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PROUDLY PRESENTS

a **BORIS DUMONT** booklet

# FIGHTING TO WIN

the history of an anarchist  
amongst a thousand others



PRODUCED IN ASSOCIATION WITH THE ANARCHIST BLACK CROSS



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"We only had a screwdriver and a pair of scissors to dig through a two and a half inch wall. It was completely crazy....."

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FORTHCOMING TITLES FROM  
**BLACK ECONOMY BOOKS**

ROBERT TAYLOR "PISSING IN THE SAME POT"

JOHN DILLINGER "EAT MY DUST"

For our escape we've been placed in a punishment cell, and we're now in something like a maximum security unit, but we don't care! The struggle continues everywhere, all the time, and by all means necessary! Once more the politico-repressive system in Belgium shows its real face as part of what will be in the next decade in Europe; the imperialist oppression, and a huge unification of totalitarian repression against opposition.

As revolutionary fighters we have to unify ourselves-no matter which country we come from-to fight against imperialist supremacy in the eastern countries that aims to divide us before destroying the weakest ones of us.

- ★LET'S UNIFY OURSELVES!
  - ★FOR A EUROPE WITHOUT ANY CLASSES!
  - ★FOR THE DESTRUCTION OF IMPERIALIST JAILS!
  - ★FOR THE VICTORY OF OUR FIGHT.....NEVER STOP FIGHTING, TRYING, SHOUTING & RIOTING!
  - ★SOLIDARITY WITH ALL COMRADES FRAMED IN IMPERIALIST JAILS!
- Love and rage in the struggle, Boris Dumont & Serge Mandellier

Prison de Verviers,  
81 Chausee d' Heusy,  
4800 Verviers,  
Belgium.

(Please send letters of support in English, French or Spanish)

## **Fighting to win**

"The History of an Anarchist amongst a thousand others....."  
BORIS DUMONT 1993

### **Dedication**

This booklet is dedicated to all the working class fighters; to all the political prisoners and POW's imprisoned in the jails of imperialism the world over and to all the people and organizations supporting me.

Even if it's hard for us, one must never lose the faith in our fight because there's still hope to find our freedom.....even if we have to dig in the dirt....

This booklet isn't dedicated to the stook-pigeon who's the biggest bastard in the world because he betrayed us by siding himself with the system and because of his treason we missed our chance of escape.

*N.B. Please remember that English is not the first language of the author so any errors in grammar are due to this fact. Whilst the text was corrected to a large extent we felt that to rewrite the booklet entirely would have taken away some of it's character.*

BLACK ECONOMY BOOKS

### **Remarks**

All the things written in this booklet are true and are my own story though some of the names have been changed to protect comrades involved with me in the past, present or future actions.

I'd like to say that I never considered myself as a writer and I never thought to write such a booklet but on the request of some comrades I've done it. I don't think that it is that useful to write this story but if comrades do it's because they have good reasons. This booklet is my story (shortened of course) but it's also the story of many others, here and everywhere. Perhaps we didn't have all the same experiences when we were young but it doesn't matter; now we're all revolutionaries, fighting the same enemies and wanting the same future world that will be based on a real social system for common welfare.

Some of us are now in jail for having fought the system in different ways. The reading of this booklet will show you, if necessary, that it's still possible to fight back from the inside. Of course we can't fight with bricks, bombs, guns and Molotovs anymore, we can only fight with our writings and thoughts against the system. Sometimes a well written text hurts more than a bomb.

At least if this booklet can lead some people to join our struggle or to fight stronger it will be the best proof that a text written in jail can be useful to our fight and that my comrades were right to ask me to do it.



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**Thanks**

Thanks to David, Debby, Chris and Jason for having corrected this text that was surely full of mistakes; thanks to Serge for having dug with me and for still being present when it's hard for me; thanks to all the others that I can't mention here because the list is really too long but you may all be sure that, even if I don't mention you here, you're all present in my heart. Thanks. Thanks also to you who have bought this booklet, all the benefits of the sale will be for the ABC (Anarchist Black Cross) and will help comrades to continue all the things they do to support class struggle prisoners.

