



NS News Bulletin

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The Education of an Evil Genius

Part 9

Chapter Four “Expert”

Over the years I became a *recognized authority* as it were in my field of expertise. Governments, semi-governmental organizations and private enterprises sought me out. On several occasions, they flew me to Europe at their expense. This usually meant they wanted me either as a witness or for an interview.

Aside from expenses, I was happy to assist them *pro bona*.

Commercial entities, on the other hand, sometimes paid me handsomely for my services! I would donate my fee to a non-profit organization.

It was not uncommon for a foreign government to acknowledge the significance of my work in both official publications and internal documents.

My personal archives contain several letters signed by top-level government officials, including the counterparts to three *U.S. presidential cabinet members*, the *Oval Office* and the *directors of both the FBI and CIA*!

I was once informed that I was the “main topic of conversation” in a meeting between European government officials and FBI Director Freeh went he landed in Germany. Apparently, he was totally surprised. He had never heard of me. This

was not surprising, since most of my work was in Europe.

My interlocking experience in multiple fields and multiple countries, combined with my analytical mind, often enabled me to see things that other people, even *experts in those same fields*, failed to see!

One amazed expert told me: *When you first told me, I didn't believe you. But you were right! How did you know???*

I was not surprised by these words. I had heard them many times in the past.

At any rate, my work as an “expert” has provided me with many fond memories.

Another time a retired political police (*Verfassungsschutz*) agent testifying in a German court spoke of my work with such great respect that I was moved. Coming from an opponent, this obviously meant more than if it had come from a fan. This recognition was even mentioned in the press.

An Assassination Attempt

My work was sometimes dangerous!

A parcel bomb once actually reached my room. I was already holding it in my hands. Then I sensed something was odd and called the police. A bomb expert reported that, if it had exploded, it definitely would have killed me!

This was not the only bomb attack I experienced, but it was the one that came closest to ending my life.

Nonetheless, I like to view an assassination attempt as a compliment of the most sincere kind.

My Testimony in a Terrorist Trial

My testimony at one *terrorist trial* in particular was quite memorable. Here is the story of my 1979 trip to Bückeburg.

When my plane arrived at an international airport, I was stormed by a mob of reporters. I had been instructed in advance *not to say anything to the press*. I clenched my teeth and did not utter one single word. Not even my customary “No Comment!”

The press continued to hound me in the waiting room. I told myself I would soon escape them, when I boarded the connecting flight.

But I was wrong! Half a dozen of them got on the plane with me!

When this plane landed at the next airport, it started to taxi down the runway.

But then it stopped before reaching the gate. Everybody, me included, wondered what was up. Then it came to me: Does this have anything to do with *me*?

I could hear the door open. A stewardess came and told me to follow her. I was sent down the ramp into a waiting vehicle. This vehicle drove me to a restricted area.

Upon my arrival, I was approached by three men in street cloths. They identified themselves as policemen.

One informed me: *We are taking heightened security precautions, because there is concern over a possible assassination attempt against you!*

The four of us then drove to a waiting military helicopter and took off. Flying over the city, I could make out some women sunbathing on a roof. Unfortunately, I couldn't see if they were topless, because we were too high. At least I got a free ride on a helicopter.

We landed on a country road out in the middle of nowhere. Four cars were waiting for us. One was for the four of us and the other three were additional security. Then we drove to a pleasant out-of-the way hotel. These three policemen stayed with me 24/7.

Our supper meal, wine and conversation were very enjoyable. One policeman told a joke that seemed a bit odd given his profession.

There are four things a good German must do in his life: Write a book, build a house, father a child and get arrested at least once.

The next morning, we drove to a maximum security prison. For security reasons, the trial of a group of terrorists was being held here. I was about to testify at that trial.

The events in the courtroom were memorable, yes, even dramatic.

This was billed as *the largest neo-Nazi terrorist trial in postwar German history*.

All my friends loved the graphics. The opposing team hated them. Instead of just chalking it up to difference tastes, they insisted on making a big deal out of it. Gee, some people!

