



# **NS News Bulletin**

**NSDAP/AO : PO Box 6414**

**Lincoln NE 68506 USA**

**[www.nsdapao.org](http://www.nsdapao.org)**

#1149

23.03.2025 (136)

**Gerhard Lauck**

## **The Education of an Evil Genius**

### **Part 15**

#### **I Visit Croatia**

War broke out when the former Communist satellite regimes fragmented. The war in Croatia in particular triggered a lot of excitement among dissidents on both sides of the former Iron Curtain. Volunteers poured in from many nations. An international brigade was formed. It was led by a native war hero, who had lived and worked in the United States for a few years.

For legal reasons, our U.S. base and its U.S. citizens had to be very careful to avoid any involvement in a foreign war. Aside from journalism, of course.

Naturally, I presumed he spoke English. But when I met him, I learned I was wrong! We had to communicate through an interpreter. This interpreter, however, also did not know English. He barely spoke German and used an old World War Two era dictionary.

We received war reports and even video footage from those volunteers. We published the reports and passed along the video footage to friendly television stations.

This included first-hand accounts of combat. Also a brief description of a mutilated body at the scene of a massacre. This sight made the soldiers feel great rage and a strong desire to get drunk.

If you looked close on one video clip, you could make out an incoming tank shell nearly striking the cameraman! There was also a big “paint stain”. It was ac-

tually the sole remains of a poor devil who got too close to an anti-tank mine.

A government television station in the now crumbling Eastern Block, namely Hungary, decided to kill two birds with one stone. If I remember right, the government was still technically “Communist”! But by this time, ethnicity placed a bigger role than ideology. As if anybody had ever actually believed in Communist ideology.

The original plan called for them to interview me at the international brigade’s base. In fact, a full-fledged military review was planned. Complete with march-by – in front of me as guest of honor (!) - with heavily armed soldiers and even tanks!

The delay caused by government bureaucracy ruined this plan. A week or two earlier, we would have been able to pull it off!

Christian Malcoci had advised me to fly only on private-owned airlines as opposed to government ones. It was believed the former would be less susceptible to political pressure to divert my commercial airliner to another country in order to capture me!

When I did finally arrive, I went straight to the brigade’s central administration building in the national capital. But it had just been closed down.

Last minute political complications had arisen. Communism was indeed dying, but it was not yet completely dead and buried! Communist propaganda made even the new anti-Communist government nervous. It forbade any such spectacle. It even disbanded the international brigade. The war was more or less over. A cease-fire had been declared and peace negotiations were expected to soon bring the war to an official end, too.

There was some confusion and delay before contact was re-established and a new plan was devised.

I used the time for extensive hiking through the new nation’s capital. It was a beautiful city. The people were very decent folk. Prostitutes to service the NATO troops had to be imported from other countries. Despite their poverty, the local women simply refused to lower themselves to this. (Taxes were 50% due to the war. A pair of shoes cost a month’s salary.)

My favorite restaurant was hidden away in a sunken courtyard. It could be reached through an inconspicuous tunnel through the surrounding buildings. When I asked why there were so few guests, I was told it was because nobody had any money to eat out. On my last evening, I gave the last of my local currency to the staff, including waitresses and kitchen help. As I was walking away, I looked back and saw them still standing there. They were waving good-bye with a big smile on their face.

I met an old friend of mine. He had been an officer in the brigade and still proudly wore his uniform. This Frenchman was a bit of a war adventurer. He had

been in Iraqi and had raided political police headquarters in the Eastern Block. His driver had been killed by a RPG in this war.

He related his adventures as well as those of other brigade members.

*One foreign volunteer arrived at the border without his passport. He explained to the border guards that he wanted to join the brigade and fight for their country. His only ID was a NSDAP/AO membership card! The border guards recognized it and let him cross the border.*

*When two volunteers with no previous military training arrived at the forward camp, they were each handed a rifle and told: You have half an hour to learn how to use these. That's when we expect an enemy attack.*

*One village was abandoned. It was swarming with dogs left behind by their owners. After a few days, they were so hungry that they became dangerous. We had to shoot them.*

*We were manning a heavy machine-gun post at a roadblock. It was very hot. Somebody suggested I take off and look for soft drinks. A few miles away, I crossed a hill summit. Below me was the sea. Civilians were sunbathing on the beach as if the war didn't exist. I found some soft drinks and returned to the roadblock. When I got back, I learned there had been a skirmish. One of our men had been wounded.*

We considered driving to the sea. But it was too far away. Furthermore, the road maps were useless, because they didn't show which areas were occupied by which armies!

I had met the wounded man in the United States several years earlier. Fortunately, his wound was not life threatening.

The end result was two separate sets of meetings. One set was between the foreign television crew and me. It included an interview at a historic sight. The second set of meetings was between me and individual members of the now disbanded formation, including its former commander. Media coverage of this second series of meeting was strictly forbidden!

This also included my visit to the very foremost lines, where NATO peace-keeping troops separated the two opposing armies.