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**"Never Stop"**

This is the text of a letter that appeared in 'Taking Liberties' number 10, Spring 1993. Before talking about our personal situation and about the situation of other Belgian prisoners it is better to explain briefly the situation in our country so that people might have a better understanding.

1992 has been the year of increasing repression inside and outside the jails; of course this repression isn't new but this time it is really worse than before. This is because of some events that occurred last summer especially. It is not our intention to analyze these events but rather to look closer at the consequences of one of them.

During the summer of '92, two young people aged about 25 savagely killed a young man and his girlfriend (after raping her). These two murderers also committed several attacks in the country. One of these criminals had been on parole for a few months and the other one was on a 'one day out of jail' (sort of day release).

The violence of the murders and attacks they committed were highly covered by the media at the time. For example, a petition was created by the victims' parents and friends, a petition that received more than 300,000 signatures and was sent to parliament. All this had immediate consequences- an incredible hardening of the public's opinion of Belgian prisons and inmates. The 'logical' result of this hardening of public opinion is actually felt in all the Belgian jails by an almost systematical denial of all the requests for parole and 'one day out'. This abstraction of liberties provokes in the prisoners' families and in the jail population some big deceptions and breaks all hope for any anticipated releases. The effect of such a situation is defined by an increasing 'electricity in the air' of all the jails, where many inmates, sentenced to life or to 10, 15, or 20 years are framed.

The situation is really bad for most prisoners; some of them get depressed or try to commit suicide, some others try to escape.....and it is in this special political context that we want to talk now about the last events that occurred to us.

During the month of December we decided to assert and to define our political militance in a new way. As revolutionaries we decided to stop according the little trust that remained in us to the diverse frames of the system ruling the Belgian jails. This new definition of our militance has been, firstly, to plan an escape, and secondly the willing of a total struggle against the government's repressive institutions.

We won't explain the details of our escape that failed after more than a month of digging a hole with sweat and blood, but we would like to give some info about our actual situation.

We've been inside for 7 and a half years and 12 years respectively, which means that, theoretically we both could have been paroled many months ago; many years in Serge's case. In the first case as in the second, nothing has been given to us yet, neither a 'one day out' nor parole! All is always refused. We don't deny the facts why we are in jail as well as the reasons why we have been framed. We strongly protest against the length of this. Normally (but what's 'normal' here?) jail is said to be expiatory (we wonder how!), but here it's becoming eliminative!

during the last 3 days, and we had decided to leave on the January 18. We had to leave at 7pm, but at 4pm the screws came into the cell with the director of the prison and we had been caught. We were not caught digging, but they found the hole, going directly to the cupboard.

The guy who was with me in the cell had gone to the director's office in the morning and he betrayed us- the bloody son of a bitch!- because he was afraid to escape with us! Another 3 hours and we would have been free... There are no words to explain how we felt- Serge and me- after that...

Rather than writing an epilogue, reproduced below are two articles which appeared in 'Taking Liberties', and the best momentary end for this story.

We failed, and that's a fact, but as Ernesto 'Che' Guevara used to say: "in victories as like in defeats, the only thing that matters is the continuity of the attack". The struggle continues...I don't know when I will be released, but one day that is for sure, I will be free.

### **UP THE REVOLUTION!!!**

Ps. Yves Duchesnes, you bloody bastard, it would be better for you to go on the moon to live than to cross my way, even in 20 years. I will never forget, nor forgive your treason.

Boris Dumont, Jail of Verviers, June 1993.

### **1: From cradle to anarchy**

Just a few words about my childhood, before to be involved in any kind of struggle and before to know the meaning of Anarchism, Marxism, Communism and of all the words that finish in 'ism' .....

