



# NS News Bulletin

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## The Education of an Evil Genius

### Part 17

#### Imprisonment in Denmark

Roskilde 1995

When I first saw my room, I was shocked. The first thing I noticed was that there was *no toilet!* Only a sink. This meant I'd have to ring for room service whenever I wanted to use the communal John. (Anybody who knows me even a little knows that I am full of BS. Hence I really need to use the John a lot!)

The second thing I noticed was a poster, presumably left behind by a previous guest. I felt very sorry for the young lady. She was so poor she couldn't afford any clothes! I started to remove it, but then had a change of heart. Perhaps the next guest would enjoy it. She was pretty, after all.

On the bright side, there was a small gym, so I resumed weight-lifting.

This hotel was small and cozy. The staff and guests soon became pals. Sometimes we would visit each other in the evening for a few hours. Even order a pizza!

One young fellow's nickname was "the pirate". He came from a prominent family. Anyway, one day he thought it might be "cool" to win a free stay in an establishment of this type. So he made an unconventional withdrawal from a financial institution. Then he simply sat down on the front steps to wait for a free ride. For some strange reason, he soon decided this was not exactly his cup of tea.

Later I met a *real* pirate at another hotel! He had been convicted of piracy. When I mentioned this to Christian Worch, he immediately recognized the name. He knew from him from an earlier hotel visit. It's a small world!

Another guest had extensive travel experience in Russia. We swapped travel tips.

One of the staff told me a funny story. A few years back, one of the guests has suddenly left the hotel without paying his bill. A year later, he came back to visit another guest, was recognized, and persuaded to remain until he was paid up.

On a very special day, I heard music outside my window. It was a resistance song! Somebody had driven by with the volume on high so I could hear it. This thoughtfulness was touching.

## **Copenhagen 1995**

This hotel was much bigger. It was nicer in many regards, but there was still no toilet. When we guests would take our morning stroll in the large courtyard, we would see burst plastic bags of brown goo on the ground. Apparently thrown out of windows during the night by guests with weak bowels and sensitive noses.

I met an interesting fellow here. He specialized in a product line similar to fireworks. He had a lot of sales in the Middle East. He had travel tips for that region as well as South East Asia.

On the grisly side, this hotel had once been the site of executions.

Unfortunately, my stay here did not last too long. I was flown on a private jet to the next hotel. En route, I was offered a beer. At first, I didn't really want it. But then I relented, because I figured it'd be a long time before I would have the next one. For some reason, I felt a little apprehensive on this flight.

The worst part was that there was no pretty stewardess! No stewardess at all! Only half a dozen men. Naturally, this was a big disappointment.

I noticed the lax security and realized I might be able to storm the cockpit and overpower the pilot. I was tempted for a moment. Such an incident could easily trigger an international incident. But I decided against this. Call it vanity or ego.

## **My Danish Supreme Court Extradition Trial**

The set for this game show is Denmark's counterpart to the U.S. Supreme Court. This court must decide on Germany's request for the extradition of a U.S. newspaper publisher, namely myself.

The "prosecutor" argues for the extradition. He claims the newspaper in question

occasionally contains material that violates the laws in this country.

The defense makes the following arguments:

First, it is questionable whether or not anything in the newspaper actually would violate Danish law. Even if it did, this is not relevant, because the newspaper is published in the USA. It is totally legal under U.S. law and expressly protected under the First Amendment.

Second, national law forbids extradition, if the penalty in the destination country is much more severe than in this country. In Denmark, this type of “offense” is usually punished with just a fine. The longest prison sentence ever imposed was two months. But in Germany, it is five years!

Third, national and international law forbid extradition for political cases. There is a precedent case. A man accused of involvement in the assassination of Egyptian President Anwar Sadat was NOT extradited. The Danish Supreme Court rejected the extradition request on the grounds the case was “political”. The case in front of the Danish Supreme Court today is very clearly strictly political. Therefore, the extradition request must be rejected.

Who wins?

The Danish Supreme Court rules in favor of the extradition! It claims the case is “not political”!

The mainstream media in Denmark bemoans this travesty. It betrays the country’s vulnerability to pressure from foreign governments.

Why does this happen?

