



The New Order



#265

11 / 2022 (133)

My Experiences in the National Socialist Underground in Germany in the 1970's

by Gerhard Lauck

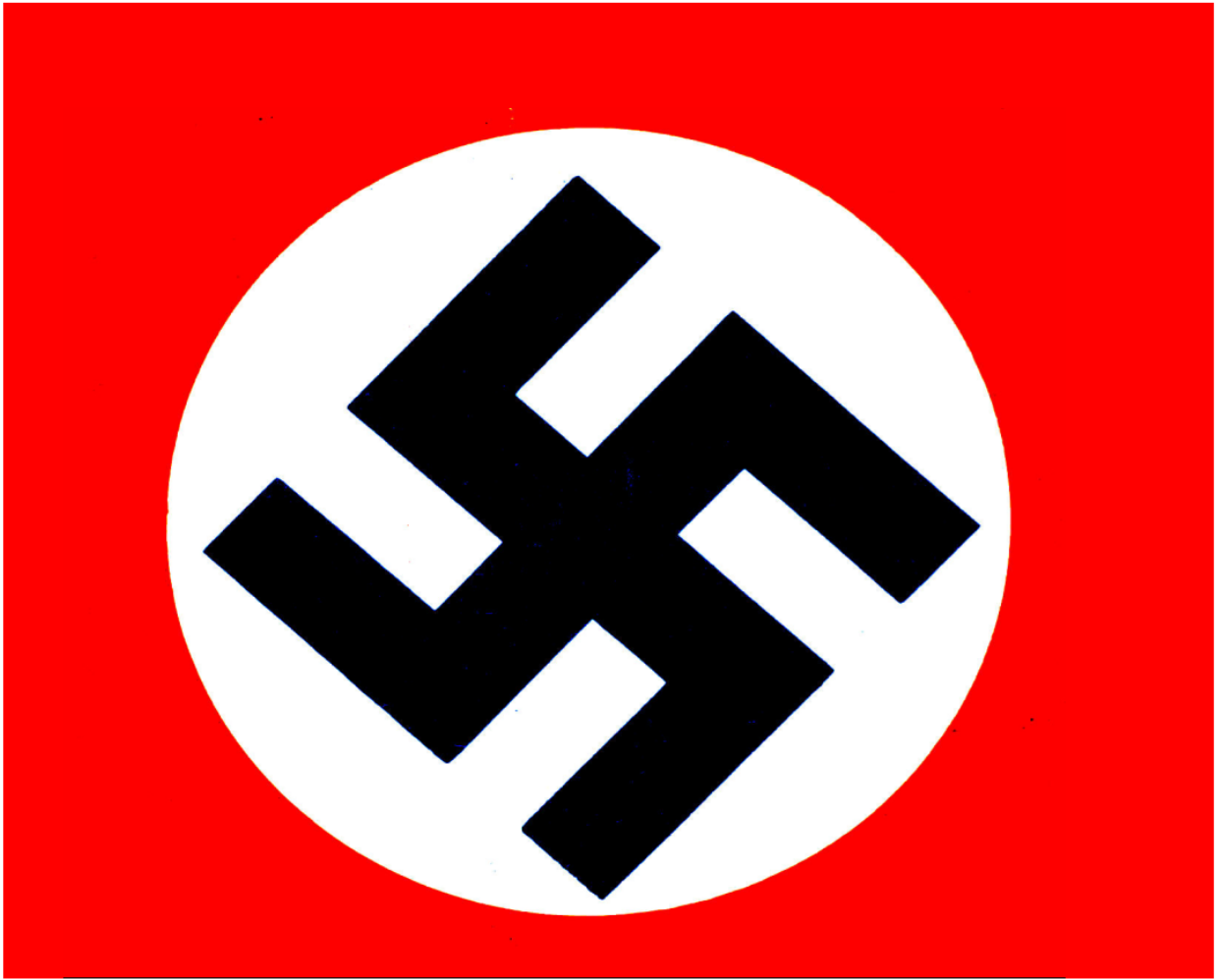
Part I: Preparation for a Front Visit

First, don't tell anybody that a trip is planned.

Second, memorize every name and address. It is too dangerous to write them down. A list could fall into enemy hands. (Telephone numbers are unnecessary. Phones might be tapped.)