I'm born in Brussels -Belgium- on the 15th October, 1964. My parents were and still are middle class, not rich enough to live on yearly incomes but rich enough to be considered as petty bourgeois. My mother was a hairdresser but doesn't work anymore.

My father is a chemical engineer working in a huge multinational company that I won't mention here, they don't need any kind of publicity coming from me.

Till the age of 6 we lived in the city, then we moved to a suburb called Auderghem where only middle class and bourgeois people live because of the high rents.

I was at a catholic school till the age of 12 and I had no special problems during those 6 years. My parents put me in this school not because they were bigots, they're atheists, but because it was the closest one from our house. I was a child like all the other ones, perhaps a bit more shy and silent but, anyway, a normal child. (I do think so!)



## 2: From anarchy to Anarchism

At the age of 13 I was still at school but I began to differentiate myself from all the other pupils: I began to let my hair grow, to wear an earring and a black leather jacket and also at this time I began to smoke a bit of ganja and to try other drugs such as mushrooms, LSD etc.

Nowadays, when I look back at this period of my life I consider it was the first kind of rebellion against my parent's world: a world that was indeed too square for me.

It was the year 1977 - 'the Punk year' but I never considered myself as a punk, besides punks only appeared in Belgium 2 or 3 years after. I never considered myself - even actually - as being the 'member' of a fashion movement such as mods or rockers, headbangers, etc... I'm what I am and that's more than enough(!) but if people need to be members of a fashion movement it's their own choice and I respect their choice as long as they'll respect mine.

From '77 to '79 my hair grew, I lasted more and more different drugs (but I've never been addicted to one) and I began to listen to French rock bands such as 'Trust', 'Telephone', etc... all those bands had lyrics that helped me to open my eyes on society's problems (police oppression, conflict with parents...) those bands were in France and Belgium what 'The Clash' and 'The Sex Pistols' have been in England. During those years I was still at school, where I had good results and no one expected what was happening in my brain at this time I read lots of history books at this period of my life - I've always been fond of history - and those books learned me many things about the successive revolutions in Europe, about the World War Two and about all social conflicts in men's history. I became a bit more aware of all the inequalities in the society; of all the atrocities committed by the Nazis and of the rightness of the revolutions. I slowly became a revolutionary but I didn't know it yet, all I knew was that I was disgusted by my parent's world that I considered as a rotten one; I was searching for something different but I had no idea about what I was looking for....

From '79 to '80 I continued to take drugs, most of the time with Stephan, a friend that was at the same school as me but was one year older than I was. We usually spent our weekends at his parents home because they were out most of the time, it was at his parents house that we both began to search around for something to do, something different than taking drugs and listening to music, but there's so many things to do when you're 15 or 16 and when you hate the society, the school, the cops... We didn't know it, but we began it!

We began to steal records - it was easier than to buy them -; to smash bourgeois cars with bricks during the night; to paint "Anarchy" on police stations and police cars and to do many other little funny things such as these ones (at this time it was more a game for us than a political action and that's quite normal, we were only 15 (me) and 16 (Stephan) so....

That's also at that time that we began to have more and more problems with our parents and with our teachers. We quickly began to be bored of all that and we left school

## 8: Digging In The Dirt.

In September 1992 I met Serge in jail. He had been inside for more than 12 years, and me a little more than seven and we both quickly realized that we were revolutionaries and that we had the same idea - to get out of this jail!!! Until December we tried to find the best way to escape, and after hours of discussions we decided to dig a hole in the wall of my cell. The hole was to be behind a broad cupboard and covered by a white poster - incredible but true!

We had an advantage, which was that I had the last cell on the wing, furthest from the screws office on that wing. On the other hand we had a big problem, which was that Serge and I were not in the same cell! I was with a guy about 30 years of age, sentenced to life for murder, and six years into his sentence. We had no other choice than to take him apart and to ask him what he thought of an escape.