My French friend, the officer, still had his military ID. He could get us wherever we wanted to go. Wistfully, he commented this ID would soon no longer be any good. At any rate, it did get us past the last military checkpoint between the capital

and the frontline, which ran smack through a good-sized city. The local police chief took us to his headquarters.

The chief pointed at me and then at the window: *A man who was sitting in your chair was killed last month by a sniper. The bullet flew through this window. The sniper was in those trees over there.*

He commented that the enemy soldiers generally did not kill policemen, not even those on the opposing side.

Then he offered to take us to the front. He admonished us to follow his path closely. Somebody who had wandered off it had recently been killed by a mine. The path led through holes in tall garden walls and devastated houses. I picked up some mortar fragments as souvenirs.

Finally, we only were a stone's throw from the last narrow dirt road and fence that stood between us and enemy territory. An armored personnel vehicle was driving along the road. A NATO dugout and checkpoint were only a few yards away. A still occupied enemy military barracks was in eyeshot.

Afterward, he took us home to meet his family. We drank a homemade alcoholic drink, probably a brandy.

His family was charming. It was amazing to see people who had been living daily life right in the middle of a battlefield. He told us thousands (!) of mortar shells had rained down on his city in the course of just one month. Those destroyed homes often represented a lifetime of work and dreams for their owners.

When I left, I reflected this had been a very interesting and worthwhile trip. But I was still disappointed about missing out on my very own personal military parade!

The *Los Angeles Times* phoned me for an interview within hours of my return home. This interview appeared on the front page.

\* \* \* \* \*

In the 1995 I was offered an opportunity I simply couldn't refuse. My staff back in the states was doing very well despite my absence. So I round up spending more time in Europe than I had originally intended.

## **Chapter Seven**

### **My Kidnapping**

## **U.S. Government Collaboration**

U.S. and foreign government officials worked together very closely over a prolonged period of time. Their objective was to get around the First Amendment. They wanted to neutralize an American dissident, namely me, who had become a thorn in their side.

I have thousands of pages of German government documents to prove this. I believe there is sufficient evidence to justify a formal investigation. But I'm not holding my breath.

I explained this to an U.S. State Department official face-to-face: *We even know the names of at least some of the U.S. officials involved: If you go to bed with the enemies of free speech, we'll find out sooner or later. They document everything. Sooner or later, somebody will leak it to us. Our resistance movement could not have survived this long, if we did not have friends inside the government.* – The official looked worried!

This isn't about me or my beliefs. It is about the right of every U.S. citizen to practice free speech right here in America without a foreign government claiming jurisdiction. And without U.S. government officials letting it get away with it. Even helping it!

Note: Both Germany and France have publicly claimed jurisdiction over U.S.-based web-sites on the grounds they are "accessible" in their countries!

This is a threat us all!

## **U.S. Phones Tapped by a Foreign Government**

The political police in Germany wanted to tap our phone lines inside the USA.

It turned to that regime's counterpart to the American CIA, but was turned down. Then it asked the counterpart of the U.S. Oval Office to intervene on its behalf. This request was granted. Their intelligence agency was ordered to cooperate.

However, this kind of thing had never been done before! There was still a problem with the technology. Even when this technical problem was solved, they were only able to tap two of our lines at any given time. This surveillance was halted after a few months. The results were too meager. In retrospect, I think we should have exploited it more than we actually did.

Of course, we always operated on the presumption our phones were tapped. And this information would eventually reach foreign governments.

All of the above was confirmed when we obtained extensive government docu-

mentation. This included transcripts of an actual tapped phone conversation of mine.

Comparing dates, it is obvious this resulted in the issuance of an arrest warrant against me. The foreign government thought my arrival in Europe was imminent. Actually, it was false information intentionally leaked by means of a conversation on a line we knew was tapped.

By the time I actually did arrive in Europe the next year, that warrant had already expired. A new warrant was required. The dates on both warrants show this.

  
**NS KAMPFRUF**  
KAMPFSPORTELL DER NATIONALSOZIALISTISCHEN DEUTSCHEN  
ARBEITERPARTEI AUSLANDS - UND AUFRUAUORGANISATION  
Number 144 Copyright 1973 20. April 2007 0.06

**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, Hungermärsche, Vertreibung, Verfolgung und Verdrängung haben nicht ausgereicht, den Kern der gesamten Idee unseres heilig geliebten Führers Adolf Hitler zu zerstören.

Alle Nationalsozialisten und sonstige arbeitsfähige Völker sind Kampfgenossen stehen Schulter an Schulter im Kampf um die Erhaltung unserer völkischen Kultur.  
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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[www.nsdapao.org](http://www.nsdapao.org)  
#1905 19 June 2002 (133)  
NSDAP/AO: PO Box 6414 - Lincoln NE 68506 - USA

**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](http://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



  
**the NEW ORDER**  
Number 179 (2007) Founded 1973 April 20, 2007 0.06

**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 kinemen 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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