



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 7

Cells & Networks

We strictly upheld the cell system for security reasons.

However, a lonely cell leader, Armin, found a way around this. He participated in a torch march organized by the youth branch of the NPD. There were about 150 participants. He shouted: *AO to the rear!* (NSDAP/AO, or simply AO, are the abbreviations for our organization's very long German name.)

He found our people constituted a full third of the whole demonstration! Contacts were made. Very successful large-scale campaigns resulted.

Multiple teams saturated even downtown streets in major cities with hundreds of our posters in a single night. Lookouts with walkie-talkies were posted at the ends of a street. Two teams worked both sides of the street. There was always a huge uproar the next morning.

Sometimes an arrest was made. The regime proclaimed victory. But then the spectacle repeated itself a few weeks later.

This continued for quite some time. But eventually things ended as they had to end.

Nonetheless, the long-term result was the existence of both small cells in the traditional sense and larger "cell networks". The former had a defensive advantage and latter had an offensive advantage.

Comedy of Errors

I was the project leader.

The task was to move supplies through multiple neutral countries to the final destination in a hostile country.

Several teams were actively involved. Generally, team A spoke language A, team B spoke language B and team C spoke language C.

If I was *lucky*, teams in *direct contact* with each other soon discovered a common language understood by at least one member of each team.

If I was *not lucky*, I was forced to serve as liaison and interpreter.

This was one of the times when I was *not lucky*.

We can safely say in this case: *What we have here is a failure to communicate.*

Team A asks a question.

I translate.

Team B answers the question.

I translate.

Team A rejects the answer.

I translate.

Team B insists the answer is correct.

I translate.

Team A says the answer is *obviously* wrong for such and such a reason.

I translate. But I also ask *why* the answer is correct.

Team B explains the answer is *obviously* correct for such and such a reason.

Stop!

I immediately grasp the problem: *mentality!* I have more than enough experience under my belt to understand both mentalities and grasp exactly what is happening here. – So I explain everything to both teams. Both listen to my explanation and nod in agreement. Yes, now everything is clear.

What happens next?

We go back to the very first step!!!

Why?

It simply will not sink into the head of Team A!

For them, it is simply inconceivable that the correct answer is indeed correct. Imagine, if you will, that someone were to tell you that $1+1 = 2$ is NOT a universal truth. “Maybe $1+1 = 2$ in the USA, but $1+1 = 3$ in European $1+1 = 4$ in Asia.” - *Obviously* wrong, you say! *But are you absolutely, positively sure of that?*

Actually, $1+1 = 2$ is NOT always right! What if the numbering system is *not* based on *ten*! In a numbering system based on 2, for example, $1+1 = 10$!

Here's another example: "Yes = yes and no = no." But does it? I later found that in Asia "yes" does not always mean "yes" in the Western sense. It can have *three different meanings*: First, yes in the sense of simply being *polite*. Second, yes in the sense of "yes I understand what you mean." Third, "yes" in the sense of "yes I agree with you!"

But our tale of woe continues.

In route through multiple neutral countries, I spot a suspicious pair of men. Later I notice someone taking a long-distance photograph of us while kneeling next to our car in the parking lot.

The moment of truth comes, when we finally get to the crucial border to the hostile country. We get through!

However, there is still a chance we were allowed through in order to identify our co-workers.

The shipment is taken to an alternate storage area. I take a small portion of it with me.

Financial limitations later compel me to take greater risks than usual. I am arrested with my portion of the shipment. It is large enough to cause quite a stir, but not enough to hurt us much.

I see the above-mentioned suspicious pair at the police station. One of them tells me that following us had been "child's play". I fear for the worse.

But we're lucky. I am the only one arrested.

Sure, the police search the homes and offices of the others, but they find nothing. My people aren't even taken into custody!

Maybe the surveillance team lost us. Maybe they simply got lazy and figured they would seize the supplies and make the arrests during later raids...In effect, *their mistakes* balanced out *our mistakes*!

