

The Education of an Evil Genius

Gerhard Lauck

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Introduction

The Reader's Digest once called me an *evil genius!*

When I first read this article, I roared with laughter. I found it hilarious. But what really cracked me up was this: The author seemed absolutely serious!

Oddly enough, another magazine, *Der Spiegel*, quoted my town's mayor as saying I was a *model citizen!*

What was the truth: evil genius or model citizen?

The answer to this question depends on whom you ask. Like everybody else, I have friends and enemies. Unlike most people, *my enemies sometimes try to kill me!*

An assassination attempt against me once nearly succeeded...On another occasion, when I testified at a terrorist trial, police increased security due to concern over a possible assassination attempt.

I was the director of a private organization based in the United States. We provided substantial support to non-violent underground dissidents in Europe both during and after the Cold War.

The significance of my work finds recognition in many government documents, including letters signed by European counterparts to three U.S. Presidential Cabinet members, the Oval Office and the Directors of both the FBI and CIA.

My activity has received extensive media coverage.

This includes television interviews on *CBS Sixty Minutes*, *ABC-Frontline*, *O Globo* (Brazil), *KRO* (The Netherlands), Hungarian state television and *Spiegel TV* (Germany). Many more programs reported on my work without an interview.

I am featured prominently in the Swedish television documentary *Wahrheit macht frei!* This film has been broadcast in a dozen countries.

Print media coverage includes a lengthy interview in the U.K. edition of *Reader's Digest* (entitled *Evil Genius of Germany's Neo-Nazis*) and front page articles in the *Los Angeles Times*, *Hamburger Morgenpost*, *The Omaha World-Herald* and *The Lincoln Journal-Star*.

Additional articles about my activities have appeared in the following newspapers: *The Chicago Tribune*, *The New York Times*, *The Washington Post*, *The Dallas Morning Star*, *The Buffalo News*, *The Spotlight*, *The Times* (U.K.), *Spectrum* (U.K.), *The News Herald*, *Independent* (U.K.), *Morgenposten*, *Fyens Stifts-*

tidende (Denmark), Frankfurter Allgemeiner Zeitung, Der Spiegel, Die Welt am Sonntag, Berliner Morgenpost, Süddeutsche Zeitung, die tageszeitung, Der Tagesspiegel, Berliner Zeitung and Offenbach Post.

I am mentioned by name in seventeen books in half a dozen languages. Some of them devote an entire chapter or more to my work.

My business career started later.

When I got the highest test score in company history, the self-made millionaire CEO was so impressed that he hired me on the spot. He trained me personally. I became his Vice President of Marketing. This training and experience are the foundation of my business knowledge.

I was also an entrepreneur. My numerous ventures included: publishing hundreds of books in several languages, import/export, an e-commerce web-site (listed #1 on Google) and web-hosting. One of the nation's top three Internet servers once reported I was one of its top ten web-site resellers.

This memoir describes my careers as political activist and businessman.

Each career taught me something new. I brought this knowledge with me to the next career. This experience in diverse fields has been the source of both education and entertainment. I learned, but I also laughed.

Beyond that, I have a civic duty. When I was in elementary school, we still swore allegiance to the flag of the United States of America and the republic for which it stands. Every day.

Today the so-called "war on terror" is being used as a pretext to undermine the U.S. Constitution. Some of my own experiences before 9/11 reveal dangerous precedents even back then.

We must work together to meet this common threat. Regardless of any political differences. This is one of the reasons I have not written this book as an ideological diatribe.

Gerhard Lauck
January 30, 2014

Chapter One

My Youth

I can tell you're the son of an engineer!

A friend upon inspection of a stable
I had built for him out of scrap lumber

Conception or Construction?

It was a romantic moonlit night. We had given our bedroom to your grandpa and grandma, who had come to visit us. The contraceptives were in there and we didn't want to bother them. We didn't really want any more kids. But we figured "just once" wouldn't hurt. Boy, were we wrong!

My Mother

You weren't BORN! You were BUILT in a laboratory. I took the body of a monster, the feet of a Norwegian skier with the skies still on and the head of a Nazi war criminal and sewed them all together.

My Father

I don't know which version is true. I was too young to remember.

My Childhood

My earliest memories are of my first home.

This country estate included a two story stone house with French windows. It had been custom built by an engineer for his own family. The acreage had hundreds of pine trees, an apple orchard, a seventy-foot tall flagpole and a ten thousand gallon concrete pond. The pond was in the middle of a courtyard surrounded by trees, bushes and flowers. (The previous owner had kept a five-foot alligator in that pond. We settled for a thousand goldfish.)

The first big accomplishment I can remember is crawling out of my baby crib, going to the bathroom and using the toilet. All by myself! I was quite impressed with myself.

I did not start to talk until I was four years old. I didn't need to talk. All I had to do was point and my older siblings would fetch whatever I wanted.

My mother was worried about this. She asked the doctor. His reply: *Don't worry! Once he starts talking, you'll never shut him up!* – He sure was right!

To this very day, I sometimes have to explain to people that I'm actually quite taciturn. I have to *force* myself to talk in order to overcome my inherent shyness. Hence my *apparent* talkativeness... This explanation almost always draws a smile. I don't understand this. It's a serious problem!

My parents told me that when I did finally begin to talk, I spoke in complete sentences. Two of my earliest contributions to mankind's treasure of great oratory include:

I'm going to cut off your head and give you a black eye!

The dual Old World and New World influences are obvious here.

And

I hate you!

My father disapproved of this strong language and prompted spanked me. I wisely rephrased my response: *I do not like you!*

My Bedtime Stories

Back in the Great Depression, my folks didn't have any money. When I was twelve, they told me I had to stop drinking milk. I had to drink coffee instead. Milk was too expensive. We needed to save it for my younger brothers.

But I had a lot of fun growing up. I did a lot of hunting and fishing. My allowance was paid in ammunition. Hardly a day went by when the game I shot or the fish I caught didn't wind up on the table, leastwise as a side dish, if not the main course.

My Father

My bedtime stories consisted largely of my father's accounts of his boyhood adventures. These stories did much more than entertain a little boy. They instilled a *sense of family*.

“After more than four years in six different European prisons, Gary Lauck is more determined than ever to bring the National Socialist party into the forefront of global politics...

“If anything, I’m even more determined and fanatical than before,” Lauck said...

“During an interview in Lincoln Thursday morning, Lauck said the German government broke both American and international law, violating the sovereignty and Constitution of the United States.

“This is not about me or my political views,” he said. “This is about the right of every American citizen to practice free speech without a foreign country claiming jurisdiction and without the bastards in Washington letting them get away with it. We (the NSDAP/AO) are preparing massive legal action against my kidnappers both here and abroad.”

“Lauck said he’d never stop challenging his enemies.

“If I die and St. Peter asks me if I want to go to heaven or go back and fight, I want to go back and fight.” – *Lincoln Journal Star*, April 2, 1999

His stories often included other relatives, some of whom I had never met in person. My *extended family* included kinsmen and ancestors both living and deceased. This was true for both sides of my *immediate family*, which was close-knit and shared the same ethnicity.

Here are some of them.

I had two sailboats. One had an oversized sail. It was very fast. But if I tried to turn it, it’d tip over and throw me in the water. So I’d sail across the lake, jump out, turn it around and sail back...The other sailboat could turn on a dime. When I’d play “catch” with faster boats, they could never catch me. I would turn at the last second and escape.

* * * * *

One time I spotted a snake in the swamp. I saw it was poisonous, so I killed it. Later I felt bad. It wasn’t a threat to anybody out there in that swamp. It had a right to live, too.

* * * * *

One time I was hunting with a friend and a new kid. The new kid taunted me: I bet you can’t hit that tomato can over there. I fired. The can didn’t move. Ha! You missed!, he jeered. You’d better take a closer look at that can, my friend advised. He did. I had hit the can so square that it hadn’t moved when the bullet struck it.

* * * * *

One crow was smart. It always stayed just out of the range of my .22. One day I brought a .25 and nailed him. By the way, crows can count up to three. If two hunters go behind a blind and two leave, the crow knows there’s still one there. But if four go in and three come out, the crow gets confused.

* * * * *

Your grandpa was an expert on knots. During the depression he’d get paid \$10/hour tying complicated knots up on a stage catwalk in complete darkness.

My father also knew a lot of knots. I still remember how to tie the Figure Eight Slip Knot used to tie down the canoe to the top of our car...Furthermore, I can even tie my own shoe laces! Let me tell you, back when I was a little kid, it wasn't easy to learn how to do that. Something about a rabbit jumping over a log and going down a hole.

* * * * *

When I was a kid, a movie theater ticket cost a nickel. I remember another kid and me went to the see "The Phantom of the Opera". When the monster came on the screen, everybody in the theater gasped in horror. Except me. I wasn't afraid. The monster reminded me of my great uncle George.

He was a blacksmith and ugly as hell, but he was a nice guy. His hands were so callused he could pick up hot metal that would burn your hands or mine and not get burned.

He used to get drunk every Friday night. One Friday night he got drunk as usual and stepped off the curb in front of a car. He was killed instantly. But it was a good way to go.

Of course, I take after the *other* side of the family when it comes to looks...My father aka "FW" wasn't always diplomatic when it came to describing personal appearance. When he saw his first newborn, he commented that it looked like a "skinned squirrel". Mom was not amused.

* * * * *

Your great aunt Liza was a spinster. She carried a derringer just in case anybody tried to get fresh with her. But she was so ugly she really didn't need it. Anyway, she was a shrewd investor. Even though she only worked as a secretary, she managed to accumulate a fortune of many thousands of dollars over her lifetime.

I remember that derringer as well as a six-barrel "pepper-box" and other guns. One mid-19th century French-made revolver didn't even have a firing pin. The firing pin was built into the bullets! We only had a few of those bullets left. Later we learned the bullets were worth even more than the gun...I later learned her money put my father and

"The sentence must be deemed high, because it is based on only six of the 38 counts...

"Witnesses were deemed superfluous. The prosecutor had no intention of uncovering the NSDAP/AO structure inside Germany. Instead, Lauck was built up as a lone offender and the most dangerous Neo-Nazi in order to then convict him with maximum media effect.

"The state calculation worked completely. Lauck was convicted as the worldwide only dangerous and organized Neo-Nazi. That's good for the image here and abroad and lets action against the NSDAP/AO seem superfluous, as if the imprisonment of its supposedly sole manager settled everything. During the trial nobody seemed to notice that somehow...the NS Kampfruf got distributed." - *Antifaschistische Nachrichten*, September 5, 1996

"In the Federal Republic he is the biggest supplier of NS-material and his steady flow of material for more than two decades created continuity for the militant young NS-generation emerging since the 1970s...

"The NSDAP/AO does not have a rigid organizational structure, therefore it is difficult for the authorities to grasp...

"Meanwhile, his companions in Lincoln handle the work for him. Thanks to more than twenty years of tolerance by the Federal Republic, the German neo-Nazi scene is strong enough to develop new supply lines.

"What would hurt the scene here would be additional indictments for creation of a criminal organization." - *Antifaschistisches INFO-Blatt*, September-October 1996

"A Nebraska publisher was sentenced to four years because he practiced the First Amendment.

"The sentence raised serious constitutional questions in America. For instance, where is the U.S. government when American rights are being superseded by foreign law? And why were the Danes allowed to kidnap a U.S. citizen? Why were the Germans permitted to hold him?

"Sieg argued the trial was illegal because Germany has no right to tell a U.S. citizen what to do in the United States, nor for actions taken in the U.S. that are crimes in Germany. But the U.S. State Department has refused to go to bat for Lauck." - *The Spotlight*, September 23, 1996

ganda...`The struggle goes on,` he shouted in German as he was led away. `Neither the National Socialists nor the communists ever dared to kidnap an American citizen.` – *Independent* (London), August 23, 1996

“The verdict rests on a very questionable legal base. The accused was not convicted for what he did, rather only for what he said via the NS Kampfruf. If Lauck had been punished for importing the hammer and sickle instead of the swastika, then his present critics would complain about censorship.” – *die tageszeitung*, August 23, 1996

“His extradition, trial and conviction are all seen as setting international legal precedents. His arrest in Denmark, which has liberal laws on political material and pornography, only followed strong pressure from Germany and a complaint that he was breaking Danish law on racial incitement. While Lauck was silent for most of the trial, his lawyer, Hans-Otto Sieg, argued he could not be tried in Germany for publishing material in America.” – *The Times* (United Kingdom), August 23, 1996

“It was the first time that Denmark, which has liberal laws in this area, extradited a Neo-Nazi.” – *Berliner Zeitung*, August 23, 1996

“In Omaha, Neb., the regional director of the Anti-Defamation League said he was pleased with the verdict, but concerned about the future.

“‘This could give him a boost in his martyr status, especially in Europe, where his influence is strongest,’ Bob Wolfson said. ‘It gives him battle scars and in certain circles he needs that. I don’t anticipate that a visit to the German prison system will deter him.’” – *Associated Press*, Hamburg, August 23, 1996

“What should one think – whether German jurisprudence has jurisdiction over an offense which is not an offense where it occurred.” – *Frankfurter Allgemeiner Zeitung*, August 24, 1996

“Politicians of all parties welcomed the verdict. Interior Minister Manfred Kanther said the conviction of ‘one of the ring-leaders of international neo-Nazism and biggest distributor of vicious racist publications’ was an ‘appropriate response’ by German justice. – *Jewish Chronicle*, August 30, 1996

his brothers through college. This inheritance lasted grandpa half a century! He spent the last of it only one year before his own death.

* * * * *

My dad, your grandpa, had a farmer dredge up some land in the middle of a swamp. Then he built the cottage on it. We always spent the whole summer there. The main advantage aside from hunting and fishing was that he could have loud parties there during the 1920’s without bothering any neighbors. Sometimes the adults would wake up us kids instead of the other way around!

When we’d come downstairs in the morning, we’d see charcoal drawings on the walls that hadn’t been washed off yet.

Some famous vaudeville and early film stars came to these parties. One time a tough old lady who was a friend of grandma’s looked over an actor famous for playing tough guy roles in the movies and challenged him: “You don’t look so tough to me! I bet I can make you say ‘uncle’: Then she pinned him on the floor. She wouldn’t let him up until he said ‘uncle’”.

It was a lot bigger than a “cottage”! Many years later, the whole former swamp area became a gated community with restricted access!

I remember some of the names, but decline to reveal them and possibly embarrass anybody...Besides, I also have both famous and infamous kinsmen. Once the General Manager set down a newspaper on my desk in front of me. I took a quick glance at it. A name very similar to mine was underlined in red ink. I casually muttered: *Who knows, maybe it’s one of my crazy relatives!* and went back to what I was doing. The subject never came up again.

* * * * *

Three generations of our family were shot, in three different wars, on or over the same fairly small patch of land.

The wars were the Franco-German War of 1870/1871, World War One and World War Two. The patch of land was Alsace-Lorraine. As a young man, I joked that if I ever had to go to war, I’d better fight somewhere else...My mother’s side has a somewhat similar story about two kinsman who supposedly killed each other in battle without knowing they were distantly related.

Of course, any story passed down from generation to generation by word of mouth must be taken with a grain of salt. But I have been able to verify some.

Either way, they're still an important part of our cultural heritage. For example, the Easter Bunny is a nice story, even if it is obviously fiction. Unlike, say, Santa Claus, whom we've all seen with our own eyes many times.

* * * * *

Your uncle saw a lot of action in World War Two. He was a top turret gunner in a B-52 bomber. When he came home after the war, grandpa noticed a hole in his sheepskin leather jacket. He chewed his son out! Why did he get a hole in such a nice jacket! The army was nice enough to give it to him. This tirade went on for a while. Finally, your uncle says: Gee, dad, I'm sorry. But I couldn't help it. That's where I got shot!

He was offered a purple heart, but he turned it down. He said other guys were hurt a lot worse and deserved it more than he did.

FW still wore that jacket when we'd go hunting back when I was still an adolescent. Later he "outgrew" it and had the sleeves cut off!

* * * * *

My mother's side of the family also had its share of stories.

Your great-grandfather had come to America first before bringing over your great-grandmother. He took her to a special shop to taste a brand-new food sensation.

He told her: Blow on it, it's hot!

She did.

Everybody in the shop laughed. Then she tasted it, smiled and slapped him.

It was ice cream.

* * * * *

"Lauck, 43, had built a neo-Nazi publishing empire at his home town of Lincoln, Nebraska, sheltered from prosecution by the U.S. Constitution." – *Independent* (United Kingdom), August 23, 1996

"But German federal investigators have long accused Mr. Lauck of masterminding a smuggling operation that brought banned brochures, banners, books and stickers to the neo-Nazi movement in Germany."

"Thursday's conviction concludes a decade-long hunt by German authorities for Mr. Lauck, whom they see as one of the driving forces behind the resurgence of Nazi ideology in Germany after the fall of the Berlin Wall in 1989..."

"Mr. Lauck's newspaper, the NS Kampffruf, or the National Socialist Battle Cry, was read by an estimated 10,000 Germans, prosecutors said..."

"In his memoir, Fuehrer-Ex, Mr. Hasselbach says of Mr. Lauck, 'He was the source of practically all the neo-Nazi propaganda pasted upon walls and windows from Berlin to Sao Paolo.'" – *The Dallas Morning Star*, August 23, 1996

"'Lauck possessed a well-oiled propaganda machine, honed during more than 20 years,' Guenther Bertram, the presiding judge, told the court. 'He set up a propaganda cannon and fired it at Germany.'" – *The Washington Post*, August 23, 1996

"The court greatly restricted the material introduced into the case. Most of the tons of propaganda which Lauck had smuggled into Germany by conspiratorial means for twenty years fell under the statute of limitations..."

"Nonetheless, Lauck is ranked by NS-experts as the worldwide most important Neo-Nazi of the present time." – *Süddeutsche Zeitung*, August 23, 1996

"Even if the American had gotten five years – considering his agitation, his criminal energy, his role in the international network of neo-Nazis, it would not have been nearly as much as such a figure deserves." *Der Tagesspiegel*, August 23, 1996

"Spitting defiance at the German judiciary, the American neo-Nazi leader Gary Lauck marched out of a Hamburg courtroom yesterday to begin a four-year prison sentence for exporting racist propa-

informant Peter Schulz in an interview in the *tageszeitung*, May 8, 1996

“(German government spokesman) Wulf said some evidence against Lauck was compiled through court-authorized wiretaps of transatlantic telephone calls placed from Germany to five Nebraska numbers allegedly linked to Lauck’s organisation.” – *Washington Post*, May 9, 1996

“Lauck, one of the biggest producers of NS-material worldwide, is considered a key figure in the international neo-Nazi scene.” – *Süddeutsche Zeitung*, May 10, 1996

“The trial is seen by German investigators as the climax to a 20-year campaign to halt Mr. Lauck’s activities...

“According to investigators, Mr. Lauck’s publication, NS Kampfruf, or National Socialist Battle Cry, appears every two months in 10 languages. Some 20,000 issues are mailed to addresses around the world, principally in Germany...

“...and it plays a significant role in supplying German groups with propaganda material they could only produce at great risk in this country. ‘Gary Lauck is the main purveyor of hate mail into Germany,’ said Rabbi Abraham Cooper of the Simon Wiesenthal Center in Los Angeles, which monitors neo-Nazi groups.” – *The New York Times*, May 10, 1996

“The prosecutor said that the vast majority of the pro-Nazi material confiscated comes from the United States and that Lauck has been the major distributor.” – *Omaha World-World*, August 20, 1996

“During his arrest the judges ordered dozens of issues of NSDAP/AO newspapers in various languages – all published AFTER Gerhard Lauck’s arrest and mailed to his prison cell as a sign of solidarity – to be seized. Lauck received written confirmation of these seizures and hence proof of the NSDAP/AO’s unrelenting activity. - *die tageszeitung*, August 21, 1996

“German prosecutors say Lauck has been the main supplier of Neo-Nazi literature, armbands, flags, posters and videos to Germany for 20 years.” - *The News Herald*, August 23, 1996

Grandma called out to grandpa, who was sitting on the front porch, to come in for supper. But he didn’t come. So she sent me out to fetch him. I saw him sitting there watching three pretty young girls walking by. I told grandma. She came out and pulled him by the ear back into the house...I guess you’re never too old to look.

* * * * *

When your father showed his expensive brand-new pipe to one of my uncles, he misunderstood, thought it was a gift and thanked him profusely. Your father didn’t have the heart to say anything. Years later, after he had died, the family, who knew what had happened, returned the pipe. They said he had only smoked it on Sundays.

Half the population of a small town in Wisconsin is related to my mother. My great-grandfather had six sons. I saw an old photo of them and can confirm that I look just like my mother’s father, Otto, who was born in the Old Country and named after Otto Bismarck.

My family is German on both sides. Lauck and Hein on my father’s side. Preuss and Pahl on my mother’s side. The Lauck family goes back to Hessian officers, brothers who served in the American Revolutionary War. The name “Lauck” itself goes back to Old High German, which died out around 1050 A.D..

Many years later, my mother told me two distant relatives of mine had died in 9/11. I hadn’t met them, but she did.

I’ve seen photographs of two other doubles for me. Furthermore, still another double had stayed in a barracks with me. He was even my height! Sometimes other guests got the two of us mixed up. I played with the idea of hiring him as a decoy.

Catching Critters

My favorite pastimes included catching tadpoles, frogs and turtles, climbing trees and exploring the adjacent fields and forests. Animals were – and still are (!) – my great love.

On weekends my father and I would go catch turtles at “the grade”. Or he’d take a nap in the car while I caught frogs by myself.

One summer just the two of us drove hundreds of miles on *The Great Snake Hunting Expedition*. Although disappointed about not

getting any rattlers, I was pleased with the haul: a neat hog-nosed snake, a pair of blue racers and dozens of grass snakes.

When my mother found one of those snakes, a tiny baby grass snake, in her bed, they were exiled to outdoors. Fortunately, she figured out my father was the culprit. His fiendish grim and my look of horror upon hearing of her discovery made the solution of the “how-did-it-get-there” mystery all too obvious. Besides, what boy in his right mind would risk the loss of a perfectly good snake through such a stupid stunt!

When we finally removed the oil tank for an old furnace from the basement (where it had sat under the old coal shoot), I cut it in half lengthwise with a chisel and sledgehammer. This was time-consuming and noisy (!), but I round up with a good-sized turtle tank.

As a boy and even as a teenager, I loved to pour over field guides on animals. I could even identify many subspecies.

Not surprisingly, our family had a wide variety of pets over the years. They included frogs, toads, tadpoles, fish, salamanders, newts, birds, squirrels, rabbits, raccoons, chickens, cats and dogs.

I would need to sacrifice more trees in order to list all the species, subspecies and breeds.

Our garages have been home to wildcats, foxes and owls in addition to more cats than some towns around here have people.

Suffice it to say I’ve always loved animals.

I Was a Child Militarist

I liked to draw pictures of battles between tanks and airplanes. Instinctively, I choose national insignia that would not pose a “conflict of interest”. I didn’t want to offend any kinsmen. Even if they had fought on the “wrong side”.

My battles with little plastic toy soldiers lasted hours. Sometime I drafted animals, in which case the animals were always the protagonists and the human soldiers were the antagonists.

I built a formidable fort complete with underground tunnel. The tunnel was a big help getting dirty. After all, every little boy worth his salt knows you can’t have fun if you don’t get good and dirty.

Combat training included use of handmade wooden swords and shields. I would routinely take on three kids at the same time and win.

I also became a budding *militarist!*

A children’s book about famous battles in world history made a

“The mere fact that the NS KAMPFRUF continues to appear shows that our large-scale action in March obviously didn’t accomplish much’, commented a police official. Police specialists complain that the NSDAP/AO continues its work based in Lincoln, Nebraska and that it still distributes propaganda material for the German Neo-Nazi scene. – *Offenbach Post*, October 10, 1995

“The trial leads abroad. Especially the American NSDAP/AO is viewed as the secret exile government of the Germany right and, according to the Office for the Protection of the Constitution, ‘worldwide the largest producer and distributor of NS-propaganda material.’” – *Süddeutsche Zeitung*, January 13, 1996

“Gary ‘Rex’ Lauck, the Nebraskan leader, visited Hasselbach. Lauck is probably the most powerful Nazi in the world, and about the only real player who can use the name Nazi. It is legal in America. He supports every sizable Nazi organization on earth with propaganda materials, and co-ordinates untold numbers of terrorist cells. (He is now under arrest in Germany, one of the men Hasselbach will be testifying against.)

“Hasselbach discovered a Nazi scene that was reassuringly huge and solid, straddling the globe, with a steady cash-flow, a strong historical sense of purpose and a surplus of weaponry and expertise. When he told all to the police years later they hardly believed him. The fallout from his revelations will not settle for years yet.” – *Spectrum* (United Kingdom), March 3, 1996

“The Simon Wiesenthal Center ranks him as ‘one of the most dangerous Neo-Nazi terrorists worldwide’”. – *Hamburger Morgenpost*, March 8, 1996

“Distribution of the NS KAMPFRUF was decentralized long before Lauck’s arrest. The illegal NSDAP/AO structure inside Germany has remained almost totally untouched.” - *die tageszeitung*, May 5, 1996

“I was asked by the attorney general to testify. The letter described Lauck as ‘the leader of the NSDAP/AO’. The state gives him this title! The NSDAP/AO is officially recognized. It is accepted as an organization – even though it is banned in Germany.” – Former VS-

cal correctness and political obedience more than the Constitution.

“The verdict is politically obedient because, as of the moment Gary Lauck was arrested, it was clear that it was important to the Foreign Minister to grant the German wish for extradition, and it hence gathered the best minds of the Justice Ministry for the thankless task of scraping together the judicial means to legitimize the extradition.

“It took a few months before they were ready, and the worst they could find in this pile of nonsense which Lauck had written in years, and which the High Court used to justify the extradition, were statements like ‘The Jews are our misfortune. Out with the Jew.’, statements whose text even in terms of the anti-racism statute 266b would at most result in a fine or a few weeks in jail. Nonetheless, the Supreme Court surrendered the man to Germany and a sentence of probably a few years prison.” – *Morgenposten Fyens Stiftstidende* (Danish newspaper), August 27, 1995

“During the first two years of social upheaval following German unification, he launched a massive propaganda attack on Germany. Extreme-right crimes exploded, especially in the eastern states. Between 1991 and 1992 police seizures of Lauck’s material almost tripled. NSDAP/AO racist stickers cropped up all across the country...

“Nonetheless, in recent years Lauck’s movement has witnessed a surge in membership and financial support. He now publishes Nazi newspapers in ten languages.

“Experts at the Federal Office for the Protection of the Constitution acknowledge that Lauck’s material continues to flood into Germany. The police experts confirm that it is nearly impossible to counter this smuggling tactic, due to the huge volume of legal post arriving every day from the U.S...

“Lauck has more money than ever before, much of it contributions from Nazi sympathizers,” notes Abraham Foxman, director of the Anti-Defamation League of B’nai B’rith in America, which has studied the NSDAP/AO’s funding. In turn, he is able to support his European followers.

“Many experts are convinced that Lauck and his propaganda network constitute a serious menace. Says a retired journalist who has studied the NSDAP/AO for 20 years on the threat of right-wing extremism: ‘I see little danger that today’s educated adults will swallow the distortion of history, but Lauck is planning for the future and influencing our youngsters.’” – *Evil Genius of Germany’s Neo-Nazis* in the British edition of Readers Digest, September 1995

strong impression on me. Military history became one of my big interests aside from animals.

My father bought a kid-size version of an U.S. Army uniform for me. I had my parents inscribe my name and “rank” of “Captain”. When it wore out, I got a replacement. By that time, I was already a “General”. Naturally, I liked to wear it whenever I “played army”.

“The enemy” had nicknamed me “General Doolittle”. Apparently, they didn’t know their history and simply found the name amusing.

These armies did not consist of “friends” simply dividing up into “teams” in order to “play a game”. We viewed ourselves as “soldiers” who were “fighting a war” against the “enemy” over disputed territory.

Our combat consisted of bombarding the opposing army with dirt clods. This limited warfare resulted in a little pain, but no serious injury.

Throwing rocks, on the other hand, was frowned on. Akin to a violation of the Geneva Convention.

We never had any intention or desire to inflict serious injury on the “enemy”! These “armies” were neither “gangs” nor “teams”. They were something in-between.