Obviously, and according to him he was interested in the escape, even telling us that he'd tried twice but failed. As for Serge, he had tried twice and succeeded, unfortunately being caught a few months later. The wing we were on at this time was special in that the cell doors were open for 3 hours per day to allow prisoners to watch TV or to play cards in the corridor of the unit. This meant that we had 3 hours each day in which to dig. One of us would stay in the corridor to avoid and to prevent other prisoners and screws from interrupting the other two from digging. We only had a screwdriver and a pair of scissors to dig through a two and a half inch wall. It was completely crazy and a Titans' job, but we decided to start digging in the middle of December so as to be out by the end of the year or a few days before. At first we had to pull out all the plaster from the wall so as to see the bricks and to see how to dig. The amount of dust in the cell is incredible when you pull the plaster out!

The next days we continued to dig, and sometimes it took us more than a day - 3 hours at a time - to pull out only one brick. I never thought that a wall could be so tough! Day after day we began to have a real hole in the wall. It was much harder than we had expected and we soon realized that it would take us longer to get out, perhaps into the first few weeks of January 93. We had a real hole, that is a fact, but we also had more problems with the dust and the waste bricks etc. We used to throw the dust through the window and keep the bricks under our beds. That may seem mad, but the best hidden things are the ones you don't hide, it's strange but true.

We continued to work and all went as expected, but the only thing we had not thought of was the dirtiness of such work! It makes so much dirt and dust that we had to clean the cell every day after the digging, and for that we lost half an hour each day. At the same time that we were digging, we made contacts with comrades on the outside to wait for us when the day will come. Everything was OK, we had false police cards, even one from the secret service! This was to avoid police controls within the first few hours of escape. We also had some money and phone cards, it was all very well prepared....

On 15 January we saw the light from outside through the hole. With just a little more work we would be out. We were so excited that it was impossible for both of us to sleep



## 7: From my arrival to "Digging in the dirt".

Verviers....a small Belgian town but the place from where I've actively come back to the struggle. With the new contacts that I had in France, it has been easy to find others, many more in France. I was also to find contacts later in Spain, England and Germany, and later in other countries too.

I continued my studies (social science and psychology) and began to write little articles in the Anarchist press. The articles were concerned with denouncing the oppression within Belgian jails, as well as to denounce the rise in fascism, police oppression etc.

It was at this time that I really discovered the power of some writings. Obviously, if you write about silly things, it will only give silly results; whereas if you take the time to write some good stuff, a good article with the right words can bring unexpected results. These results can be good, or bad especially concerning the comeback after the article is published. Some of my articles have been reproduced in the official Belgian press, and it was these that gave the best results.

Of course, for me now it's constant oppression because they have seen that I can be a danger to them with only a pen as a weapon. That is a choice that I have made, and if I have to pay the price for telling the truth then so be it, they will not make me shut up!

Within a period of three years a lot of articles were reproduced in anarchist, syndicalist, communist press, and even in 'normal' papers (though only 5% of these appeared in England). The two texts reproduced at the end of this booklet don't need any explanation, they speak for themselves. The result of the first text has been its suppression, even after it appeared in two 'official' papers with the help of doctors and reporters etc. The second text, written in January 1993 has no pretension to give results. The only purpose of it is to show that even behind walls they will never stop the actions and the voice of the revolutionary. Walls are high, but our ideas are stronger and higher, and besides that they can never kill an idea. It's still possible to destroy a wall, and even a jail (for example the jail of Weiterstadt in Germany on 27.3.93, completely destroyed during the night 4 days before its opening. This was an RAF action of commando Kaharina Hammerschmidt, and congratulations to the members of this commando, it's a great job!)

This is also round about the time that my girlfriend left me. Even if I was sad, I wasn't angry at her; it is hard to wait for such a long time, and I can easily understand that she might have been bored waiting all those years while I was behind bars. One cannot ask someone else to suffer for years, and she had suffered enough while I've been in jail.