The end result is one man, namely me, spending a few months in prison and the loss of an acceptable portion of the supplies. The bulk of the supplies escape seizure and are put to excellent use. We win this round. [See *Hotel One*, *Hotel Two* and *Judicial Game Show #1*.]

Even the brief prison time is worthwhile. It is educational. Much later, we are suspicious of any long-term hardcore activist leader who *doesn't* have some prison time under his belt.

I remember one case in particular (Ewald), where this turned out to be true.

But I am still lucky. In the early days, we still are not taken that seriously. Prison sentences are generally in the months. Later, when we will be taken seriously, they will become years. The future dominant figure in the "legal arm of the movement", Michael Kühnen, spent half of his adult life in prison solely for thought crimes!

A comrade by the name of Kurt put it this way: *A man without prison is like a man without scars!*

My First Imprisonment

The first state-run luxury hotel was strict, but sympathetic. I was allowed to hang a small resistance banner from South America on my wall and to keep resistance literature in my room. Hotel staff would often come by for a friendly chat.

I remember the very first time a bellboy escorted me to my new home away from home. He gave me a puzzled look and commented: *You don't belong here?*

When I started to explain, he interrupted: *Yes, I remember reading about you in the newspaper!* The whole staff treated me as an honored guest. Obviously, I had many fans here.

One night I was standing on my table next to the window. I wanted to see the stars. An attendant entered my room and asked what I was doing. I told him. While he inspected the window, I walked over to the door. Being fun-loving, I contemplated stepping out into the hall, closing the door and locking him in my room! Just as a joke. But I decided against it. It's not a good idea to tick off the hired help.

One time a visitor handed me a slip of paper on the sly. I hadn't expected this and dropped it on the floor. This was awkward. What should we do? Fortunately, the hotel staff member supervising the visit did the unexpected. Instead of seizing it and chastising us, he simply picked it up and handed it to me!

I put my vacation to good use. I wrote a booklet describing the basic concepts behind the NSDAP/AO. It was entitled *Die NSDAP/AO: Strategie, Propaganda und Organisation*. (*The NSDAP/AO: Strategy, Propaganda and Organization*. An English edition was never published. However, we later published both English and German editions of another booklet entitled *An Introduction to the NSDAP/AO: The Fights Goes On!*)

The second hotel was different. Everything was confiscated. But I got it back when I checked out.

Ironically, although the management was clearly not sympathetic, the guest rules were generally much less strict than in the first hotel.

For example, it had a kind of "lobby". Basically a community room with a television. We guests would hang out there a couple hours each day, watch television, play cards or just chat.

The first time I was there, one of the staff members came in and handed me a stack of letters.

Confused, one of the other guests asked: *Why did you give him ALL the mail?*

The reply: *I didn't, that's all HIS!"*

At first, I kept to myself.

Then one day, one of the fellows playing cards at another table looked over at me and casually asked: *Murder?*

I smiled, shook my head and said *No!*

Another time, there was a prison movie on television. One of guests commented this didn't seem appropriate under the circumstances. The others agreed. Somebody changed the channel.

Against All Odds

Several months after my release, I coordinate a similar project. This time, the opponent is ready for us. But we are also well prepared.

I meet the team leader, Uwe, in a neutral country, namely Denmark, near the border to the hostile target country, namely Germany. He informs me there is massive surveillance in place.

I get into his car and we start driving toward the border crossing anyway. Only a few yards before we reach the gate, he turns around and races away from the crossing. Looking around, we see half a dozen unmarked cars dart out from the other side of the border.

These cars follow us as we drive along a road running parallel to the border. Then we stop, get out and walk into the woods in the direction of the border. The key exchange of information takes place in these woods only yards from the border. As we're finishing, we see flashlights flickering in the dusk, approaching us from the road, presumably the German police. We return to our car, leave and later split up.

When I then proceed alone to another neutral country, namely the United Kingdom, I am stopped at the border. The police inform me that the counterpart to the U.S. Secretary of the Interior, namely the Home Secretary, has personally ordered me stopped. I agree to leave voluntarily and at my own expense, but ask permission to make a phone call. It is granted.

