



The New Order



#266

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My Experiences in the National Socialist Underground in Germany in the 1970's

by Gerhard Lauck

Continued from Previous Issue

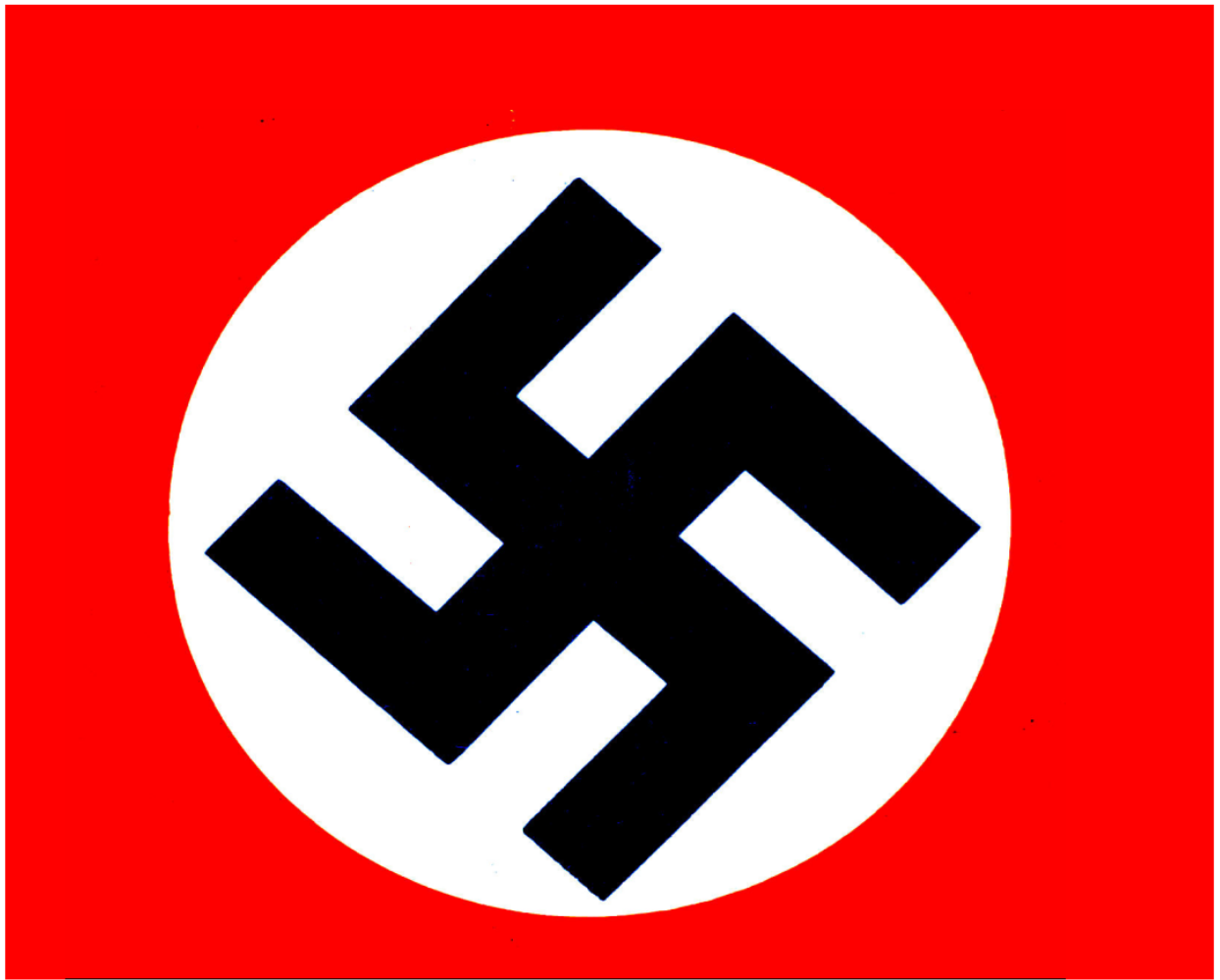
I am sitting with a comrade in his home. The doorbell rings. The mailman delivers a package. My co-workers had sent it via surface mail a few weeks earlier. It contains several of our new large "DIN-A2" – approx. 17 x 22 inch – swastika posters.

