



NS News Bulletin

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

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Gerhard Lauck

The Education of an Evil Genius

Part 1

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 Stiftstidende* (Denmark), *Frankfurter Allgemeine 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 promptly 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*.

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 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!


NS KAMPFRUF
KAMPFSPORTELL DER NATIONALSOZIALISTISCHEN DEUTSCHEN
ARBEITERPARTEI AUSLANDS - UND AUFGABENORGANISATION
November 1944 Copyright 1973 20. April 2007 0.06

Der Kampf geht weiter !

Seitdem haben nach der Kapitulation der Wehrmacht am 8. Mai 1945 ist die nationalsozialistische Bewegung stärker als je zuvor in der Nachkriegszeit. Und zwar nicht nur in Deutschland, sondern auf globaler Ebene!
Täglich von Mord, Verbrechen, Verfolgung und Verdrängung haben nicht ausgereicht, den Kern der gesamten Idee unseres heilig geliebten Führers Adolf Hitler zu zerstören.

Alle Nationalsozialisten und sonstige arbeitsfähige Völker sind Kampfgenossen stehen Schulter an Schulter an Kampf um die Erhaltung unserer völkischen Kultur.
Die Bewegung ist zwar stärker geworden, aber die Gefahr des biologischen Völkermord ist heute noch viel größer als in der Vergangenheit.
Die verwerfliche Grenze ist aber dabei, den Völkermord - gegen alle weisen Völker (7) - zu begreifen. Keine Mord und Ermordung, Überlebende und Rassenmischung.
Ob "legal" oder "illegal", ob im Weltkrieg oder im Innenkampf, ob als Propagandamittel, handlich oder auf einem Schießfeld anderer Art: Jede Nationalsozialist ist ein Kämpfer!
Hail Hitler!
Gerhard Lank


TROTZ VERBOT NICHT TOT !


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Front Report
Interview with Molly
Part Three

NSK: Your current projects are obviously philosophical and art related.
Please describe your views on the impact of such topics in politics.

Molly: Well I try to still update the photo gallery, but mostly I've been concentrating on Adolf Hitler and the Army of Mankind (www.moumimingthecent.com/truth.htm). I'm at 21 pages now, and I have so much more to do. Studying WWII is an absolute minefield of information. You seek out information on one thing and find two more things to research. It feels a bit like you are an archeologist, unearthing the buried past. A past that they would rather not be brought to light. We can thank the internet again for the flood of information and pictures. Extremely rare stuff has



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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 countrymen and social 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 race-mixing.
Whether "legal" or "illegal", whether in election battle or street battle, whether armed with propaganda material or on a battlefield of a different kind, every National Socialist must do his duty!
Hail Hitler!
Gerhard Lank


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