Third, pack light. One suitcase for clothes. One briefcase for the rest. Luggage might be lost during travel. (This actually happened to me more than once.) Or be intentionally abandoned in order to flee faster! (This *almost* happened to me more than once.)

Suitcoat for extra pockets. Distribute cash in multiple pockets. Suitcoat and pants. And money belt.



Ausländer
RAUS !

NSDAP/AO : Box 6414
Lincoln NE 68506 USA
www.nsdapao.info

Part II: First Contact

Fly into another European country. Quickly cross the border into Germany. Visit contacts unannounced. Simply knock on the door in the evening or on a weekend. (There is a good chance they will be home.)

The door opens. There is a surprised look on the face of the person in front of me.

“Gerhard, I didn’t know you were in Germany!”

“Yes, that is the idea.”

The comrade’s wife prepares food.

We become good friends. This includes his family. And his pets.

We work out a simple code. Just for the two of us. Nobody else. And hence limited to just a few key concepts. Like code names and potential meeting locations. Because I will have to remember *many different codes*. (Private jokes are very useful for this purpose.)

We talk until early the next morning. Get only a few hours of sleep. Then the comrade leaves for work. And I leave for the next meeting.

The first few days are especially intense. I want to get as much done as possible. Before the political police realize that I am in the country.

Weeks or even months pass. Then I leave Germany.

Unless I receive an invitation that I simply cannot refuse. And check into a luxury hotel. As a guest of the state.

Part III: First Visit to the Fatherland

September 1972.

I am at the airport in New York. Suddenly a news announcement: The Israeli Olympic team has been killed! (Naturally, I feel sorry for the Palestinians.)

The next day I arrive in Europe for the first time. At the train station I hear somebody call my name. I turn around and see an attractive young female student I had known in college. (Not in the Biblical sense.)

The first comrade I meet in Germany on my first trip is an old SA man. He had fled from the Communist zone, when he heard that the Communists were coming to arrest him for the *third time*.

This first evening we take a walk on a country path. I bend down. Pick up a handful of soil of the ancestral homeland. And kiss it.

Admittedly, it does not taste good. No matter. This is a symbolic gesture. Heartfelt.

On the way back to his house he points to a gully. We have to avoid that area. Wild boar!

His ancient farmhouse is modest. Out-house. The kitchen stove provides the only heating.

When we sit down for our first meal, he proudly points at the swastikas on the plates and silverware. Third Reich originals!

Later he gives me an original, hand-sewn SA armband. It becomes one of my most cherished belongings. Along with our family Bible. And the original German MEIN KAMPF given to me by an American comrade. (He had purchased it in a used bookstore in New York City for \$10.00.)

During the next several weeks I visit comrades scattered throughout Germany.

When we learn a comrade has been arrested, I take another extensive trip to inform comrades. (We do not trust the phones.) During this trip I am concerned that I might be arrested. But this does not happen. I complete this task and return safely to the USA.

Part IV: My Own Experiences

I knock on the apartment door. It is opened by a dark-haired man. He smiles. Puts his hands on my shoulders. And kisses my cheek.

I exclaim: "It's a good thing I know you are French. Otherwise I would punch you in the nose!"

We both laugh.

Then I meet his wife. And cat. (The cat later steals a pair of socks from my suitcase. It is returned during my next visit.)

This veteran of the French Waffen-SS division Charlemagne had fought in the Battle of Berlin. He has many interesting stories!

After the war he joined the French Foreign legion. Fought in Algeria. Joined the OAS revolt. Fled to Germany.

The phone rings. He answers. Short conversation.

He explains: "That was a comrade. The police are coming. We have time to finish this glass of wine. But then we must leave."

We do that. Then we walk to a nearby tavern. It is owned by another comrade. We spend a few hours there. Our conversation shocks another guest. But nobody calls the police.

Another time he hands me a small sheet of piece. There are some unusual symbols on it. He tells me to keep it. But does not explain its significance. And I do not ask.

A great honor! I am invited to the home of the legendary Stuka ace Colonel Hans-Ulrich Rudel. (A half century later I still remember the address.)