I sense much more than a mere game in these children’s armies, namely sociological, perhaps even anthropological ramifications.

As a veteran of many battles, I had developed some degree of skill in dodging these projectiles. Unfortunately, I was a poor marksman.

The battle usually ended in a glorious victory. I would charge straight at the enemy, enduring the pain of being struck by a full volley. They would flee in terror.

One campaign in particular provides a good example of our mentality.

One day we discovered a strange wooden raft floating in a small pond in the “no man’s land” that often served as our battlefield. Obviously, an enemy incursion! We piled rocks on it in order to sink it. Then we broke bottles on the rocks so that the broken glass would make it harder for the enemy to salvage his vessel.

Days later, we discovered an enemy patrol attempting to salvage it. We charged and they took flight. Except for one poor devil. He had climbed a tree overhanging the pond. Now he was holding onto a branch with one hand while sword fighting one of my men with the other. I was impressed by that enemy soldier’s bravery.

What should we do? The situation looked dangerous. Nobody wanted anybody on either side to get seriously hurt. But calling a truce, even in the middle of a heated battle, was unprecedented.

I ordered my men to pull back. The enemy commander understood what I was doing and why, so he did not attempt to take advantage of our chivalry. Instead, he shouted over to his cut off soldier to make a dash through the gap that I had intentionally allowed to form. He understood and did so.

After some time had passed, I happened to encounter that brave former foe under peaceful circumstances. We became friends.

The first time he took me over to his house to play, he stopped in front of the entrance, turned to me and said: "Don't tell my mom you're a Protestant. She says all Protestants are pigs and won't let me play with you." Several years later, I learned his mother's own religious group, Catholic, was considered a "minority" on the national level. In that area, it wasn't.

My father took his sons camping, fishing and canoeing. When we were old enough, he also taught us how to handle firearms and took us hunting.

When he first started to show us boys how to use a gun, my mother was very concerned. Her father told her: *Don't worry! He'll teach them the right way!*

My training went like this.

The *first year* hunting, I carried a shotgun *without a bolt*. Just to learn how to be safe when crossing fences and such.

The *second year*, I got the bolt. But no shell! Each time I wanted to shot, I had to ask my father for a shell.

The *third year*, I had both bolt and shells.

Of course, both my shotgun and rifle were single-shot weapons. They cost \$20 and \$30 respectively. New, not used.

We later swapped guns. When he had the stock lengthened, he failed to allow for the winter clothing. He also preferred the lighter weight of my single-shot. I liked the fact the double-barrel had less recoil.

Many years later, a friend, an ex-policeman, asked to see my new revolver. I fetched the revolver from its drawer, opened the cylinder, removed the bullets, put the bullets back in the drawer, turned the revolver so it wasn't pointing at anybody and then, holding it flat on my palm with the cylinder still open, offered it to him. – This impressed him.

Here is a cautionary tale: Despite all his safety measures, my father

"In an interview en route to Berlin, Freeh said the FBI might be able to legally give German police the addresses to which hate material is shipped from the United States. This would facilitate seizures by German police." – *The Lincoln Star*, June 29, 1994

"But there's little German authorities can do about U.S. resident Gary Lauck – identified by (Vice President of the Federal Office for the Protection of the Constitution) Frisch as the biggest supplier of propaganda to German neo-Nazis..."

"At an exhibit on extremism, Frisch said he has had 'intensive talks' with the FBI about Lauck.

"They (the FBI) point out that freedom of speech is an absolute right in the United States and there is no chance to take legal action against him," Frisch said.

"Our only chance is intercepting it. But he (Lauck) doesn't put a return address on the envelopes, so it's hard to spot. We are able to confiscate some, but huge amounts get through," Frisch said." – *The Lincoln Star*, February 21, 1995

"Most Wanted Man in Europe Arrested in Denmark – Wanted by Interpol in 15 Countries!"- Danish newspaper headline after Gerhard Lauck's arrest on March 20, 1995

"The Anti-Defamation League has called Lauck the far right's most dangerous propagandist." – *Los Angeles Times*, July 25, 1995

"An official at the U.S. Embassy in Bonn said the U.S. government has not yet been asked to help provide evidence against Lauck. 'We don't have a dog in that fight,' the official said. 'The Danes and the Germans have to resolve it. Our initial interest will be to ensure that he gets treated as good as anybody gets in Germany, that his rights are fully observed.'" *The Washington Post*, August 25, 1995

"But we wish to anytime defend the right of anybody – even Nazis, including Gary Lauck – to present their views in word and in writing. Until the Danish Supreme Court passed its ruling, we actually believed the highest legal authority in this land would view the defense of free speech in our Constitution as its most noble task.

"How naïve. The verdict was a judicial slalom with the goal of disguising the fact that today the Danish Supreme Court values politi-

“Lauck also supplied the group with detailed instructions on how to make bombs and where to place them for maximum effect, Hasselbach said...

“Lauck has called Hasselbach a traitor to the cause and perhaps a tool of German intelligence services.” – *The Buffalo News*, February 13, 1994

“Openly and totally undisturbed by the authorities, he prints more than 20,000 copies of the banned newspaper NS-Kampfruf every two months and smuggles it into Germany. He produces swastika stickers by the millions...

“In the view of the German Office to Protect the Constitution Lauck’s NSDAP is the most important supplier of fascist publications for the German Nazi scene. Gary Rex Lauck himself estimates that 95% of all rightwing-extremist underground literature comes from him. By the ton, he gets printed matter into Reich territory. Propaganda material from Lincoln was connected to 72 violent crimes in 1992 alone.” – *Süddeutsche Zeitung Magazin*, March 4, 1994

“In Germany, (FBI Director) Freeh will discuss how to halt the flow of propaganda, money – and, perhaps, even paramilitary assistance – from American white supremacist groups to German neo-Nazis and skinheads...

“According to German law enforcement sources, Freeh will also discuss whether conspiracy laws may be used against Americans who try to violate German law by smuggling Nazi contraband.

“Freeh will make this a major theme of his trip,” added a senior U.S. official...

“The FBI already has agents posted in Germany for liaison on such issues as bank robbery, organized crime, wiretaps and the growth of computer mailboxes linking right-wing extremist groups worldwide.” – *ChicagoTribune*, June 27, 1994

“German federal police hint at actions against Nebraskan Gary Lauck...”

“The FBI has said it is investigating one high-profile case ‘based on leads from the Germans.’ Freeh did not identify the case.

“But Hans-Ludwig Zachert, head of the German Federal Criminal Police, told the news conference that ‘Gary Lauck (of Nebraska) since the 1980s has spread propaganda to Germany, a militant, extremist leaflet with polemic texts’...

darn near blew his head off once when his shotgun discharged and shot a hole through the roof of the car! He pointed this fact out to me as a reminder how dangerous guns are. And how important it is to always be extra, extra, extra careful!

The “men folk” repeatedly traveled all the way to Canada for three week canoe trips. We were so far out that there were no roads or other signs of civilization. We had to paddle the canoe across a lake, “portage” across a dirt path to the next lake and repeat the procedure.

The following stories all come from these Canadian canoe trips.

On one trip before I started coming along, one of my brothers got a toe infliction. The crew, which included other adult family friends, didn’t have time to get him back to civilization. So they got him drunk with whiskey, sterilized a bayonet in the fire, had three full grown men sit on his chest...and then my father cut off part of his toe with that bayonet.

My father was the official medic. He said his own father always followed the same two steps when treating a minor injury. First, he asked what happened. Second, he put chewing tobacco on the wound. Gee, with training like that, I’m surprised he didn’t become a famous surgeon instead of an engineer!

They swear he nonetheless managed to somehow lift his body up six inches from the ground. And that people twenty miles away across the lake later claimed they could hear his scream.

I’m glad I wasn’t on this particular trip. I was deemed still too young to come along on the first couple trips.

* * * * *

We had discovered an abandoned ranger’s log cabin complete with cast-iron wood burning stove and an outhouse. This became our base camp.

My father had made a deal with his sons: *I’ll buy anything you want to eat, but YOU have to CARRY it!* – We broke our backs, but we ate like kings.

On portage, my brother was carrying a canoe and carrying a backpack to boot. He felt he was a pretty tough guy.

Then he heard footsteps approaching rapidly from the rear.

What he saw next amazed and impressed him.

Somebody shot past him. Running. Carrying a canoe and two backpacks: one on the chest and one on the back...

It was a woman!

Talking with her at the end of the portage, he learned she was a professional dancer.

I had a similar experience years later. I was a young man doing heavy labor. My predecessor had been 65 years old.

* * * * *

Stop complaining about the darn mosquitoes! I don't feel any biting me. You're just making it up, because you don't want to carry the canoe anymore!

That's what my father, annoyed, barked at one of my brothers.

But when it was his turn to carry the canoe, he learned the truth.

The mosquitoes had swarmed under the canoe. They mercilessly attacked the poor devil carrying it. He had his hands full and was unable to slap them.

* * * * *

While still a boy, I considered writing a diary. But I decided against it. I figured the most interesting things in my life had *already* happened.

This doesn't mean I didn't think about the future. I made a deal with my father. When I was old enough, we would move to the Canadian wilderness and become trappers. Being an engineer, he would tell me how to build our log cabin. I would pay him in whiskey and cigars.

* * * * *

One day the government made use of eminent domain to buy some of our land cheap for an expressway. When the bulldozers started to ravage our orchard, I grabbed my bow and arrow and ran for the door. I had every intention to defend my home! My parents stopped me. They had to lock me in my room.

Eventually, we had an expressway running through our backyard. Things weren't the same after that. I didn't think of it at the time, but I'm sure this greatly reduced our home's resale value.

Then my father changed careers and we moved away.

Sunday World-Herald (Omaha) September 26, 1993

"German neo-Nazis have turned to an American known as the 'farm-belt Fuehrer' for instructions on how to dodge police and blow up buildings, according to a top Nazi defector.

"The American, Gary Lauck of Lincoln, Nebr., has been notorious as the world's largest printer of neo-Nazi propaganda...

"I think that this (allegation of his connection to violence) is part of a campaign by the German government," he said. "They have been trying for years to get us outlawed. The German concept of democracy is just so different from ours.

"German officials, in fact, have been calling for a crackdown on Lauck's propaganda mill...

"Late last year, Lauck was a central topic of discussion in Bonn between FBI Director Lewis Freeh and his German counterparts.

"German officials asked Freeh for help in keeping Lauck's materials out of Germany.

"Freeh implied that the United States might be able to do more if it can be proved that Lauck has been more than a political propagandist.

"There is a fairly fine line where an individual may go beyond mere free speech or expressions, and begin to aid or abet (a crime in Germany)," he said.

According to former neo-Nazi Ingo Hasselbach, Lauck has done exactly that. In a recent interview Hasselbach claimed that Lauck has become a leading figure in the German rightist movement, not only calling for terrorism but also supplying the necessary instructions.

"Lauck's influence grew substantially after German authorities banned several rightist parties and forced their leaders to go underground, according to Hasselbach, who resigned from the rightist movement last year out of what he described as disgust with its point-less violence.

"Hasselbach, who once led Berlin's largest skinhead contingent, said that Lauck urged German neo-Nazis to fight the government's ban with a campaign of terrorism.

"He sent me a letter saying the legal way (of achieving political change) had failed and we should think about attacks against Jewish institutions...and the (Berlin city government's pitch for) the 2000 Olympics," Hasselbach said. "With this letter I received a computer disk (containing a document called), 'An Armed Movement.'"

Pre-Teen and Teen

printing of the material or the export of the material,' said Hannelore Kohler of the German government's German Information Center in New York City..."

"From the Midlands, Lauck's web of contacts stretches throughout Europe and North and South America. He supplies propaganda, encouragement, direction and in some cases money to racists on the radical-right fringes of predominantly white countries..."

"Trying to keep him out of their country, German authorities once jailed Lauck for four months. They have banned him for life. But they have not stifled his involvement. Since the fall of the Berlin wall, their problem – and Lauck's German network – has grown.

"Moreover, in the past two years Lauck has expanded into more than 30 countries. His organization publishes tabloid-format quarterlies in English, German, Swedish, Danish, Hungarian, Dutch, French, Spanish, Portuguese and Italian. He also sends U.S. dollars and German marks into Russia to finance a Russian-language paper printed there..."

"In the past year, Lauck has also beefed up his U.S. operations. He sponsors two "white power" TV shows on the public-access channels of 15 American cities.

"The Jewish Anti-Defamation League, B'nai B'rith, which has monitored Lauck throughout his career, calls him a 'world-class' racist whose expansions provide cause for international concern.

"He has all the elements of being important in the world of hatred,' said I. Robert Wolfson of Omaha, director of the Plains Region of the Anti-Defamation League. "That is, large numbers, a well-funded operation that is international in scope, a fairly sophisticated idea of his goals and tactics, and the means to do something about it.

"Wolfson predicts that Lauck will use his new European and Scandinavian footholds to try to legitimize Nazism as a political option internationally and increase pressure on Germany to legalize the party.

"There's a confluence of events that makes a guy like this much more important than he was 20 years ago,' Wolfson said..."

"In more than 200 criminal investigations in 1992, Lauck's propaganda was found at the crime scene or in searches of suspects' residences.

"Once every three days we produce either a tabloid newspaper in professional format or a TV show,' Lauck said, 'plus handling the mail orders and the faxes and the interviews and this stuff.'

"His claims are backed up by agencies that are his enemies." –

I grew up (the rest of the way) in the west. This is where I've spent half my life.

I could pet a horse on the neighbor's ranch simply by walking to the edge of my yard and reaching over the fence. Like all aspiring young cowboys, I spent a lot of time outdoors. But I also liked to *read books*.

My family was large. But the combined number of degrees held by its members was even larger. While still in elementary school, my father started to teach me a few very basic math concepts.

My father often got his children mixed up. He called them by the wrong name. This always annoyed my mother. However, he claimed it was all her fault. After all, she had insisted on giving them names. He had wanted to just assign them numbers. Like the famous detective Charlie Chan.

Furthermore, boys were often named after uncles in my family. When my grandpa was buried, my father nudged his brother and pointed to a nearby, but very old, tombstone. It was inscribed with the same names as the three brothers! His name was at the top. From then on, he would tell them: *Remember, I'm the top man on the tombstone!*

But don't get the wrong impression! My family was very "folksy". If you'd met my father, you'd have sooner reckoned him to be a *rancher* than a *college professor*. He got along just as well the custodian as with the other professors. Possibly better!

Many years later, FW purchased a rifle from this custodian. He had made the rifle himself and even given it a name: "Old Meat On The Table". My father went to a shooting range to test its accuracy. He fired three rounds at a target just over 100 yards away. They were grouped so close together that you could *cover all three bullet holes at the same time with a quarter!* – Naturally, he waited ten minutes between rounds in order to give the barrel time to cool.

I learned chess while still a boy. I wouldn't even try to checkmate the opponent until I had done two things. First, taken every single one of his pieces. Second, used my remaining pawns to get back my queen and both castles. Obviously, this overkill was simultaneously thorough and inefficient.

One of my brothers stunned everyone by defeating a very skilled chess player within five minutes. He used his favorite lightning fast queen attack. His opponent was too busy implementing a complicated plan to notice.

In junior high school I played a lot of chess. Almost always with

Media Excerpts

college students and professors. Generally, I won two out of three games. I beat my father the last three games we played. Then I lost interest in chess. It was too static. Really good players had to memorize old moves from chess books. That wasn't for me.

My father had the last laugh. He brought in a literal chess genius to whip me good. At the time, I was also sick as a dog with a liver infection. For months, I lived on tea, toast without butter and eggs. It took me months to fully recover. So much for a *fair fight!*

Afterward, he explained to me there are three levels of chess player.

The *first* level player, like him, has *no strategy*.

The *second* level player, like me, has *one strategy*.

The *third* level player, namely the chess genius, has *multiple strategies*. He reevaluates the whole situation after every single move. Then he selects the best strategy. (If a level two player tries to do this, the usual result is chaos.)

For a while, the family still played cards. But the locals didn't know the Old World games we knew so we had nobody else with whom to play.

My father enrolled all of us in a dance class. We learned the foxtrot and waltz. This wasn't useful for us young folk. (We had already learned square dancing back in elementary school.)

Adolescence was probably no harder and no easier for me than for anybody else. But it was different. There was no "teenage rebellion". My family and ethnic bonds made me immune from "peer pressure". I was an outsider. My standards were simply different.

My father once commented to me: *Neither your grandpa nor I had a very high opinion of our own [respective] generation. You're the same way.* – This was neither contempt nor arrogance... Years later, I heard an exiled Russian aristocrat say much the same thing.

Instead of saying: *If the other kids jumped off a cliff, would you do the same thing!*, my parents would say: *A good German does not jump off a cliff!* – This was very effective!

I had already learned not to show weakness or pain. This only encouraged tormentors. While still in high school, I took this a step further. I conducted two experiments in psychology.

In the first experiment, I keep an opponent on the edge between punching me and backing off. I maintained this balance by alternating between provocative and reconciliatory remarks.

In the second experiment, I pretended I thought mockery was actually just friendly teasing. At first, this confused the opponent. Then it aggravated him as he tried to explain his actual negative intent. Final-

"The underground activity of the NSDAP/AO for the re-creation of a fascist system in Germany and Western Europe draws its effectiveness in its struggle against the western European state security police forces from its strictly conspiratorial work. As the name itself says, young National Socialists fight for the lifting of the NSDAP-ban and for the legalization of their methodology, ideology and politics, which are inflammatory, anti-minority and which promote race hatred.

"Further strictly confidential material about this organization, which agitates across a broad front through its cell system, give certainty that the largely young members are fighting terrorists who are responsible for burning refugee homes, attacks against the offices of leftist parties/organizations, foreigners and other illegal actions such as break-ins.

"The damage done by the NSDAP/AO is hard to estimate. That it must be considerable is demonstrated by the relatively heavy prison sentences against young activists, if the police are able – which seldom happens – to catch them, as well as by the immense distribution of propaganda material and NS regalia, which floods Western Europe and is directed from the USA.

"The long list of activists of the NSDAP/AO who have died or committed suicide is the surest measure that these fighters for the National Socialist cause are the most hardened and fanatical Hitler followers." - *Die Reihen fest geschlossen* by Georg Christians (page 249)

"In a special report earlier this year on German Neo-Nazis, the ADL singled out Lauck as the movement's most dangerous propagandist. – *Los Angeles Times*, September 7, 1993

"The rising problem of neo-Nazism in Germany, sporadic outbreaks of violence in America and Lauck's recent expansion to new hate markets in other countries has set off alarms in agencies that monitor extremist activity...

"The agency (Germany's Office for the Protection of the Constitution) says Lauck is the top supplier of propaganda to the German Nazi underground...

"In the past year, Chancellor Helmut Kohl made several attempts to convince the Americans how important it was to stop either the

If and when necessary, the dissidents will shift tactics again. The troops in the rear will return to the front. The reservists will be called back to active duty.

I would be HONORED to be ALLOWED to stand at their side!

ly, he realized I was toying with him. Instead of him getting my goat, I was getting his. This made him angry. I had bounced the attack back on the attacker without employing either force or negative language. This pleased me for practical, ethical and even aesthetic reasons.

I liked my high school journalism class. First, the teacher was pretty. Second, I liked to write.

Once I asked a student teacher to a dance. This wasn't a kinky sex thing. I simply related more to people her age (and older) than to my own age group. Besides, she was beautiful and her legs looked great in a mini-skirt.

Years later I met a young woman who had done something similar. Except in *her* case it *was* a kinky sex thing. I guess this just goes to show that girls mature faster than boys. And are more skillful at getting what they want.

I discovered a professional survey designed to gauge political and social views. The whole class took it and I spent a heck of a lot of time on tabulation and analysis.

The interesting part of this survey was that it was not *one* dimensional, i.e. a *line*. It was *two* dimensional, i.e. a *plane*. *There was a "x" axis and a "y" axis!* The coordinates of traditional ideologies were displayed. Conservatives and Communists were far apart on the "x" axis, but close together on the "y" axis. Liberals and Fascists were far apart on the "y" axis, but close together on the "x" axis.

This illustrates the sometimes curious similarities between otherwise radically different ideologies. (My own coordinates were far away from anybody else.)

Beyond this, I later observed in a college ethics class that two people can provide the same answer for two totally different reasons. Lumping them together in the same category would be extremely inaccurate.

Here is an example.

My college ethics professor related his own ethical dilemma to the class.

In the last days of World War Two, I was a gangly young lieutenant. My helmet was too big for my head. I was given the assignment to take a jeep over to the German lines and negotiate their surrender. I took a few men with me.

When my jeep reached the German lines with a white flag of truce,

SS men gave me a smart salute. A little ways down the road, we encountered trucks driven by German soldiers. There were what looked like concentration camp prisoners in the back of the trucks.

Just after we were out of sight, we heard machine gun fire. We figured it was probably the Germans killing the prisoners. We debated whether or not we should turn around and try to help them.

I decided not to. I figured the few of us in the jeep probably couldn't save them anyway. But if our mission to arrange the surrender wasn't carried out, fighting might resume and a lot more people would get killed.

Did I do the right thing?

When I encountered him in the hallway after class, I comforted him: *I think you did the right thing. It would have been a shame, if more SS men got hurt!*

A puzzled look appeared on his face for a moment. Then he smiled. Perhaps it dawned on him just who had said this to him.

High school bored me. I always tried to finish my homework in study hall. That way, I had more time to read college level books in the evening. Mostly philosophy, history and some politics. The honor roll was self-evident.

Thanks to summer school courses, I was able to skip my senior year.

I finished a one semester course in three days, took the test on the fourth day and got an "A".

While still in high school, I audited a college course on how to play the stock market. I did it, too. The first year, I paid attention and made money. The second year, I just listened to my stockbroker and lost it. At least I got to impress the co-eds.

I spent one summer with my father, when he worked with NASA on the space shuttle. We stayed in an apartment complex right next to the university. I liked to hang out around the swimming pool. I would play chess and watch the pretty young bikini-clad co-eds. Sometimes they would play chess with me. But they would "cheat". Namely bend over the chessboard to try to distract me with their cleavage. This was *half* successful. Yes, I looked. No, I didn't let them win.

Nomination to one of the U.S. Military Academies was a feather in my cap. But, frankly, I suspect it was owed largely to family connections and the unpopularity of the Vietnam War. My parents were on a first name basis with congressmen, senators and governors, who occa-

tored the web-site statistics *daily*. Later I recorded those figures, compared them against revenue, analyzed ratios and projected growth in traffic and revenue.

The Internet is *similar to mail order* in some ways. Except the digits after the decimal point were moved over a few spaces. In mail order, I was accustomed to going only three or four digits to the right of the decimal point. But for the Internet, it was six.

The biggest problem is quality. The Internet is a voyeuristic media. In the pre-Internet days, subscribers had an emotional connection with their print publication. This translated into concrete support in the form of either volunteer work or donations. This is sadly lacking in the cyber world.

Hitler states in *Mein Kampf*: **The purpose of propaganda is to win followers. The purpose of followers is to make propaganda.**

But in the Internet, free self-gratification reigns supreme. Arguing in forums or posting inflammatory comments is a waste of time and effort. The spoken word, preferably face-to-face, is infinitely more effective. Practical experience as well as careful measurement and analysis of both web-site traffic and traditional print media mail order have convinced me of this.

The Old Guard Stands Ready

Three decades after the birth of the NSDAP/AO in 1972, the "legal arm" of the movement replaced the "illegal arm". Semi-legal front groups and legal literature replaced the underground cells and illegal literature. The Internet also played a big role in this development.

The foreign base shifted to secondary support tasks. Akin to the shift from active duty to reserve status, even though we are "political soldiers" as opposed to soldiers in conventional military service.

Perhaps government oppression will one day force the movement to return to the old-style underground resistance. If so, the enemy of freedom will find our Old Guard very willing and able to "give him a black eye". But we will not "cut off his head". We will remain non-violent.

At some point in the perhaps distant, perhaps not-so-distant future, the Old Country, hopefully *all* countries, will again hold truly free elections. Then it will only be a matter of time until the tyrants fall. A free country can then mete out justice. Neither justice nor revenge fall within the scope of our task.

on it. The design was too plain and simple. It lacked the bells and whistles. *Obviously, the work of a rank amateur.*

True. It was the work of an amateur. It was unconventional by the generally recognized standards. But it worked!

There were four reasons for this design:

First, my approach as a *direct marketer* as opposed to a *computer whiz* or a conventional *web-site designer*.

A common mistake made today is to simply assign web-site creation and maintenance to a computer whiz or a web-site designer. The end result is a web-site that looks like a work of art, but does not produce optimal results.

The worst part is that this dodo often does not get fixed. Nobody notices the deficiency, because the web-site looks great! Akin to a beautiful woman who, in reality, is a serial killer. Most web-site designers are “artists”. Not “scientists” like direct marketers. Think of it like this: Van Gogh was a great painter, but would YOU have hired him to build a bridge??

Second, my research on *search engine optimization* (SEO).

Third, the *simplicity and standardization of methodology* that worked so well in the tabloid operation and elsewhere.

Fourth, our own staff’s very limited computer skill. (Generally, computer geeks want to play with the latest high-tech toys. Not do “boring” work.)

We spent a lot of money on a computer animation program. Then we hired a professional artist to draw the faces of famous politicians throughout the world. These were used to create computer animations poking fun at them. This included heads of state singing outlawed dissident songs.

At one point, we were creating *two* new animations *every day* for our web-site. One for each of our two primary languages.

This was intended to be just the first stage in a much more ambitious project. Unfortunately, it was later shelved. It’s still collecting dust on that shelf. But it’s not in the garbage can.

I had hired a SEO consultant.

Not to do the work himself as is customary. But to *train me*. That way, I could perform this task myself in the future.

Then I set up a DOZEN web-sites and experimented with FIFTY search terms. Each day I tracked and recorded the Google position for each and every one. I did this for MONTHS. MOST of those search terms soon appeared on the first page and SOME were #1.

In the case of a few larger and more important web-sites, we moni-

sionally stopped by our house.

When I entered his office, the military doctor about to give me an examination in connection with my nomination to a U.S. Military Academy took one look at me and said: *You’re from a military family, aren’t you?* – I didn’t quite know how to respond. On the one hand, yes there have been a lot of soldiers in my family. On the other hand, most of them were a few generations back... Furthermore, my family is very “democratic” in the sense that we often have kinsmen fighting on *both sides* in a war!

Although I had various interests, nothing appealed to me as a *career*. I attended the state university for two years in order to be viewed as “educated” by European standards. But instead of pursuing a degree, I only took the courses I liked or considered useful. And that didn’t include business.

I had enough credits in my foreign language major for a Bachelor’s Degree, but would have needed to take two more years of “nothing courses” to get one. I saw no point in it. The courses I liked included philosophy and creative writing.

Of course, the best part about college was making out with my girlfriend.

Back in those days, it was actually possible, and not uncommon, for a student to work his or her way through college *without* a loan or a grant! This is what I did.

I feel sorry for today’s students!

What Planet Am I On?

When the world started to go insane in the 1960’s, I asked myself one simple question: *What planet am I on???*

Many people, including friends and family, did the same thing back in those days.

I didn’t trust the mainstream parties or conventional approaches. In search of answers, I started to read a wide variety of literature. Some, I hated. Some, I loved. While still in junior high school, I found the answers I wanted. Within the next few years, I even converted some kinsmen. I hesitate to call it a “new faith”, because we had believed in the same basic ideas for years without even knowing it. Leastwise not by name. It was neither a “religion” nor an “ideology” in the conventional sense. It was a “worldview”.

This “conversion” or “enlightenment” process has already been de-

scribed by other people. Both leaders and rank-and-file. I won't bother doing so again. Basically, I am an administrator, organizer, analyst and strategist. Not an author, theoretician or ideologist.

Nonetheless, I remember a discussion with George and Mark about the relative merits of "healthy instinct" versus "good reasoning", when it comes to choosing one's basic political philosophy. My conclusion: Both are good. But a combination of both is best.

Mark helped to choose our newspaper's name, *NS Kampfkruf*. He was proud of the fact that he had spent a few weeks in the same prison as Hitler! He had been arrested for putting up NSDAP/AO stickers.