Denmark comes under intense pressure from Germany. The U.S. government does NOTHING to counterbalance this pressure. Quite the opposite, a U.S. government official publicly expresses U.S. neutrality! This is a clear signal the U.S. does not oppose the extradition of this U.S. newspaper publisher. So the Supreme Court surrenders and makes a political decision.

*This establishes a very dangerous precedent! This is a threat to EVERY American!*

## **Imprisonment in Germany**

*I was such a popular fellow that all the local hotels wanted me as a guest! Between 1995 and 1999 I spent my state paid vacation at four different facilities.*

### **Hotel #1A – The Dungeon Hamburg 1995**

When my private jet landed, I was impressed by the reception. Several vehicles

were waiting to escort me to my new residence. I traveled in an armored limousine. Safety precautions included bracelets. Just for me. I was touched, even though they were not exactly stylish and felt way too tight.

In contrast, the next hotel was a disappointment. It was dark and gloomy. Fortunately, I stayed there for only a day or so. Later I learned my good comrade Christian Worch had also stayed there a few years earlier. There was a joke in my circle of friends that, if we all got together and compared notes, we could probably write a book about *every hotel in the country*. Even rate it.

### **Hotel #1B - The Transit Hotel Hamburg 1995**

Although a separate building, this temporary or transit hotel was officially considered part of the same hotel. It was definitely better than Hotel #1A, but not nearly as nice as the first two. I stayed here for about a month.

### **Hotel #2 – Maximum Security Hamburg**

This was one of the more interesting hotels. The shower room in the basement had been an execution chamber.

Most important: It had the *best food* of all the hotels!

The down side was the poor heating.

Knowing that I like peace and quiet, I was given a private room in the *maximum serenity wing*. I spent 23 hours each day in my room reading, writing and doing exercises.

For one hour each day, the half dozen of us special guests in this wing took a walk together in the nice courtyard. Naturally, we quickly became pals. When in Rome...

One of the staff people referred to us as the *crème de la crème* of the guests. We were flattered!

My hiking pals included:

\* Blacky was a spice dealer with extensive business experience in Columbia. His stories made the American Wild West seem like Sunday School. Obviously, he was very familiar with travel in South America. Our activities had many similarities despite the different product lines. Comparing notes on the “opposition”,

namely “law enforcement”, was very instructive!

\* One young man was a rare stamp collector. His aggressive acquisition technique had almost killed a competitor. Even a bullet to the back of the head at point blank range didn’t finish the job. Trying to be helpful, older and wiser guests stressed the importance of *at least two rounds*.

\* A fur dealer had built a kind of dungeon under his house for certain “kinky” activity. Something went terribly wrong. The result was a gruesome find in a barrel of acid.

\* Another fellow was a former Communist secret police agent. His suicide pact with his girlfriend had been only *half* successful. She round up in the trunk of his car. He round up here.

\* Another older man had kindly taken a very wealthy man on an unexpected vacation. Then he even offered to help the man’s family to get rid of some of the nasty stuff that is widely known to be the source of all evil.

The combined number of lethal misunderstandings was greater than the number of people in our wing.

Traffic offenders were sometimes put in our wing. They were sometimes alarmed by the company they were keeping. Laughing, a staff member mentioned his own wife was concerned, too. In reality, it was perfectly safe. Unlike the riff-raff in the general population, our elite group was intelligent and rational. Besides, it is both impolite and bad business to kill without a good reason!

Our food server lived in our wing, but neither walked nor showered with us. He had spent most of his life in hotels. One interval between hotel stays had lasted only one day. The mean lady who picked up him apparently tried to force herself on him! She round up in a lake and he round up back in the hotel.

One day the “assistant prosecutor” and his assistant paid a surprise visit to my room. He said he was searching for a letter. He remembered having seen it earlier, but it had somehow slipped through the censor. (He failed to find it. Later I did find and destroy it.)

While they were searching through my extensive correspondence, I considered dragging my bed in front of the door, thereby barricading the three of us in my room. Then I planned to tell him: *First you accuse me of being a “terrorist”. Then you foolishly let yourself get into this predicament! I can easily help you to prove your terrorist claim...by killing both of you right here and now!* – Of course, I did-

n't actually do this!

After spending only one year in this relaxing environment, I was disappointed to learn I was to leave soon. The other guests consoled me.