From 1991 to 92 I passed my exams, making me a graduate in social sciences and psychology. It is useful to have a better understanding of the way in which the system works, and how to fight it. Revolution is a day to day fight and we have to take the most trumps with us to make a reality of it. Of course we won't win a revolution with pens and books alone, but neither will we win without enough knowledge to do so. Some knowledge we can only find in books, chemistry as well as philosophy! A revolutionary has no free time, all the time is taken by the revolution and political activities, by learning from books as well as fighting in the streets. We can learn so much from meeting other people too.

(a bit obliged...) and we hanged around seriously.

We continued our little night actions and little by little we met other teenagers in the same situation as our one. We weren't a gang but a group of friends who loved ganja, loud music and who hated the society. We used to spend most of our time together... all good remembrances when I think to this period of my life. The problems with our parents were increasing and one day it hasn't been possible for us to manage with them and we decided to look for a job so as to earn money to rent an apartment and to live together with Stephan.

I found work in a restaurant and Stephan found one in a record shop. After one month we left our parent's homes and we rent an apartment in a working class suburb of Brussels. We lived by 4 in this apartments; Stephan, me and our two girlfriends. It was really good times. We were OK for the food 'cos I managed to steal as much as possible from the restaurant and Stephan stole 3 or 4 records a day that we sold the same day at half price in 'second hand' shops.

We had no money problems at all because of all the things we stole and we were completely independent from our parents and that was the only thing that matters to us at this time.

During this period we met some other guys who were living like we did and we used to spend all of our free time together, continuing our little actions. These ones slowly became more violent, we began to set fire to bourgeois cars, and once we even burned a police station (during the night so as to wound nobody). More than half of the station was burned before the arrival of the firemen. We also began to participate in demos against fascism, and we often had to fight with them. It wasn't 'boneheads' yet, but members of groups like the 'Youth Front' or the VMO (a far right Flemish organization), who were both really violent. We also had the addresses of some fascist organizations and occasionally we would wait for these bastards to beat them up. It was good work but it was rather dangerous if other fascists came to join the ones we were beating. Fortunately this never occurred!

When I was a bit more than 17, Stephan took a hard dose of LSD and was put into a psychiatric hospital, where he died two years later. I stayed at our apartment with my girlfriend and with another comrade called Thierry, who was three years older than me.

He was more violent in his thoughts and I learned many things from him like the practice of direct action, as well as theoretical ideas on Marxism, Anarchism etc. I began to read the 'classics' of Bakunin, Kropotkin, Maleieva, and lots of books about the Spanish and Russian revolutions, Jean-Paul Sartre, and the events of 1968 in France.

It's also at this time that I became conscious that there is a difference between anarchy and Anarchism, and that Anarchism is more than a simple word or a way of life. I discovered the social realities of Anarchist doctrine, and I realized that if we really wanted to change something in this society (no matter what), then we would have to fight for it.

It's also at this time that I understood anarchy as some sort of chaos, and Anarchism as a political theory for real social evolution. I didn't want anarchy anymore but Anarchism because I was conscious of society's sickness. For the first time I considered



myself an Anarchist, fighting for Anarchism and social change and no more for anarchy that leads only to social disorder and not to a classless society aiming for common welfare.

newspapers from France and even Belgium.

In reading those newspapers I found that Thierry has been found dead in Amsterdam (Holland), from an overdose of heroin. That news upset me because when I was free, I never saw him using hard drugs... Nowadays I'm sure some bastard was responsible for his 'suicide' as he was so opposed to the use of hard drugs. I just can't believe he died of an overdose, it is impossible for me to believe that.

I also learned that three of us were in jail in France, with life sentences for an armed robbery in which someone was killed. I never received news of the fourth; I don't even know if he is still alive, although I strongly hope he is. Perhaps he is on the run, perhaps fighting in another country... perhaps in jail... I don't know but I hope he is still alive, and that we'll again one day, because he was a good comrade and a brave fighter.

I realized that our group now belonged to the past and if wanted to continue the struggle I would have to make new contacts.