My Father & Mentor "FW"

In the 1940's, my father graduated from college with an engineering degree. He was soon hired by a large manufacturing company. Eventually he earned an additional degree.

During the war he worked very long hours. Mom said she hardly ever got to see him. But I think she may have exaggerated a little. After all, she had babies during the war...Then again, my father joked that grandpa had once asked grandma why the babies stopped after he bought a refrigerator and got rid of the icebox.

In the 1950's, the company promoted him to head of long range research. I remember visiting his plant as a child. My first impression was this: *Boy, daddy has a BEAUTIFUL SECRETARY. I wonder if MOMMY knows about this!*

He showed me one of the new products that he had helped to develop. That product is still in wide use today. Whenever I happen to see one, I think of my father.

My father proved himself so valuable to the company that it decided to invest in advancing his skills. It hired some of the nation's top mathematicians to tutor him one-on-one. His knowledge eventually rose to the equivalent of a PhD in Mathematics, even though he did not have an official degree in mathematics.

Years later, a high school math teacher told us to ask our parents how much math they knew. Rightly or wrongly, I perceived this as a dig. So I asked my father to be thorough. He listed over *twenty* different kinds of math he had studied. The math teacher had *never even heard* of some of them!

In the 1960's, FW decided to go into teaching. He said he was alarmed by the declining quality of the nation's engineering students.

Chapter Eight

The New Millennium

After my return to America, I was pleased with the progress that had been made in my absence. So I continued to delegate and spend much of my time on other pursuits.

One of these pursuits was *mentoring*. I found great personal satisfaction in this. These young people were a heck of a lot smarter than I was at their age. Some of them are bound to accomplish a lot more than I. Anything I may have contributed to their development represents my modest gift to posterity.

Over time the small format newsletter replaced the tabloid. Then the web-site replaced the newsletter. Book publication, on the other hand, survived and even greatly expanded. At our peak just before the great Recession hit, we published about 100 new book titles in a single year.

60,000,000 Web-Site Hits

The very first web-site I ever created (in January 2000) and managed was for our organization.

Initially, I really didn't want to get into this field at all. I have very little aptitude for anything technical or mechanical. But the other volunteers dropped the ball and I had to step in. Like it or not.

So I reluctantly started to research how to acquire at least the *bare minimum* level of skill in this area.

My very first web-site had over TWO million hits in the first year, TEN million hits in the second year and TWENTY million hits in the third year! It peaked at SIXTY million hits per year a few years later!

Given this sheer volume, bandwidth quickly became a big cost issue. So we very soon became a "web-site re-seller". That way, we got wholesale pricing from the server. We bought web-site accounts in bulk, re-sold some, donated some and used the rest for experimentation.

A few years later, one of the three largest servers in the USA told us we were one of their top ten web-site resellers worldwide!

Of course, when I first created this web-site, the adepts looked down

er dollars, whose credentials included work for the U.S. Justice Department's Office for Special Prosecution. Its specialty is "Nazi war criminals". At one time, its head was a dual U.S./Israel citizen who was simultaneously a sheriff in Israel!

This "expert" failed to clearly distinguish between felony and misdemeanor! Only my knowledge of German law and language enabled the defense to catch this. We then forced the "expert" to concede the point. This was vital to my defense. Otherwise conviction and appeals all the way to the U.S. Supreme Court – and perhaps prison while all this was going on (!) – would have been the probable result!

The ACLU could not defend me, because this case was 'criminal', not "civil". I had a public defender. I had to catch this technicality *myself*. Then I had to mention it to him *repeatedly* before he agreed it was a viable point.

A Threat to Us All

Imagine the following scenario.

*The U.S. government denies you the right to vote or own a firearm on the grounds you are a "convicted felon"...because of a **misdemeanor conviction** years ago in a **foreign country** for something akin to **possession of a Christian Bible in a Moslem country!***

Or because a foreign government doesn't like your U.S.-based website, claims jurisdiction and "convicts" you of a thought crime!

Oh yes, and because you didn't disclose your "felony conviction" on a gun permit application, you are arrested and indicted for "felony perjury"!!!

This could happen to you! My own case proves it! Legally, these cases are no different from mine.

Combine this with the recent "Big Brother" revelations and we have one pretty scary scenario!

So he became a professor of engineering at a state university.

Of course, this meant a *big cut in salary*. But he didn't seem to mind.

When we moved to our new home on the very edge of the "city", I was shocked and disappointed. Our new home was very modest compared to our old country estate. But I didn't say anything.

FW created and taught a very special course. It was designed to give his students some *practical experience in industrial engineering*.

Visiting small manufacturing firms in the area, he made them an offer they could hardly refuse. "*Let my students TRY to solve your engineering problems. If they fail, I'll come out at the end of the semester and solve them FOR FREE.*"

And that was exactly what he did!

The result was a lot of happy businessmen. Some sent letters of praise to the university. In addition, even years later, he received letters from former students expressing their gratitude. One of them wrote that he had learned more in this *one course* than in *all of the other courses put together*.

This also gave him an insight into the general nature of these firms.

Typically, these companies start out with just two guys. One is good at technology. The other is good at business. As their company grows, it eventually reaches a point where they need outside help.

Back then, my father provided the *engineering* help. Many years later, I provided the *business* help.

He also made another observation:

Engineers and businessmen have trouble communicating with each other. They talk different languages. Also, the best engineering students are not good at writing or public speaking.

Years later I noticed computer technicians and businessmen often have the same problem.

Therefore, he urged his students to join a group called *Toastmasters*, which promoted skill in public speaking. He joined it himself.

FW had a reputation for being very tough, but also very fair.

For example: His students were instructed to identify their papers *only by social security number*. Not name. He didn't want to know their identity during grading. Only later, went posting those grades, did he learn that. This was his way to prevent any, even unintentional or subconscious, bias.

His students had a saying about his weekly ten question quizzes:

If you're a good student, you can answer the first three questions. If you're a genius, you can figure out the next three. But only God and

Professor FW know the answers to the last four!

When he told me one of those “last four”, I soon figured out the answer. Unlike my father, I have no attitude for mechanics and technology. But I did inherit his analytical mind and knack for problem solving. Despite our different fields, we thought a lot alike. FW often commented that we applied the *same* principles to *different* fields. We just called them by different names.

His best students loved him and his worst students hated him.

One of his students was *literally a genius* when it came to engineering. My father tutored him one-on-one. For free. Smiling, he told me: *It was a joy to teach him. His mind absorbed knowledge like a sponge. He learned more in one week than the average student does in six months.*

FW later left teaching and started his own engineering consulting firm. I got an impressive title in the corporation, but I was really just a figurehead.

In the next few years, FW became licensed as an engineer in more and more states. When he took the New York State engineering test, they demanded to see his birth certificate to prove he was a U.S. citizen. *His score was so high that they could not believe he had received his education in the USA!*

Cars

My father always had at least five cars. He’d buy big old Buicks, fix ‘em up and drive them until something major went bad. Like an engine or transmission. Then he’d cannibalize them for parts. He was so thorough that the junkyard dealers sometimes wanted him to pay them to tow them away. Not the other way around.

One time he got \$95 from an insurance company, because the other fellow had dented his fender. The car had only cost \$100!

Being the youngest and least skilled, I got the boring jobs. Like rotating tires or tapping spark plugs. Or just sitting there bored to death handing him tools. Maybe that’s one of the reasons I never developed an interest in mechanics.

One time the neighbor’s goat came over to help. But it had an ulterior motive. The goat liked tobacco. It tried to steal the tobacco pouch out of my father’s pocket, while he was working under the car.

Once we came home and saw a long wooden pole next to the back door. My sister explained she needed it to fend off the goat. When she

American Civil Liberties Union (ACLU) takes the case.

July 30, 1999. A local court rejects my appeal against denial of my gun permit application, but leaves the First Amendment issue unanswered. The police legal advisor is quoted in a front page article in the local press on July 31st that this case could go to the U.S. Supreme Court.

A different case did go to the U.S. Supreme Court a few years later. It “settled” the issue in the positive sense. However, this does not necessarily mean it can’t happen again. Furthermore, a “perjury” charge might be made anyway!

August 17, 1999. The ACLU appeals to both the Lancaster County District Court and the Treasury Department.

October 15, 1999. The district court rejects my appeal on a technicality. Amazingly, neither I nor my attorney are even informed until the following week. The ACLU attorney starts preparation of another appeal.

November 4, 1999. After learning of an arrest warrant, I turn myself in to the Lincoln Police. I am formally charged with a “class four felony perjury” - punishable with five years prison and/or \$10,000.00 fine – for non-disclosure of the thought crime “conviction” in Germany. I am released on bail the same day.

November 8, 1999. The *Lincoln Journal Star* prints an editorial criticizing the local authorities as “too aggressive” for filing a criminal charge before the constitutional issues are satisfactorily answered.

December 4, 2001. Twenty-five months after the indictment, my trial starts and ends in less than one hour with dismissal of the charge.

Important! This case was only dismissed on a TECHNICALITY. NOT on the basis of the First Amendment!

The “offense” is a “misdemeanor” under German law and does not result in loss of civil rights. (The Nebraska state police later changed the wording on the application to get around this technicality. Therefore, a “perjury” conviction could still be possible even today!)

The prosecutor flew in an expert legal translator for \$20,000 taxpayer-

I ponder two questions:

First: Was he really serious? Or just a good actor?

Second: If and when I face my executioners and know death is only seconds away, what should be my *exact last words*?

We all have to die sometime. I want to die well. I want my death to mean something. Hopefully even accomplish something. When I join my ancestors, I want to be able to hold my head high and look them in the eye.

Aftermath: Criminalized and Prosecuted in the USA

But there is more! Upon my return to America, the U.S. government declares me a “convicted felon” and tries to throw me in prison!

Following my 1976 thought crime conviction in Germany, I had asked my U.S. attorney if this had any legal ramifications in the USA. I was told no. First, it was a foreign conviction. Second, it was for an activity that is expressly protected under the First Amendment. I later acquired a gun permit without any problem.

By the time I returned to America in 1999, my old gun permit had expired. So I filled out a new application.

When I read the question asking whether I was a ‘convicted felon’, I remembered my lawyer’s words. But I still felt uneasy. “Interpretations” can and do change over time. Still, this was a matter of principle.

My standpoint was (and remains) this: *Telling a political prisoner he is a “convicted felon” is like telling a rape victim she is a “slut”, because she had sex outside of marriage. It is an outrage! It is dishonorable! It is even worse, when the government demands the victim defame himself/herself under threat of perjury indictment and imprisonment!*

I answered that question “No!”

Here is what happened next.

Spring 1999. The U.S. federal government declares me a “convicted felon” solely on the basis of my “German conviction” for legally publishing a newspaper in America! I initiate legal counteraction. The

went out to bring in the laundry from the line, it tried to butt her!

One time I got down on all fours and butted heads with this goat. Then I looked up. The goat and I stared at each other for a moment. Then the goat turned and ran off. To this day, I don’t know whether it was my hard head or my face that made it do that.

I didn’t have my own car in my teenage years. I didn’t need one.

Most of the cars I’ve owed in my life were built in the 1970’s. The cheapest one cost \$500. The most expensive one was \$1,500. The “worst” car I ever bought cost \$700 and only lasted me three years. It had belonged to a high school student. His parents had bought him a new car as a graduation gift. My two favorites were both a 1975 Buick Electra Limited. One cost \$895 and lasted ten years. A friend commented: *This isn’t an automobile. It’s an aircraft carrier!*

My most amusing car purchase went like this. My father-in-law and I went together while my wife stayed at home. We negotiated the purchase with the private owner in three languages. When we got back home, my wife’s only question was: *What color is the car?* Neither of us remembered the color of the car we had purchased only an hour earlier! This made her nervous. But when she saw the car, she was quite pleased.

A work colleague had a similar experience with his wife. When he asked her what kind of car she wanted, she said: *blue!*

Over the next several years, she had about ten minor accidents with that 1975 Buick Regal. Two on one and the same day! The second time, she locked bumpers with a police car in front of the police station. I was so furious I refused to go help her. Her father did instead.

I Was a Teenage Supervisor... NOT a Werewolf

I worked in a factory each summer to earn money for tuition and books. While still a teenager, I was promoted to a low-level supervisory position and had a crew of seven under me. I was the youngest of the lot.

How did I get that promotion?

Here’s the story.

The factory had just launched a new product. Initially, production was scattered across different departments. Each of those departments tended to view the new product as a diversion from their real work.

The portion assigned to them was shunted off to the side.

This was my third stint at the factory. When I reported to my old supervisor, he led me to another part of the plant. It was so far away from his department that we couldn't even see it! I joined two workers already there assembling components.

It was nothing personal. Nonetheless, I had been exiled. Assigned to work on that darn new product. Out of eyeshot.

He rarely checked on us. Or was around, when we needed help... Not even when we pleaded for more parts, because we had run out and work had come to a standstill!

One day a young engineer, new to factory procedures, kindly offered to help us out. He walked over to the warehouse and brought over some parts. Without telling anybody or doing the paperwork.

So we turned to him in the future as well. Somebody in the front office eventually found out what he was doing. He got balled out.

One manager from the front office in particular would walk by and ask me a question. I answered as best I could. This happened a few times.

Only a few weeks after I started, he walked up to me and said that I had been promoted. *You're the only person who knows anything about what's going on around here!*

This took me by surprise. Naturally, I was pleased.

Soon the production for that product was consolidated in one area. A higher-level supervisor was appointed over the roughly thirty people. In military terms, he was the equivalent of a lieutenant commanding a platoon and I was a sergeant leading a squad.

But there was still one tiny little problem.

The products didn't work! The reject rate was around 50%!

Nobody could figure out *why*. In desperation, the same front office manager asked me what I thought.

I made an observation and offered a theory. He had somebody fetch the necessary equipment to check it out. (I didn't know how to use it, but he did.) The mystery was solved. The reject rate dropped radically. Obviously, we had fixed at least *part* of the problem.

But the reject rate was *still* too high. The manager and I discussed this problem for a few minutes. Then I came up with another theory. He thought it made sense and we should check it out.

He brought over some *even more sophisticated equipment* – this time we had to bring in a *college trained technician* who knew how to use it – and tested my theory. My suspicion was confirmed!

Technicians and even full-fledged engineers had sweated blood over

the long-term effects might still kill him one day. They did, when he was middle-aged. My case was less severe. However, when I reached the *same age* as he was at the time of his *death*, I suddenly started to *dramatically* display the *same symptoms!*

I feared for my life!

Eventually, I was taken to the hospital for tests. When the results came back, I visited the hotel doctor to hear the verdict. She looked at the reports for a long time. In silence. With a very serious face. Then she told me two things:

First, everything was *fine*.

Second, she was *officially recommending my early release on medical grounds*.

Hmh...

However, the hotel management kindly *allowed* me to stay anyway. Even *insisted* on it. After all, I still had over a year of vacation time owed to me.

At any rate, I figured this might just turn out to be the *one* vacation that truly *never ends*. So I did the only logical thing under the circumstances:

I wrote my last farewell letters to my loved ones...

However, life or death wasn't my biggest concern. I knew that if I died in a government-run hotel, my fellow dissidents would never believe it wasn't actually *murder*. This could trigger an escalation and real terrorism. That was the LAST thing I wanted!

Of course, I also remembered the following conversation, which I had back when I was still in the maximum serenity wing of Hotel #4.

***You will not leave Germany alive!
Sie werden Deutschland nicht lebend verlassen!***

He is standing right in front of me. Looking me in the eye. For a moment, I study the face of the man who has just spoken these words. My search for any clue of hidden meaning is futile.

He seems to be dead serious!

It would be an honor to be allowed to die for the work of the Führer! I shoot back defiantly. (*Es wäre eine Ehre für das Werk des Führers sterben zu dürfen!*)

Now he is the one who is obviously surprised.

Really? (Wirklich?)

Naturally! (Natürlich!)

He looks disappointed. Then he turns around and leaves the room.

Whenever an opportunity for a little kiss on the cheek presented itself, I would sometimes play dumb and kiss the young gal on the lips. (No tongue! No groping! I didn't want to push my luck. Besides, these young ladies were kind enough to visit and boost my spirits. I didn't want to subject them to cruel and unusual punishment.) She would be a little embarrassed, but not say anything. Sometimes being an old coot can have its advantages.

I was also very pleased to finally meet Christa. This good friend of Kühnen's had also played a leading role in the nationalist prisoner aid organization.

I didn't use the weight room here. But I did exercises in my room. My daily routine included one set of 150 pushups, 1,100 sit-ups and 2,500 deep knee bends.

Later I peaked in my late mid-fifties with 300 push-ups in *one set* each day. I had stopped weight-lifting already in my mid-fifties. I could curl 150 lb..

I would also stand on my tip toes, stretch out my arms to the side, horizontal to the floor, and clench and unclench my fist 14,000 times. This one exercise alone took 45 minutes. This was no problem. I had plenty of time to kill. Besides, strong fingers are useful in close-quarters combat and for climbing.

Aside from correspondence and exercise, I spent a lot of time reading. Mostly history and theoretical physics for the layman. I was fascinated by microcosm and macrocosm. One puzzle I worked on was the number of atoms in the known universe. Whenever I came across potentially useful numbers in a book, I memorized them. I did all the math in my head so that it wouldn't be too easy. I eventually came up with 10 to the 70th power.

Another problem that intrigued me was the possibility of the existence of intelligent life on other planets. And, more importantly, the odds of any meaningful contact with them.

After all, what intelligent and sane life form would want to have anything to do with human beings? If I were them, I sure as heck wouldn't. Would YOU?

Of course, I continued my other daily "mental exercises". It's easy for somebody to take away your *physical* possessions, but it's harder for them to steal what *you have in your head*. (I did manage to keep some currency hidden for several months.)

Unfortunately, this heaven on earth was not to last!

In my youth, one of my brothers and I had been both accidentally poisoned. He was in intensive care. Although he survived, he was told

this problem for *weeks*. Then I found the solution in a matter of minutes.

At the time, I chalked this up to a combination of common sense and good luck. It didn't dawn on me at the time that there might be anything more to it.

From then on, that technician and his equipment were an integral part of the production line. He always checked the "problem child" component for that invisible defect before assembly. The defect rate dropped to an acceptable minimum.

Question: *How could a nineteen year old kid - with NO technical training - solve a TECHNICAL problem that nobody else could figure out?*

Answer: *Observation, analysis and plain old-fashioned common sense!*

This factory had been founded by a man who was a *genius inventor*. He had started the business *in his parent's garage while still in high school!*

His genius for invention is matched only by the stupidity of his relatives in the front office, another worker commented.

Unfortunately, when he expanded the plant for the manufacture of a new product, he overextended himself. When that product was suddenly rendered obsolete by another advance in technology, the company went bankrupt. The factory closed. The employees were dismissed. The locals cursed him. And he moved out of the state.

By then, I had already moved on to other pursuits.

I Start to Write

While still a teenager, my first articles (aside from a poem in a high school publication) started appearing in the publications of non-profit organizations.

At first, I simply subscribed to several periodicals in both the USA and Europe. These included *The Voice of the Federation*, *Der Deutsch-Amerikaner*, *Nation Europa*, *Mut Magazine*, *Deutsche Nachrichten*, *Deutsche Wochenzeitung*, *Deutsche National- und Soldatenzeitung* and more.

But I soon began to submit letters to the editor and later articles, too.

One essay I submitted to a writing contest for young authors made the semi-finals. It was published along with all the other semi-finalists in the sponsoring magazine, *Nation Europa*.

This magazine was very “highbrow”. It published articles by many prominent people. Apparently, I had gained some attention in the right circles, because I received letters – and even invitations to visit - from some of them. Some of them came from retired *senior government officials, scholars and highly distinguished military officers.*

While still in my teens, I was invited to address an international conference in Europe and did so, namely the first *Nationaleuropäischer Jugendkongress*. I had a great time and met many fascinating people.

tence for publishing a newspaper! In America!

I had a little heart-to-heart chat with the mid-level manager in charge of my wing. When I informed him that I was about to *report him and his colleagues by name to my friends*, he turned white! I expected retaliation, but nothing happened that day or the next.

Then a hotel staff member came to the room and asked me to follow him. To my surprise, he took me to a different wing of the hotel. When I entered the office of that wing’s manager, he told me: *You are being moved to my wing. Anything that you request and I have the power to grant, I will!*

What a guy!

Life in this wing was infinitely better than in that barracks!

While I was there, German television even filmed a scene for a detective show in this wing.

Later I was moved down the hall to a newly built extension with brand new clean rooms. In the spring, I could ever see a small tree blossoming in the private courtyard just outside my window. Furthermore, I still had the same nice guy wing manager.

Throughout my whole vacation, I corresponded with well-wishers all over the world. I showed my gratitude by sending my (tasteful) nude baby pictures to all my female pen-pals. I would put the title “Sex Symbol and Bureaucrat” beneath my name instead of the usual “Political Prisoner”.

One day a senior manager suddenly threatened to take formal action against me. Why? Because I referred to myself as a “political prisoner” in a letter to one of my lawyers. He insisted the regime doesn’t have any political prisoners, therefore this claim was *slander!*

A compromise was worked out. He remained the censor for my *publications*, which he *always confiscated*. But my nice guy wing manager became the censor for all my *correspondence*, which he *never confiscated*.

By the way, one of the publications was from a prisoner aid group. This same prisoner aid group, which had survived the Cold War, was later banned by the “*democratic*” regime *after* the fall of Communism!

Many friends and sympathizers visited me in the hotel. Even a retired police captain!

Of course, my favorites were the attractive young ladies. One time there were THREE of them sitting with me. Their names were Lisa, Uschi and Bärbel. The other guests in the visiting room were jealous. It was sure great for my ego.

time a youngster became curious and tried in vain to lift the same weight with TWO hands. Anyway, one of my weight-lifting buddies later turned up at the next hotel, too.

When the maximum settings on the weight-lifting machines were too low for me, I simply switched to using only one arm or only one leg for the same exercise. By that time, I had already broken one machine and bend a steel bar on another.

The other guests were swell guys. None of them ever gave me a hard time.

For the first time in months, my room had both a good mirror and a good light above it. When I looked in it the very first time, I was startled to see an ugly old coot staring back at me. Obviously, there was a hole in the wall. I was looking at somebody in the next room. It was all a practical joke!

One of the guests moonlighted as a food-server. He said it was a great place to acquire expensive watches super cheap. Apparently, some new guests were desperate for pharmaceuticals.

After a few months had passed, I heard I was about to be moved to yet another hotel. I didn't want to leave here. But what can I say. It's just part of the burden of popularity.

Hotel #4 – My Home Away from Home Hamburg 1997 - 1999

My first two months in this hotel were a *big disappointment!* The large barracks style room full of noise, smoke and worst things were taking a toll on my health.

A senior level staff member whispered to me that the hotel manager wasn't a big fan of mine. I guess he was just unhappy about the long wait and took it out on me.

While I was in the barracks, one colorful roommate related the following incident:

I knew this jerk had betrayed me, so I decided to get revenge. I walked into the bar with a submachine-pistol. I aimed it at his knee and unloaded the whole clip. Then I put in another clip and unloaded it in the other knee. Then I put the gun on the table, sat down and waited for the police. My lawyer pointed out I had obviously aimed at his legs, so this was not attempted murder. The maximum sentence was four years. I got TWO.

At the time I heard these words, I was serving a FOUR year sen-

Chapter Two Political Activist

My First Evening in the Fatherland

It was my very first day in the Old Country. I was with one of my very first contacts in the underground resistance movement. His name was Walter. We were taking a stroll through a field. It was a star-lit night. I dropped to my knees, bent down, picked up a handful of dirt and gently kissed the soil of the ancestral motherland.

Later he spoke these words:

*We come from nothing
And we are nothing.
But we are there!*

Walter was a seasoned freedom fighter. He had been arrested more than once by the Communists. Nonetheless, he refused to throw in the towel.

He was not a well-educated man. He was also not a wealthy one. His toilet was an outhouse. The kitchen stove provided the only heating. I remember sitting there with his family and petting his daughter's black cat named "Me Lady". It reminded me of my father's story about his childhood in a house with the same heating system.

On the bright side, one of his friends, who was also an old SA man, had a vineyard! The wine we bought there came in a bottle with no label, but it tasted good and was cheap. I would often bring a few bottles with me, when I visited Hans up north in Schleswig-Holstein. (I called this payment for his wife doing my laundry!) I would buy "Korn" (clear whiskey) or rum there and bring it back for Walter.

Furthermore, all his plates and silverware were Third Reich originals complete with eagle and swastika. This made the food taste extra good! Their monetary value would be substantial for a collector today.

I remember the others in our little circle, the too. Manfred, Horst, Willi, Katja and Albert back in the states. They all played a significant role in the development of the NSDAP/AO concept. I still have the

beautiful full color of picture of the Führer given me by Katja's friend, an SS widow.

Horst introduced me to a sympathetic police chief.

Willi inadvertently paid me a compliment, when I ticked him off once and he called me a "Saupreuß". My mother's maiden name was Preuss. I am indeed Prussian.

A hospital clerk once asked Albert why he lied about being a veteran. The VA had no record of him. Actually, he hadn't lied. He was indeed a veteran: Not U.S., rather Waffen-SS.

A New Concept

Traveling through the Old Country, I often saw resistance slogans in the form of graffiti. But it was impossible to gauge the movement's strength. Also, it was impossible for sympathizers to establish contact and join the resistance. The risk of arrest was very high.

I developed a new concept. More importantly, I put it into actual practice. At this time, I was still a teenager.

On overseas organizations based in a free country would supply the underground resistance with professionally produced printed matter. It would have a uniform contact address in the free country. Inquirers would receive free sample literature and their own unique "ID number" ("Kenn-Nummer") for use in future correspondence instead of their real name and address. This protected their identity in the event of a later interception of the mail.

The inquirer turned activist recruited his own cell members. Or remained a "lone wolf". He received regular small shipments from us. These were simply mailed from multiple locations and well camouflaged. Each shipment contained a "receipt form", which the recipient filled out and returned to us. If we didn't get those forms, we presumed something had gone wrong and ceased shipments.

Larger "cell networks" required much larger quantities. They were supplied by a different method. Large-scale "smuggling" operations were organized. These were extremely successful. Overall losses in men and materials remained extremely low throughout the decades.

perfectly safe. Unlike the riffraff in the general population, our elite group was intelligent and rational. Besides, it is both impolite and bad business to kill without a good reason!

Our food server lived in our wing, but neither walked nor showered with us. He had spent most of his life in hotels. One interval between hotel stays had lasted only one day. The mean lady who picked up him apparently tried to force herself on him! She round up in a lake and he round up back in the hotel.

One day the "assistant prosecutor" and his assistant paid a surprise visit to my room. He said he was searching for a letter. He remembered having seen it earlier, but it had somehow slipped through the censor. (He failed to find it. Later I did find and destroy it.)

While they were searching through my extensive correspondence, I considered dragging my bed in front of the door, thereby barricading the three of us in my room. Then I planned to tell him: *First you accuse me of being a "terrorist". Then you foolishly let yourself get into this predicament! I can easily help you to prove your terrorist claim... by killing both of you right here and now!* – Of course, I didn't actually do this!

After spending only one year in this relaxing environment, I was disappointed to learn I was to leave soon. The other guests consoled me.

Hotel #3 – The Luxury Hotel Hamburg 1996 - 1997

This was one of the nicest hotels! It even had beautiful murals from the good old days! The heating was also modern, even though the building itself was old. I was on the second floor so I had a nice view of the country. Even a windmill!

The grounds had a historical significance. From my window, I could see the last remaining buildings of an old concentration camp. It had been used by *both sides* during and after World War Two. Not at the same time, of course. Leastwise not in the same *capacity*. They *took turns* playing *guest* and *host*. The father of a friend of mine had been a guest.

The gym was especially nice. I must confess that I was sometimes a little mischievous. For example, I'd ask another fellow if I could see if I could lift the same weights. Then I'd do this with ONE hand and act like I was disappointed how weak I'd become in my old age. One

Birth of the NSDAP/AO

Knowing that I like peace and quiet, I was given a private room in the *maximum serenity wing*. I spent 23 hours each day in my room reading, writing and doing exercises.

For one hour each day, the half dozen of us special guests in this wing took a walk together in the nice courtyard. Naturally, we quickly became pals. When in Rome...

