

### **NS News Bulletin**

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

by Gerhard Lauck

#### **Continued from Previous Issue**

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

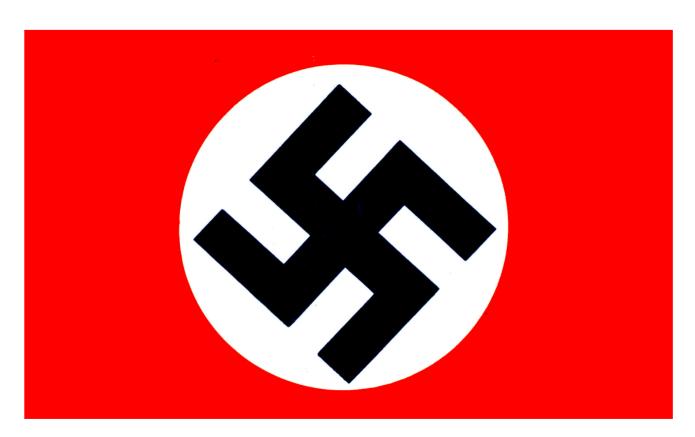
By coincidence I encounter other attendees afterward in a large beer hall. One of them is in the postwar German Luftwaffe. (During the next several years he sends us a donation each time his unit trains in the USA.)

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.



Unter diesem Zeichen ...

KEINE Ausländerflut KEINE Kriminalität KEINE Arbeitslosigkeit NSDAP/AO: Box 6414 Lincoln NE 68506 USA www.nsdapao.info "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!

I am sitting with a comrade in his home. The doorbell rings. The mailman delivers a package. My co-workers had sent it via surface mail a few weeks earlier. It contains several of our new large "DIN-A2" – approx. 17 x 22 inch – swastika posters.

Later I hang one of these large posters from the window as the train passes through the train station in Magdeburg in the Communist zone.

From experience I knew that the train stopped shortly before reaching the station. During this stop I quickly placed the poster outside the bathroom window. Then I hurried to the next car. Stuck my head out the window. And saw the poster flattering in the wind as we passed through the station, which was full of people.

This kind of poster is later used for a large-scale propaganda action. They are placed on Autobahn overpasses. A section of the Autobahn in the Ruhr is closed for several hours while the authorities remove them.

I am sitting with a comrade in his home. The phone rings. His relative says there is a news report about an American National Socialist in Hamburg who has been deported. I had been in Hamburg a couple days earlier. Is there a connection?

I decide to return to Hamburg and find out. Underway I purchase a newspaper and see an article with my photograph. The caption claims that I had "disappeared without a trace."

In Hamburg I ask a comrade. He says I made headlines in the *Hamburger Morgenpost*.

I had given a speech at a private gathering. After the meeting was officially closed by the organizer, I agreed to be photographed with a few comrades. In front of a swastika flag. This photograph appeared in the daily newspaper.

I consult an attorney. He had been one of the defense lawyers at the infamous Nuremberg tribunal.

I plan to leave Germany soon anyway. But I want to exploit this opportunity. Therefore, we announce my plan to give a speech with the theme *why I do not recognize my deportation order*. This announcement includes the location and time.

Naturally, we know I will not be able to deliver this speech. Therefore, I make a cassette recording. This recording will be played at the meeting.

When I arrive at the location, I see that I had more "manpower" than the police. They did not expect me to actually show up. My biggest bodyguard is bigger

than their biggest colleague. My lad grins as if to say: "Can I kill him now, boss?" Instead of arresting me, the police ASK me to accompany them. I agree.

At the police station I show them my airplane ticket. Icelandic Airlines. From Luxemburg to Chicago. Departure the next morning. I explain I have already checked all travel options. The only way I can make that flight is to leave Hamburg by train in 45 minutes. The police escort me to the Hamburg train station. A policeman gets on the train with me. But he gets off the train when it reaches the last station inside Hamburg. From there on I am alone.

Months later, back in the USA, I read an article in the bulletin of the West Berlin branch of the East Berlin Communist party (!) about this. It falsely claims that I am still in Germany.

Laundry is a complication, because I seldom stay long enough in one place. My solution is to bribe comrades' wives with either Mosel wine or Flensburg rum.

One time I try to transport too much. And break the hinge on my suitcase.

After spending one night at the home of a very attractive female comrade I very much look forward to the second night.

Unfortunately, our security officer thinks it is too dangerous for me to spend more than one night at the same location.

Naturally, I am very disappointed!

Another time I am lodged with an older, but still attractive, female comrade. She smiles and assures me that she will not molest me.

Unfortunately, I fail to reply that I would not mind.

The next day we visit an SS widow. She gives me a beautiful full-color photograph of Adolf Hitler. It had been cut out of a postwar (!) German newspaper.

## **Media Excerpts**

The praise from our friends gives us encouragement. However, the *recognition from our enemies* provides an even more persuasive verification of our effectiveness. It is certainly just as sincere, but less biased in our favor. And hence all the more convincing!

"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 Kampfruf, or the National Socialist Battle Cry, was read by an estimated 10,000 Germans, prosecutors said...

"In his memior, 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







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