Little by little I gained contacts with anarchists in France and Belgium; they were too 'soft' for me and I soon left them, they were good writers, good speakers but, even in their words were not supporters of 'direct action' as away to fight, but were supporters of 'soft written actions' which lead nowhere according to me.

The friend staying in the cell with me has been paroled and now I am alone, with just my girlfriend to comfort me, but she has nothing to do with politics and could not help me make contacts. Anyway, I never lost my faith to find new ones and to be able to fight back from the inside.

I was just beginning to make new contacts in France (good ones), when I was moved again! This time I was moved to Mors where I spent a more than three months in the punishment wing. My last move was to the jail of Verriers in the early 1990's, where I still reside as I type these lines.



### 3: From the theory to the practice

A few months passed, my girlfriend left me- that's life..... and we moved to another apartment, a little one but close to our other one.

I continued to work at the restaurant. Thierry didn't work but he always managed to find more money than the wages for unemployed people.

We began to organize ourselves as an active group (two people); we'd do less action than before but the ones we did were well prepared and targeted.

I consider that each age group has its own actions to do and if it's a big victory for teens to set fire to bourgeois cars then it's a waste of time when your older because you're able to do more important things for the struggle. Of course I'll still applaud when I see burning bourgeois cars but I (we) thought it wasn't for us anymore as we had other things to do.

We had a motorbike and it was really useful to do our first actions with Molotovs. It's really easy to prepare 1 or 2 bottles and to pass at high speed in front of fascist organization or in front of a police station and throw the bottles through the windows or doors. We didn't just attack fascist organizations and police stations. We attacked many targets such as jewelers, luxury shops etc. We've never been caught or even suspected for these actions. We were both able to drive the motorbike and nothing's more useful than a bike in a big city such as Brussels to commit these actions. Police cars can't follow you in the little back streets or in a one way street and at this time Belgian police motorbikes were really slow compared to ours.

From 18 to 20 years old I continued to live with Thierry. Some of our actions received little articles in the press but we never thought to sign our actions with the name of a group or organization. It didn't seem important to us at the time. The most important thing for us was that the actions were done and that we didn't get caught, for the rest we didn't care at all.

It was the years '82 and '83 and many active groups committed actions in European countries (RAF in Germany, 'Action Directe' in France etc.). We really wanted to fight with such people because they were more efficient than we were, but we never succeeded in contacting any of them. It's not difficult to understand because if everybody could contact them easily it's sure that the cops will also contact them for different reasons.

It's also during those years that I received the form to be incorporated in to the army but because I'd taken drugs in the past they refused me- lucky me! I can't exactly remember when (at 19 perhaps?) I had my first and my only gun, an automatic Beretta 6.35 with explosive bullets. I was really happy to have one, not for the fun of course but for my personal security during our actions. It's always better to have one even if you don't use it, it secures you. Of course it was a woman's weapon but it was better for me than to have a heavy .44 Magnum and to be unable to use it. I only had to use it one time, approximately half a year later during a shooting with three unknown guys in Rotterdam. No one was hit, neither Thierry or me, though perhaps a wounding amongst the three

### 6: From my trial to my 'come back' into the struggle.

16 November 1987, a bad day indeed...but I was ready to face the 'class justice', and I wasn't dreaming about the results of the trial; I expected 15 years but my two lawyers expected a bit less. The trial finished 5 days later and I've been sentenced to 18 years, though the prosecutor asked for a life sentence! When I heard him say "life" I thought it was a bad dream, but it wasn't. The jury of the public (5 men, 7 women) deliberated for more than six hours, and they answered "yes" to all the 28 accusations put before them. The only reason I did not get life was because of my age at the time of the robbery (not 21 yet), and if I'd been a bit older, it's sure that I would have received life.