One of the staff people referred to us as the *crème de la crème* of the guests. We were flattered!

My hiking pals included:

* Blacky was a spice dealer with extensive business experience in Columbia. His stories made the American Wild West seem like Sunday School. Obviously, he was very familiar with travel in South America. Our activities had many similarities despite the different product lines. Comparing notes on the "opposition", namely "law enforcement", was very instructive!

* One young man was a rare stamp collector. His aggressive acquisition technique had almost killed a competitor. Even a bullet to the back of the head at point blank range didn't finish the job. Trying to be helpful, older and wiser guests stressed the importance of *at least two rounds*.

* A fur dealer had built a kind of dungeon under his house for certain "kinky" activity. Something went terribly wrong. The result was a gruesome find in a barrel of acid.

* Another fellow was a former Communist secret police agent. His suicide pact with his girlfriend had been only *half* successful. She round up in the trunk of his car. He round up here.

* Another older man had kindly taken a very wealthy man on an unexpected vacation. Then he even offered to help the man's family to get rid of some of the nasty stuff that is widely known to be the source of all evil.

The combined number of lethal misunderstandings was greater than the number of people in our wing.

Traffic offenders were sometimes put in our wing. They were sometimes alarmed by the company they were keeping. Laughing, a staff member mentioned his own wife was concerned, too. In reality, it was

When I returned to the USA, I founded a new organization based on this new concept. It is known as the NSDAP/AO.

We immediately printed 1,000 swastika stickers and air mailed them to the Old Country. They arrived just in time. One appeared on prime time television stuck onto an election poster for Willi Brandt.

Many Americans don't realize this, but even dictatorships often hold "elections", sometimes even with multiple "parties". But it's still a sham. And a clumsy sham at that. Unlike, say, in countries like the United States today.

The printer was an old Rockwell activist, George Adam Link. He commented he wished it had been 10,000 stickers. I was shocked. How could we ever pay for so many? However, a year later, our average press run was 100,000 at a crack! By that time, the third issue of our periodical, the *NS Kampfruf*, in the mother tongue had expanded to a newsprint tabloid format. We also owned two printing presses for smaller jobs.

This expansion was owed in large part to the assistance of allied American organizations!

I soon learned there are two types of non-profits. The *first type* views other non-profits as allies in a shared cause. These allies help each other. The *second type* views other non-profits as competitors for the same donors. They actively try to sabotage each other. Unfortunately, the second type is often more successful at fundraising. That's all they do. The first type concentrates on concrete work for the cause.

Two years later, we founded an English-language newsletter for our American sympathizers. This was eventually also expanded into a newsprint tabloid newspaper. Both newspapers appeared in that format for over a quarter of a century. (Then we shifted to newsletter format before going to online only. Hardcopy was limited to our book production, which was greatly expanded.)

At first, I worked a fulltime outside job. I donated both my wages and my free time to my "baby". Later I only had to work part-time. Finally, I could get by on my sideline income and otherwise work fulltime for my "baby".

One day a volunteer in another non-profit, Don up in Canada, made a suggestion: *You should sell things! We do that and make a lot more money that way than through subscriptions!*

We tried it. It worked. Everybody was happy. At any rate, this was

the beginning of my life-long association with *mail order*.

This volunteer work honed *my organizational and people skills*.

Working with volunteers is sometimes pretty challenging in both the positive and negative sense. The relationship is unique. An employer can fire an employee. A military officer can arrest or even execute a subordinate.

Friends & Co-Workers

My own startup non-profit organization served a very small and specialized niche that had been long vacant. Word spread quickly. Excellent co-workers soon reported for duty as it were. They were impressed with my central concept and my efforts to progress from theory to reality. These dedicated, hardcore loyalists were often the age of my parents and even my grandparents. There was no “generation gap” here! We quickly became good friends.

These unsung heroes of civic-mindedness included:

A 1920’s journalist. Hans had fled his home when the communists invaded near the end of World War Two.

Another refugee from the same general region. Erich had fought in the German army in World War One. Then he emigrated to America and became a U.S. citizen. Knowing he had been a German-American Bund member, the draft board asked if he would fight against Hitler. His reply: *If Hitler invades the United States, I will naturally defend the country.* Along with other likeminded people, he spent the whole war digging holes at a camp stateside. They sang German war songs while doing this. At the end of the war, he received an honorable discharge.

My secretary and right hand gal, however, is definitely at the very top of the list. Gretchen became one of my earliest and most valuable co-workers. I spoke to her on the phone *daily* for *decades*.

Here is her story.

Her old *Bund* family had lived in America for well over a century, but it still spoke the mother tongue at home and preserved its sacred ethnic heritage. She was the only family member still alive.

When World War Two broke out, the mother turned to her own son and said: *If you come home wearing a shit brown American uniform, I’ll shoot you dead!*

When this son later told the judge that he refused to participate in *Roosevelt’s criminal war of aggression against the German people*,

Imprisonment in Germany

I was such a popular fellow that all the local hotels wanted me as a guest! Between 1995 and 1999 I spent my state paid vacation at four different facilities.

Hotel #1A – The Dungeon Hamburg 1995

When my private jet landed, I was impressed by the reception. Several vehicles were waiting to escort me to my new residence. I traveled in an armored limousine. Safety precautions included bracelets. Just for me. I was touched, even though they were not exactly stylish and felt way too tight.

In contrast, the next hotel was a disappointment. It was dark and gloomy. Fortunately, I stayed there for only a day or so. Later I learned my good comrade Christian Worch had also stayed there a few years earlier. There was a joke in my circle of friends that, if we all got together and compared notes, we could probably write a book about *every hotel in the country*. Even rate it.

Hotel #1B - The Transit Hotel Hamburg 1995

Although a separate building, this temporary or transit hotel was officially considered part of the same hotel. It was definitely better than Hotel #1A, but not nearly as nice as the first two. I stayed here for about a month.

Hotel #2 – Maximum Security Hamburg

This was one of the more interesting hotels. The shower room in the basement had been an execution chamber.

Most important: It had the *best food* of all the hotels!

The down side was the poor heating.

My Danish Supreme Court Extradition Trial

The set for this game show is Denmark's counterpart to the U.S. Supreme Court. This court must decide on Germany's request for the extradition of a U.S. newspaper publisher, namely myself.

The "prosecutor" argues for the extradition. He claims the newspaper in question occasionally contains material that violates the laws in this country.

The defense makes the following arguments:

First, it is questionable whether or not anything in the newspaper actually would violate Danish law. Even if it did, this is not relevant, because the newspaper is published in the USA. It is totally legal under U.S. law and expressly protected under the First Amendment.

Second, national law forbids extradition, if the penalty in the destination country is much more severe than in this country. In Denmark, this type of "offense" is usually punished with just a fine. The longest prison sentence ever imposed was two months. But in Germany, it is five years!

Third, national and international law forbid extradition for political cases. There is a precedent case. A man accused of involvement in the assassination of Egyptian President Anwar Sadat was NOT extradited. The Danish Supreme Court rejected the extradition request on the grounds the case was "political". The case in front of the Danish Supreme Court today is very clearly strictly political. Therefore, the extradition request must be rejected.

Who wins?

The Danish Supreme Court rules in favor of the extradition! It claims the case is "not political"!

The mainstream media in Denmark bemoans this travesty. It betrays the country's vulnerability to pressure from foreign governments.

Why does this happen?

Denmark comes under intense pressure from Germany. The U.S. government does NOTHING to counterbalance this pressure. Quite the opposite, a U.S. government official publicly expresses U.S. neutrality! This is a clear signal the U.S. does not oppose the extradition of this U.S. newspaper publisher. So the Supreme Court surrenders and makes a political decision.

This establishes a very dangerous precedent! This is a threat to EVERY American!

the judge turned white and ran out of the room without saying a word. He spent the war years in prison as a conscientious objector.

After Germany's capitulation, she sat down on a railway track. While waiting for death, she got to thinking. Maybe she would be able to do something worthwhile one day, if she stayed alive. She most certainly did!

Just like me, she had done volunteer work in other organizations. She had found this work meaningful, but not completely fulfilling. That changed when she found our startup.

Several years had passed before I heard her speak English for the first time. She said *Fill 'er up!* to a gas station attendant, when she stopped for gas on our trip back from the airport.

This frail looking but tough as nails old farm gal lived in a pioneer era home with the original fireplace, in-door hand pump for water and outhouse. At night, she'd remind visitors to watch out for Copperheads on the way to the outhouse.

She didn't mind the big Black Snake living between the walls. It ate rodents. Mice had destroyed two of her cars by climbing into the engine while it was still warm during winter.

Her home was so isolated that the cats living in the barn became inbred and sterile. When even the young adult cats started to disappear one by one, she figured it was probably the work of a big owl. This house sat in the middle of the woods at the end of a long dirt road. Sometimes a tree would fall down and block the road. She would clear it away with an axe.

She always bought a car that sat high off the ground so that it would be less likely to get stuck in the ruts in the dirt road.

Her philosophy of life was simple: *Let your heart tell you WHAT to fight for and your brain tell you HOW to fight for it!*

* * * * *

A volunteer who is both reliable and proficient is worth gold! One colleague put it this way: *Those who CAN do something, don't WANT to. And those who WANT to do something, CAN'T do it.*

In order to make full use of volunteers, it is often necessary to bend over backwards to accommodate both their strengths and their weaknesses. For example, Gretchen flatly refused to touch a computer. She used an ancient manual typewriter.

This can result in some rather bizarre methodology, work flow and organizational structure. At any rate, my organizational skills began to

evolve.

I was in daily telephone contact with co-workers scattered across America and Europe. But it was not unusual to go for *years* without seeing each other face to face. Naturally, we greatly looked forward to such meetings! I remember one incident in particular. It was my first trip to Sweden. When a beautiful young woman opened the door, I figured it was probably my colleague's daughter. I crossed my fingers. But no such luck. She was his girlfriend! Unlike most of my co-workers back then, he was my own age.

By the time I was in my twenties, I was already a fairly competent administrator, leastwise by the standards of small non-profit organizations. Some had a tiny full-time staff and others had only volunteer staff. I worked with both kinds.

Great Men & Women

Over the years, I have met many great men and women. Some famous. Some not famous. Here are just some of them.

Colonel Hans-Ulrich Rudel

Hans-Ulrich Rudel was the most highly decorated soldier in the Wehrmacht. Adolf Hitler created a special medal just for him! He flew 2,500 combat missions and personally destroyed 500-600 tanks and even sank a battleship and a cruiser!

It was an honor to be invited to his home in Kufstein!

Naturally, his medals were proudly displayed in a case on the wall. I looked at them while his young son sat on my shoulder. This young Tarzan fan managed to swipe my pen and hide it in his hamster cage. His beautiful young mother found it and returned it to me with a smile.

While Rudel and I took a stroll along a mountain path, he asked if I was afraid of heights. I didn't know what he was getting at until I took a closer look through the bushes. We were only a few feet from a cliff!

Back at his home, he, his wife, mother-in-law and I had tea together.

Rudel commented that sometimes he wished he had slanted eyes, because the Japanese treat their veterans better than the Germans.

He also lamented that if Germany would have been more ruthless, it

ventional withdrawal from a financial institution. Then he simply sat down on the front steps to wait for a free ride. For some strange reason, he soon decided this was not exactly his cup of tea.

Later I met a *real* pirate at another hotel! He had been convicted of piracy. When I mentioned this to Christian Worch, he immediately recognized the name. He knew from him from an earlier hotel visit. It's a small world!

Another guest had extensive travel experience in Russia. We swapped travel tips.

One of the staff told me a funny story. A few years back, one of the guests has suddenly left the hotel without paying his bill. A year later, he came back to visit another guest, was recognized, and persuaded to remain until he was paid up.

On a very special day, I heard music outside my window. It was a resistance song! Somebody had driven by with the volume on high so I could here it. This thoughtfulness was touching.

Copenhagen 1995

This hotel was much bigger. It was nicer in many regards, but there was still no toilet. When we guests would take our morning stroll in the large courtyard, we would see burst plastic bags of brown goo on the ground. Apparently thrown out of windows during the night by guests with weak bowels and sensitive noses.

I met an interesting fellow here. He specialized in a product line similar to fireworks. He had a lot of sales in the Middle East. He had travel tips for that region as well as South East Asia.

On the grisly side, this hotel had once been the site of executions.

Unfortunately, my stay here did not last too long. I was flown on a private jet to the next hotel. En route, I was offered a beer. At first, I didn't really want it. But then I relented, because I figured it'd be a long time before I would have the next one. For some reason, I felt a little apprehensive on this flight.

The worst part was that there was no pretty stewardess! No stewardess at all! Only half a dozen men. Naturally, this was a big disappointment.

I noticed the lax security and realized I might be able to storm the cockpit and overpower the pilot. I was tempted for a moment. Such an incident could easily trigger an international incident. But I decided against this. Call it vanity or ego.

Lauck's arrest.

June 23. Regional Danish court turns down Lauck's appeal. Lauck appeals to Danish Supreme Court.

August 24. Danish Supreme Court approves Lauck's extradition to Germany.

August 24. Lauck applies for political asylum. Rejected.

September 1. Lauck applies for asylum on humanitarian grounds. Rejected.

September 5. Lauck flies to Hamburg on private jet accompanied by half dozen Danish policemen, and then taken in armored limousine to prison IA. Next day transferred to prison VI – maximum security wing.

Imprisonment in Denmark

Roskilde 1995

When I first saw my room, I was shocked. The first thing I noticed was that there was *no toilet!* Only a sink. This meant I'd have to ring for room service whenever I wanted to use the communal John. (Anybody who knows me even a little knows that I am full of BS. Hence I really need to use the John a lot!)

The second thing I noticed was a poster, presumably left behind by a previous guest. I felt very sorry for the young lady. She was so poor she couldn't afford any clothes! I started to remove it, but then had a change of heart. Perhaps the next guest would enjoy it. She was pretty, after all.

On the bright side, there was a small gym, so I resumed weight-lifting.

This hotel was small and cozy. The staff and guests soon became pals. Sometimes we would visit each other in the evening for a few hours. Even order a pizza!

One young fellow's nickname was "the pirate". He came from a prominent family. Anyway, one day he thought it might be "cool" to win a free stay in an establishment of this type. So he made an uncon-

would have won the war. (This theme later came up again in my amusing interview with Chris Wallace.)

Later his wife drove me to the train station.

When Rudel died several years later, the German government forbade its military people from participating in his funeral. Three brave Luftwaffe pilots defied the order. They flew over his grave and tipped their wings. This resulted in their dismissal.

This disrespect for a war hero, solely on political grounds, is typical for the occupation regime. Traitors have no sense of honor.

Helmut Sündermann

Helmut Sündermann had been the Deputy Press Chief in the Third Reich. He had invited me to visit him, but died a few days before I got there. I am listing him here anyway. I was still a teenager when all this happened. I don't know whether he saw potential in me or was simply trying to inspire a well-meaning youngster. (The same goes for other Third Reich notables who wrote me.) Either way, he did inspire me. This contributed to my resolve. I owe him this mention!

Michel

Michel had been a volunteer in the French Waffen-SS. When I met him face-to-face for the first time, he grabbed my shoulders and kissed me on both cheeks. A bit embarrassed, I smiled and remarked: *It's a good thing I know you're French. Otherwise I'd slug you for that!*

As a young man, he was torn. On the one hand, he wanted to help the Germans fight against communism. On the other hand, he did not want to betray his country.

The Waffen-SS recruiter assured him he would only fight against the Soviets. Not his countrymen. He would not be asked to betray any friends or kinsmen in the French Resistance. (The French Resistance, itself largely Communist, was less chivalrous. Over 200,000 French "collaborators" were murdered after the war!)

He joined the French Waffen-SS. His firsthand account of the Battle for Berlin appeared in one of our early newspaper editions.

After the war, he joined the French Foreign Legion. His photographs included one of his pretty first wife standing next to a jeep in

the desert holding a submachine gun.

When de Gaulle sold out French Algeria, he joined the OAS. Later he wound up in exile in Munich with his second wife, a young German woman. This is where I met him.

After his cat stole a pair of socks out of my suitcase, I was assigned the code name “sock salesman”. He also drew a cryptic set of symbols on a piece of paper and handed it to me without explanation. He didn’t clarify whether this was a personal code or related to something more significant...

During one visit, the phone rang. He picked it up and had a brief conversation. Afterward, he turned to me and said: *That was police headquarters. The police are on their way. We have time to finish our wine, but then we must go.*

We left his place, walked down the block to an inn, ordered wine and continued our conversation as if nothing had happened.

This inn was owned by an Italian Fascist married to a German woman. So we were among friends.

There was an amusing incident here. My French friend had been drinking even more than I. He was becoming a bit “vocal”. A young German sitting next to us innocently joined in our conversation. He was shocked by some of the Frenchman’s statements.

Every time I could finally halfway convince him that we were not as monstrous as the media portrays us, the Frenchman would blurt out something like: *They should all be killed!*

Then I would have to start all over again!

Karl-Ferdinand Schwarz

Karl was an old SA man. We hit it off right away. Difference in age and background meant nothing. It was as if we’d known each other all our life.

When the Communists killed his friend, he acted alone without authorization from the SA leadership. As an old sapper, he knew how to handle explosions. The end result was one slightly damaged Communist headquarters building.

Another time, his mother hid his pistol in the fruit bowl. The police searched the apartment without success.

I met others like Karl. I mention him both on his own merit and as a representative for them all.

March 15. Germany issues international arrest warrant against Lauck, who is now wanted in 20 countries.

March 17-20. Nationalist telephone information lines in Hamburg and elsewhere warn that raids against NSDAP/AO material recipients are imminent. (This later triggers an inquiry by the Green fraction in the Federal Parliament about NS infiltration of the police.)

March 20. Lauck arrested in Denmark under international arrest warrant from Germany. (His arrest is kept out of the German press until after the March 23 raids.) Spends next four years in six different prisons in Denmark and Germany. [These four years are described elsewhere in this book.]

March 23. 800 police raid over 60 buildings, claim big victory in press. Actually, very little material seized. Later less than a dozen marginal figures are merely fined (not jailed) for possession of NSDAP/AO material.

March 28. Germany requests Lauck’s extradition from Denmark.

March 28. Prosecutor report claims NSDAP/AO terrorist organization operating in at least five countries: Germany, Austria, Denmark, Holland and Spain. (Note: Same day as the extradition request.)

May 4. Danish Justice Minister orders Lauck’s extradition. Lauck contests it.

June 6. Local Danish court rejects Lauck’s attempt to block extradition. Lauck appeals. [This was a closed court session. Our lawyer asked the judge to open this session to the public. Nobody in the courtroom knew what was happening at the very same time: *A violent mob was trying to force its way into the building!* Only a last ditch effort by both the police and our sympathizers stopped them at the front door.]

June 8. Internal BKA report states VS and FBI underestimated NSDAP/AO as shown by its continued operation months after

August-December. Wiretaps on four, later five NSDAP/AO lines. But can only tap two lines at same time, hence alternate. Cancelled after a few months due to weak results.

At a meeting of European Ministers of the Interior, Germany asks neighbors for help to stop the flow of NSDAP/AO material into Germany.

September 7. German government issues arrest warrant against Lauck after learning that he plans trip to Denmark.

November 28. Lincoln City Council resolution “honors” NSDAP/AO.

German media contact reports the German government asks the U.S. government for help against the NSDAP/AO *every month*.

1995

FBI investigation against Lauck for alleged terrorist contacts triggers NSDAP/AO’s “Operation Fire Drill”.

March 6. German arrest warrant against Lauck renewed.

March 7. Lauck tells CBS reporter he expects to be arrested the following week or so, but promises to phone back March 15 to reschedule interview if possible.

March 12. Lauck arrives in Denmark.

March 15. Lauck intentionally schedules CBS interview in Denmark for the next day, i.e. the same day as a Nebraska State legislature proclamation denouncing the NSDAP/AO. DNSB (NSDAP/AO’s Danish ally) also sends many faxes to other media.

March 16. CBS interviews Lauck in DNSB headquarters in Denmark. Lauck says raids and arrests imminent, but NSDAP/AO is prepared, it will survive and fight on.

Friedhelm Busse

Friedhelm was also a veteran of the European crusade against communism. When he died, he wanted to be buried with the flag under which he had served his country.

Unfortunately, this was outlawed in this “free democracy”.

A young comrade discretely slipped a folded flag into the grave. The Political Police spotted him. This resulted in the grave being dug up and the young comrade being arrested!

Honorable men respect a fallen foe! A dishonorable pseudo-democracy defiles their grave!

Einst kommt der Tag der Rache!

Armin

Armin fought in the Wehrmacht as well as the Werewolf resistance after the official capitulation. He participated in the Braunschweig revolt. His unconventional fundraising landed him in prison and cost him his first family.

He was definitely hardcore!

He was one of our first underground leaders. During the next few years, he was extremely successful. At one point, an official government short-wave radio broadcast sounded so desperate that some listeners thought the resistance movement was on the verge of seizing a major city!

His next imprisonment cost him his second family.

Otto Riehs

Otto was one of the few enlisted men awarded the Knight’s Cross to the Iron Cross. Manning an anti-tank gun alone and wounded, he single-handedly repelled an attack by 17 Russian tanks! (He gave me a copy of the *Der Landser*, which described this action.)

After the war he was active in the resistance movement. He drove a taxi and had a pet boa constrictor.

Gretchen

Gretchen was an old Bund gal, who became my long-suffering secretary. She is described elsewhere in this book.

Michael Kühnen

Michael Kühnen started out in the underground in the 1977's under Armin. He later became the most prominent figure in the "legal arm" of the movement. We worked together closely. At one point, I even offered to print a "legal" periodical for his legal arm, but he figured the regime would just ban it under whatever pretext anyway.

After his first four year imprisonment, he returned to the fight. After his second four year imprisonment, he did the same thing. This type of dedication compels respect!

After a decade of activism, he died young. He had spent half of his adult life in prison for non-violent political activity. In a so-called "free democracy". The regime calls this oppression "protecting democracy". With a straight face!

Honest people, regardless of persuasion (!), call it something else.

"Comrade X"

"Comrade X" is in a very difficult situation. Hence I cannot mention him by name. Suffice it to say that he more than deserves mention!

American Allies

Some like-minded non-profit organizations helped us a lot.

One in particular stood out, especially during our startup phase. It never posed any conditions or insisted on any return favor. I had discovered this group in the phone book while killing time in an airport. When I visited and observed its work firsthand, I was very impressed by what I saw. But its publication and "public image" outside of its own neighborhood needed a lot of tender loving care.

Visits to their headquarters were always interesting. One night a Molotov cocktail flew through the window and exploded in the room next to where I was sleeping. I was so tired I let something else put it

September 1. Germany's Foreign Office stresses importance of Lauck case to their Embassy in Washington, DC.

September 26. *The Sunday World-Herald* (Omaha) reports: "In the past year, Chancellor Helmut Kohl made 'several attempts to convince the Americans how important it was to stop either the printing of the material or the export of the material,' said Hannelore Kohler of the German government's German Information Center in New York City..."

November 15. German/US meeting. U.S. officials offer possible "terrorism" investigation.

November 24. German officials accept terrorism option above.

December 2-19. Three more Hasselbach interrogations.

December 22. Third LAR. Now on basis of terrorism.

December. German government officially accuses the NSDAP/AO in writing of "international terrorism".

Late 1993. FBI Director Freeh visits Germany. Beseched for help against NSDAP/AO by German authorities.

1994

March 1. Prosecutor asks President of BND (Germany's CIA) for help with wiretaps, because BKA lacks equipment.

March 17. U.S. Embassy in Bonn gives Germans information about Lauck.

March 23. BND declines to help. Copy to office of the Chancellor Helmut Kohl.

May 31. Three Ministers – including Interior, Justice and Post – discuss wiretaps on NSDAP/AO telephone lines in America. Never done before. A pilot project.

on the wall. If all ten lights go red, the reactor will explode and millions of people will die.

We have worked there for ten years. One time, and one time only, ONE of those lights went red. We were all absolutely terrified. We worked frantically to solve the problem. Then we changed our pants and went out and got stinking drunk!

This morning I walked into the plant and looked at the wall. I saw THREE REDS LIGHTS!

THIS IS HOW SERIOUS OUR SITUATION IS RIGHT NOW!!!

They understood I was dead serious...But they still did *not* believe I could *possibly* be right...48 hours later they were *stunned*...Because they now *KNEW* that I had been *absolutely right!*

Here is a chronology of the events leading up to my arrest in Denmark and extradition to Germany. (This is an excerpt from the much more extensive chronology at the end of this book.)

1993

January 5. First German “Legal Aid Request” (LAR) presented to U.S. government. Requests raids in USA, seizures of lists and extradition of NSDAP/AO leaders to Germany. The offense: propaganda activity.

May 19. Cologne meeting between U.S. and German government officials. U.S. officials suggest modification of LAR.

May 28. German Criminal Police (BKA) report no evidence of connection between NSDAP/AO material and violence.

June 21. Second LAR. Additional accusation: incitement to murder, manslaughter, arson and bodily injury. (Note U.S. “suggestion” of May 19!)

July 3. Turncoat Hasselbach interrogation.

July 20. German Political Police (“VS”) falsely claim NSDAP/AO distributes computer disks with bomb-making instructions.

out. However, this routine incident was not even mentioned the next evening at the weekly meeting. When I asked why, the speaker said: *I forgot.*

I visited this neighborhood many times in the 1970’s. In fact, I later lived there myself for several years. I saw the tremendous local support for this openly National Socialist organization with my own eyes.

Two key factors contributed to their success. First, the right environment. This was a solidly White working class ethnic neighborhood threatened by “integration” and the crime wave it inevitably brings. Second, the local White Power activists engaged in a systematic and long-term campaign. This was not the isolated, hit-and-run publicity stunt strategy, which Rockwell called “phase one”.

The effectiveness of this initially strictly local organization was dramatically demonstrated by the following fact: When Chicago Mayor Daley Senior, the Democratic party’s “king-maker”, went on public television and promised to close down its headquarters, his own democratic party precinct captains told him this would cost him too many votes on the Chicago southwest side. Daley backed down!

I rank this achievement right up there with David Duke’s campaigns for state legislature and governor. Duke won the first and narrowly missed the second, but did win the MAJORITY of the WHITE vote in the state!

When the city blocked their highly effective neighborhood rallies, they threatened to march in a heavily Jewish neighborhood. There was extensive media coverage. We stressed in every interview that this was merely a tactic to pressure the city to return our right to hold rallies in White neighborhoods. But the press almost always ignored this. Instead it was portrayed as a primitive provocation.

Thanks to the ACLU, the city backed down. There were two big victory rallies. I participated in both as an uniformed storm trooper.

The first rally was downtown. Both the police presence and the mostly hostile crowd were huge.

The second rally was in our own neighborhood. The police estimated the crowd at 5,000. This crowd was entire pro-party! Hundreds wore White Power t-shirts complete with swastika.

The numerous journalists looked absolutely terrified! At one point, the crowd started to turn on the “anti-White news media”. One of our men had to intervene and save them.

These events convinced me that the swastika was indeed a viable option, if people associate it with the ONLY movement willing to defend them. Back then, it was: *Swastika = White Power. Keep your*

neighborhood White and safe!

Today, the question is: *Do you want your children to live in a third world hellhole? If not, you must confront the racial question. And FIGHT BACK!*

This local outfit had helped me a lot. Now I wanted to help it.

It was clear to all the independent local groups that a new national organization was needed. But having once been burned, each was leery of subordinating itself to a new national “dictator”.

I analyzed the situation, wrote up a thorough analysis and proposed a plan to achieve this consolidation. This plan was adopted. It succeeded. The crowning achievement took place smack in the middle of the timeframe I had forecast.

Furthermore, I became the head of its Publishing and Administration Division. It was a clear win-win for everyone concerned. Increased efficiency meant less work and more revenue at the same time. In effect, I became the third in command in this now national organization. I remained the head of the NSDAP/AO as well.

Furthermore, this expanded the market for our “toy business”.

I used this term half-jokingly for products intended for *fund-raising* as opposed to possessing *inherent* value. The fancy term is “merchandizing”.

* * * * *

I made several trips to Europe during the 1970's. For work and pleasure. Naturally, I did a lot of what is today called “networking”. Before too long, I was even involved in “clandestine” activities.