Rudel flew over 2,000 combat missions. Destroyed 500-600 tanks. Sank a battleship and a cruiser. Was the most decorated German soldier in World War Two. (Hitler had a special medal designed for him alone.)

Rudel remained a loyal National Socialist even after the war.

When I enter his home I see his medals in a display case on the wall.

His young son wants a piggy-back ride. I am happy to give him one.

This Tarzan fan swipes my pen and hides it in a hamster cage. But his mother finds it and returns it to me.

While Rudel and I walk along a mountain path, he asks if I am afraid of heights. I am puzzled by this question. Then I look to the side. And see a steep cliff just past the bushes!

He says he sometimes wishes he had slanted eyes. Because the Japanese have more respect for their soldiers.

Rudel and I agree that Hitler was too humane. He comments: "Otherwise we would have won the war."

Back at his house we have tea with his wife and mother-in-law. All loyal National Socialists!

Otto Riehs hands me a copy of the magazine DER LANDSER. This issue describes how he became one of the few enlisted men awarded the Knights Cross to the Iron Cross.

Alone. Wounded. Manning a damaged anti-tank gun. He destroyed ten Russian tanks.

Now he is a taxi driver. Has a pet boa constrictor. And is active in the National Socialist movement.

I deliver a short speech at a meeting attended by nationalists from several European countries.

By coincidence I encounter other attendees afterward in a large beer hall. One of them is in the postwar German Luftwaffe. (During the next several years he sends us a donation each time his unit trains in the USA.)

Several of us, including some Spaniards, walk to the Feldherrnhalle. We stand at the exact spot where the memorial plaque for the martyrs of November 9, 1923 had once stood. Raise our arms in the Hitler salute. And sing the Horst Wessel Lied.

People walking past smile.

Three comrades want to sing a song. But each knows a different text. The old Stormtrooper knows the National Socialist text. The comrade who had fled from the Communist zone knows the Volksarmee text. I know the Bundeswehr text. (I had memorized the text on the back of a record jacket.)

A comrade and I are sitting around his kitchen table. The doorbell rings. He goes to the door and returns with a friend. The three of us sit around the table. My comrade introduces us.

“Gerhard, this is my friend X. He is the chief of police.”

“X, this of Gerhard Lauck. He is the head of the NSDAP/AO.”

I am surprised and shocked. “X” is equally surprised.

“X” jumps up.

And shakes my hand!

Fun Under the Swastika

National Socialist activism has its lighter moments, too! Here is an excerpt from Gerhard Lauck's booklet "Fun Under Swastika".

I was in St. Louis visiting local comrades. Walking down the street, my companion pointed out a newspaper stand run "by an old communist Jew".

Sure enough, coming closer I saw the communist party newspaper openly displayed. I asked him, "Are you a communist?" He replied, "I am an anti-fascist."

"Well, I see you sell the *communist* newspaper. Do you also sell the *National Socialist* newspaper?" (Of course, he didn't.)

I looked him in the eye, smiled, and said, "See you at the ovens!"

As my friend and I turned and walked away laughing, his "anti-fascist" screams could be heard for quite a while.

* * * * *

There was a knock on the door. When I opened it, I found two men in trench coats. They introduced themselves as FBI agents and presented their badges. Well, I had expected a FBI visit for some time...but not this particular morning.

When they started questioning me about a comrade, I simply claimed, "I kann kein Englisch." ("I don't speak English.")

But it didn't work. One replied: "Das macht nichts aus. Ich kann Deutsch." ("It doesn't matter. I can speak German.")

In the following conversation I kind of gave the impression that my name was "Otto Schmierkäse" and I thought the man in question worked for the "Franz Eher Verlag" [the German publisher of *Mein Kampf*]. Naturally, I didn't know the address of the man they were seeking.

As soon as they left, I put on a coat and departed for the nearest pay phone. They happened to drive around the block and saw me going. Nobody waved.

Now for the worst part. Two pretty young girls walking down the same sidewalk smiled at me. My pulse quickened at the thought of making their acquaintance. Unfortunately, I felt duty bound to get to that pay phone (several blocks away) as fast as possible. So the girls got away. Damn!

When I returned, the neighbor boy smiled, raised his arm in a salute, and greeted me with a loud *Heil Hitler!*

Gee, I wonder how *he* found out?