A thing that every working class fighter or revolutionary has to know is that the 'class justice' has only the name of justice, but is not justice at all, with the dice being loaded from the start. The cards are tricked, and the revolutionary facing the 'class justice' of the capitalist system has not a chance in a million of being found not guilty by the court, or even of receiving a lighter sentence. It's not even necessary to pay for lawyers because they could never defend us as well as we could by ourselves because we have the faith in our fight, and nobody can explain that better than ourselves.

Lawyers are there to defend us, that is a fact, and that is what they claim, though they are only really there to get as much money out of you as possible. Lawyers are not revolutionaries themselves, so they cannot understand the reasons for our fight. Obviously, if they can't understand us then they will not be able to defend us properly. Lawyers are just like judges and prosecutors, they are just bullshitters working for a bitch called justice; they are our enemies just like cops and capitalists are. One must never forget that!

In January 1988 I was moved to the jail of Lantin (a high, grey building), where I was supposed to serve my time. It was too far from Brussels, so my girlfriend and I asked to be moved somewhere else. Three months later I was moved to Namur jail, it was closer to Brussels and I stayed for about one year.

I had lost all contact with my comrades and all the addresses I remembered weren't used any more. I wanted to regain contact but found it difficult in jail; especially in Belgium where there's no network or organization to help.

The year I spent in Namur was split between studies, reading politics and many attempts to make contact with my comrades.

My studies have been successful but it's been impossible for me to make any contact with my old comrades, which was really disappointing.

In April 1989 I was moved (once more!), to another jail, this time it was Huy, I was moved because I was suspected of drug trafficking, which was completely wrong. Anyway, I didn't care, there was nothing more I could do there, after lots of letters, phone calls, etc., I was still at the same point: no contact!

Lucky me! When I arrived at the jail I saw an old friend of mine and we decided to take a cell together (in Belgium, most of the cells are for two or three persons). This friend wasn't a revolutionary in the common sense of the word, but received regular libertarian



others but we didn't wait to find out. I didn't realize the danger at the moment of the shooting and I was afraid to get hit but after the shooting I needed some hours and a bottle to recover from it!

That's something I established for any kind of action, I'm still a bit anxious before hand but during I become self controlled and that goes for most of the comrades I know. As far as I'm concerned that's always after the action, when all is done and I'm back in safety. Then I need a certain time to calm down, and I usually smoke a joint and after that I'm OK. I have to say that I never stopped smoking ganja but I stopped taking any other kind of drug after Stephan's accident. Sometimes I'd take a Quaalude to help me sleep, especially since I'm in jail because sometimes it's really hard for me to sleep.

zations so as to compromise nobody. Perhaps that seems like paranoia, but two precautions are better than one. I stayed at the 'C' wing for all the months before my trial, which began on 16 November 1987.

One day - I don't remember when exactly - there has been a huge riot at the jail. All the wing has been destroyed in a night, the riot beginning because some inmates stole keys from the screws and then opened all the cell doors. Some screws were taken as hostages but the 'hit squad' of the police has stopped the riot after a few hours. Everybody has been savagely beaten by the hit squad, even older prisoners, some over 60 years of age!

The next day some rioters were moved to other jails (worse than Forest). Obviously I've been moved with them even though I was not one of those who stole the keys. We've been sent to different jails of the country so as to separate us, and as far as I was concerned I was sent to Gand in the north of the country. This was a Flemish jail and I didn't speak Dutch enough to understand the screws, it was a mad situation. Anyway, the director understood French, and upon my arrival at the jail I told him that I considered that there was no reason for me to be there. There was no reason for this punishment and I intended going on a hunger strike to protest against this arbitrary security punishment. I was immediately thrown into a dark cell, and tied to the bed with chains, which were impossible to move. Once again I was beaten savagely, this time by five screws - the bastards and I couldn't even defend myself because I was tied to the bed. I stayed there for 13 days, during which the screws tried to force me to eat, though I refused and spat out all the food. Those 13 days were extremely difficult to live through, it had become totally crazy!