This operation was successful. The casualties did not exceed expectations. They were acceptable. Of course, this did mean a certain amount of discomfort for the people directly affected. I round up spending four years in prison. But my biggest regret was the indirect, delayed loss of two of my very closest friends and workers. They both did far more than their fair share before leaving the field. This is what matters. Not the details.

I spent so much time on the phone every day that the absence of my “chatter” could trigger alarm bells.

So I devised a devious plan.

Using a tapped phone, I phoned a co-worker in another state. I said I planned to visit his city and asked if I could stay with him. He said sure.

I informed my staff of my travel plans and took off.

Underway, I contacted my would-be host and told him there was a change of plan. However, if anyone called, he should claim I was in town, but say I had gone out for the evening. He agreed.

I then caught my connecting flight to Europe.

I was relieved not to be arrested at the airport! I proceeded to another country and went to ground.

When I had to communicate with European contacts, I gave the impression that I was still in America. I told them: *I'm sending a courier. He is a new guy still in training. I will coordinate your rendezvous. The new guy will not contact you directly.*

I didn't want a known face to show up at their building, since it was presumably under surveillance. But I needed a plausible excuse for this cloak-and-dagger activity. The people in question were in a supposedly “safe” country, namely Denmark. They were not accustomed to this.

This co-ordination worked flawlessly up until the last five minutes. Then a European police siren became audible in the background. The European contact guessed what was up. – The “courier” was actually *me!*

Fortunately, we were close enough to meet up without further incident. I got into the car and we sped off.

I now explained the extraordinary circumstances. Naturally, they didn't believe me at first. It was hard to convince them.

I used the following example:

We work in a nuclear power station. There are ten warning lights

turned down. Then it asked the counterpart of the U.S. Oval Office to intervene on its behalf. This request was granted. Their intelligence agency was ordered to cooperate.

However, this kind of thing had never been done before! There was still a problem with the technology. Even when this technical problem was solved, they were only able to tap two of our lines at any given time. This surveillance was halted after a few months. The results were too meager. In retrospect, I think we should have exploited it more than we actually did.

Of course, we always operated on the presumption our phones were tapped. And this information would eventually reach foreign governments.

All of the above was confirmed when we obtained extensive government documentation. This included transcripts of an actual tapped phone conversation of mine.

Comparing dates, it is obvious this resulted in the issuance of an arrest warrant against me. The foreign government thought my arrival in Europe was imminent. Actually, it was false information intentionally leaked by means of a conversation on a line we knew was tapped.

By the time I actually did arrive in Europe the next year, that warrant had already expired. A new warrant was required. The dates on both warrants show this.

Operation Atlantic 1992-1995

The German government formed a special task force to combat our organization by name. It was called OPERATION ATLANTIC. Reliable sources reported it maintained weekly contact with both the FBI and the CIA.

Operation Fire Drill

I had become extremely concerned that the pretext of terrorism could have lethal ramifications for personnel on both sides. "Operation Fire Drill" was planned and executed in order to defuse the situation. I traveled to Denmark as a decoy. The enemy took the bait and shifted his attention away from our bases and other co-workers.

Chapter Three

Clandestine Activities

If we had fifty men like Gerhard Lauck, we would seize power!

"Comrade X"

Postwar Europe

At the end of World War Two, Europe was essentially divided into the American dominated West and the Russian dominated East.

Europeans were not happy about this "occupation".

Many of them considered the Americans simply the *lesser of two evils*. Unlike most Americans, they didn't always view the USA and the USSR as "good guy" and "bad guy" locked in mortal combat over the issue of freedom versus tyranny.

Instead, they were seen as two empires engaged in a turf war. This rivalry could indeed escalate into a full-scale war. But both empires seemed to prefer skirmishes in the form of small "brush wars" on the fringes.

Obviously, the "golden cage" in the West was more comfortable than the harsh "gulag" in the East. Nonetheless, some people expressed concern that, in the long-run, *Western decadence* could prove even *more harmful* than *Eastern oppression*.

When the West failed to support the 1956 Hungarian Revolution, even the staunchest anti-Communists became quite disillusioned with the U.S. government in particular.

Private organizations were formed in the West for the purpose of proving support to underground resistance movements in occupied nations. They did not receive any government aid or support.

I played a major role in this work!

Some western governments *tolerated* these organizations. Others actively *combated* them! Some took a stance somewhere in-between both extremes. We'll call them "safe countries", "hostile countries" and "neutral countries".

Naturally, these private organizations bent over backwards to encourage *toleration* as opposed to *persecution*! This meant *strict legality* whenever and wherever possible. Even where dissent

was *outlawed*, resistance had to be *strictly non-violent!*

The support provided by these private organizations took on different forms. My operation specialized in the supply of dissident literature.

This work involved countries and legal systems, which – by American standards, at least - have no respect for freedom of speech. Where, say, a casual comment to a friend, overheard by the stranger standing next to you in the subway or sitting next to you in a restaurant, *can put you in jail*. Dissidents sometimes spent months, even *years* in prison for totally non-violent thought crimes.

My First Deportation

I was making even better progress on this trip than on the previous one. Everything was going smoothly. I traveled extensively throughout the whole country and made many excellent contacts.

After delivering a short address, I had to fly to another province far away. There wasn't enough time to take the train, because I was scheduled to be the main speaker the very next day.

My friend and I both noticed the same pretty girl. He suggested I make a move. I reminded him I was leaving the next day. So he should. Many years later, we had a chance encounter in another country. It turned out he had married her! The lucky dog!

The organizer was so pleased that he invited me to deliver the same speech in still another city a few weeks later. The audience there was even more receptive. After the meeting had officially ended, Wolf-Dieter Eckart and his friends insisted on having their photograph taken with me.

I left that province the same time day.

The next day I was visiting a friend in another province. The phone rang. After a brief conversation, he turned to me and said: *That was my son. There's something in the newspaper about an American who gave a speech yesterday in Hamburg and was deported. Could this have anything to do with YOU?*

Both of us were confused. Obviously, I hadn't been deported. I was sitting right there! The whole thing seemed odd.

I decided to take the train back to Hamburg. Before boarding the train, I purchased the local newspaper. Paging through it, I soon found an article with my photograph. The caption said: *Gerhard Lauck: Disappeared without a trace*. The article itself claimed I had been deport-

Chapter Seven

My Kidnapping

U.S. Government Collaboration

U.S. and foreign government officials worked together very closely over a prolonged period of time. Their objective was to get around the First Amendment. They wanted to neutralize an American dissident, namely me, who had become a thorn in their side.

I have thousands of pages of German government documents to prove this. I believe there is sufficient evidence to justify a formal investigation. But I'm not holding my breath.

I explained this to an U.S. State Department official face-to-face: *We even know the names of at least some of the U.S. officials involved: If you go to bed with the enemies of free speech, we'll find out sooner or later. They document everything. Sooner or later, somebody will leak it to us. Our resistance movement could not have survived this long, if we did not have friends inside the government.* – The official looked worried!

This isn't about me or my beliefs. It is about the right of every U.S. citizen to practice free speech right here in America without a foreign government claiming jurisdiction. And without U.S. government officials letting it get away with it. Even helping it!

Note: Both Germany and France have publicly claimed jurisdiction over U.S.-based web-sites on the grounds they are "accessible" in their countries!

This is a threat to us all!

U.S. Phones Tapped by a Foreign Government

The political police in Germany wanted to tap our phone lines inside the USA.

It turned out that regime's counterpart to the American CIA, but was

made alcoholic drink, probably a brandy.

His family was charming. It was amazing to see people who had been living daily life right in the middle of a battlefield. He told us thousands (!) of mortar shells had rained down on his city in the course of just one month. Those destroyed homes often represented a lifetime of work and dreams for their owners.

When I left, I reflected this had been a very interesting and worthwhile trip. But I was still disappointed about missing out on my very own personal military parade!

The *Los Angeles Times* phoned me for an interview within hours of my return home. This interview appeared on the front page.

* * * * *

In the 1995 I was offered an opportunity I simply couldn't refuse. My staff back in the states was doing very well despite my absence. So I round up spending more time in Europe than I had originally intended.

ed.

Returning to the city in question, I asked a friend: *Was there anything in the paper here?*

Hans laughed and said: *You made HEADLINES in the HAMBURGER MORGENPOST!*

He showed me the article. Sure enough, there I was! But I was still confused about the claim I had been deported. I met with a lawyer. (As a young man, he had been a defense attorney at the so-called Nuremberg Tribunal...By the way, he also had a kinsman who, being the black sheep of the family, had fled to America.)

He told me "deportation" referred to a "deportation order". Not the physical deportation itself. I had to figure there was an arrest warrant out on me. I would be taken into custody and then put on a plane out of the country.

Evading arrest wouldn't have been too difficult. But it was time for me to return to America anyway.

I decided to "go out with a bang".

The first thing I did was put the remaining time to good use. I organized a successful importation.

Afterward, I attended a NPD (*Nationaldemokratische Partei Deutschlands*) gathering in a small town. A stranger walked up to me and asked if I was Gerhard Lauck. I casually replied: *I heard he's already been deported.* A friend sitting across from me nearly laughed aloud. Then he stepped outside to smoke a cigarette. While he was standing in front of the door smoking, another friend (who had named his son Adolf) arrived.

Their conversation went like this:

The police stopped by my place. They were looking for Gerhard. I told them I didn't know where he is. Do you happen to know?

Yes, he's inside!

He thought it was a joke. Until he came inside and saw me.

The second thing I did was issue a public statement that I would give another speech entitled: *Why I do not recognize my deportation order!* Complete with time and location. Then I made a recording of my speech and did the unexpected: *I actually showed up to make the speech!*

Nobody expected me to do that. Not even the police. They only had two men there. My entourage outnumbered them. Furthermore, my smallest "bodyguard" was bigger than either of them. My biggest bodyguard dwarfed them. His grin alone sufficed to betray what he was thinking: *Can I kill 'em now, boss?*

One policeman nervously asked me to please accompany him to the policeman station. I kindly complied.

Up arrival, I explained: *I already have a plane ticket. However, I have checked all possible travel connections, both air and land. The ONLY WAY I can catch my flight is if I take the train leaving this city in forty-five minutes.*

The flight was from an airport in Luxemburg. I had indeed explored all options with a travel agent.

He went to ask his superior. Five minutes later, he returned. A police car took me to the train station. I boarded the train. One policeman got on the train with me. I expected him to accompany me all the way to the airport. But he got off the train at the last stop within city limits. I was alone and free!

I considered remaining in the country, but decided against it.

A few months later, back in the states, I received an amusing newspaper article from that country. A journalist had somehow discovered nobody had escorted me all the way to the airport. Nobody ever confirmed I had ever *actually* left the country. He speculated that *I might still be there operating in the underground!* I had a good laugh. After all, he was *almost* right.

This publication was the organ of the West Berlin chapter of the East German Communist party, the *Socialist Unity Party*.

My Life in the Underground

Naturally, the vast majority of dissidents live and work in their own country. Their advantage is that they know it inside and out. Their disadvantage is that the political police often know, or at least surmise, who they are.

I fall into a different category, because I am based in the West. My visits are relatively short: days, weeks or months at a stretch. Unless I'm imprisoned, in which case it is years.

In the early years, my first encounter with an underground cell generally went like this.

There is a knock on the door late in the evening or even in the middle of the night. A sleepy-eyed man opens the door to see who it is. I am standing there. A surprised look: *I didn't know you were coming! Come in! Come in!*

very hot. Somebody suggested I take off and look for soft drinks. A few miles away, I crossed a hill summit. Below me was the sea. Civilians were sunbathing on the beach as if the war didn't exist. I found some soft drinks and returned to the roadblock. When I got back, I learned there had been a skirmish. One of our men had been wounded.

We considered driving to the sea. But it was too far away. Furthermore, the road maps were useless, because they didn't show which areas were occupied by which armies!

I had met the wounded man in the United States several years earlier. Fortunately, his wound was not life threatening.

The end result was two separate sets of meetings. One set was between the foreign television crew and me. It included an interview at a historic sight. The second set of meetings was between me and individual members of the now disbanded formation, including its former commander. Media coverage of this second series of meeting was strictly forbidden!

This also included my visit to the very foremost lines, where NATO peace-keeping troops separated the two opposing armies.

My French friend, the officer, still had his military ID. He could get us wherever we wanted to go. Wistfully, he commented this ID would soon no longer be any good. At any rate, it did get us past the last military checkpoint between the capital and the frontline, which ran smack through a good-sized city. The local police chief took us to his headquarters.

The chief pointed at me and then at the window: *A man who was sitting in your chair was killed last month by a sniper. The bullet flew through this window. The sniper was in those trees over there.*

He commented that the enemy soldiers generally did not kill policemen, not even those on the opposing side.

Then he offered to take us to the front. He admonished us to follow his path closely. Somebody who had wandered off it had recently been killed by a mine. The path led through holes in tall garden walls and devastated houses. I picked up some mortar fragments as souvenirs.

Finally, we only were a stone's throw from the last narrow dirt road and fence that stood between us and enemy territory. An armored personnel vehicle was driving along the road. A NATO dugout and checkpoint were only a few yards away. A still occupied enemy military barracks was in eyeshot.

Afterward, he took us home to meet his family. We drank a home-

declared and peace negotiations were expected to soon bring the war to an official end, too.

There was some confusion and delay before contact was re-established and a new plan was devised.

I used the time for extensive hiking through the new nation's capital. It was a beautiful city. The people were very decent folk. Prostitutes to service the NATO troops had to be imported from other countries. Despite their poverty, the local women simply refused to lower themselves to this. (Taxes were 50% due to the war. A pair of shoes cost a month's salary.)

My favorite restaurant was hidden away in a sunken courtyard. It could be reached through an inconspicuous tunnel through the surrounding buildings. When I asked why there were so few guests, I was told it was because nobody had any money to eat out. On my last evening, I gave the last of my local currency to the staff, including waitresses and kitchen help. As I was walking away, I looked back and saw them still standing there. They were waving good-bye with a big smile on their face.

I met an old friend of mine. He had been an officer in the brigade and still proudly wore his uniform. This Frenchman was a bit of a war adventurer. He had been in Iraqi and had raided political police headquarters in the Eastern Block. His driver had been killed by a RPG in this war.

He related his adventures as well as those of other brigade members.

One foreign volunteer arrived at the border without his passport. He explained to the border guards that he wanted to join the brigade and fight for their country. His only ID was a NSDAP/AO membership card! The border guards recognized it and let him cross the border.

When two volunteers with no previous military training arrived at the forward camp, they were each handed a rifle and told: You have half an hour to learn how to use these. That's when we expect an enemy attack.

One village was abandoned. It was swarming with dogs left behind by their owners. After a few days, they were so hungry that they became dangerous. We had to shoot them.

We were manning a heavy machine-gun post at a roadblock. It was

Are you hungry? Come on in to the kitchen. I'll get you something to eat.

If there is time, we spend hours, even the whole night, chatting and getting to know each other.

We must familiarize ourselves with each other. This includes knowledge of the home situation, employment and usual daily routine.

We must form a personal bond beyond the abstract one that already exists. Of course, this makes later news of their fate more personal. These are people I know, not statistics.

In the very early days, this often involved alcohol. Some dissidents wouldn't trust you if you did NOT get drunk with them and reveal your "true nature". Others wouldn't trust you if you DID get drunk. Either because you couldn't hold your liquor or because you were obviously an disciplined drunkard! Go figure!

We must develop our own "communication system". Establish how and when we will contact each other in the future, when phone taps and even direct surveillance will make things complicated.

My stupid jokes often came in quite useful here.

Each cell must have its own simple code for at least a few basic concepts. Each code is *different*. And I must *memorize every single one!* In addition to dozens of names, addresses and phone numbers. Despite exhaustion and stress. Sometimes I go for days without sleep, always moving, always trying to stay one step ahead of the political police.

We must determine a course of action and the **next step** for both us.

I must assess the new co-worker. His capabilities and limitations. Above all, the security risks. And I must take prudent, sometimes very subtle, additional security measures.

This might very well be our one and only opportunity for this kind of a meeting!

Our next contact might be indirect. Perhaps a brief and carefully formulated message. Perhaps weeks later. I must be confident that the recipient will understand this message and take the appropriate action. Even if it sounds trivial or downright silly...Yes, even if it means missing a bowling match or a birthday party.

Family members are often present at the start of the encounter. A look of fear on the wife's face is not uncommon. She knows the possible consequences her husband's underground activity could have for her whole family. I am the embodiment of that fear. I am not merely

the mailman who delivers the draft notice. I am also the draft board itself.

Later this becomes much easier. First, everybody knows my reputation. I do not have to prove myself to them. Second, I am usually dealing with first-string, or at least experienced and reliable second string, people. Many of us know each other. We've worked together in the past.

Naturally, this concentration of several well-known activists attracts the attention of the political police. If they guess a "Western agent" is in the area, this curiosity escalates to a feeding frenzy.

Occasionally, my arrival would be viewed as a good time to throw a party! That's all I needed. Even more people knowing of my presence. And reveling and drinking.

Naturally, I always urged drivers to observe the speed limit. I didn't want a routine traffic stop to result in my identification and arrest. Unfortunately, these instructions were not always followed. Once when we were pulled over, I was pleasantly surprised not to be arrested on the spot. But I had to figure my presence in the area had become known.

Another time, my driver insisted on showing me some interesting sites. Knowing there was a significant chance they would be under surveillance, I turned down the offer. But he wouldn't take "no" for an answer. At one point, I considered jumping out of the moving vehicle. But that would be conspicuous in addition to dangerous. Luckily, everything turned out well.

Learning of this later, another colleague lamented: *If the police had known you were in the area, that would have been the FIRST PLACE they would have looked!*

On the bright side, I did compliment Wilfried-Arnulf on his art books. And his unusual house pets.

Once our guide was driving in the vehicle ahead of us. We didn't know the way so we had to follow him. Of course, he was going over the speed limit. My driver and I were both rather unhappy about this. Christian Worch commented: *Some times I think I should have all of our people shot for incompetence. Then I will have to have myself shot for having shot all of our people.*

Many of these activists were experienced. However, they were accustomed to a lower intensity of police activity. Different rules and procedures applied when the police knew I was in the area. Akin to the difference between a pillow fight and a knife fight.

My quarters varied from freezing cold dungeon to cozy apartment.

States for a few years.

For legal reasons, our U.S. base and its U.S. citizens had to be very careful to avoid any involvement in a foreign war. Aside from journalism, of course.

Naturally, I presumed he spoke English. But when I met him, I learned I was wrong! We had to communicate through an interpreter. This interpreter, however, also did not know English. He barely spoke German and used an old World War Two era dictionary.

We received war reports and even video footage from those volunteers. We published the reports and passed along the video footage to friendly television stations.

This included first-hand accounts of combat. Also a brief description of a mutilated body at the scene of a massacre. This sight made the soldiers feel great rage and a strong desire to get drunk.

If you looked close on one video clip, you could make out an incoming tank shell nearly striking the cameraman! There was also a big "paint stain". It was actually the sole remains of a poor devil who got too close to an anti-tank mine.

A government television station in the now crumbling Eastern Block, namely Hungary, decided to kill two birds with one stone. If I remember right, the government was still technically "Communist"! But by this time, ethnicity placed a bigger role than ideology. As if anybody had ever actually believed in Communist ideology.

The original plan called for them to interview me at the international brigade's base. In fact, a full-fledged military review was planned. Complete with march-by – in front of me as guest of honor (!) - with heavily armed soldiers and even tanks!

The delay caused by government bureaucracy ruined this plan. A week or two earlier, we would have been able to pull it off!

Christian Malcoci had advised me to fly only on private-owned airlines as opposed to government ones. It was believed the former would be less susceptible to political pressure to divert my commercial airliner to another country in order to capture me!

When I did finally arrive, I went straight to the brigade's central administration building in the national capital. But it had just been closed down.

Last minute political complications had arisen. Communism was indeed dying, but it was not yet completely dead and buried! Communist propaganda made even the new anti-Communist government nervous. It forbade any such spectacle. It even disbanded the international brigade. The war was more or less over. A cease-fire had been

in Western Europe. I was one of them. The other two were Thies Christophersen and Michael Kühnen.

My suggestion took them by surprise:

Look, I have already filmed my interview with the television documentary crew. What if I were to CONTINUE the interview INSIDE THE EASTERN BLOCK? How big is the risk?

I featured prominently in this documentary. It was later broadcast in several countries. Our supporters and activists were greatly impressed.

They reflected and agreed: *Yes, things are very chaotic over there at the present. I think we can pull it off!*

Naturally, the documentary crew loved the idea, too!

They filmed me walking side-by-side with other leading dissidents in obvious Eastern Block locations such as the East Berlin airport. Of course, I did not know how they would edit the material. When I later saw the finished documentary film, the background music provided me with a good laugh.

Additional interview questions were asked. One dealt with the report of the infiltration of the European Union parliament. This was obviously a very delicate issue. For both sides!

Michael Kühnen and I spent the whole night talking. We had always closely coordinated our activities in the “legal arm” and “illegal arm” respectively. Our conversation was one of the most memorable events of my life.

We were hiding out in a cold water flat of Ingo Hasselbach. He later became a famous “defector”. His lies were used to support the false “terrorist” accusation against me. Among other things, he claimed I sent him a letter (!) ordering terrorist activity. Although his “PR agent” claimed he would testify against me, he was *not* called as a witness. The last I heard, he was supposedly living in the United States under the witness protection program.

At any rate, everything went perfectly according to plan. There were no casualties. The long-term benefit was quite substantial.

I Visit Croatia

War broke out when the former Communist satellite regimes fragmented. The war in Croatia in particular triggered a lot of excitement among dissidents on both sides of the former Iron Curtain. Volunteers poured in from many nations. An international brigade was formed. It was led by a native war hero, who had lived and worked in the United

One time I had enjoyed the platonic company of a beautiful woman. I looked forward to returning the next evening. But the local security chief insisted I not spend two nights in the same place. He was right, of course. Nonetheless, this was one time I wished security would have been more lax! I spent the second night in a cold water flat. At least it had a toilet.

If we couldn't hide indications, we could at least obscure them with false tracks elsewhere. This was done with system and with success. If three alarm bells went off in one area, then ten would go off in others. Over a period of time, pursuers became exhausted. Energetic action deteriorated to just going-through-the-motions.

I sometimes used a disguise. This could be as simple as a hat. However, I always wore clothes with multiple pockets. I had to reckon with the very real possibility that I might have to drop everything and bolt. I needed to keep documents and money on my person.

Once I was awakened in the middle of the night. I heard the shout of “Police!” and pounding on the door. Fortunately, it was the room next to mine. I figured the police had simply gotten the wrong room by mistake. They would be at my door in a minute or two. I scrambled to get on some clothes and my shoes before making a dash out the window.

But I got lucky! They really were after the guy in the next room!

Another time, I heard somebody shout my name in the Frankfurt train station. I pretended I hadn't heard it and continued walking toward the exit. But the man caught up with me. Fortunately, he was a sympathizer!

I had a beard for several months. Generally, the males would be fooled, but the females would still recognize me. Perhaps women are simply more alert. Then again, maybe it was my unmistakable sex appeal.

At any rate, my own clandestine activity had both advantages and disadvantages.

The advantages included international travel and interaction with interesting people. For example, I met several very beautiful young ladies! Offhand, three come to mind: the “Polish Princess”, the “Baltic Baroness” and the “Mafia Princess”.

The disadvantages included deportations. My personal record was *two in one month* - on the direct orders of the counterpart to the head of the U.S. Department of the Interior!

One of the perks of my extra-curricular activities is that I have a standing invitation to stay FOR FREE at any one of a number of state-

run lodgings.

These top-notch, solidly constructed establishments are so popular that they require high walls, barbed-wire and armed guards to keep out the teeming masses trying to get in! Even the individual rooms, usually private rooms complete with plumbing, have bars on the windows to keep out the riffraff.

Room service delivers the professionally prepared food to your room. It does not even expect a gratuity! Gym, barbershop, medical station, laundry, library and even store make it unnecessary to leave the establishment even when on an extended visit.

The other guests provide a fascinating assortment of diverse conversation partners. Interesting stories and useful information are plentiful here.

Are you jealous? Don't be! You, too, may qualify for a FREE stay. Simply research the most effective slogan and shout it on any busy public square.

There is a popular joke. In an emergency, don't shout for the police. Shout a resistance slogan instead. The police will come much faster!

Cells & Networks

We strictly upheld the cell system for security reasons.

However, a lonely cell leader, Armin, found a way around this. He participated in a torch march organized by the youth branch of the NPD. There were about 150 participants. He shouted: *AO to the rear!* (NSDAP/AO, or simply AO, are the abbreviations for our organization's very long German name.)

He found our people constituted a full third of the whole demonstration! Contacts were made. Very successful large-scale campaigns resulted.

Multiple teams saturated even downtown streets in major cities with hundreds of our posters in a single night. Lookouts with walkie-talkies were posted at the ends of a street. Two teams worked both sides of the street. There was always a huge uproar the next morning.

Sometimes an arrest was made. The regime proclaimed victory. But then the spectacle repeated itself a few weeks later.

This continued for quite some time. But eventually things ended as they had to end.

Nonetheless, the long-term result was the existence of both small cells in the traditional sense and larger "cell networks". The former

didn't just mean lost profit here. It meant lost freedom. Most of the dissident leaders I knew spent five to ten years in prison as political prisoners.

After this achievement, a co-worker presented me with a small wooden plaque. Beneath a drawing of a man sitting at a desk were the words:

***The impossible will be done immediately.
Miracles take a bit longer.***

What were the key factors in this success?

First, perseverance, sheer will power and determination. (In other words, we were pigheaded!)

Second, optimal utilization of limited resources, both human and technical.

Third, simplicity and standardization of methodology.

We had made an impressive breakthrough. We were in the process of expanding our bridgehead. Unfortunately, the advance of the technology, combined with other factors, then led to the mothballing of our tabloid publishing operation.

This operation can be quickly resurrected if and when it becomes necessary!

Back in Europe

I also made several trips to Europe in the 1990's. Here are descriptions of two of them.

I Become a Film Star in the Eastern Block

This was the period when Communism was starting to unravel in the Eastern Block. The Communists still governed in "East Germany", but their control was clearly slipping.

This is really *Central* Germany. Fourteen million Germans were forcibly expelled from what is actually Eastern Germany. Three million died in the process. Most of Eastern Germany is occupied by Poland at present. Temporarily.

Three leading dissidents held a strategy meeting in a "safe" country

A non-profit's publication was the face it presented to the world. The more impressive the publication, the more successful the fund-raising. This led us to tabloid publishing.

Most people associated the *tabloid format* with the *daily newspapers*. Impressive, but expensive! - *But they were wrong!*

Furthermore, if many of the copies were being mailed overseas, the large-format – but still *light-weight* (!) – newsprint tabloid format was ideal.

We eventually offered our allies the option to mail their publication to the subscribers for them. This saved them a lot of time and effort. It was also relatively inexpensive, when all the factors were taken into consideration.

We had been publishing tabloids for two decades.

While overseas in the early 1990's, I met with an allied organization's director, Lars, in Sweden. He was obviously very impressed with the publications we had been producing for many years. Naturally, I was flattered. And I wanted to expand our operation! So I explained our methodology.

Surprised, he asked: *What, you use an Atari? I think one of our volunteers has one of those! Do you think you could help us create our own tabloid?* He was practically drooling at the mouth. I replied it was definitely worth checking out. He immediately phoned him and we rushed right over there.

Swedish became our third tabloid. Soon Hungarian became our fourth,

To make a long story short:

Within two years, our little "publishing empire" expanded from TWO to TEN tabloids!

Even professionals greatly overestimated our resources.

It took a lot of time, effort and aggravation to get to that point... Technical problems had to be solved... Financial limitations had to be overcome... Dragons had to be slain. (Okay, no dragons. I guess I got a little carried away there!)

Bear this in mind:

We were working with volunteers...in different countries...who spoke different languages...with different degrees of computer skills (usually very limited, if not totally non-existent)...some of whom didn't even have a computer in the beginning or the money to buy one!

Nonetheless, my greatest achievements were in the underground. Volunteers with very limited resources and no professional training successfully defied every attempt by the regime to crush them. Failure

had a defensive advantage and latter had an offensive advantage.