### **Hotel #3 – The Luxury Hotel Hamburg 1996 - 1997**

This was one of the nicest hotels! It even had beautiful murals from the good old days! The heating was also modern, even though the building itself was old. I was on the second floor so I had a nice view of the country. Even a windmill!

The grounds had a historical significance. From my window, I could see the last remaining buildings of an old concentration camp. It had been used by *both sides* during and after World War Two. Not at the same time, of course. Leastwise not in the same *capacity*. They *took turns* playing *guest* and *host*. The father of a friend of mine had been a guest.

The gym was especially nice. I must confess that I was sometimes a little mischievous. For example, I'd ask another fellow if I could see if I could lift the same weights. Then I'd do this with ONE hand and act like I was disappointed how weak I'd become in my old age. One time a youngster became curious and tried in vain to lift the same weight with TWO hands. Anyway, one of my weight-lifting buddies later turned up at the next hotel, too.

When the maximum settings on the weight-lifting machines were too low for me, I simply switched to using only one arm or only one leg for the same exercise. By that time, I had already broken one machine and bend a steel bar on another.

The other guests were swell guys. None of them ever gave me a hard time.

For the first time in months, my room had both a good mirror and a good light above it. When I looked in it the very first time, I was startled to see an ugly old coot staring back at me. Obviously, there was a hole in the wall. I was looking at somebody in the next room. It was all a practical joke!

One of the guests moonlighted as a food-server. He said it was a great place to acquire expensive watches super cheap. Apparently, some new guests were desperate for pharmaceuticals.

After a few months had passed, I heard I was about to be moved to yet another hotel. I didn't want to leave here. But what can I say. It's just part of the burden of popularity.

## **Hotel #4 – My Home Away from Home Hamburg 1997 - 1999**

My first two months in this hotel were a *big disappointment!* The large barracks style room full of noise, smoke and worst things were taking a toll on my health.

A senior level staff member whispered to me that the hotel manager wasn't a big fan of mine. I guess he was just unhappy about the long wait and took it out on me.

While I was in the barracks, one colorful roommate related the following incident:

*I knew this jerk had betrayed me, so I decided to get revenge. I walked into the bar with a submachine-pistol. I aimed it at his knee and unloaded the whole clip. Then I put in another clip and unloaded it in the other knee. Then I put the gun on the table, sat down and waited for the police. My lawyer pointed out I had obviously aimed at his legs, so this was not attempted murder. The maximum sentence was four years. I got TWO.*

At the time I heard these words, I was serving a FOUR year sentence for publishing a newspaper! In America!

I had a little heart-to-heart chat with the mid-level manager in charge of my wing. When I informed him that I was about to *report him and his colleagues by name to my friends*, he turned white! I expected retaliation, but nothing happened that day or the next.

Then a hotel staff member came to the room and asked me to follow him. To my surprise, he took me to a different wing of the hotel. When I entered the office of that wing's manager, he told me: *You are being moved to my wing. Anything that you request and I have the power to grant, I will!*

What a guy!

Life in this wing was infinitely better than in that barracks!

While I was there, German television even filmed a scene for a detective show in this wing.

Later I was moved down the hall to a newly built extension with brand new clean rooms. In the spring, I could ever see a small tree blossoming in the private courtyard just outside my window. Furthermore, I still had the same nice guy wing manager.

Throughout my whole vacation, I corresponded with well-wishers all over the world. I showed my gratitude by sending my (tasteful) nude baby pictures to all my female pen-pals. I would put the title "Sex Symbol and Bureaucrat" beneath my name instead of the usual "Political Prisoner".

One day a senior manager suddenly threatened to take formal action against me.

Why? Because I referred to myself as a “political prisoner” in a letter to one of my lawyers. He insisted the regime doesn’t have any political prisoners, therefore this claim was *slander*!

A compromise was worked out. He remained the censor for my *publications*, which he *always confiscated*. But my nice guy wing manager became the censor for all my *correspondence*, which he *never confiscated*.

By the way, one of the publications was from a prisoner aid group. This same prisoner aid group, which had survived the Cold War, was later banned by the “*democratic*” regime *after* the fall of Communism!

Many friends and sympathizers visited me in the hotel. Even a retired police captain!

Of course, my favorites were the attractive young ladies. One time there were THREE of them sitting with me. Their names were Lisa, Uschi and Bärbel. The other guests in the visiting room were jealous. It was sure great for my ego.

