



NS News Bulletin

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Gerhard Lauck

The Education of an Evil Genius

Part 10

Law Man & Outlaw

Sometimes a former (?) foe wanted my help in a matter involving a former (?) friend. The situation was often both bizarre and confusing. Akin to the Old West, where the line between *law man* and *outlaw* was sometimes blurred.

Murderers sometimes received shorter prison sentences than non-violent activists. This injustice only promoted radicalization. Some activists figured: *If I'm going to do the time, I might as well do the crime, too!*

Isolated acts of violence were the result.

Thanks to my extensive contacts, it often wasn't hard to establish at least an indirect "link" to me. Furthermore, our literature was very widely distributed in dissident circles. It was often found during searches or even at "crime scenes".

Sometimes I knew "terrorist suspects" from many years earlier. Back when they were still part of the *non-violent* resistance movement. Of course, there was never any involvement or interference.

The only psychologically half-way effective way to counteract this trend was to tell them: *We agree those dirty dogs DESERVE to be boiled in oil and stranded on a desert island with their mother-in-law. But we don't want to play into their hands. Maintain discipline!*

Immunity from Arrest

Ironically, some of the governments requesting my assistance had, at least at one time or another, actively combated my underground activity. I still faced the very real prospect of arrest at the border. Therefore, I had to be granted an official *immunity from arrest!* They did this more than once. Specifically in 1979 in Bückeburg and in 1992 in Stuttgart.

On March 9, 1992, I testified at the longest National Socialist trial in postwar German history in Stuttgart after being granted temporary amnesty. Security was lax. I was attacked and got some mace in my face. It did sting a bit. However, the taste was not quite as bad as my own cooking.

On the lighter side, my close comrade Christian Malcoci pointed out the names of three of the attorneys: *Sieg, Heil and Führer!*

On another occasion (Frankfurt 1989), I was informed that I had been granted immunity for some things, but expressly told this immunity did not apply to others. In effect, I was told: *We promise NOT to shoot you with the gun we are holding in our RIGHT hand. But we hereby inform you that we do NOT promise not to shoot you with the gun we are holding in our LEFT hand!*

I found this extremely amusing.

Despite my gratitude for providing me with such a good laugh, this was one of the few occasions, when I declined the offer.

The FBI and the Sexual Perversions of J. Edgar Hoover

Our telephone connection is terrible. It's annoying.

I complain to my co-worker on the other end of the line: *You know, I don't mind the FBI tapping our lines. But I just wish they wouldn't screw up the connection!*

He agrees whole-heartedly: *Yeah, at times like this I feel like talking about the sexual perversions of J. Edgar Hoover!*

Click! The phone goes dead right at this moment.

I call him back. He makes an astute observation: *I guess they didn't like my comment about Hoover's sex life!*

We both laugh!

Another co-worker said the agents once apparently got their wires crossed. *He* could hear *them*, but *they* couldn't hear *him*. They were discussing what went wrong, then figured it out and cut out.

* * * * *

The United States government seemed pretty indifferent to our activity. The FBI visited us from time to time. Either on general principle or at the request of a foreign government.

This put us in a delicate position.

On the one hand, we had to act on the presumption the FBI would pass along information to our enemies. We didn't want to reveal any important secrets.

But on the other hand, we wanted the FBI to be able to learn enough to be confident we were neither criminals nor terrorists.

I have had several amusing encounters with the FBI over the years.

The very first time they showed up at my door, I was stationed in a strange city. I pretended not to speak English. Unfortunately, the FBI agent spoke fluent German. The dialogue was like a skit from a comedy play. But we both kept a straight face. (The neighbors always greeted me with an amused smile after that.)

Another time, I was called to the personnel office in the factory where I worked. The personnel director had a concerned look on her face. She pointed to two men and said: *These gentlemen would like to talk to you.* I still remember that agent's last name, because he visited a few times. He also visited my neighbors. One told him: *Yeah, I know him. He's a nice guy. He gives our kids piggyback rides.*

Every printer in one medium sized city refused to do our work. Two mentioned they had been visited by the FBI. We briefly considered buying our own print shop and going into competition with them! (There was only one printer we hadn't asked. He was a neighbor and we didn't want to put him in an awkward position.)

Over the years, two banks in different states had told us that they no longer needed to order certain foreign currencies from the big banks back east, because they got enough from us.

We seriously considered buying *two* different bank buildings over the years. One of them was an impressive three story building on a main road in a major U.S. city. We already had more than enough money to cover the down payment. But our need wasn't sufficient to justify the cost, so we decided against it.

One of those banks would occasionally phone first and then send a driver fifty miles to pick it up from us, when they needed it in a rush.

Sometimes I would personally take foreign currency to the other bank. The young lady at the foreign currency desk and I became friendly in the platonic sense.

One day she was absolutely beaming. After my last visit, somebody had rushed into her office and asked in sheer terror, if she knew who he'd just seen leaving her office. He had acted as if he'd just seen Billy the Kid leaving the bank carrying

a big bag with banknotes falling out of it.

Twenty years (!) later, that bank informed us in writing that it was closing our account. Only much later did I find a clue. I obtained a copy of an Interpol document stating I was under investigation on suspicion of money laundering and gun-running in the state of Utah! (Note: I've never even been to Utah in my whole life!)