Comedy of Errors

I was the project leader.

The task was to move supplies through multiple neutral countries to the final destination in a hostile country.

Several teams were actively involved. Generally, team A spoke language A, team B spoke language B and team C spoke language C.

If I was *lucky*, teams in *direct contact* with each other soon discovered a common language understood by at least one member of each team.

If I was *not lucky*, I was forced to serve as liaison and interpreter.

This was one of the times when I was *not lucky*.

We can safely say in this case: *What we have here is a failure to communicate.*

Team A asks a question.

I translate.

Team B answers the question.

I translate.

Team A rejects the answer.

I translate.

Team B insists the answer is correct.

I translate.

Team A says the answer is *obviously* wrong for such and such a reason.

I translate. But I also ask *why* the answer is correct.

Team B explains the answer is *obviously* correct for such and such a reason.

Stop!

I immediately grasp the problem: *mentality!* I have more than enough experience under my belt to understand both mentalities and grasp exactly what is happening here. – So I explain everything to both teams. Both listen to my explanation and nod in agreement. Yes, now everything is clear.

What happens next?

We go back to the very first step!!!

Why?

It simply will not sink into the head of Team A!

For them, it is simply inconceivable that the correct answer is in-

deed correct. Imagine, if you will, that someone were to tell you that $1+1 = 2$ is NOT a universal truth. “Maybe $1+1 = 2$ in the USA, but $1+1 = 3$ in Europe $1+1 = 4$ in Asia.” - *Obviously* wrong, you say! *But are you absolutely, positively sure of that?*

Actually, $1+1 = 2$ is NOT always right! What if the numbering system is *not* based on *ten*! In a numbering system based on 2, for example, $1+1 = 10!$

Here’s another example: “Yes = yes and no = no.” But does it? I later found that in Asia “yes” does not always mean “yes” in the Western sense. It can have *three different meanings*: First, yes in the sense of simply being *polite*. Second, yes in the sense of “yes I understand what you mean.” Third, “yes” in the sense of “yes I agree with you!”

But our tale of woe continues.

In route through multiple neutral countries, I spot a suspicious pair of men. Later I notice someone taking a long-distance photograph of us while kneeling next to our car in the parking lot.

The moment of truth comes, when we finally get to the crucial border to the hostile country. We get through!

However, there is still a chance we were allowed through in order to identify our co-workers.

The shipment is taken to an alternate storage area. I take a small portion of it with me.

Financial limitations later compel to me take greater risks than usual. I am arrested with my portion of the shipment. It is large enough to cause quite a stir, but not enough to hurt us much.

I see the above-mentioned suspicious pair at the police station. One of them tells me that following us had been “child’s play”. I fear for the worse.

But we’re lucky. I am the only one arrested.

Sure, the police search the homes and offices of the others, but they find nothing. My people aren’t even taken into custody!

Maybe the surveillance team lost us. Maybe they simply got lazy and figured they would seize the supplies and make the arrests during later raids...In effect, *their mistakes* balanced out *our mistakes!*

The end result is one man, namely me, spending a few months in prison and the loss of an acceptable portion of the supplies. The bulk of the supplies escape seizure and are put to excellent use. We win this round. [See *Hotel One*, *Hotel Two* and *Judicial Game Show #1*.]

Even the brief prison time is worthwhile. It is educational. Much later, we are suspicious of any long-term hardcore activist leader

The “democratic” regime responded by outlawing ten previously legal organizations. This resulted in a shift back to underground activity. Think of the legal arm and the illegal arm of the movement as two different branches of the same military. Obviously, they work together very closely. Furthermore, if one of them is especially hard pressed, the other redoubles its efforts to relieve the pressure.

Naturally, the situation had changed radically since the 1970’s. My role was different, too.

Our U.S. Base Expands

Our U.S. base’s (aka *Auslandszentrale*) growth exploded in the first half of the 1990’s. Several workstations were buzzing all day long. The building had already been rewired to handle more equipment. Nonetheless, we soon had more equipment hooked up than it could handle. Fortunately, this wasn’t a problem, because we didn’t need to use *everything* at the *same time*.

Often I would personally man half a dozen computers, while other staff worked at their own workstations. I would dart back and forth to keep multiple production lines running simultaneously.

During the next half-decade we made tremendous progress.

Two Official Languages

German had been our official language for internal documents for decades. But as our operations expanded, both domestically and overseas, we recruited more and more co-workers who didn’t speak it. Therefore, we made English our official second language. Internal documents were henceforth bilingual: German and English.

While visiting our DNSB ally in Denmark, its director, Jonni, pointed to the two wall clocks in his office. One was for local time. The other was for “AO time”, namely U.S. central time.

Our Publishing Empire

Our publishing included tabloid newspapers, newsletters, books and more. Each in several languages.

The New Face of Tyranny

The fall of the Iron Curtain ushered in a new era alright. *Old problems* were replaced with *new problems*.

In the east, the communist party official simply swapped one party book for another. The same official with the same mentality as before remained in power. However, the west no longer viewed him as an enemy to be combated. Quite the opposite, western governments wooed him.

In the west, the governments became more “lovey-dovey”. Previously “safe countries” became “hostile countries”. Europe’s consolidation within the framework of the European Union only made things worse. It led to *less* freedom, not *more*.

Foreign governments eventually figured out they could gain more cooperation from the U.S. authorities, if they claimed we were *under investigation* on suspicion of involvement in something that was *criminal*. “Terrorism” became a popular choice even *before 9/11*.

This ominous shift is reflected in three stages.

Stage One

A foreign government asks the U.S. authorities for help to stop our aid to the dissident movement. The American officials politely refuse on the grounds of the First Amendment.

Stage Two

U.S. officials start to add: *However, if there’s something else in addition to that, then maybe we could help*.

Stage Three

U.S. and foreign government officials collaborate to violate the U.S. Constitution and U.S. sovereignty!

Surge and Repression in Germany

Not surprisingly, the movement found very fertile ground in the east. It flourished like never before since 1945.

who *doesn’t* have some prison time under his belt.

I remember one case in particular (Ewald), where this turned out to be true.

But I am still lucky. In the early days, we still are not taken that seriously. Prison sentences are generally in the months. Later, when we will be taken seriously, they will become years. The future dominant figure in the “legal arm of the movement”, Michael Kühnen, spent half of his adult life in prison solely for thought crimes!

A comrade by the name of Kurt put it this way: *A man without prison is like a man without scars!*

My First Imprisonment

The first state-run luxury hotel was strict, but sympathetic. I was allowed to hang a small resistance banner from South America on my wall and to keep resistance literature in my room. Hotel staff would often come by for a friendly chat.

I remember the very first time a bellboy escorted me to my new home away from home. He gave me a puzzled look and commented: *You don’t belong here?*

When I started to explain, he interrupted: *Yes, I remember reading about you in the newspaper!* The whole staff treated me as an honored guest. Obviously, I had many fans here.

One night I was standing on my table next to the window. I wanted to see the stars. An attendant entered my room and asked what I was doing. I told him. While he inspected the window, I walked over to the door. Being fun-loving, I contemplated stepping out into the hall, closing the door and locking him in my room! Just as a joke. But I decided against it. It’s not a good idea to tick off the hired help.

One time a visitor handed me a slip of paper on the sly. I hadn’t expected this and dropped it on the floor. This was awkward. What should we do? Fortunately, the hotel staff member supervising the visit did the unexpected. Instead of seizing it and chastising us, he simply picked it up and handed it to me!

I put my vacation to good use. I wrote a booklet describing the basic concepts behind the NSDAP/AO. It was entitled *Die NSDAP/AO: Strategie, Propaganda und Organisation*. (*The NSDAP/AO: Strategy, Propaganda and Organization*). An English edition was never published. However, we later published both English and German editions of another booklet entitled *An Introduction to the NSDAP/*

AO: The Fights Goes On!)

The second hotel was different. Everything was confiscated. But I got it back when I checked out.

Ironically, although the management was clearly not sympathetic, the guest rules were generally much less strict than in the first hotel.

For example, it had a kind of “lobby”. Basically a community room with a television. We guests would hang out there a couple hours each day, watch television, play cards or just chat.

The first time I was there, one of the staff members came in and handed me a stack of letters.

Confused, one of the other guests asked: *Why did you give him ALL the mail?*

The reply: *I didn't, that's all HIS!*”

At first, I kept to myself.

Then one day, one of the fellows playing cards at another table looked over at me and casually asked: *Murder?*

I smiled, shook my head and said *No!*

Another time, there was a prison movie on television. One of guests commented this didn't seem appropriate under the circumstances. The others agreed. Somebody changed the channel.

Against All Odds

Several months after my release, I coordinate a similar project. This time, the opponent is ready for us. But we are also well prepared.

I meet the team leader, Uwe, in a neutral country, namely Denmark, near the border to the hostile target country, namely Germany. He informs me there is massive surveillance in place.

I get into his car and we start driving toward the border crossing anyway. Only a few yards before we reach the gate, he turns around and races away from the crossing. Looking around, we see half a dozen unmarked cars dart out from the other side of the border.

These cars follow us as we drive along a road running parallel to the border. Then we stop, get out and walk into the woods in the direction of the border. The key exchange of information takes place in these woods only yards from the border. As we're finishing, we see flashlights flickering in the dusk, approaching us from the road, presumably the German police. We return to our car, leave and later split up.

When I then proceed alone to another neutral country, namely the United Kingdom, I am stopped at the border. The police inform

Chapter Six

The Fall of The Iron Curtain

*The impossible will be done immediately.
Miracles take a bit longer.*

Slogan on a plague presented to me

Euphoria and Disillusionment

The euphoria in Eastern Europe over the collapse of communism soon receded.

Instead of freedom, the people got corruption.

Instead of being poor people in a stable economy, they were poor people in an unstable economy.

Instead of rundown but at least affordable apartments, they had rundown but unaffordable apartments.

Instead of communist propaganda (which nobody believed anyway), their children were subjected to pornography and drugs.

Western “democracy” and “capitalism” failed so miserably that the neo-Communist parties made a resurgence in many areas!

Instead of only facing imprisonment by the political police, dissidents now also faced beatings, sometimes even *murder*, at the hands of common criminals!

I recall one case in particular. A dissident, Rainer Sonntag, was murdered in cold blood in front of a whole group of witnesses. His murderers received a shorter prison sentence for this premeditated contract murder than many dissidents had received for anti-government literature! This happened AFTER the fall of Communism!

And these governments dare to call *us* “terrorists”!

Incident Four: A Big Compliment

You have an Yiddish mind!

The CEO was obviously very impressed by my achievement. This was a BIG compliment. I knew this very well. It was completely sincere, much appreciated and highly ironic.

My Departure

I finally left the company after roughly a decade – on my own initiative and on good terms, NOT fired! It was still roughly about the same size in terms of gross annual sales. Divisions and markets had ebbed and waned, but balanced each other out overall. Top selling products had become has-beens and upstart products had become super stars.

When I phoned months later and asked how things were going, the General Manager said: “*Great, thanks to you!*”

At first, I didn’t know what to make of that. Were things going great, *because I was gone?!?*

But no...

The last product I had conceived and championed before leaving – it had been launched shortly after I left - had produced a *quarter of a million dollars in sales within those few months.*

I was happy to have given the company a kind of “reverse going away present”.

If I had stayed on one more year, another five-digit bonus would have been pretty certain. But I still didn’t regret returning home.

However, the Iron Curtain had fallen. Duty called!

me that the counterpart to the U.S. Secretary of the Interior, namely the Home Secretary, has personally ordered me stopped. I agree to leave voluntarily and at my own expense, but ask permission to make a phone call. It is granted.

In the presence of the police, I call Michael, the leader of an allied group in this country, explain the situation and ask him to meet me at my planned departure point. I offer to take him with me to my next destination at my expense. He agrees.

After my telephone conversation, the police official is called into the next room. Upon his return, he informs me that I will not be allowed to make any more phone calls.

When I explain the magnitude of surveillance to Michael, I can tell he doesn’t believe me. He tactfully explains to me that this is *his* country, he has *many years of experience* here and he therefore *knows what the police do and don’t do here!*

I fully understand this. But I must convince him that this situation is totally different from anything he has ever experienced in the past. So I point out three people and ask him to remember their faces, because he will be seeing them again. He is skeptical, but agrees.

I have had this experience several times over the years, especially with both political activists and lawyers. *Governments apply different rules to us!*

During the next week or so, the two of us identify beyond any reasonable doubt over twenty surveillance agents and half a dozen vehicles.

We even make a game of it.

We pretend we don’t spot them watching us with binoculars through the window of a restaurant across the street. Then we stroll into that inn, I make a suspicious phone call and we rush off into a dark alley. We see they are following us and manage to lose them. Then we find a nice dry spot and watch them running around for hours in the rain trying to find us.

Sometimes we take a different approach. When I see an all too familiar face on a railway platform, I walk up and down the crowd and scrutinize each individual as if I’m looking for somebody. Most people probably think I’m a policeman. But the surveillance agent gets nervous.

We do this in small town after small town along the border for a week or so. We see the same faces and vehicles again and again.

At the end of his part in this, Michael looks at me and exclaims: *When I get home and tell my people what I’ve seen with my*

own eyes, they won't believe me!

My own work is far from over.

After wearing down the surveillance teams, I retreat from the border region. They figure I'm withdrawing and are all too happy to finally get some much earned rest! Their guard is down. That's when I make my move!

I manage to sneak into still another neutral country, namely Belgium, undetected. From there, I make another attempt to enter the United Kingdom. But I fail. I'm kicked out again, the second time within one month. I am forced to return to Belgium.

The police there obviously know I'm coming. So I expect to be arrested upon arrival.

The conversation then goes something like this:

Policeman: *Come with us.*

Me: *Am I under arrest?*

Policeman: *No, I just want to know what you're doing here.*

Me: *I hear there are some beautiful churches here. I have come to see them.*

Policeman: *We know who you are.*

Me: *Okay. I am simply waiting for a courier to arrive with information and funds. I do not plan any activity in your country at all. Unless you insist, in which case I can make one phone call and carloads of activists will rush right over here.*

Policeman: *No, don't do that! Look, I'm under orders to report your movements daily to the national capital.*

Me: *Do you know a cheap place to stay? I'm low on funds.*

Policeman: *Actually, there's a hotel near here. The owner thinks like you do. I've always wanted to meet him, but never had an excuse. I tell you what, I'll take you there, introduce you and explain the situation. I think he'll put you up for free until your friend arrives with the money.*

Me: *Sounds good to me!*

We do this. It is mutually beneficial. I have a nice place to stay and he can keep tabs on me. He visits me every day. We drink *Trappist* beer together. I give him an update and we have a nice chat. He reports to the capital. One day he invites me to accompany him on a drive through the country and I do so. He stops at every church along the way so I can take a look at it.

This policeman makes it clear that he doesn't care about us. But he *detests* our opponent! He does NOT want to do our opponent the FAVOR of interfering with us!

Then I presented my analysis of the situation. Slowly. After each step, I checked each face for comprehension and agreement.

The CEO commented: *He cut through the bullshit and got down to the bottom of it!*

Next, I attempted to explain my proposed solution. But it was hard to grasp.

Then I remembered a much earlier meeting, where the CEO had dramatically grabbed a piece of paper, spit on it, crumbled it up and scorned: *It ain't worth spit!*

I reached into my pocket, pulled out some loose change and slammed the coins onto the CEO's desk. Then I used those coins to illustrate my explanation.

Soon the CEO agreed with my proposed solution.

A little while later, he came to my desk, looked me in the eye and said: *You convinced me, when you showed me with those coins!*

Incident Two: *Boy, are you going to get it!*

The CEO was not in the plant that day. An unusual situation came up. It wasn't a perfect match for any existing Standard Operating Procedure (SOP). So the General Manager asked me, but wasn't completely at ease with my answer.

I'm not a mind reader, but I could read this face: *Okay, I'll do that. When the CEO gets back, I'll tell him YOU told me to do this. BOY, ARE GOING TO GET IT!*

When the CEO returned, the General Manager explained everything. The CEO reflected a moment and then said: *You did the right thing!*

The General Manager was surprised. I wasn't. I knew why I was right. And I knew the CEO was smart enough to understand the reasons behind SOP, not just memorize it and blindly follow it.

Incident Three: *Top Dog*

Not long after this, all four senior executives were in a meeting. The CEO instructed the other two: *If anything ever comes up when I'm not here and you don't know what to do, ask HIM and do what he says!* He was pointing at *me*.

system. The planet closest to the sun is Mercury. The second planet is Venus...”.

I made an extra effort to speak slowly and keep everything as simple as possible. After explaining a simple equation, he politely interrupted me with a slight, but still perceivable, air of superiority:

“Excuse me, but you said TWO TENTHS of one percent. Surely you actually mean TWO percent. Two per HUNDRED, not two per THOUSAND.”

We all had to bite our tongue to keep from laughing. The CEO struggled to conceal his own embarrassment at his clueless son’s blunder. (He was off by a magnitude of ten.) The CEO muttered something and motioned for me to continue.

This reminded me of the time that I had humiliated the IBM expert. Except in reverse. And even worse: At least the IBM expert realized he had made a mistake and had been caught. The son, an MBA (!), did not.

Reputation & Clout

Reputation is something you *build* through *past* achievements. *Clout* is something you *use* for *future* achievements. In my case, they had three main sources:

First, demographic analyses resulting in substantially reduced selling expenses.

Second, new product development resulting in huge sale boosts. Examples are both my first top selling product, which I discovered early on while attending a trade show on my own time, and my very last product, which was launched just after my departure.

Third, problem solving through analysis.

Here are a few illuminating examples.

Incident One: Persuasion

It was a grueling meeting for the four of us senior executives. The problem was complicated. The discussion wasn’t making much progress.

Finally, the day comes when I can report that I have booked a seat on a flight leaving the next day from the neighboring country’s airport, namely Luxemburg.

Then he surprises me: *I have a suggestion. Let me drive you there! That way, I can report to my superiors that I personally put you on the plane. And you save travel fare.*

I gladly agree.

That evening I spend the last of my money on a fancy meal. I sure hope he’ll keep his promise.

He does keep it. I return to the USA with 20 cents in my pocket. I use it to call a friend to pick me up. I stay with him until I receive more money for the last leg of my trip home.

Despite the opponent’s intense efforts, we complete the project with NO losses at all in men or material.

Officer Training

The training of promising young officers later became one of my most important and rewarding tasks. These “youngsters” already had a lot of experience. They had proven themselves. Now we were taking their training up a notch.

One day they will have to be *better than we are now!* - Because the enemy will also get better over time.

This training often took place during an actual underground mission. “Under live fire” as it were.

Here are some of my teaching techniques:

Stop! Listen! Learn!

Amidst the hectic activity and rushed conversations, I suddenly stop. I turn to the trainee, look him in the eye and say: **“Stop! Note This! Remember this! I will explain later! Reference XYZ.”** Then I do or say something *apparently trivial, perhaps even downright silly!*

I do this several times over the next days or even weeks.

By this point, I have already started to connect at least some of the dots for him. He is starting to see a pattern. There is a method to my madness. And this madness is all part of a larger plan.

Remember when I did [whatever] and gave it the reference name

XYZ. This is WHY I did it. I had foreseen this possibility, even though it seemed very remote back then, and deliberately taken this specific action as a precautionary measure. It was NOT just a coincidence or accident.

This kind of demonstration proved to be a very effective training technique!

It was infinitely superior to the “trick question”, where the student has to guess which answer the “teacher wants”.

Obviously, I could not have known the future! This was not a “rigged” match. The fact that I had made such a big deal about the specific action in question already at the time – namely before I could have possibly foreseen that this or that would happen - proved that I wasn’t simply making it all up after the fact just to “look smart”.

This really drove the point home. Dramatically proved the importance of the point. And made it very easy to remember it.

Up a Notch

I would also constantly point out variables and assess - and later re-assess - their magnitude.

I would say something like this:

Let us think about the possible ramifications of this new piece of information...Potential risk factor A is now greater. Earlier it was the size of a pea. Now it is the size of a marble. It will not become dangerous until it reaches the size of a basketball. It is not dangerous yet, but it is growing. We must watch it.

Later I might say the same, but replace *pea* with *marble*... and *marble* with *golf ball*. Then add: “It has just gone up *one notch*”.

Or, if it was now the size of a *baseball*, that it had gone up *three notches*.

Whoppers

I often use examples involving *huge exaggerations*. The reasons include:

One banker told me: *Yes, you qualify. Your credit is great! You have two options: For Option A, you have to supply copies of your tax returns to prove your income. For Option B, you simply TELL us your income. You don’t have to PROVE it. You can tell us any amount you want to qualify for any mortgage you want. Naturally, the interest rate is higher for Option B.*

I couldn’t believe this insanity! No wonder the nation’s economy went down the toilet!

The CEO’s Strange Dilemma

One day the CEO summoned all the senior staff. He had a grim expression on his face. None of us knew what this was all about. He portrayed his dilemma pretty much as follows:

Look, it’s like this. My wife is nagging me to hire our son as a consultant. He’s trying to establish his own consulting practice and needs the money. I don’t want to hire him. But I want to get my wife off my back, so I’ve agreed to it. Just play along. Don’t say anything.

I was reminded of the interview with the fresh college grad who didn’t want to share his infinite wisdom with us free of charge. But this was worse! The father had put his son through Harvard Business School. He now had an MBA. He was destined to inherit a large share in the business some day. Instead of learning about his family’s business even *in his own best interest*, he expected his father to *pay* him for it in the form of a hefty consultant fee!

I could tell the other executives were thinking the same thing. One even told me so after the meeting, using almost the same exact phrasing as I have here. All of us felt sorry for the CEO and promised to play ball.

While the son “consulted” at the company during the next few days, we tried to give him at least a very basic idea of the business.

Then the CEO scheduled a big staff meeting. He had told me the previous day to prepare a presentation and to keep it simple. The son was the only one there who didn’t realize all this was just a big show for his benefit. Everything I expounded was common knowledge for the rest of us. Kind of like a conference for astronomers, where the keynote speaker slowly explains: “The sun is at the center of our solar

My CEO insisted on a *48 hour* notice. He said he would need the extra day to make arrangements.

The banker promised to check their legal department and call back.

When the phone rang, the banker told us two things:

First, the bank's lawyers would *not* change the standard contract.

Second, we had done a better job preparing for the negotiation than many firms *ten times our size!*

It was not the end of the world. We didn't need that credit line to carry on.

But I was a disappointed. I had envisioned the senior executives one day joining together to buy the company. The other two had worked there for their whole adult life. They would *never* land a comparable position elsewhere. One of them said this to me outright. The other one certainly also knew it. We were all confident that the three of us together could indeed run it. Because we were *already* running it by then.

Give Credit Where Credit is Due

Back then, the credit reports that crossed my desk showed a detailed credit history. Not just a "score".

When I was a trainee, the CEO would decline credit, if he saw a single default listed on a report. Later I convinced him to modify this policy: If there were numerous satisfactory listings and only one default – and it was on a *big medical bill* – I would recommend credit approval.

The CEO also taught us to consider "industry standards". They vary.

Furthermore, if bad debt is *too low*, it may indicate credit policy is *too strict*, which can result in lost sales!

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Not long before the Great Recession, I was planning to buy a house, so I checked out my mortgage options. I knew I had an excellent payment history and large unsecured personal lines of credit. But I also had a lot of debt and my personal income wasn't as high as it had once been.

Nonetheless, when one bank offered me *twice* the amount I needed with *zero down payment*, I was stunned.

First, this makes the point very *clear*.

Second, this dramatizes the *importance* of the point.

Third, this makes it obvious that the example is *NOT to be taken literally*.

Note: This can even have *legal* ramifications. For example, if I'm quoted out of context in a courtroom.

This is more important than the average person may realize. I know this from my own experience.

District attorney: *Your honor, the defendant is such a bloodthirsty monster that he even threatened to have his enemies BOILED IN OIL!*

Defense Attorney: *I object! This is taken out of context. The very next sentence was "And stranded on a desert island with their mother -in-law for six months!"*

Fourth, this humor helps to *lighten things up* and lower the stress level.

Fifth, it is simply part of *my style*. My "subset of insanity" as it were.

The example is followed by an indication of the scale of magnitude of the exaggeration. There are three levels:

Level One

I say: *Naturally, this is an exaggeration!*

(Yes, this is obviously impossible!)

Level Two

I say: *I am exaggerating SOME, but NOT AS MUCH as you probably think!*

(A **remote** possibility exists.)

Level Three

I say: *I am exaggerating a LITTLE, but NOT NEARLY AS MUCH as you probably think!*

(This is a **definite** possibility.)

These three levels sometimes correspond to the 5%, 50%, 95% used in "game theory". This is very useful in strategic planning, where there are many unknown variables at play.

Even a seemingly minor detail can tip the scales. This can result in a

sudden and radical change of course.

The Opponent

Infiltration of the Police

Repressive regimes have a disadvantage. They do not know what people *really* think, because people are afraid to openly say it. This is also true for government officials. Even for policemen.

The police have a tough job! They risk their lives to protect honest citizens from criminals.

Imagine how a policeman feels, when he is pulled off a criminal case just to raid or arrest non-violent dissidents?

Imagine how he feels, when he sees a hardened criminal released on a technically...and then sees a non-violent dissident convicted only because the judge *stretched* – or even *ignored* (!) – the law?

Or a “thought crime” is punished more severely than a violent crime?

Or a criminal gets out of prison early on parole, whereas a dissent almost always has to serve his full sentence?

Ideology aside, this is one reason why many policemen at least turn a blind eye.

It is always hard to keep a secret. Especially if many people know it. But it is *even harder* in *this environment*.

As a result, large-scale operations against us inevitably fail. It only takes one person to tip us off. This is easy to do without risk.

The biggest mass raids I recall took place while I was in Europe. The media hailed the raids as a huge victory for the police. I later gained access to the actual government files. The amount of material actually seized was tiny compared to our annual production.

Furthermore, even the few people actually convicted only got fines. NO jail time at all!

I commented at the time:

I would be happy to send a portion of each production run directly to the political police headquarters. This would save taxpayer money. I would even let the police “intercept” a LARGER portion of our shipments than they do now. In exchange, I simply ask that they make a big fuss about their great victory after each delivery. The resultant publicity is worth a lot more than the cost of the material sacrificed.

We proceeded as follows:

First, researched for tips on bank selection.

Second, looked at the *financial statements* of several banks in the area.

Third, met with the bankers.

In the end, we opened accounts at *three* banks: one for day-to-day banking, one for larger transactions and one for letters of credit for our import/export operation.

There can be a HUGE difference between banks. (I remembered this the next time I purchased a house.)

By the way, the same thing is true for printing companies. We used *three different printing companies* for the *same flier* depending on the quantity needed.

Inheritance

After I’d been at the firm for several years, I made the following suggestion to the CEO:

One day your children will inherit the company. You’ve already told us that they have no interest in running it themselves. If they hire somebody else to run it for them, they run the risk of losing everything. So they’ll probably want to sell it.

However, there is a problem. The prospective buyers will probably be interested in only one or the other of the divisions. Not the whole package. But our company is so complicated and intertwined that this would not be possible. And if the firm is cannibalized, the value is much less than if it is sold as an ongoing, profitable concern.

This package deal, however, would be much more attractive to a prospective buyer, if the firm had an established line of credit WITH-OUT you having to personally co-sign the bank loans.

He thought about this and agreed.

So we started the search for the *right* bank for this.

Then a Vice President from one of the big banks visited us. The CEO, General Manager and I were at that meeting.

Finally, only *one obstacle* remained:

The bank’s “boiler plate” contract gave it the right to call in the loan - at any time, for any reason and at its sole discretion (!) – with only a *24 hour* notice.

consultant work for you. My fee is 10% of the profit that results from either increasing revenue or reducing costs. YOU decide how much that is! ...But I do request a copy of your calculations for my own information. After all, one or both of us might have missed something.

Imagine a company with \$100,000,000 annual cash flow. If I can increase the effect yield by even *one hundredth of one percent* (0.0001%), the gain amounts to \$10,000 per year. My own 10% cut would be \$1,000...If I can boost this to one whole percent (1%), that's a \$1,000,000 gain and my cut would be \$100,000.

CEO:
What's the catch?

ME:
No catch! I read about another consultant, in another industry, who routinely made the same offer. He did very well. His clients were also very happy. I'm willing to do the same thing!

