijah and those who condemned the priests of Baal.

When the 1960's began to unfold, I could see that this was the destruction of Christian culture; by economic Baal, pagan media and academy [and ?]. Then there was a mass arrest of 18 people by the FBI. I'd never been to church here, but I was asked to speak to a large rally organized to protest and confront FBI oppression. There were a couple of thousand people who attended this gathering. There were several backwoods preachers there, who thought I should be more in the life of the church. Then Hillcrest invited me to

join their congregation. I attended services there; five weeks with preachers. Finally I was think I was just being stubborn; I realized it was really my duty to join. Bruce Hilbourn was the fiery, old preacher at Hillcrest at the time; he had come to Laurel to retire after pastoring for years at 1st Baptist Oklahoma City. I was baptized by him in 1966. [SB dramatizes the way Hilbourn might enunciate a point in his sermon, like, "I believe in total human depravity," by walking to the middle of our room--again the private dining room at Uncle Roy's--and thrusting his arm out at he bends to his knees dramatically.]

[I asked him his impressions after being released from prison] That's an interesting question. You have made me a very peculiar, and forgotten, memory from my past. My first experience after leaving the prison was that the outside world was full of filth. There was great physical filth; whereas prison was so clean. McNeil was a well run institution, and there was never any problem with garbage or dirt.