



NS News Bulletin

**NSDAP/AO : PO Box 6414
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Gerhard Lauck

The Education of an Evil Genius

Part 4

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 corre-

spondence 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.

Birth of the NSDAP/AO

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 fund-raising. 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 newspa-

per. 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*, 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.


NS KAMPFRUF
KAMPFSPARTI DER NATIONALSOZIALISTISCHEN DEUTSCHEN
ARBEITERPARTEI AUSLANDS - UND AUFGABENORGANISATION
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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!
Todesmarsch von Stettin, Verfolgung, Verdrängung und Verdrängung haben nicht ausgereicht, das Kern der gesamten Idee unserer heilig geliebten Führer Adolf Hitler zu zerstören.

Alle Nationalsozialisten und sonstige arbeitsfähige Völker sind Kampfgenossen stehen Schulter an Schulter an Kampf um die Erhaltung unserer völkischen Völker.
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 wissen Völker (7) - zu begreifen. Keine Mord und Ermordung, Überlebende und Rassenmischung.
Ob "legal" oder "illegal", ob im Weltkrieg oder im Innenkampf, ob im Propagandakrieg, handelt es sich auf einem Völkermord anderer Art. Jeder Nationalsozialist ist sein Pflichten.
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.moumingshancient.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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