No joke! I'm dead serious!
Some people play the lottery. This is simply my alternative.
Of course, the huge Fortune 500 Companies have a *Chief Financial Officer* (CFO) who does all this much better than I ever could. After all, he's a *specialist* in this field. Whereas I am a *generalist*.

Bank Selection

One day the CEO summoned the General Manager and me. He showed us an article about our current bank. It pointed out troublesome indications that something wasn't right.

I'm worried. I've noticed two more bad signs. First, every time our loan officer comes out to visit us, it's a different person. And their loan offers are too good. Something is wrong there. I think it's time we start looking for a new bank.

A tip on bank selection: Look at the "recovered debt". If it is conspicuously low, this is a warning sign. A healthy bank is sooner inclined to write off a debt as bad – and hence recovers a larger portion of debt already written off – than an ailing bank.

Something akin to this is already a common practice with large-scale drug dealers, I've been told.

* * * * *

While visiting a friend in a medium sized city, there was a knock on the door. A friend of his came in and took a seat across from me.

First, my friend introduced the other man to me. He was the local chief of police. Then he introduced me.

This police chief instantly knew who I was. He jumped up from his chair so fast that it actually startled me. Then he shook my hand heartily and exclaimed: *It's an honor to meet you!*

Police Mentality

A friend of mine, Wally, had defected from the Eastern Block, where he had been an officer in the police. His father was a general in the police. He related his father's story to me like this.

Between the World Wars, his father was a policeman in a democratic regime.

When the Germans occupied his country, they asked him two questions:

First, do you want to remain a policeman?

His answer was yes.

Second, will you obey orders?

Again, his answer was yes.

He remained a policeman during the German occupation.

When the Russians came, they asked him the same two questions. And he gave the same two answers.

He remained a policeman. Eventually, he rose to the rank of a general in the police!

I do not recall whether or not he was in the "criminal police" or the "political police". This may sound odd, but I don't think it makes much difference.

Another friend of mine complained that he encountered the same political police agents in three subsequent regimes. Despite the fact that all three regimes were of a totally different, and reciprocally hostile, ideological stripe! (The Weimar Republic, the Third Reich and the so-called Federal Republic of Germany.)

Again, this may sound strange, especially to Americans. But it is worth keeping in mind.

The same policemen who once defended the U.S. Constitution might one day obey orders from a government that “defends democracy” by throwing critics and dissidents in prison!

This has already happened in both Eastern and Western Europe. It could happen in America, too.

* * * * *

On the lighter side, I once witnessed the following scene. This same Eastern European and another man, a Central European, both of whom had noticeable accents, were sitting at a table in a restaurant. They were discussing weapons. An American sitting at the same table was embarrassed by this. He wondered what the people at the surrounding tables were thinking.

But he did get his revenge. The Europeans had asked about the vintage of the wines before making their selection. When the waitress turned to him, he said he wanted milk. But he did have one question: *Miss, can you please tell me the vintage of the milk?*

* * * * *

This American also had a half-amusing, half-grisly experience during a Thanksgiving Day feast.

A former auxiliary policeman in Eastern Europe described some of the things he had witnessed first hand. This included human bones littering a railway. The result of cannibalism.

The American lost his appetite.

* * * * *

Many older Eastern Europeans would simply not discuss anything sensitive in a room with a telephone. Even if it was on the receiver. Their American-born teenagers laughed at this. Years later, the same children, now middle-aged, learned it is indeed possible to listen in even if the phone is on the receiver!

Bills. Part of the year, we needed more working capital, which we would *gradually* borrow. *First* from the CEO at prime plus X%. *Then* from the bank at prime plus Y%.

Of course, there was a considerable difference between the interest rate on the Treasury Bills and the interest rate on the two sets of loans!

Monitoring the cash flow and keeping just enough funds available to meet short-term need - and parking the rest where it'll produce the highest yield – is the objective.

In consumer terms, think of it like this. Don't pay your bills *too long before the due date*. If you have too much surplus cash, pay off your credit cards instead of putting it in your savings account. (Naturally, pay off the ones with the *highest* interest rate *first*.)

This is what money management is all about. Even a small business can profit from this.

For example: Given a yield increase of, say, just 1%, this still comes to \$10,000 per \$1,000,000 in annual cash flow.

The CEO was already a very good businessman. He had a business degree. Nonetheless, *he had learned a lot about money management from my predecessor, the MBA!* Then he taught me. Money management became one of my *daily duties*. After doing this a few years, I fine-tuned our methods even more.

I adjusted the cost of money variable for the seasonal factor instead of using the constant of prime + X% throughout the whole year as had been taught me. The CEO spotted the change, asked me about it and then concurred with my reasoning.

Fantasy versus Lottery

Frankly, I would be absolutely ecstatic, if a small or medium size business CEO reading this would phone me.

I fantasize about the conversation going something like this:

CEO:

Hi, I liked your book! About that money management thing. We've never done much of that kind of thing. Can I hire you as a consultant? If so, what's your fee?

Me:

Thanks, I'm glad you liked my book. Yes, I would be very happy to do

“Limited Political Warfare”

First: We appealed to the government.

All we demand is freedom. Freedom of speech. Freedom of assemble. Freedom to form our own parties and participate in the democratic process. If people want to vote for us, then they should be able to do so. If they do not want to vote for us, they don't have to.

You say you outlaw us, because we are a “threat to democracy”. YOU are the threat to democracy!!!

If we try to work legally within the framework of your ambiguous “laws”, you simply ban our organizations anyway. If we work in the underground, we're already “illegal” from the start. We face stiffer penalties, but we are harder to find.

Even if forced underground, we limit ourselves to non-violent resistance. We have no desire to hurt anybody. We want to convince people, not kill them. We also do not want to give you the “terrorism” excuse. But you label us as “terrorists” anyway, even when your own police confirm this is not true!

We are determined to remain non-violent. But it is obvious that, as oppression increases, more individuals will act on their own out of sheer desperation. – YOU are the cause, not us! We actually discourage terrorism, both because we offer a non-violent alternative and because we use our influence to urge restraint!

If we gain freedom, we will gladly abide by the “rules of democracy”.

If we gain power through a non-violent revolution, we will offer our former opponents generous immunity.

If one day your oppression triggers an armed uprising, then all bets are off! Nobody has any control then!

We are willing to die for our cause. Are you?

How many of YOUR employees are willing to die for your regime?

How many of YOUR so-called “leaders”?

We knew the government would not give us freedom without a struggle. We were simply doing everything within our power to keep it a *non-violent* conflict.

Second: We informed government officials as *individuals*.

There are three kinds of government officials:

When the average consumer selects a bank, the deciding factors are generally things like *convenience*, *free checking* and the *free toaster* he gets for opening an account. If he's lucky, perhaps even a drop dead gorgeous teller.

The shrewd businessman also considers these factors: the financial condition of the bank, whether it is state-chartered or federal-chartered, its loan policy, other services, fees etc..

One of my later assignments was to analyze our “hidden” bank fees.

A bank cannot give “free checking” to a business. There are too many transactions! It costs the bank too much money to process everything. Therefore, the bank says something like this: *Okay, Mr. Businessman, we won't charge you for that, IF you maintain a minimum balance of such and such an amount.*

A close examination of a) the standard fees for these transactions, b) the number of your firm's transactions, and c) the minimum balance demanded by the bank to waive those fees reveals how much you are *really* paying for them in the form of “foregone interest”.

Furthermore, any amount *over* the minimum balance becomes, in effect, *your interest free loan to the bank!*

When I finished the analysis and made my presentation to the CEO, I explained:

This “free loan to the bank” factor obviously reduces the effective yield on the minimum balance, because it is impossible for us to predict it precisely. The yield gets so low that it's actually cheaper to simply ignore it and accept the fees.

In our case, the savings weren't that big. We preferred to keep the safety margin inherent in the minimum balance. But at least we had explored the possibility and knew roughly what that safety margin was costing us.

* * * * *

Our corporation's annual financial cycle resembled a wave.

Think of it like your utility bill:

In the winter, your heating gas bill (for the furnace) is high, but the electric bill is low.

In the spring, both are low.

In the summer, your gas bill is low, but your electric bill (for the air conditioner) is high.

In the autumn, both are low.

Part of the year, we had surplus cash, which we invested in Treasury

First, those who are, let us say, less than enthusiastic and thorough. Obviously, these reasonable officials have nothing to fear from us.

Second, those who are conscientious, but not excessive. These by-the-book officials also have nothing to fear from us.

Third, those who are downright excessive. These zealots will not be forgotten. They will stand trial. Unless we grant a blanket amnesty, presumably in exchange for some concession by the government.

Generally, an official has a certain *degree of leeway*. We must strive to assess this accurately and act accordingly. If we ask *too much*, he is unable to comply and forced into a deadlock. We must always strive to *loosen*, not tighten, the bonds between the individual official and the government.

I have on occasion had a candid, heart-to-heart talk with a government official one-on-one.

Many times, we managed to find a reasonable and mutually acceptable solution to an issue.

Other times his face turned white...

These occasions were rare. The risk of a backfire and potentially serious escalation were usually too great. *Positive reinforcement* is generally best. Even *negative reinforcement* is more safely achieved through *humor*.

Police Informants

When I gained access to extensive government files on police informants, I was amazed at how pitiful they were in both number and quality.

One fellow claimed he was my close personal friend. His description of my physical appearance was WAY off! Nonetheless, he managed to collect his informant salary for over a year. He even got the government to pay for multiple trips to foreign countries!

Occasionally, an informant's identity is revealed through a simple bureaucratic blunder. This is understandable. The paperwork is sometimes so massive that one almost needs to be locked in a cell for at least a few weeks to read it all!

Fortunately, I have enjoyed such an opportunity! I had plenty of time to thoroughly study extensive files on a big case that was very close to my heart. The information alone would have been well worth, say, a year of my life. Not to mention the sheer joy and the laughs!

companies. This sometimes led to amusing situations.

I learned to better appreciate the significance of two things:

First, purchase method preference.

Our gun show customers liked to buy *face-to-face* at a show. They seldom responded to mail offers. Retail *and* wholesale customers alike would say: *Yeah, I got your mailing. But I figured I'd see you at the next show and get it then.*

Second, retail display. The first time I sold at a small gun show, it was a shot-in-the-dark experiment that did unexpectedly well. So I rushed to the second, much larger show. Seeing our products on the table, one man asked: *Are those for sale?*

I quickly put more products on the table and stacked them up into a big pile.

When I didn't see our products on the table of one of our dealers, I walked around his table a second time, but *still* couldn't spot them. So I asked him. He walked over and pointed them out, half-buried and lost to the eye...After that, I had 100 display signs silk-screened and gave them away for *free* to every dealer.

Later I even had large *display stands* built and gave them to dealers, too. The first prototypes were *terrible*. But the final version was collapsible, light-weight, easy to transport (in the duffel bag I supplied) and fast to setup on site. *Sales boomed!* Our dealers were delighted!

Incidentally, the duffel bag had two markings: "U.S. Army" and "Made in China". The metal clip was a lot weaker than the *real* U.S. Army duffel bags I remembered from childhood.

Sales aids and display stands are common knowledge for point-of-display retailers. But they were *not a common practice* for the average sideline/hobbyist dealer here.

Money Management & Banking

One of my first tasks when I first came to the company was to figure out whether or not the CEO, who was in the top income tax bracket, should purchase a *low-yield but tax-free municipal bond* or a *bond with a higher yield but no tax exemption*.

This was one of my first encounters with "money management" at the firm.

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reserve all my vacation time for visiting my folks. But I later regretted that mistake.

By the way, in addition to importing full container loads from Taiwan, we also imported smaller quantities from other Asian countries.

Trade Shows

The first year or two, I went to most local trade shows “on the clock”. But I also went to some on my own time on weekends. At one trade show that fell into the latter category, I discovered a new product that we added to the line. It became one of our biggest sellers in one division for years to come, bringing in five digit sales the first year alone.

After that, the owner said I could go to *any* trade show I wanted in the greater metropolitan area. Heck, I could have gone to a *women’s lingerie show*, if I wanted. (I didn’t...But I did once happen to notice a table displaying S&M products padded with soft, *washable*, fur-like fabric.)

I did go to many trade shows for *related* industries. With a little imagination, I sometimes figured out how to make some of the products fit our needs, too. Other times they just triggered an idea. Kind of like “brain storming”.

Occasionally, I stood on the *opposite* side of the table.

Sometimes we even hosted an evening cocktail hour for one division’s customers. We hired a former executive in that market as a “consultant”. Actually, he just a good will ambassador who shook hands and patted backs. Meanwhile, I would walk around the room, listen in on conversations, ask a few questions and keep my eyes and ears open.

Back at the office the next day, the consultant would tell us everything was great, everybody loved us and our products, and anything else he thought we wanted to hear. After he left, I presented my own report.

One year, I spent almost every weekend as an exhibitor promoting wares for my father’s company at gun shows throughout the region. Market research and dealer sales were the primary objectives. The short-term profit was too modest to be worth the effort...even though marginally better than a kid’s lemonade stand.

I sometimes used aliases when working on projects for different

Chapter Four

“Expert”

Over the years I became a *recognized authority* as it were in my field of expertise. Governments, semi-governmental organizations and private enterprises sought me out. On several occasions, they flew me to Europe at their expense. This usually meant they wanted me either as a witness or for an interview.

Aside from expenses, I was happy to assist them *pro bona*.

Commercial entities, on the other hand, sometimes paid me handsomely for my services! I would donate my fee to a non-profit organization.

It was not uncommon for a foreign government to acknowledge the significance of my work in both official publications and internal documents.

My personal archives contain several letters signed by top-level government officials, including the counterparts to three *U.S. presidential cabinet members*, the *Oval Office* and the *directors of both the FBI and CIA!*

I was once informed that I was the “main topic of conversation” in a meeting between European government officials and FBI Director Freeh went he landed in Germany. Apparently, he was totally surprised. He had never heard of me. This was not surprising, since most of my work was in Europe.

My interlocking experience in multiple fields and multiple countries, combined with my analytical mind, often enabled me to see things that other people, even *experts in those same fields*, failed to see!

One amazed expert told me: *When you first told me, I didn’t believe you. But you were right! How did you know???*

I was not surprised by these words. I had heard them many times in the past.

At any rate, my work as an “expert” has provided me with many fond memories.

Another time a retired political police (*Verfassungsschutz*) agent testifying in a German court spoke of my work with such great respect that I was moved. Coming from an opponent, this obviously meant

more than if it had come from a fan. This recognition was even mentioned in the press.

An Assassination Attempt

My work was sometimes dangerous!

A parcel bomb once actually reached my room. I was already holding it in my hands. Then I sensed something was odd and called the police. A bomb expert reported that, if it had exploded, it definitely would have killed me!

This was not the only bomb attack I experienced, but it was the one that came closest to ending my life.

Nonetheless, I like to view an assassination attempt as a compliment of the most sincere kind.

My Testimony in a Terrorist Trial

My testimony at one *terrorist trial* in particular was quite memorable. Here is the story of my 1979 trip to Bückeburg.

When my plane arrived at an international airport, I was stormed by a mob of reporters. I had been instructed in advance *not to say anything to the press*. I clenched my teeth and did not utter one single word. Not even my customary “No Comment!”

The press continued to hound me in the waiting room. I told myself I would soon escape them, when I boarded the connecting flight.

But I was wrong! Half a dozen of them got on the plane with me!

When this plane landed at the next airport, it started to taxi down the runway. But then it stopped before reaching the gate. Everybody, me included, wondered what was up. Then it came to me: Does this have anything to do with *me*?

I could hear the door open. A stewardess came and told me to follow her. I was sent down the ramp into a waiting vehicle. This vehicle drove me to a restricted area.

Upon my arrival, I was approached by three men in street cloths. They identified themselves as policemen.

One informed me: *We are taking heightened security precautions, because there is concern over a possible assassination attempt*

Our company had never done any import/export in the past. But I had at least a little experience in this area from my father’s company. So the assignment to start and run the importing operation was given to me. (My time abroad was also a plus. As well as my presumed ability to “get along with foreigners”.)

Our competitive advantage was now HUGE!

We could often offer clearly *superior products* - at *lower prices* than the competition - *without* sacrificing a decent profit margin! Individual top-selling products often achieved *five digit sales* in the first year alone. *Profits boomed!*

We didn’t even have a fax machine in the beginning. I’d call Thomas as at the trading company in Taiwan from my home late in the evening, when it was already morning over there. We quickly established a good rapport. (He even laughed at my dumb jokes! Then again, maybe he didn’t understand my English well enough to know just *how* dumb they were. Or maybe he was just being polite.)

Several office machine sales reps visited our office to pitch their fax machines. One rep stood out when he said: *I’d really like to sell you MY machine. But to tell you the truth, there’s another model that better fits YOUR needs.*

His honesty impressed me. I made a point to tell the CEO, keep his business card and remember to give him the first crack the next time. Yes, I planned to buy his product even if his price was slightly higher.

At any rate, we soon purchased our first fax machine. It cost over \$2,000.

Whenever Thomas flew to America to visit clients, he visited our office. We learned his father had founded a family business group with nine digit annual sales in U.S. dollars. Thomas ran that group’s trading company doing upper eight digit sales.

The next year, Thomas backed one of his Taiwanese school chums, who was opening an import/export firm in the USA. He asked me to fly there, meet him, take a look at the operation and give him my advice. I did.

Thomas thought the import/export firms all demanded a much too big profit margin. He was naturally accustomed to a trading company’s much smaller margins. I explained different distribution levels require different margins. We had plenty of time to shoot the breeze about a wide variety of topics and enjoyed doing so.

Thomas later offered to pay for my hotel and food, if I ever came to Taiwan. The CEO said he was willing to let me take a week off, but I’d have to pay for the airfare. I decided not to go, because I wanted

against the very idea of a violation of the holy commandments of strict cost accounting. Blasphemy!

Then one day I stumbled on the solution in an article in *The Boardroom Report*: Pricing based on the concept of “contribution to profit and overhead”. It was new to all of us despite our combined executive experience of nearly a century!

This concept saved our neck.

Counter-Intelligence

A year or so later, we realized our biggest competitor in that market was somehow learning our new catalog prices *before* the official big mailing. Presumably from one of our many wholesale accounts.

What should we do?

I came up with a devious plan.

We would print *two* catalogs. Each with *different* prices.

We would mail one catalog with the “wrong” prices to the distributors a little early. Then wait a few weeks so that the competitor had time to sneak a peek, adjust his prices accordingly, and put his own catalog to bed. Then we’d mail the second catalog with the “right” prices.

This trick worked like a charm!

We Start to Import

Eventually that market branched off into two different directions. We created separate catalogs for each sub-market. Our product lines for the two distinct sub-markets were not identical, but did overlap. Sales by season were different and were tracked separately. Obviously, sales projections and purchasing were affected.

The new sub-market compelled us to sell Asian products. We were soon placing large orders to importers.

Many of these products, especially the *top sellers*, were also being sold by the competition. So even a tiny price differential had a big impact on sales.

I suggested we start to *import the top sellers ourselves*. We had plenty of working capital and enough sales history to realistically assume and assess the risk.

against you!

The four of us then drove to a waiting military helicopter and took off. Flying over the city, I could make out some women sunbathing on a roof. Unfortunately, I couldn’t see if they were topless, because we were too high. At least I got a free ride on a helicopter.

We landed on a country road out in the middle of nowhere. Four cars were waiting for us. One was for the four of us and the other three were additional security. Then we drove to a pleasant out-of-the way hotel. These three policemen stayed with me 24/7.

Our supper meal, wine and conversation were very enjoyable. One policeman told a joke that seemed a bit odd given his profession.

There are four things a good German must do in his life: Write a book, build a house, father a child and get arrested at least once.

The next morning, we drove to a maximum security prison. For security reasons, the trial of a group of terrorists was being held here. I was about to testify at that trial.

The events in the courtroom were memorable, yes, even dramatic.

This was billed as *the largest neo-Nazi terrorist trial in postwar German history*.

All my friends loved the graphics. The opposing team hated them. Instead of just chalking it up to difference tastes, they insisted on making a big deal out of it. Gee, some people!

A television tower had accidentally fallen down during the broadcast of an especially repulsive program. Our news coverage of this event included an artist’s highly stylized depiction of this calamity. It was published shortly *before* I received my invitation to appear on this game show.

The difference between the words “or” and “through” was absolutely crucial in this case. Namely, *Freedom or Revolution!* as opposed to *Freedom through Revolution!* The “prosecutor” was so upset that he threatened to ignore my immunity and have me arrested right there in the courtroom. He sounded serious.

This time, I was only a *guest star* with a *brief but important supporting role*. In other words, I was a “defense witness”, not a “defendant”. Nonetheless, the regime had to officially grant me temporary immunity from arrest before I agreed to participate in this particular show.

First, the “defense attorney” delivered a speech explaining why my immunity should NOT be violated.

Then the chief “defendant”, Michael Kühnen, gave his speech along the same lines.

This famous dissident and close comrade of mine was on trial with several other people. The court admitted he did NOT participate in their “crimes”. However, he was convicted and sentenced to four years prison anyway! Why? He was deemed the “intellectual instigator”, because he shared their ideological beliefs. This sufficed to make him criminally liable.

While they did this, I mentally prepared my own, necessarily very brief, speech. Namely what I would defiantly shout right after my arrest was ordered.

But then the “prosecutor” backed down.

I must congratulate him on his acting ability! He really had us going for a while there.

At any rate, the rest of the day was anti-climatic.

After my court appearance, three friends were allowed to visit me in my hotel room.

Of course, we presumed the room was bugged. We communicated by writing on slips of paper and then burning them in the ashtray. While this was going on, we badmouthed the political police something terrible. Nothing personal. Just for the sake of the bugs. (When they left, the police looked bewildered and disappointed!)

One of my visitors was my “Ersatz-Mutti” or “substitute mom”, Ursula. She and her husband Kurt played a leading role in the nationalist prisoner aid organization. The third visitor was a young French activist who had helped Kühnen during his exile in France. (Several years later, this Frenchman was attacked and horribly maimed.)

On my return trip, I stopped off in Chicago, where I had a fateful encounter.

The Mass Media

I quickly learned the media’s reputation for incompetence and bias was well earned.

At first, I always tried to provide a reasonable and accurate presentation of my views. But this was always ignored.

Finally, I decided to always throw in at least one outlandish and bloodthirsty quote. Akin to the token sex scene in a movie that isn’t about sex, but Hollywood insists on it anyway.

One interview was so distorted that I wouldn’t have recognized it as mine, if I hadn’t been mentioned by name.

A colleague told me a reporter phoned him after publication of his

tern:

First, a new and untapped market is discovered, researched and then “attacked”

Second, sales boom. (The CEO once reflected: *Some years, I don’t work hard, but I still make a lot of money. I just throw my money against the wall and it sticks like mud. Other years I work like hell and barely make any money.*)

Third, competitors enter the market. The honeymoon is over.

Fourth, profitability starts to gradually decline.

Here is an example:

We had a near monopoly in one division’s market for many years.

Why?

First, we recognized an opportunity and *bent over backwards* to accommodate the market’s *unique needs*.

Second, many of the customers were so darn *hard to do business with* that nobody else would have put up with them. Especially in the early years, which was before my time.

Eventually, their need for our products grew. They were still pretty demanding, but not nearly as unreasonable.

Then this market started to change. The need for our products grew dramatically. Naturally, all of our people were very optimistic at one staff meeting in particular.

After the jubilation had died down, I put in my two cents worth: *This market expansion is the biggest threat we’ve ever faced in this market!*

Silence. Astonishment. Bewilderment.

I explained: *This expansion will bring in a flood of new competitors. They will underestimate the cost of doing business in this market. They will undercut our prices. Then we’ll lose sales and have to lower our prices, thereby reducing our profit margins...And we’ll still lose market share, even if we remain #1.*

The CEO reflected for a few moments and then concurred.

Unfortunately, my prediction came true.

The honeymoon was over.

Manufacturer’s Mindset

This division now had a serious problem. We knew our prices had to come down. But we didn’t know *how* to do this!

We still had a *manufacturer’s mindset*. Our hearts and souls rebelled

Waiting for the Verdict

Months later, we were all nervously awaiting completion of the primary Profit & Loss statement (P&L). It was expected back from the accountant soon.

The recession had taken its toll. Sales were down. Everyone feared the worse.

The CEO told me that he expected to see a *substantial loss* in our *largest* and usually *most profitable division!*

I replied that I expected a *profit* in roughly the same amount as the *loss* he expected. In essence, we agreed on the *amount*, but disagreed on the *plus or minus sign*.

He was visibly surprised and asked why I thought that. The dialogue went pretty much like this:

Him: *What's your reasoning?*

Me: *We have substantially reduced selling expense through the demographic analysis.*

Him: *But it wasn't THAT much.*

Me: *Yes, it was.*

Him: *I don't believe you.*

There was no point discussing it any further. The P&L was due soon. It would settle the issue.

When it arrived, we pounced on it.

I was right. We had actually ended up *well in the black* despite the recession.

My reputation and clout went up another notch.

This is one of the things I like about marketing and “demographic analysis”. The profit gain – either through increased sales or through reduced expenses - is *highly* visible. So I always get the credit for it. And a big bonus! (Yes, that's the *other* thing I like!)

The same thing is true for new product development.

On the other hand, I always feel sorry for the fulfillment staff. If they send out *1,000 orders* without a hitch, nobody notices. But if they screw up even *one* order, everybody howlers at them.

At any rate, it was now clear why I had survived the Great Purge.

Life Cycle of a Division

The stages in the life cycle of our divisions often followed this pat-

own interview to apologize: *I didn't write it like that! The editor completely rewrote it!*

Another reporter, whose parents were friends of my family, refused an assignment: *I won't write what they want me to...and they wouldn't print what I would write!*

An acquaintance, who dealt with the press in a totally non-controversial area, assured me the media made many mistakes there, too.

One reporter even followed around my elderly mother! I phoned his boss at home: *If my family's address is published in your paper, I will return the favor. I will publish the addresses of the reporter and his boss and his boss's boss!*

The resultant article was one of the most vicious ones I've ever seen. But it did NOT include family addresses.

Of course, the media always referred to obviously extremely hostile and biased sources as being “reliable”. But this also had an advantage. At one of my trials years later, a German government official referred to the same source as reliable. No wonder their intelligence was way off! Our supposed enemy was a valuable, albeit blissfully ignorant, conduit for false information. God bless them!

Imagine the following scenario. You decide to take a course on Jewish history. The professor enters the classroom. He is wearing a Nazi armband. He instructs you to purchase *Mein Kampf* as your primary text book. Do you think this course will be unbiased?

Frankly, most of the “literature” on the Third Reich is no less biased! Regardless of your views, you deserve the facts! If you can't find an “objective” book, read *openly* subjective books from BOTH sides.

Anyway, the hostile press generally portrayed its intended victim either as ridiculous crackpot or as terrible menace. The latter offered a bigger story for the reporter. It was also preferable for us. Furthermore, official German government publications kindly verified our significance.

Our “media kit” later included physical copies of all ten of our tabloid newspapers plus a booklet. Entitled *An Introduction to the NSDAP/AO: The Fight Goes One!*, this booklet included extensive mainstream media quotes, the NSDAP/AO's chronology and various articles. Sometimes we even threw in a videocassette. Even the laziest reporter could extract enough information to write his own entertaining article. (We also had a German-language edition.)

Already in the early and mid-1970's, we started to get media cover-

age. This early coverage included a front page article in the local paper in Lincoln and a feature article in the Sunday supplement to the *Omaha World-Herald*. My friend George, an old Rockwell activist, participated in the latter.

When the FBI asked George if he knew me, he said no, but he'd like to meet me! The FBI kindly put us in contact. We became pals. He introduced me to many valuable contacts!

Many of my overseas trips were financed by governments, government-affiliated media and privately owned media. Sometimes they just handed me a stack of \$100 bills. It was kind of like professional wrestling. The hostility was just part of the act.

I do not wish to imply they agreed with my views. Quite the opposite! But, hey, business is business. The media is a prostitute. It wants a good story. A good story means profit. It would sell out Jesus for thirty pieces of silver...and then sign a book and film deal with Judas.

