

Interview with Sam Bowers - August 28, 1994

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Strick's Barbecue  
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German nationalism was so fragile it needed a metaphysics to keep it going; Hitler had no real nationhood as a foundation for his national socialism. In America we do have a potential form for a metaphysics of nationalism. Metaphysically, we have a more practical nationhood than they could have ever had in Germany.

In the 1960's, what was most problematic was the replacement of sovereign states with the "soviet." Many of these were certainly 'black soviets.' A soviet is 'an extra-territorial or non-territorial organization which presumes to exercise and or replace the sovereignty of a territorial state by racial or economic metaphysics.'

We can see this demonstrated recently in the NAACP; Ben Chavis was trying to do [before his ousting last week] the same thing with the NAACP that Ross Barnett was doing in Mississippi in 1962 at Ole Miss. He intends to make the NAACP a black soviet; and he intends to do this, as such, without any outside influence or interference, and without statehood.

The Democratic Party before the abolition of the 2/3rds rule was a genuine federation [in the 1940's?].

Galeleean orthodoxy owes a tremendous debt to Lenin, etc. for showing us dangers of socialism; a negative debt. Behind the soviets stand the central bankers.

The private banking system and national political sovereignty cannot coexist on the same planet. If national sovereignty is able to achieve the grace of God, then it will subordinate the temple of Baal into itself which is the private central banking system.

Socialism. There is a potential of grace in nationalism which cannot possibly exist in socialism. Or in national socialism. What does it mean to say 'one nation under God'? How many soviet can exist under God? Soviets militate against any form of unity. A soviet is simply one leg on the temple of Baal.

The academy is anti-church; the academy is more a metaphysical than an economic institution.

If someone become an agent or instrument of Baal, then that person puts himself on the battleline. How do we know when a person has become a worshipper of Baal? We look at his public pronouncements.

Remember the 5 tiers? As national Americans, we have an absolute political right to hold one another to those final 3 points. They are the i. Declaration; the (ii) Constitution and

(iii) the three writs. To be sure, under the 1st Amendment we are prohibited from going back to an earlier document [for metaphysical or legal grounding?]. We cannot demand the resurrection belief [my philosophy is not a theocracy in this sense]. But we can hold his feet to the fire on his commitment to the Declaration, etc. And we can hold his feet to the fire on his commitment to the Declaration as orthodoxy.

- i. the Declaration
- ii. where did the Declaration come from?
- iii. how did Jefferson come to say as a citizen I am inter passe (among equals) with George III? Or Luther, I am inter passe as a priest with Bishop of Rome?
- iv. this is a fundamental predicate of the Reformation; it is the priesthood of all believers. If I am a believer, then that miracle of belief qualifies me as an inter passe priest with all priests.
- v. this notion or claim requires a miracle of belief. This is a revealed idea. This is a revealed; as a basic Reformation discovery. It doesn't undermine Rome but it puts Rome into a new context.

The Declaration is a secular rendering of the notion of the priesthood of all believers. It appeals to God for the rectitude of our beliefs; it is a miracle of God per se. The Declaration is illegal and lawful; that is, illegal in a historical sense of actually violating the British law at the time of rebellion; lawful because it succeeded. The Declaration is a miracle; the Constitution is both legal and lawful; somewhat less a miracle. The three writs are miraculous in a sense. When illegality succeeds as lawful we are looking at a miracle.

Under the 1st Amendment we cannot hold the federal government to an orthodoxy, but the Declaration was a miracle.

Reformation and resurrection; what we have in the publication of the 5-tiered christological logos is a national political orthodoxy. As Americans, can we hold one another to the truth and binding character of the lower 3? If he will not confirm those lower three, he is a potential heretic; if he denies them, he is a heretic. The elitist priesthood does what it has always done with heresy; eliminate the heretic. The democratic society is too much tied in with legality to take care of this task. But the elitist priesthood is transmoral, transnational, and transsocial. The war of the 60's in this sense, will never be over; it is not a war of the 60's as such, but a history-long war for good and evil. Did not Paul say, all things are lawful unto me, but not all things are expedient [SB laughs hysterically].

The 1960's were just a flareup of a larger, ongoing battle.

[When did you first remember receiving a priestly call?] This goes back a long time to my childhood; I was always puzzled by it.

Who am I? What am I doing here? What is the world all about? What is my position within it? I have always asked myself these questions. I've always waited for the Lord to

tell me and instruct me. As far as priestly consciousness of my own life is concerned, I've only had this for the past 3 or 4 years. Yet it was always there in a less reflective sense.

My Damascus Rd. experience in 1952: Sam Bowers had failed me; economically, personally, ethically, and in every way real. "Sam had failed me." I thought: I'm going to live the rest of my life with you, but don't expect me to take you seriously again. The Damascus Rd. came out of a self-destructive experience. It could be called a mystical experience. I was on a mission; in fact, I was in transit, in my truck, when the experience occurred. It was not a vision; it was an ecstatic realization. I was on a journey; in my truck driving--there is something about moving through space that seem conducive to mystical experience--Paul and Luther both had experiences on the road.