Gretchen, who remembered the FBI from the 1930's, remarked: *Do they manufacture those fellows from a mold? They looked exactly the same as fifty years ago! I spotted them from fifty feet away!*

George commented: *The FBI likes to send their new agents to interview us as part of their training, because they know we're harmless.*

One of the funniest incidents was when three agents came to my door. I didn't want them in the house, so we walked to a nearby restaurant.

An older gentleman present was afraid I would never come back! He had lost kinsmen to the KGB in a similar manner. He wanted to phone the police.

The youngest and most inexperienced agent was Howard. He insisted he had proof I had received \$70,000 from terrorists! He promised to "shut me down". I replied: *If you have proof, please come with me to the bank. Tell the bank president so he will credit my account for that amount!*

Does the FBI lie to its own agents? Do you actually believe their own BS? Or do they hire them from an acting school instead of from a law school as they claim?

But Howard did admit my house and car were modest. Definitely middle class.

Anyway, I published an amusing account of this incident. Afterward, Howard phoned to thank me for not revealing his last name!

A New Approach in the 1980's

In the 1980's, "legal arm" became the dominant force in the National Socialist movement in Germany. Our "illegal arm", embodied in the NSDAP/AO, worked side by side with it, parallel but separate. I even offered to print a newspaper for the legal arm, but Michael Kühnen figured it'd just be banned anyway. This relationship was akin to two different branches of the armed services of the same nation.

Michael Kühnen devoted a whole chapter to my work in his book *Führertum zwischen Volksgemeinschaft und Elitedenken (Leadership Between Folk Community and Elite Thinking)*.

Here is an excerpt:

The actual role model for a National Socialist leader of the new [postwar] generation, however, is Gerd Lauck, the organizational leader of the Preparatory and Foreign Organization of the NSDAP! ...

Party comrade Lauck created the actual National Socialist battle organization of the postwar period. The organization's construction started practically at the null point. Young comrades who today come to our still small, but functional and successfully working movement, will hardly be able to image that ten years ago nothing existed yet at all. No organization, no propaganda material, no conception, simply nothing: aside from a few fanatical young National Socialists who dared to approach an apparently hopeless task, namely the reconstruction of the National Socialist party and the struggle for the Fourth Reich.

Among them was Gerd Lauck, the actual leader personality: What an imagination, what will power and determination were required to sacrifice private life and profession for a movement, which did not even exist again at all, and which he himself would build from nothing in years of struggle! He organized the first printing possibilities, created with the NS KAMPFRUF the first open National Socialist newspaper of the postwar period, he developed the concept of a movement working in the propaganda underground with cell structure, he found financial possibilities – and with unimaginably meager resources, the struggle got into motion and found more and more followers in Germany.

In the process, party comrade Lauck consistently resisted the temptation, in view of the lack of a political infrastructure, to proclaim himself the new leader or to portray his small troop as newly re-founded NSDAP – both would have been a caricature of our great past! Instead he viewed his task as service to the future party. This discipline, the priority of the party, even if it did not exist yet at all, over the vanity of personal leadership, this renunciation of the recruitment of personal followers, the principle that leader and organization must prove themselves in the eyes of the activists, whose trust they must win before they can demand it the other way around – party comrade Lauck established all this in the developing movement. All this became a model for us, after we – emerging from the NSDAP/AO – created a legal arm of the National Socialist movement and thereby took a decisive step forward in the struggle for the party re-founding.

But we must never forget to whom we owe that a foundation was set for this reconstruction work and the principles of genuine National Socialist leadership again became known – we owe this to Gerd Lauck and his NSDAP/AO. Their significance for our work simply cannot be overestimated – without this struggle by party comrade Lauck in the 1970's, our first breakthrough in the 1980's would have been simply inconceivable. And although our community has dominated the

headlines for years and grown into the leading force in the National Socialist movement, we are nonetheless still always just the one, the legal arm of a single, unified movement, whose other, illegal arm remains the NSDAP/AO under the leadership of party comrade Lauck. This portion of our movement has also made great progress in the previous years, today possesses substantial technical and material possibilities and – as already in the past – thanks to its location in the USA possesses an unassailable position, which will always represent a safety net for us...

The accomplishments of the first decade and a half of his leadership work and his bearing of genuine leadership justify counting him already now among the great leader personalities of National Socialism, who are role model and inspiration for us all.

* * * * *

My services were no longer in as much demand. Thanks to my staff, even my “part-time” attention sufficed to keep the scaled down operation up and running.

I decided to pursue a business career. 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.

Ironically, this CEO was Jewish! My friends debated whether or not “he knew”. An old Bund comrade remembered similar situations: *After the war, a lot of people were afraid to hire us Bund people. But the Jews would. They knew we were good workers and would make them a lot of money. Furthermore, they would be exempt from criticism for hiring us.*

Later when the Iron Curtain fell, I left the world of business. I returned to “active service” as it were.


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 weisen 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 weisen Völker (7) - zu begreifen. Keine Mord und Ermordung, Überlebende und Rassenmischung.
Ob "legal" oder "illegal", ob im Waldkampf oder im Straßenkampf, ob im Propagandakampf, handelt es sich auf einem Schlachtfeld anderer Art. Jede Nationalsozialist ist seine Pflicht!
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.moumimingthecient.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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