Later I hang one of these large posters from the window as the train passes through the train station in Magdeburg in the Communist zone.

From experience I knew that the train stopped shortly before reaching the station. During this stop I quickly placed the poster outside the bathroom window. Then I hurried to the next car. Stuck my head out the window. And saw the poster flapping in the wind as we passed through the station, which was full of people.

This kind of poster is later used for a large-scale propaganda action. They are placed on Autobahn overpasses. A section of the Autobahn in the Ruhr is closed for several hours while the authorities remove them.

I am sitting with a comrade in his home. The phone rings. His relative says there is a news report about an American National Socialist in Hamburg who has



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been deported. I had been in Hamburg a couple days earlier. Is there a connection?

I decide to return to Hamburg and find out. Underway I purchase a newspaper and see an article with my photograph. The caption claims that I had “disappeared without a trace.”

In Hamburg I ask a comrade. He says I made headlines in the *Hamburger Morgenpost*.

I had given a speech at a private gathering. After the meeting was officially closed by the organizer, I agreed to be photographed with a few comrades. In front of a swastika flag. This photograph appeared in the daily newspaper.

I consult an attorney. He had been one of the defense lawyers at the infamous Nuremberg tribunal.

I plan to leave Germany soon anyway. But I want to exploit this opportunity. Therefore, we announce my plan to give a speech with the theme *why I do not recognize my deportation order*. This announcement includes the location and time.

Naturally, we know I will not be able to deliver this speech. Therefore, I make a cassette recording. This recording will be played at the meeting.

When I arrive at the location, I see that I had more “manpower” than the police. They did not expect me to actually show up. My biggest bodyguard is bigger than their biggest colleague. My lad grins as if to say: “Can I kill him now, boss?” Instead of arresting me, the police ASK me to accompany them. I agree.

At the police station I show them my airplane ticket. Icelandic Airlines. From Luxemburg to Chicago. Departure the next morning. I explain I have already checked all travel options. The only way I can make that flight is to leave Hamburg by train in 45 minutes. The police escort me to the Hamburg train station. A policeman gets on the train with me. But he gets off the train when it reaches the last station inside Hamburg. From there on I am alone.

Months later, back in the USA, I read an article in the bulletin of the West Berlin branch of the East Berlin Communist party (!) about this. It falsely claims that I am still in Germany.

Laundry is a complication, because I seldom stay long enough in one place. My solution is to bribe comrades’ wives with either Mosel wine or Flensburg rum.

One time I try to transport too much. And break the hinge on my suitcase.

After spending one night at the home of a very attractive female comrade I very much look forward to the second night.

Unfortunately, our security officer thinks it is too dangerous for me to spend more than one night at the same location.

Naturally, I am very disappointed!

Another time I am lodged with an older, but still attractive, female comrade. She smiles and assures me that she will not molest me.

Unfortunately, I fail to reply that I would not mind.

The next day we visit an SS widow. She gives me a beautiful full-color photograph of Adolf Hitler. It had been cut out of a postwar (!) German newspaper.

When I walk past the Soviet Union Embassy in East Berlin I immediately see it is too well guarded. But I do manage to put stickers a few blocks away.

On the return trip I put a swastika sticker on the side of the moving train. Just 25 centimeters (12 inches) away from the head of a Communist zone policeman! (He is looking in the opposite direction.) I take a photograph with the sticker in the foreground and his uniform cap in the background.

Unfortunately, none of the photographs I take in the Communist zone turn out. (I had used a very cheap camera.)

Other photographs in the Western zone do turn out okay. One shows our swastika sticker on the entrance to a Communist zone (DDR) Consulate.

Another swastika sticker decorates the entrance to a police station.

Swastika stickers are often placed over Communist posters.