A television tower had accidentally fallen down during the broadcast of an especially repulsive program. Our news coverage of this event included an artist's highly stylized depiction of this calamity. It was published shortly *before* I received my invitation to appear on this game show.

The difference between the words "or" and "through" was absolutely crucial in this case. Namely, *Freedom or Revolution!* as opposed to *Freedom through Revolution!* The "prosecutor" was so upset that he threatened to ignore my immunity and have me arrested right there in the courtroom. He sounded serious.

This time, I was only a *guest star* with a *brief but important supporting role*. In other words, I was a "defense witness", not a "defendant". Nonetheless, the re-

gime had to officially grant me temporary immunity from arrest before I agreed to participate in this particular show.

First, the “defense attorney” delivered a speech explaining why my immunity should NOT be violated.

Then the chief “defendant”, Michael Kühnen, gave his speech along the same lines.

This famous dissident and close comrade of mine was on trial with several other people. The court admitted he did NOT participate in their “crimes”. However, he was convicted and sentenced to four years prison anyway! Why? He was deemed the “intellectual instigator”, because he shared their ideological beliefs. This sufficed to make him criminally liable.

While they did this, I mentally prepared my own, necessarily very brief, speech. Namely what I would defiantly shout right after my arrest was ordered.

But then the “prosecutor” backed down.

I must congratulate him on his acting ability! He really had us going for a while there.

At any rate, the rest of the day was anti-climatic.

After my court appearance, three friends were allowed to visit me in my hotel room.

Of course, we presumed the room was bugged. We communicated by writing on slips of paper and then burning them in the ashtray. While this was going on, we badmouthed the political police something terrible. Nothing personal. Just for the sake of the bugs. (When they left, the police looked bewildered and disappointed!)

One of my visitors was my “Ersatz-Mutti” or “substitute mom”, Ursula. She and her husband Kurt played a leading role in the nationalist prisoner aid organization. The third visitor was a young French activist who had helped Kühnen during his exile in France. (Several years later, this Frenchman was attacked and horribly maimed.)

On my return trip, I stopped off in Chicago, where I had a fateful encounter.

The Mass Media

I quickly learned the media’s reputation for incompetence and bias was well earned.

At first, I always tried to provide a reasonable and accurate presentation of my views. But this was always ignored.

Finally, I decided to always throw in at least one outlandish and bloodthirsty quote. Akin to the token sex scene in a movie that isn’t about sex,

but Hollywood insists on it anyway.

One interview was so distorted that I wouldn't have recognized it as mine, if I hadn't been mentioned by name.

A colleague told me a reporter phoned him after publication of his own interview to apologize: *I didn't write it like that! The editor completely rewrote it!*

Another reporter, whose parents were friends of my family, refused an assignment: *I won't write what they want me to...and they wouldn't print what I would write!*

An acquaintance, who dealt with the press in a totally non-controversial area, assured me the media made many mistakes there, too.

One reporter even followed around my elderly mother! I phoned his boss at home: *If my family's address is published in your paper, I will return the favor. I will publish the addresses of the reporter and his boss and his boss's boss!*

The resultant article was one of the most vicious ones I've ever seen. But it did NOT include family addresses.

Of course, the media always referred to obviously extremely hostile and biased sources as being "reliable". But this also had an advantage. At one of my trials years later, a German government official referred to the same source as reliable. No wonder their intelligence was way off! Our supposed enemy was a valuable, albeit blissfully ignorant, conduit for false information. God bless them!

Imagine the following scenario. You decide to take a course on Jewish history. The professor enters the classroom. He is wearing a Nazi armband. He instructs you to purchase *Mein Kampf* as your primary text book. Do you think this course will be unbiased?

Frankly, most of the "literature" on the Third Reich is no less biased! Regardless of your views, you deserve the facts! If you can't find an "objective" book, read *openly* subjective books from BOTH sides.

Anyway, the hostile press generally portrayed its intended victim either as ridiculous crackpot or as terrible menace. The latter offered a bigger story for the reporter. It was also preferable for us. Furthermore, official German government publications kindly verified our significance.

