



# NS News Bulletin

NSDAP/AO : PO Box 6414  
Lincoln NE 68506 USA  
[www.nsdapao.org](http://www.nsdapao.org)

#1140

19.01.2025 (136)

Gerhard Lauck

## The Education of an Evil Genius

Part 6

### 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 deported.

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!*

*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. One time I had enjoyed the platonic company of a beautiful woman. I looked forward to re-

turning 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!





# 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



## NSDAP/AO nsdapao.info