After putting a swastika sticker at the entrance of the main train station in Hamburg I walk across the street. Sit on the bench at a bus stop. And watch. Soon a man stops. Looks at the swastika sticker. Takes out a notepad. And writes down the contact address. A few weeks later an inquiry arrives in Lincoln. The author writes that he saw one of our swastika stickers at this location!

I attend the Christmas party of the provincial branch of a nationalist political party.

One of the guests asks me: "Are you Gerhard Lauck?"

I reply: "I hear he has been deported."

The comrades sitting next to me grin.

One of them goes outside to smoke. When he returns, he has a funny story.

Another comrade had arrived at the door of the hall. And said the police had visited him. They were looking for Gerhard.

This newly arrived comrade asked the other: "Do you know where Gerhard is?"

The reply: "Yes, he is inside. Drinking coffee."

Incidentally, this comrade's young son has the name "Adolf."

It is the middle of the night. I am sound asleep. Suddenly, I am awakened by a loud knock on the door. And the shout: “Polizei!” (“Police!”)

I faintly overhear a conversation.

The police are in the room NEXT to mine.

Presumably, the police want me. They simply went to the wrong room.

I figure I have a couple minutes to get dressed and climb out the window. Without luggage.

Fortunately, the faint conversation lasts longer. I realize the police went to the right room. They wanted somebody else. This time.

In a train station I hear somebody shout my name. And suspect it is the police. So I keep walking. A man runs up to me. He is smiling. A comrade!

We are following another car. Which is speeding. And hence at risk of drawing the attention of the police.

My driver comments: “Sometimes I think I should have everybody shot for incompetence. And then have myself shot for having shot all of our comrades.”

I attend the meeting of a nationalist political party. And notice a very beautiful young woman.

The comrade standing next to me suggests I introduce myself. But I have to leave the next day. So I suggest he do so. Many years later I encounter him by chance. And learn that he married her!

It is the first day of my first state-paid vacation. One of the luxury hotel staff asks me if I smoke. I say no. He grins and says: “Not even hashish?” I shake my head.

Another staff member escorts me to my private room. He seems surprised and asks: “Why are YOU here?”

When I drop a hint, he exclaims. “Oh, the 20,000 swastika stickers! I read about that in the newspaper.”

Soon all the staff is aware of my celebrity status.

I am addressed as “Herr Lauck.”

Staff from other wings of the hotel visit me in my private room.

Later my room is decorated with a small swastika banner sent from a comrade in Argentina.

During my stay I write a short booklet in German about the NSDAP/AO.

After a few months I am transferred to another luxury hotel. The staff here is less sympathetic. They even confiscate my Argentinian swastika banner. (I get it back when I leave.)

This hotel offers a communal hour. All the guests are invited to a large room with television.

When the mail is distributed another guest asks the staff why I got all the mail. The staff replies that I did not get ALL the mail. I only got MY mail. (I received more mail than everybody else combined.)

One day one of the card players at another table looks over at me and asks: "Mord?" ("Murder?")

I smile and shake my head.

After 4 ½ months my vacation comes to an end.

But first, there is a political trial.

At one point I am left alone in a second-story room in the courthouse. I am tempted to climb out the open window, but do not.

During the trial my lawyer describes me as "a civilized Central European, even though born in America."

When the judge hums the anthem of the Hitler Youth I figure the sentence will be lenient.

A few days later, I am walking in the hotel courtyard. A familiar voice calls my name. It is a comrade! He is doing construction work. I thank him for the escape opportunity. But explain I will be leaving soon anyway.

When I return to Nebraska I experience hay-fever for the first time.

The treatment: whiskey!

When I visit underground cells I am sometimes asked if I know a particular person. I play dumb.

If the people in question already know and trust each other, then they can decide for themselves whether or not they want to work together.

Either way, I will not violate the security measures of our cell system.

Sometimes I am "warned" against the other person.

Sometimes BOTH people warn me against the other!

I figure this is just a personality conflict.

Sometimes I joke: *If everybody got together, they would probably kill each other!*

Fun Under the Swastika

National Socialist activism has its lighter moments, too! Here is an excerpt from Gerhard Lauck's booklet "Fun Under the Swastika".