Our "media kit" later included physical copies of all ten of our tabloid newspapers plus a booklet. Entitled *An Introduction to the NSDAP/AO: The Fight Goes One!*, this booklet included extensive mainstream media quotes, the NSDAP/AO's chronology and various articles. Sometimes we even threw in a videocassette. Even the laziest reporter could extract enough information to write his own entertaining article. (We also had a German-language edition.)

Already in the early and mid-1970's, we started to get media coverage. This early coverage included a front page article in the local paper in Lincoln and a feature

article in the Sunday supplement to the *Omaha World-Herald*. My friend George, an old Rockwell activist, participated in the latter.

When the FBI asked George if he knew me, he said no, but he'd like to meet me! The FBI kindly put us in contact. We became pals. He introduced me to many valuable contacts!

Many of my overseas trips were financed by governments, government-affiliated media and privately owned media. Sometimes they just handed me a stack of \$100 bills. It was kind of like professional wrestling. The hostility was just part of the act.

I do not wish to imply they agreed with my views. Quite the opposite! But, hey, business is business. The media is a prostitute. It wants a good story. A good story means profit. It would sell out Jesus for thirty pieces of silver...and then sign a book and film deal with Judas.

Almost more pathetic were the journalists who were obviously sincere in their aversion and desire to harm us. They were played just as easily, but without profit for them or harm to us. Quite the opposite: Their obviously sincere hostility made them more credible as a source for false information.

A few interviews were particularly amusing.

My 1979 CBS *Sixty Minutes* interview with Ran Rather

His first question went like this: *You have been called a rich Godfather who supplies the Neo-Nazi underground in Germany with propaganda material, money and guns. Is this true?*

His facial expression was serious. I had to struggle to keep from laughing. (I don't recall whether or not this question was used in the broadcast.)

When this interview was broadcast in January 1979, it included a close-up shot of our PO Box 6414 in Lincoln Nebraska. The result was duffel bags of mail every day for weeks. Over 90% of this mail consisted of simple requests for information. The remainder was equally divided between fan mail and hate mail... When this interview was broadcast again in July 1979, we received even more mail than the first time.

My 1992 ABC *Primetime* interview with Chris Wallace

One segment of the interview went like this:

Wallace: *If Hitler was such a great man, why did he lose the war?*

Lauck: *First, he was greatly outnumbered. Second, he was betrayed. Third, he was too humane.*

Wallace: *Hitler was too humane?*

Lauck: *Yes.*

Wallace: *Let me get this straight, you're saying Hitler was TOO HUMANE?*

Lauck: *Yes, Adolf Hitler was the greatest man who ever lived. But he was too humane. We will not make that mistake again.*

The Simon Wiesenthal Center later quoted the last part. It was printed on the outside of a fundraiser mailing envelope.

Wahrheit macht frei! (Truth makes free!)

This Swedish documentary film featured me prominently. It was almost like a paid advertisement. The ominous music used in the soundtrack was hilarious. Reminiscent of a B rated gangster or even horror film. It was later broadcast in a dozen countries.

There are many more extensive print media quotes in the back of this book.

* * * * *

The same governments that were dumbfounded by the *concept of free speech* nonetheless attempted to use it to their own advantage. Not in the east, of course, rather in the west. Against us!

Presumably, they hoped to pressure Western governments to “crack down” on us. If this was their intent, then they failed miserably.

In fact, they shot themselves in the foot!

The stories they leaked to the media often resulted in substantial publicity. This free advertising was worth gold. Whether the media was a *willing accomplice* or an *unwitting pawn* made no difference. I have several scrapbooks bulging with news clippings.

One of my favorites is my interview in the U.K. edition of *Reader's Digest*, which was entitled: *Evil Genius of Germany's Neo-Nazis!* I was highly amused. But I also felt flattered.

Oddly enough, another magazine, *Der Spiegel*, quoted the mayor of my town as describing me as a “model citizen”.

Which version is correct: Evil genius or model citizen?



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