Whenever an opportunity for a little kiss on the cheek presented itself, I would sometimes play dumb and kiss the young gal on the lips. (No tongue! No groping! I didn’t want to push my luck. Besides, these young ladies were kind enough to visit and boost my spirits. I didn’t want to subject them to cruel and unusual punishment.) She would be a little embarrassed, but not say anything. Sometimes being an old coot can have its advantages.

I was also very pleased to finally meet Christa. This good friend of Kühnen’s had also played a leading role in the nationalist prisoner aid organization.

I didn’t use the weight room here. But I did exercises in my room. My daily routine included one set of 150 pushups, 1,100 sit-ups and 2,500 deep knee bends.

Later I peaked in my late mid-fifties with 300 push-ups in *one set* each day. I had stopped weight-lifting already in my mid-fifties. I could curl 150 lb..

I would also stand on my tip toes, stretch out my arms to the side, horizontal to the floor, and clench and unclench my fist 14,000 times. This one exercise alone took 45 minutes. This was no problem. I had plenty of time to kill. Besides, strong fingers are useful in close-quarters combat and for climbing.

Aside from correspondence and exercise, I spent a lot of time reading. Mostly history and theoretical physics for the layman. I was fascinated by microcosm and macrocosm. One puzzle I worked on was the number of atoms in the known universe. Whenever I came across potentially useful numbers in a book, I memorized them. I did all the math in my head so that it wouldn’t be too easy. I eventually came up with  $10$  to the  $70^{\text{th}}$  power.

Another problem that intrigued me was the possibility of the existence of intelligent life on other planets. And, more importantly, the odds of any meaningful contact with them.



After all, what intelligent and sane life form would want to have anything to do with human beings? If I were them, I sure as heck wouldn't. Would YOU?

Of course, I continued my other daily "mental exercises". It's easy for somebody to take away your *physical* possessions, but it's harder for them to steal what *you have in your head*. (I did manage to keep some currency hidden for several months.)

Unfortunately, this heaven on earth was not to last!

In my youth, one of my brothers and I had been both accidentally poisoned. He was in intensive care. Although he survived, he was told the long-term effects might still kill him one day. They did, when he was middle-aged. My case was less severe. However, when I reached the *same age* as he was at the time of his *death*, I suddenly started to *dramatically* display the *same symptoms*!

I feared for my life!

Eventually, I was taken to the hospital for tests. When the results came back, I visited the hotel doctor to hear the verdict. She looked at the reports for a long time. In silence. With a very serious face. Then she told me two things:

First, everything was *fine*.

Second, she was *officially recommending my early release on medical grounds*.

Hmh...

However, the hotel management kindly *allowed* me to stay anyway. Even *insisted* on it. After all, I still had over a year of vacation time owed to me.

At any rate, I figured this might just turn out to be the *one* vacation that truly *never ends*. So I did the only logical thing under the circumstances:

I wrote my last farewell letters to my loved ones...

However, life or death wasn't my biggest concern. I knew that if I died in a government-run hotel, my fellow dissidents would never believe it wasn't actually *murder*. This could trigger an escalation and real terrorism. That was the *LAST* thing I wanted!

Of course, I also remembered the following conversation, which I had back when I was still in the maximum serenity wing of Hotel #4.

***You will not leave Germany alive!***  
***Sie werden Deutschland nicht lebend verlassen!***

He is standing right in front of me. Looking me in the eye. For a moment, I study the face of the man who has just spoken these words. My search for any clue of hidden meaning is futile.

He seems to be dead serious!

*It would be an honor to be allowed to die for the work of the Führer!* I shoot back defiantly. (*Es wäre eine Ehre für das Werk des Führers sterben zu dürfen!*)

Now he is the one who is obviously surprised.

*Really? (Wirklich?)*

*Naturally! (Natürlich!)*

He looks disappointed. Then he turns around and leaves the room.

I ponder two questions:

First: Was he really serious? Or just a good actor?

Second: If and when I face my executioners and know death is only seconds away, what should be my *exact last words*?

We all have to die sometime. I want to die well. I want my death to mean something. Hopefully even accomplish something. When I join my ancestors, I want to be able to hold my head high and look them in the eye.



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