In the presence of the police, I call Michael, the leader of an allied group in this country, explain the situation and ask him to meet me at my planned departure point. I offer to take him with me to my next destination at my expense. He agrees.

After my telephone conversation, the police official is called into the next room. Upon his return, he informs me that I will not be allowed to make any more phone calls.

When I explain the magnitude of surveillance to Michael, I can tell he doesn't believe me. He tactfully explains to me that this is *his* country, he has *many years of experience* here and he therefore *knows what the police do and don't do here!*

I fully understand this. But I must convince him that this situation is totally different from anything he has ever experienced in the past. So I point out three people and ask him to remember their faces, because he will be seeing them again. He is skeptical, but agrees.

I have had this experience several times over the years, especially with both political activists and lawyers. *Governments apply different rules to us!*

During the next week or so, the two of us identify beyond any reasonable doubt over twenty surveillance agents and half a dozen vehicles.

We even make a game of it.

We pretend we don't spot them watching us with binoculars through the window of a restaurant across the street. Then we stroll into that inn, I make a suspicious phone call and we rush off into a dark alley. We see they are following us and manage to lose them. Then we find a nice dry spot and watch them running around for hours in the rain trying to find us.

Sometimes we take a different approach. When I see an all too familiar face on a railway platform, I walk up and down the crowd and scrutinize each individual as if I'm looking for somebody. Most people probably think I'm a policeman. But the surveillance agent gets nervous.

We do this in small town after small town along the border for a week or so. We see the same faces and vehicles again and again.

At the end of his part in this, Michael looks at me and exclaims: *When I get home and tell my people what I've seen with my own eyes, they won't believe me!*

My own work is far from over.

After wearing down the surveillance teams, I retreat from the border region. They figure I'm withdrawing and are all too happy to finally get some much earned rest! Their guard is down. That's when I make my move!

I manage to sneak into still another neutral country, namely Belgium, undetected. From there, I make another attempt to enter the United Kingdom. But I fail. I'm kicked out again, the second time within one month. I am forced to return to Belgium.

The police there obviously know I'm coming. So I expect to be arrested upon arrival.

The conversation then goes something like this:

Policeman: *Come with us.*

Me: *Am I under arrest?*

Policeman: *No, I just want to know what you're doing here.*

Me: *I hear there are some beautiful churches here. I have come to see them.*

Policeman: *We know who you are.*

Me: *Okay. I am simply waiting for a courier to arrive with information and funds. I do not plan any activity in your country at all. Unless you insist, in which case I can make one phone call and carloads of activists will rush right over here.*

Policeman: *No, don't do that! Look, I'm under orders to report your movements daily to the national capital.*

Me: *Do you know a cheap place to stay? I'm low on funds.*

Policeman: *Actually, there's a hotel near here. The owner thinks like you do. I've always wanted to meet him, but never had an excuse. I tell you what, I'll take you there, introduce you and explain the situation. I think he'll put you up for free until your friend arrives with the money.*

Me: *Sounds good to me!*

We do this. It is mutually beneficial. I have a nice place to stay and he can keep tabs on me. He visits me every day. We drink *Trappist* beer together. I give him an update and we have a nice chat. He reports to the capital. One day he invites me to accompany him on a drive through the country and I do so. He stops at every church along the way so I can take a look at it.

This policeman makes it clear that he doesn't care about us. But he *detests* our opponent! He does NOT want to do our opponent the FAVOR of interfering with us!

Finally, the day comes when I can report that I have booked a seat on a flight leaving the next day from the neighboring country's airport, namely Luxemburg.

Then he surprises me: *I have a suggestion. Let me drive you there! That way, I can report to my superiors that I personally put you on the plane. And you save travel fare.*

I gladly agree.

That evening I spend the last of my money on a fancy meal. I sure hope he'll keep his promise.

He does keep it. I return to the USA with 20 cents in my pocket. I use it to call a friend to pick me up. I stay with him until I receive more money for the last leg of my trip home.

Despite the opponent's intense efforts, we complete the project with NO losses at all in men or material.



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