NS KAMPFRUF
KAMPFZEITSCHRIFT DER NATIONALSOZIALISTISCHEN DEUTSCHEN ARBEITERPARTEI AUSLANDS- UND AUFGABENORGANISATION
September 2014 September 2014

Der Kampf geht weiter !

Seitlang haben nach der Kapitulation der Wehrmacht am 8. Mai 1945 die nationalsozialistische Bewegung wieder als je zuvor in der Nachkriegszeit. Und zwar nicht nur in Deutschland, sondern auf globaler Ebene!

Mitglieder vom Movement, Völkischer, Völkischer und Völkischer haben nicht ausgereicht, das Kern der großen Idee unserer heilig geliebten Führer Adolf Hitler zu zerstören.

Alle Nationalsozialisten sind weiterhin auf der Welt und kämpfen um die Erlösung unserer Völkchen. Die Bewegung ist zwar nicht geworden, aber die Größe der biologischen Völkchen ist heute noch viel größer als in der Vergangenheit.

Der menschliche Körper ist also dabei, die Völkchen - gegen alle widrigen Völkchen - zu regenerieren. Neue Völkchen und Erneuerung, Überwindung und Renaissance.

Oh "Trotz" oder "Obwohl", als ein Volkstum oder ein Volkstum, ist ein Propagandamittel, bewirkt oder auf einen schädlichen anderen Art. Jeder Nationalsozialist ist ein Völkchen!

Hilf Hitler!
Gerhard Lank




Boletín de Noticias NS
www.nsdapao.org
#1005 19.06.2022 (132)
NSDAP/AO: PO Box 6414 - Lincoln NE 68506 - USA

Informe frontal
Entrevista con Molly
Tercera parte

NSK: Sus proyectos actuales están obviamente relacionados con la filosofía y el arte.

Describe su opinión sobre el impacto de estos temas en la política.

Molly: Bueno, trato de seguir actualizando la página de fotos, pero sobre todo me he concentrado en Adolf Hitler y el Ejército de la Humankind (www.movementjournalism.com/bush.html). Estoy en 21 páginas ahora, y tengo mucho más que hacer. Estudiar la Segunda Guerra Mundial es un absoluto campo de minas de información. Busco información sobre una cosa y te encuentras con diez cosas más para investigar. Se siente un poco como si fueras un arqueólogo, desenterrando el pasado enterrado. Un pasado que prefieres no sacar a la luz. Podemos volver a agradecer a Internet la avalancha de información y fotografías. A lo largo de los años han salido a la luz cosas extremadamente raras




the NEW ORDER
Number 176 (102) Founded 1978 April 20, 2017 (102)

The Fight Goes On !

Seventy years after the capitulation of the Wehrmacht on May 8, 1945, the postwar National Socialist movement is stronger than ever not only in Germany, but throughout Europe.

Decades of mass murder, expulsion, persecution, and defilement have not sufficed to destroy the seed of the brilliant idea of our much loved Führer Adolf Hitler.

All National Socialists and other racially-aware Europeans and racial kinmen fight side by side for the preservation of our White folk.

The movement has indeed become stronger, but the danger of biological folk death is also much greater today than in the past.

The desperate enemy is in the process of committing genocide against all White folk. His means are non-White immigration, culture destruction, and neo-racism.

Whether "legal" or "illegal", whether in election halls or street battles, whether armed with propaganda material or on a battlefield of a different kind every National Socialist must do his duty!

Hilf Hitler!
Gerhard Lank



The NSDAP/AO is the world's largest National Socialist propaganda supplier!

Printed and online periodicals in many languages
 Hundreds of books in many languages
 Hundreds of web-sites in many languages

Subscription Form

() *THE NEW ORDER* subscription for the next twelve issues. 30,00 Euro or US\$30.00. [Please specify which language edition you want!]

() *Donation – YOUR support makes our work possible!*

Name _____

Street _____

City _____ State or Province _____ Zip or Postal Code _____

Country _____

(Optional) Email Address / Telephone _____

Make checks payable to: NSDAP/AO

Mail to: NSDAP/AO – PO Box 6414 – Lincoln NE 68506 – USA (Or leave off "NSDAP/AO".)