Almost more pathetic were the journalists who were obviously sincere in their aversion and desire to harm us. They were played just as easily, but without profit for them or harm to us. Quite the opposite: Their obviously sincere hostility made them more credible as a source for false information.

A few interviews were particularly amusing.

My 1979 CBS *Sixty Minutes* interview with Ran Rather

His first question went like this: *You have been called a rich Godfather who supplies the Neo-Nazi underground in Germany with propaganda material, money and guns. Is this true?*

His facial expression was serious. I had to struggle to keep from laughing. (I don't recall whether or not this question was used in the broadcast.)

When this interview was broadcast in January 1979, it included a close-up shot of our PO Box 6414 in Lincoln Nebraska. The result was duffel bags of mail every day for weeks. Over 90% of this mail consisted of simple requests for information. The remainder was equally divided between fan mail and hate mail...When this interview was broadcast again in July 1979, we received even more mail than the first time.

second year.

The other former trainee, now a Vice President like me, soon suggested a product that didn't meet our usual selection criteria. It was shot down.

Later, he brought it up again. This time, I backed him. My reasoning:

If this product – contrary to expectations – actually does well, then it opens up a WHOLE NEW CATEGORY of potential new products. If not, it's just one more new product that failed. Not the end of the world.

That product became a HUGE success. It paved the way for many new products. This category of products also played a decisive role in our later entry into *import/export*.

His perseverance paid off again! Remember, this was the same fellow who got his job in the first place thanks to his perseverance.

He once told me: *The average successful man fails SEVEN TIMES before he succeeds!*

Recession!

The recession struck not too long after we had been promoted.

The company was no longer hiring. It was laying people off.

Asked for recommendations, I submitted two names for the chopping block: that of one of the supervisors ...and *my own*.

My comrade-in-arms and I both figured *one of us* would get the axe. I thought it'd be me, because the other fellow knew more about computers and had a degree.

One day he walked over to my desk and whispered: *I took a sneak peek at the payroll figures on the computer. My next check is a few thousand dollars more than usual. Obviously severance pay. It's been a pleasure working with you.*

We shook hands and I wished him well.

I felt sorry for him. But I also felt relieved that it wasn't *me*.

By the way, one of the brusque supervisors was also laid off.

Fortunately, he came from a wealthy family. Every morning, his father flew a helicopter from his country estate to the top of one of the skyscrapers downtown. That's how he got to work.

He stopped by the office several months later and mentioned he was starting up a catalog for high ticket products. He described some of them and their price tags. They were definitely not within my budget!

Theoretically, I would have had a 50/50 chance instead of a one out of four chance from picking one of the other four options at random. (This is based on the presumption I would assign a 50/50 value to the question of whether or not my rejection of the 2/2/1 ratio was correct.)

At any rate, *I often applied this concept when dealing with complex problems as an executive.* Sometimes I would even phone FW for confirmation I had applied it correctly.

This tactical error on my part had cost me a perfect score by one point.

I had meanwhile learned more about this test:

The highest possible score was 60.

My fellow trainee scored 51.

The previous highest score in company history was 53.

The company that provided the test claimed the genius level was 55.

I scored 59.

In my case, I believe “pattern recognition” or “abstract thinking” would be more accurate than “I.Q.” or “intelligence”...All of us are good in some areas and not so good in others. Scores depend on how well the test aligns with those areas. *I know for darn sure that I'm a COMPLETE IDIOT in some areas! And I can prove it. I can provide plenty of witnesses.*

Frankly, even if I had gotten a perfect score, my only correct self-appraisal would have been to tell myself: *If you were so darn smart, you would have done the same thing in HALF THE TIME and with HALF THE EFFORT!*

Don't get smug and cocky! Always strive to do even better!

FW had told me a story about one of my sibling's sports teams:

His sports team became very good. It beat everybody. I thought they were getting a little too cocky. In the next game, I put in the second stringers for the first three quarters. I put in the first string only in the last quarter. By then, the opposing team had a big lead. The first string quickly racked up the points. But they lost the game by ONE POINT!

Promotion to Vice President

We survived our training. We had gradually gotten the knack of it, become proficient, then very proficient. Work became a source of joy! Every new responsibility was an exciting challenge!

We were both promoted to *Vice President* around the middle of our

My 1992 ABC Primetime interview with Chris Wallace

One segment of the interview went like this:

Wallace: *If Hitler was such a great man, why did he lose the war?*

Lauck: *First, he was greatly outnumbered. Second, he was betrayed.*

Third, he was too humane.

Wallace: *Hitler was too humane?*

Lauck: *Yes.*

Wallace: *Let me get this straight, you're saying Hitler was TOO HUMANE?*

Lauck: *Yes, Adolf Hitler was the greatest man who ever lived. But he was too humane. We will not make that mistake again.*

The Simon Wiesenthal Center later quoted the last part. It was printed on the outside of a fundraiser mailing envelope.

Wahrheit macht frei! (Truth makes free!)

This Swedish documentary film featured me prominently. It was almost like a paid advertisement. The ominous music used in the soundtrack was hilarious. Reminiscent of a B rated gangster or even horror film. It was later broadcast in a dozen countries.

There are many more extensive print media quotes in the back of this book.

* * * * *

The same governments that were dumbfounded by the *concept of free speech* nonetheless attempted to use it to their own advantage. Not in the east, of course, rather in the west. Against us!

Presumably, they hoped to pressure Western governments to “crack down” on us. If this was their intent, then they failed miserably.

In fact, they shot themselves in the foot!

The stories they leaked to the media often resulted in substantial publicity. This free advertising was worth gold. Whether the media was a *willing accomplice* or an *unwitting pawn* made no difference. I have several scrapbooks bulging with news clippings.

One of my favorites is my interview in the U.K. edition of *Reader's*

Digest, which was entitled: *Evil Genius of Germany's Neo-Nazis!* I was highly amused. But I also felt flattered.

Oddly enough, another magazine, *Der Spiegel*, quoted the mayor of my town as describing me as a “model citizen”.

Which version is correct: Evil genius or model citizen?

Law Man & Outlaw

Sometimes a former (?) foe wanted my help in a matter involving a former (?) friend. The situation was often both bizarre and confusing. Akin to the Old West, where the line between *law man* and *outlaw* was sometimes blurred.

Murderers sometimes received shorter prison sentences than non-violent activists. This injustice only promoted radicalization. Some activists figured: *If I'm going to do the time, I might as well do the crime, too!*

Isolated acts of violence were the result.

Thanks to my extensive contacts, it often wasn't hard to establish at least an indirect “link” to me. Furthermore, our literature was very widely distributed in dissident circles. It was often found during searches or even at “crime scenes”.

Sometimes I knew “terrorist suspects” from many years earlier. Back when they were still part of the *non-violent* resistance movement. Of course, there was never any involvement or interference.

The only psychologically half-way effective way to counteract this trend was to tell them: *We agree those dirty dogs DESERVE to be boiled in oil and stranded on a desert island with their mother-in-law. But we don't want to play into their hands. Maintain discipline!*

Immunity from Arrest

Ironically, some of the governments requesting my assistance had, at least at one time or another, actively combated my underground activity. I still faced the very real prospect of arrest at the border. Therefore, I had to be granted an official *immunity from arrest!* They did this more than once. Specifically in 1979 in Bückeburg and in 1992 in Stuttgart.

On March 9, 1992, I testified at the longest National Socialist trial

nately for him, one question really just came down to plain old-fashioned common sense. He flunked.

The second interviewee was a graduate fresh out of college. He was asked to come up with a marketing plan for one of our products and come back with it the next day. When he arrived, he smugly informed us that he would *not* provide such a plan, because he didn't think we should take advantage of his *expertise* for *free*. The CEO kept a straight face and told him he understood his position. But after the youngster left, he declared: *There's no way in hell I'd hire that guy!*

I thought to myself: *A college degree is not the COMPLETION of an education. It is just the BEGINNING. College is only basic training. Not the high command!*

Missed it by THAT Much!

One thing peaked my curiosity. That candidate had gotten *right* the *only* question I had gotten *wrong* on that test during my first employment interview. When I asked him, he said he had just guessed.

I took another look at the test. This time, I actually *read the instructions* instead of just looking at the sample question. The mystery was solved in an instant.

My FIRST mistake was not reading the instructions!

Like many human beings of my gender, I have a natural aversion to reading instructions. I had just glanced at the sample answer and *wrongly* presumed that *only* a 4/1 pattern was an acceptable answer. Therefore, when I recognized a 2/2/1 pattern, I *rejected* it outright. (Heck, I even thought it might some kind of sneaky trick, because it so obvious.)

My SECOND mistake was not applying “game theory”!

FW had long ago taught me a very basic concept from a type of math he called “*game theory*”.

I have found “*game theory*” extremely useful, especially in *strategic planning, decision making* and even *life in general*.

When confronted with variables impossible to gauge, simply assign them a value of “very high” (95%), “very low” (5%) or “50/50” (anywhere between those two extreme) as best you can. (When in doubt, use “50/50”.)

I still should have picked the correct answer! Despite my first mistake!

Sales Projections

When the computerization process was finally complete, sales projections became even easier for me.

Once a week, I would line up two thick stacks of computer printouts. They showed product sales in units from the previous week, and year to date for that year *and* for the previous year. Each division had its own set of columns, because each had a different seasonal pattern. There were two divisions on each printout. We tracked *four* separate markets, because one division had a large and *unique* “sub-market”. [Note: The *manufacturing division* and one other division with a small product line were *not* included here.]

Then I calculated sales projections for every product *in my head*. Always on a Monday morning, because I was often a bit tired after the weekend and wanted an *easy task*.

These projections were then used to make – handwritten (!) - entries on charts for *every product* AND for *every individual part* used in that product. (Some parts were used in *multiple* products being sold in *multiple* divisions.)

Then I reviewed the re-order points. (The daily reorder list and the daily open purchase order list were two of the things that had been computerized.)

Finally, I’d write up the purchase order requisition forms. The clerical staff would enter them onto the computer and print out the actual purchase orders.

All this usually took about half a day.

Executioner at Long Last

By the time the CEO had decided to start interviewing for *still another* manager, I was sitting on the *opposite* side of the hiring desk. I had become the *executioner* instead of the *condemned man*.

This was enlightening. The *initial resume purge* made Attila the Hun look like Mother Theresa! We were less interested in *finding good candidates* than in *weeding out bad ones*. Any reason to reject an applicant was welcomed.

Two interviews in particular still stand out in my mind.

The first interviewee was an MBA. He knew the buzz words. Whenever the CEO asked him a question, he gave a fancy answer. Unfortu-

in postwar German history in Stuttgart after being granted temporary amnesty. Security was lax. I was attacked and got some mace in my face. It did sting a bit. However, the taste was not quite as bad as my own cooking.

On the lighter side, my close comrade Christian Malcoci pointed out the names of three of the attorneys: *Sieg, Heil and Führer!*

On another occasion (Frankfurt 1989), I was informed that I had been granted immunity for some things, but expressly told this immunity did not apply to others. In effect, I was told: *We promise NOT to shoot you with the gun we are holding in our RIGHT hand. But we hereby inform you that we do NOT promise not to shoot you with the gun we are holding in our LEFT hand!*

I found this extremely amusing.

Despite my gratitude for providing me with such a good laugh, this was one of the few occasions, when I declined the offer.

The FBI and the Sexual Perversions of J. Edgar Hoover

Our telephone connection is terrible. It’s annoying.

I complain to my co-worker on the other end of the line: *You know, I don’t mind the FBI tapping our lines. But I just wish they wouldn’t screw up the connection!*

He agrees whole-heartedly: *Yeah, at times like this I feel like talking about the sexual perversions of J. Edgar Hoover!*

Click! The phone goes dead right at this moment.

I call him back. He makes an astute observation: *I guess they didn’t like my comment about Hoover’s sex life!*

We both laugh!

Another co-worker said the agents once apparently got their wires crossed. *He* could hear *them*, but *they* couldn’t hear *him*. They were discussing what went wrong, then figured it out and cut out.

* * * * *

The United States government seemed pretty indifferent to our activity. The FBI visited us from time to time. Either on general principle or at the request of a foreign government.

This put us in a delicate position.

On the one hand, we had to act on the presumption the FBI would pass along information to our enemies. We didn't want to reveal any important secrets.

But on the other hand, we wanted the FBI to be able to learn enough to be confident we were neither criminals nor terrorists.

I have had several amusing encounters with the FBI over the years.

The very first time they showed up at my door, I was stationed in a strange city. I pretended not to speak English. Unfortunately, the FBI agent spoke fluent German. The dialogue was like a skit from a comedy play. But we both kept a straight face. (The neighbors always greeted me with an amused smile after that.)

Another time, I was called to the personnel office in the factory where I worked. The personnel director had a concerned look on her face. She pointed to two men and said: *These gentlemen would like to talk to you.* I still remember that agent's last name, because he visited a few times. He also visited my neighbors. One told him: *Yeah, I know him. He's a nice guy. He gives our kids piggyback rides.*

Every printer in one medium sized city refused to do our work. Two mentioned they had been visited by the FBI. We briefly considered buying our own print shop and going into competition with them! (There was only one printer we hadn't asked. He was a neighbor and we didn't want to put him in an awkward position.)

Over the years, two banks in different states had told us that they no longer needed to order certain foreign currencies from the big banks back east, because they got enough from us.

We seriously considered buying *two* different bank buildings over the years. One of them was an impressive three story building on a main road in a major U.S. city. We already had more than enough money to cover the down payment. But our need wasn't sufficient to justify the cost, so we decided against it.

One of those banks would occasionally phone first and then send a driver fifty miles to pick it up from us, when they needed it in a rush.

Sometimes I would personally take foreign currency to the other bank. The young lady at the foreign currency desk and I became friendly in the platonic sense.

One day she was absolutely beaming. After my last visit, somebody had rushed into her office and asked in sheer terror, if she knew who he'd just seen leaving her office. He had acted as if he'd just seen Billy the Kid leaving the bank carrying a big bag with banknotes falling out of it.

Twenty years (!) later, that bank informed us in writing that it was

“computer languages.”

The CEO told us straight out that he didn't like IBM. I never learned why.

The IBM sales team delivered a formal presentation in front of our whole executive staff plus the office supervisors. The salesman spoke first, then their tech guy. He rubbed me the wrong way. Rightly or wrongly, I had the impression that he had an “attitude”.

When he finished, I humbly asked him if I had understood him correctly. Then I presented the “equation” - as I had understood it from his presentation - and asked if this was right.

He confirmed my equation was correct.

Then I entered the numerical values for that equation. And asked if they were right.

Again, he confirmed everything was correct.

Then I ran the numbers through my head, speaking them aloud. Kind of like “If $a = b$ and $c = d$ then $e = f$ ” etc. etc....

But the two sides of the equation didn't equal!

Then I innocently asked: *What am I doing wrong?*

Dead silence. You could have heard a pin drop.

IBM didn't get the sale. We purchased a computer system from a different manufacturer. The hardware, which included a 40 MB central processing unit the size of a small refrigerator, some work stations and big wide-frame dot matrix printers, cost around \$70,000. We also had to hire a programmer to write the software at an estimated cost of about \$30,000.

Afterward, the other trainee told me: *You don't need a computer. You ARE a computer.*

When the CEO asked the General Manager to use the calculator to run up some figures during one staff meeting, I was doing the math in my head faster than the machine. Then the machine would confirm my answer. Finally, our results didn't match: “You're wrong, the answer is X!” - “No”, I replied, “Your machine truncated to two digits. It went three digits.” Re-adjusted, the machine confirmed my answer.

The reorganization of our operations during computerization occupied all of us for months. It forced us to reevaluate our procedures. Looking back, I would call it very educational. But at the time, I would have called it something else.

His explanation: “pass through”.

I knew this was nonsense!

But in the beginning, I was still way too new to openly question this. He might be offended and I might become unemployed.

The first time I brought it up later, I took great care to be very tactful. And to prove my case with numbers.

After patiently listening to me, he replied: *I understand everything you've just said. It makes sense to me. I don't see anything wrong with your reasoning... But I don't feel comfortable giving up the second catalog.*

I didn't push. At least he had listened to me and acknowledged my logic. And I still had my job.

Later, when I was starting to establish my reputation in the company, I brought it up again. This time, he went along with it. Our selling expenses dropped by *six digit figures* each year without any noticeable impact on sales.

Computerization

When I started at the company, it still did not have a computer.

We did have one machine, almost as big as a piano, which performed some of the tasks later computerized. But it was so complicated that only one employee other than the General Manager knew how to use it. (I don't remember what it was called.)

The first inventory system I encountered there was still in the development stage. Designed for only the *one* division with the *fewest* products, it consisted of oversized index cards with charts that had to be filled out by hand.

But it didn't work right. The numbers sometimes refused to balance!

The CEO said he couldn't figure out why. He asked me to try. The solution finally dawned on me that evening. The next morning, I explained the reason to the CEO. Together we fixed the system.

The second year I was there, the CEO decided to computerize.

Nobody in the whole company knew anything about computers. Let alone have any experience with them. Except for the other trainee, who had taken a computer course in college.

After him, I probably had the *most* experience. As a child, I had used big piles of discarded computer printouts as drawing paper. My father had brought them home from the university. Occasionally, I heard words like “Fortran” and “Cobalt”. They were something called

closing our account. Only much later did I find a clue. I obtained a copy of an Interpol document stating I was under investigation on suspicion of money laundering and gunrunning in the state of Utah! (Note: I've never even been to Utah in my whole life!)

Gretchen, who remembered the FBI from the 1930's, remarked: *Do they manufacture those fellows from a mold? They looked exactly the same as fifty years ago! I spotted them from fifty feet away!*

George commented: *The FBI likes to send their new agents to interview us as part of their training, because they know we're harmless.*

One of the funniest incidents was when three agents came to my door. I didn't want them in the house, so we walked to a nearby restaurant.

An older gentleman present was afraid I would never come back! He had lost kinsmen to the KGB in a similar manner. He wanted to phone the police.

The youngest and most inexperienced agent was Howard. He insisted he had proof I had received \$70,000 from terrorists! He promised to “shut me down”. I replied: *If you have proof, please come with me to the bank. Tell the bank president so he will credit my account for that amount!*

Does the FBI lie to its own agents? Do you actually believe their own BS? Or do they hire them from an acting school instead of from a law school as they claim?

But Howard did admit my house and car were modest. Definitely middle class.

Anyway, I published an amusing account of this incident. Afterward, Howard phoned to thank me for not revealing his last name!

A New Approach in the 1980's

In the 1980's, “legal arm” became the dominant force in the National Socialist movement in Germany. Our “illegal arm”, embodied in the NSDAP/AO, worked side by side with it, parallel but separate. I even offered to print a newspaper for the legal arm, but Michael Kühnen figured it'd just be banned anyway. This relationship was akin to two different branches of the armed services of the same nation.

Michael Kühnen devoted a whole chapter to my work in his book *Führertum zwischen Volksgemeinschaft und Elitedenken (Leadership Between Folk Community and Elite Think-*

ing).

Here is an excerpt:

The actual role model for a National Socialist leader of the new [postwar] generation, however, is Gerd Lauck, the organizational leader of the Preparatory and Foreign Organization of the NSDAP!

...
Party comrade Lauck created the actual National Socialist battle organization of the postwar period. The organization's construction started practically at the null point. Young comrades who today come to our still small, but functional and successfully working movement, will hardly be able to image that ten years ago nothing existed yet at all. No organization, no propaganda material, no conception, simply nothing: aside from a few fanatical young National Socialists who dared to approach an apparently hopeless task, namely the reconstruction of the National Socialist party and the struggle for the Fourth Reich.

Among them was Gerd Lauck, the actual leader personality: What an imagination, what will power and determination were required to sacrifice private life and profession for a movement, which did not even exist again at all, and which he himself would build from nothing in years of struggle! He organized the first printing possibilities, created with the NS KAMPFRUF the first open National Socialist newspaper of the postwar period, he developed the concept of a movement working in the propaganda underground with cell structure, he found financial possibilities – and with unimaginably meager resources, the struggle got into motion and found more and more followers in Germany.

In the process, party comrade Lauck consistently resisted the temptation, in view of the lack of a political infrastructure, to proclaim himself the new leader or to portray his small troop as newly re-founded NSDAP – both would have been a caricature of our great past! Instead he viewed his task as service to the future party. This discipline, the priority of the party, even if it did not exist yet at all, over the vanity of personal leadership, this renunciation of the recruitment of personal followers, the principle that leader and organization must prove themselves in the eyes of the activists, whose trust they must win before they can demand it the other way around – party comrade Lauck established all this in the developing movement. All this became a model for us, after we – emerging from the NSDAP/AO

Direct Marketing: Mail order campaigns that actually work! Everything is designed to *sell product!* Sales are recorded, measured and analyzed. New test ads are tested against the control ad.

I was trained in direct marketing!

Writing Copy

The CEO spent a lot of time teaching us how to write good copy. We were printing at least three or four different catalogs for the different divisions each year. The press runs went up to *one million copies* for just *one* of our multiple full-color catalogs.

A lot of money was at stake here. Optimization was essential.

We often agonized over the tiniest little detail in meetings attended by three or four executives.

This wasn't a "Thank You" note to grandma for the \$5.00 she gave you for your birthday!

Demographics

One of the main reasons the CEO had hired me was that he figured I'd be good at what he called "demographics".

By today's standards, that is akin to calling a *school nurse* a *brain surgeon*.

Customer sales were recorded on oversized index cards. Analysis required weeks of manual compilation and computation. I welcomed the task of "demographic analysis" despite all this. It fitted my skill set and provided an excellent opportunity to definitively prove my value to the company.

My "demographic analyses" proved *extremely profitable* for the company already in the first couple years. This greatly increased my job security and my annual bonus.

The "Pass Through" Blunder

Here is an amazing true story:

For years, the CEO had been including TWO full-color catalogs in every mass mailing!!!

If I had trained my *non-profit organization's volunteers* in such a chaotic manner, they would have quit....And if we had trained the *underground resistance* people like this, we would have all round up in prison.

Second, our *common foe*, namely a couple of brusque supervisors who sometimes gave the two of us a tough time.

Perhaps they resented the fact that the CEO had given strict orders that both trainees be addressed by "Mister" and last name. This directive applied *only* to the two of us and to the CEO himself. The other two senior executives, who had worked there since high school, were generally addressed by their first names.

Later I accidentally ticked off an assistant. When I asked her to "fetch" something, she shot back: *I'm not a dog! I don't fetch!* This was an innocent mistake on my part. "Fetch" doesn't have negative connotations out west. Nor do dogs. Unless, I suppose, a female thinks she's being called a dog. But this one had a very nice figure... Not that I noticed.

Third, the company was growing. So even if one of us was destined *not* to get the *top position*, he would probably stay on as an executive in the firm.

The CEO told both us trainees: *I know the supervisors are rough on you. If it gets too bad, come to me. I'll back you up!*

I felt he was completely sincere. But I *also* sensed those supervisors were clever enough to undermine us *despite* the CEO's support! My two predecessors had fallen victim to them. I would not underestimate them. I believe this is one of the reasons why I lasted so much longer than any other executive there aside from the "lifers".

Later, when those supervisors' behavior toward us had become intolerable, the CEO gave them a good talking to. After that, they were a little less overt.

Everybody else in the company got along fine.

General Marketing versus Direct Marketing

What is the difference?

General Marketing: A fancy advertising agency dreams up an advertisement for a well-heeled corporate client. It is witty, gorgeous, funny and sexy. It is quite entertaining. Everybody loves it. There's just one hitch: nobody remembers the client's product. Only the humor...and the cleavage.

– *created a legal arm of the National Socialist movement and thereby took a decisive step forward in the struggle for the party re-founding.*

But we must never forget to whom we owe that a foundation was set for this reconstruction work and the principles of genuine National Socialist leadership again became known – we owe this to Gerd Lauck and his NSDAP/AO. Their significance for our work simply cannot be overestimated – without this struggle by party comrade Lauck in the 1970's, our first breakthrough in the 1980's would have been simply inconceivable. And although our community has dominated the headlines for years and grown into the leading force in the National Socialist movement, we are nonetheless still always just the one, the legal arm of a single, unified movement, whose other, illegal arm remains the NSDAP/AO under the leadership of party comrade Lauck. This portion of our movement has also made great progress in the previous years, today possesses substantial technical and material possibilities and – as already in the past – thanks to its location in the USA possesses an unassailable position, which will always represent a safety net for us...

The accomplishments of the first decade and a half of his leadership work and his bearing of genuine leadership justify counting him already now among the great leader personalities of National Socialism, who are role model and inspiration for us all.

* * * * *

My services were no longer in as much demand. Thanks to my staff, even my "part-time" attention sufficed to keep the scaled down operation up and running.

I decided to pursue a business career. When I got the highest test score in company history, the self-made millionaire CEO was so impressed that he hired me on the spot. He trained me personally. I became his *Vice President of Marketing*. This training and experience are the foundation of my business knowledge.

Ironically, this CEO was Jewish! My friends debated whether or not "he knew". An old Bund comrade remembered similar situations: *After the war, a lot of people were afraid to hire us Bund people. But the Jews would. They knew we were good workers and would make them a lot of money. Furthermore, they would be exempt from criticism for hiring us.*

Later when the Iron Curtain fell, I left the world of business. I returned to "active service" as it were.

Chapter Five

I Become an Executive

You have a Yiddish mind!

The CEO's biggest compliment

The Interview

When I walked through the front door for the first time, I was somewhat taken back by the large Spartan room full of desks and people talking on phones. At the back, a small elderly man beckoned me. I walked over and took a seat.

What he told me sounded promising.

He had founded the company back in the 1940's in his basement as a manufacturing operation. When his business outgrew it, he purchased a brick building. When it grew still more, he expanded the building and built more warehouses.

His company consisted of three divisions. These were essentially three different businesses. They operated under the same roof with an overlapping staff.

There were two senior executives aside from himself: The General Manager, who ran the "office", and the Vice President of Production, who ran the "shop". Both had been hired right out of high school, stayed on and worked their way up the ranks. They did their jobs well and knew company procedure inside out.

But there was a problem.

He had been diagnosed with an incurable disease. It was one of those insidious diseases that can progress either *very slowly* or *very quickly*. He was preparing for the day when he would no longer be able to run his company himself.

He wanted to hire somebody to gradually assume his leadership role in the company. *And to personally train that person one-on-one!* He stressed the value of this training. I agreed whole-heartedly! *This was the opportunity of a lifetime!*

He had already made *two attempts* to find the right man. Both had failed. The first man had been fired after six months. The second, my immediate predecessor, an *MBA (!)*, had lasted eighteen months be-

fore being dismissed. I made a mental note that managers coming in from the outside obviously had a high mortality rate here.

The three top executives pondered how to find the right man.

Then the Vice President of Production came up with an idea: *Instead of hiring an older man already set in his ways, why not hire a young fellow. He'll be more adaptable. Then train him how we do things here.*

I thought to myself: *This explains why this opportunity has opened up for me DESPITE my lack of a college degree or ANY formal business education. And why the experience in mail order and publishing listed on my resume made me stand out.*

He summoned the General Manager. I was asked to take a test.

For many years now, he had insisted that every prospective employee who passed the initial screening take that test. He put a lot of stock in it. Based on past experience, he explained.

At the time, I didn't know my score or its full significance, but I knew I did very well. It was the kind of thing I'm pretty good at.

At any rate, I was quickly hired.

Training

About a week after I started work, a college graduate younger than me was hired for essentially the *same trainee position*. I was surprised and concerned. Nobody had said anything about *multiple* trainees! I thought I would be the only one!

My younger colleague once told me: *I go to bed late. I don't like to sleep. Sleep is a small piece of death.* That made me feel old. I countered: *I like to sleep. I can sleep longer than I can eat. I can eat longer than I can drink. I can drink longer than I can make love.* I thought this was a clever reply. But I still felt old.

I later learned the other trainee had actually started interviewing *before* me. After multiple interviews, he had been rejected. But he wouldn't take no for an answer. He was so persistent in his pursuit of the position that the CEO finally relented and hired him.

The Vice President of Production later told me he had actually suggested not *one* but *two* young men. *Two trainees* did not cost more than *one MBA*. This also offered backup in case one didn't work out.

Fortunately, both of us management trainees quickly became comrades-in-arms instead of rivals. Three factors contributed to this:

First, the *shared suffering* of the *chaotic training*.