A friend told me he was rather annoyed when the FBI started questioning family, friends, neighbors and employers about his politics.

So he put on his full Stormtrooper uniform, walked into the agent's office, put his feet on the fellow's desk, and said, "I hear you're asking about me, (deleted). What do you want to know?"

* * * * *

Comrades had long ago learned it wasn't wise to park their vehicles in front of party headquarters overnight. But not all outsiders knew this. And the opposition apparently underestimated our intelligence.

One night the all too common cry echoed through the headquarters: "Fire!"

Actually, the fire was outside the building. Thirty-foot flames were billowing up from a van parked immediately in front of our headquarters.

However, it was NOT our vehicle! The reds had presumed it belonged to us and torched it.

We enjoyed the visual spectacle while simultaneously feeling sorry for the real owner. Of course, the humor in the situation was not lost on us. Someone quipped: "Marsh-mellows, anyone?"

* * * * *

A friend of mine, Gunnar, was taking a stroll along the Kiel harbor. A communist approached him and tried to sell him a communist newspaper.

He didn't like being interrupted during his walk - least of all by a red. So he simply threw the commie - newspapers and all - into the harbor!

Onlookers applauded...and he continued his stroll.



NS KAMPFRUF
KAMPFZEITSCHRIFT DER NATIONALSOZIALISTISCHEN DEUTSCHEN ARBEITERPARTEI AUSLANDS- UND AUFBAUORGANISATION
September 2014 September 2014

Der Kampf geht weiter !

Seitlang haben sich die Kämpferinnen der Wehrmacht am 8. Mai 1945 für die nationalsozialistische Bewegung aufgeopfert als sie zuerst in der Nachkriegszeit. Und zwar nicht nur in Deutschland, sondern auf globaler Ebene. Millionen von Menschen, Vertriebenen, Verfolgten und Verbannten haben nicht ausgereicht, das Kern der germanischen Völker des größten Führers Adolf Hitler zu zerstören.

Alle Nationalsozialisten sind weniger autoritäre Tyrannen und Massenmörder, als sie Schlichter im Kampf um die Erlösung unserer Völker sind. Die Bewegung ist zwar nicht gestorben, aber die Größe des biologischen Volkstums ist heute noch viel größer als in der Vergangenheit.

Der verneinliche Egoismus ist aber dabei, das Volkstum – gegen alle wissen Völker – zu kaputt zu machen. Keine Bildung und Erziehung, Überforderung und Kampferziehung.

Oh "legal" oder "illegal", ob im "Waldkampf" oder im "Stromkampf", ob mit Propagandamittel, bewaffnet oder auf einem Schießfeld anderer Art. Jeder Nationalsozialist ist ein Kämpfer!

Hail Hitler!
Gerhard Laska




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Informe frontal
Entrevista con Molly
Tercera parte

NSK: Sus proyectos actuales están obviamente relacionados con la filosofía y el arte.

Describe su opinión sobre el impacto de estos temas en la política.

Molly: Bueno, trato de seguir actualizando la galería de fotos, pero sobre todo me he concentrado en Adolf Hitler y el Ejército de la Humankind (www.movingthegeneration.com/booth.html). Estoy en 21 páginas ahora, y tengo mucho más que hacer. Estudiar la Segunda Guerra Mundial es un absoluto campo de minas de información. Busco información sobre una cosa y te encuentras con diez cosas más para investigar. Se siente un poco como si fueras un arqueólogo, desenterrando el pasado enterrado. Un pasado que prefieren no sacar a la luz. Podemos volver a agradecer a Internet la avalancha de información y fotografías. A lo largo de los años han salido a la luz cosas extremadamente raras




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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 Europeans and racial 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 now White immigration, culture destruction, and neo-racism.

Whether "legal" or "illegal", whether in election halls or street battles, whether armed with propaganda material or on a battlefield of a different kind, every National Socialist must do his duty!

Hail Hitler!
Gerhard Laska



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