I had a second type experience at McNeil Island; an ecstatic experience. There had been a terrible amount of trauma on my part; this experience was far more complicated than the first. This second took place on April 2, 1972, 20 years (not to the day) since the first. I was in the chapel at McNeil Island attending an Easter service. I've always taken Easter very seriously, since I'd been baptized in 1966, I've entered into the Easter season with calculated devotion and seriousness. At the time, I was in my second year in prison. I had read an article in *Time* magazine about the Lutheran controversy in the Missouri Synod; the focus of the article was that a Missouri Synod school was expelling an atheist from its faculty for non-belief. The heretic was appealing to the AACP in order to have the school discredited institutionally. I read this article on Good Friday at my desk in the Education Department. I'd been trying to prepare myself for the Easter event; though I am a heathen most of the time, Easter always compels me towards a time of earnestness and seriousness. At Easter I try to get myself into a calculated mood of peace and tranquility. I was then taken to lock-up at the end of the day. I lay in my bunk during lock-up, before going to supper and began to think about the matter of the church college's attack from this atheist. Rage began to build up within me; rage, rage, rage. I said to myself: here I am, locked up in this place, my church is being assaulted by this heretic, when in fact it should have been the case that the church was assaulting him. I lie here powerless to do anything; the persecution should be the other way around. The heretic should be suffering; not the church. My rage kept feeding on itself until I felt totally overwhelmed by it. In this mood, I went into the service in chapel. I was still in mental turmoil. But I knew it was my duty to participate in the Easter service.

We had at that time at McNeil Island a Lutheran minister who was a poor preacher; he was a fine administrator but man he could not preach a lick. His name was Mafray. He had done a first-rate piece of administration in building an educational component into prison life, but he was a thoroughly colorless man. He was credentialed as a teacher so that priests and ministers could come to McNeil Island and get an institutional degree. That is, in this program one could become qualified [to minister] through an institutional degree. (There was an old Anglican and old Lutheran priest out there.) Mafray had abandoned his pulpit even for this Easter Sunday; he had turned his pulpit over to a young Lutheran priest who was taking this particular degree [I guess it qualified ministers to serve as prison chaplains?]

This young Lutheran minister became friends with some of the Pentecostal convicts. One of these Pentecostal had become a friend of mine.

On one occasion prior to the Easter service, my Pentecostal friend had said something to me in Sunday School [or the equivalent] having to do with the parable of the Prodigal Son, namely that it was great that God was merciful to the Prodigal Son. I decided on taking sides for the purposes of debate with the elder son. I said that father had no right to take the property of this wastrel son, who came crawling back from the sewer to claim his inheritance. The father had no right to forsake the elder son. But during this conversation I went too far and embarrassed my friend Chris. He was obviously taken aback by my aggression, and I think he was hurt as well. After we adjourned, I went over and apologized to Chris and said I was trying to get through to the other convicts who seemed completely bored with the whole matter--I was trying to shake them into some level of concern. I told Chris I used him as a foil, and we became good friends. Chris and Turner [the minister] became friends in this minister's internship. He had been able to go to chapel at all hours--he and these other Pentecostal (and others) who were part of this small circle of religiously devout men. They could go to chapel from their cells whenever they wanted to.

On Easter morning, five ministers and the minister went out to the chapel at 5 am and entered into anguished prayer--while I'd been in such turmoil. I'd wanted nothing to do with this internship [of the convicts]. I was filled with rage and mental anguish. I took a seat in the chapel at 10 o'clock, and was sitting next to Wayne Roberts, a co-defendant in the Philadelphia case and a Mormon. (But Wayne really does have a devout side to him.) The chapel that day was full of dope dealers making transactions, homosexuals making alliances, and all kinds of disreputable characters; and there were also 2 or 3 bad niggers carrying on behind Wayne and me. I don't know what they were doing exactly, but they were certainly there to engage in some sort of illegal activity. Wayne had a justifiable reputation as a physical militant. Wayne began talking about the Negroes loud enough for them to hear and to become angry; he was hoping to begin a fight with them. [They were probably taunting Bowers and Roberts.] If I had been by myself, I could certainly have ignored the situation, but being with Wayne I felt I needed to back him up, whatever he did. We were on the verge of a secular, intense irruption of physical violence in the chapel. There niggers were distracting us, deliberately. At that point the young Lutheran minister came out into the chapel and there were tears of joy coming down his face. He was just wishing a blessing on all of us on this Easter morning in prison. He wanted us to know that God was real and full of majesty; 'oh, majestic is your name in all the earth.' The minister was not even in the pulpit. My friend Chris was behind the minister; the choir was a racially mixed group of degenerates. They began singing "The Battle Hymn of the Republic." Then we began to hear an angelic choir swelling up from the chapel front; and then there was ecstasy. There was this ecstasy. Then the choir finished; we all sat down. All the degenerates.

At the conclusion of the service, Mafray was outside shaking hands. I was overcome with ecstasy. I shook Mafray's hands and thanked him for the service. I told him I would

have gladly served out my full sentence for the opportunity to take part in this experience. He had a surprised look on his face. Then we got to the Mess hall; there were some other degenerates there. One in particular was a man named Beal, who had a homosexual relationship with someone else; Beal was the jocker, or the male lover. He was also a racist and always deferential to me. He leaned over to me and said, "What in the world was going on in chapel?" I replied, "That, my friend, was the Holy Spirit." "Man, I've never really felt anything like that in my life," he said.

In both mystical experiences, there was a tremendous, inner turmoil in my life. Those were angels singing out in that prison chapel on Easter morning. I recall now a song I used to sing in grammar school called "The Lost Cloud." "I struck a chord." Here was an experience of the actual undeserved imposition of the Holy Spirit on depraved human consciousness. My anger vanished.

To be saved you must go to the point of insanity. The Psalmists recount this [117?]. And in the personal child. I knew what the Holy Spirit is from personal experience. But the context of the gospel, indeed we must approach it from that context, I think I've overcome that personal child rage to the point that I will never condemn heresy again from the standpoint of rage but from orthodoxy.

This second mystical experience had to do with the power of prevailing prayer. And this experience overtook everyone in the congregation. [This is unusual in mystical experiences?] The point is: the [chiung?] was already in a state of travail at the time. There was a quick change of black and white to technicolor; the change was immediate--instantaneous.