There are no words to explain what it feels like to be tied for over 300 hours without the possibility of moving an arm or a leg. Fortunately, after those 13 days they decided to sent me back where I came from, to Forest in Brussels. After I came back to Forest I knew the date of my trial, and spent all the time before it dedicated to reading my file, 1900 pages! I wanted to be as well prepared as possible to face the court, and to know as well as they did all the pieces of this file, all the papers included in it, all the declarations, depositions of witnesses etc.



## 5: From 4.9.1985 to my trial.

After we arrived at the criminal brigade I was questioned and sometimes beaten for about 30 hours non stop. After the 30 hours the cash-carrier came to the police station in his wheelchair and obviously he recognized me as his attacker.

The game was over then and only then, I told the cops that it was really me who had attacked the guy. I was tired and had a terrible headache plus I was suffering from the beating the bastards had given me all over my body. I was questioned for about 6 or 7 hours more and then the cops went with me to my apartment where they found the 4th book, my pistol, some dynamite, gloves, masks, a little ganja and many other things with no great importance (maps, black clothes, etc.) but they didn't find anything that could compromise my comrades. Despite my situation I was really happy that they had nothing against my comrades and I didn't worry too much for my girlfriend because she was completely innocent. She didn't even know about our actions or about the hidden material in the cellar. She was only questioned for 5 or 6 hours then heard by a judge and released "not guilty". As far as I'm concerned I've been accused by the same judge who has heard my girlfriend of illegal possession of explosives, drugs, stolen documents from the secret services, weapons; accused of armed robbery and suspected of terrorism!

After all that I was imprisoned in the jail at Forest in Brussels. I never thought I would get arrested and the arrival at the jail seemed like a nightmare to me. It's an old jail built at the end of the 19th century, it's really dark and dirty and it's fucking cold in the winter and hot like an oven in the summer.

I've been ransacked-naked- by the screws, and then they brought me to a cell of the 'C' wing, the maximum security one. I had not slept for more than 48 hours so I quickly fell asleep without knowing what would happen next. The first two weeks at the jail passed quickly because every day I was brought to the criminal brigade to be questioned about lots of things; even things that I never heard about before! I stayed at the brigade from 8am to 8pm, and it was really tiring. They wanted to know as much as possible, but I was strong and decided to tell them nothing except what they already knew.

I did not have the opportunity to contact a lawyer yet and I was really anxious about my situation, my girlfriend, and my comrades. Of course, I could not write to them for safety reasons and I couldn't trust anyone to ask to do it for me. After two weeks the cops decided that they had nothing more to learn from me and they didn't call for me anymore, except for one time a few months later. This was for the reconstruction of the attack upon the cash carrier.

27 months passed before my trial at the 'Cour d'Assises' (the highest court in Belgium), and during this time I learned how to survive in jail. It's not that it's dangerous for your life but it is another world and the rules are different from the outside. You have to learn the new rules to avoid the problems. Every week my girlfriend came to visit me, behind glass for the first 6 months, and it was a real comfort for me to see her.

During those 27 months I stopped all my political activities because I was too busy preparing for my trial. I also wanted to avoid contact with my comrades and with organi-

## 4: From September '84 to September '85

The year '84-'85 was for me the most violent year and also the last one before I was arrested. I was still living with Thierry and a new girlfriend, we had two new comrades to do the actions with. We did fewer actions but the ones that we did were really justified and had a real political meaning. Like before we never signed our actions and now I think that this was a big mistake but we can't go back to the past and change what is already done. Why is it a mistake not to sign an action? I consider that if you sign an action you leave a message to the authorities with the reasons for your action and about it's political meaning. So they can see that there is a link between your actions and that your organized. Society's more afraid of an unknown organized group than unsigned actions with no apparent link between them. Besides, if you sign your actions by sending a communicate to newspapers, the media etc., you let people know that you exist as a politically organized group and that the actions aren't the result of some sort of vandals with no class conscience but that they are done by working class fighters with political aims.

All the revolutions in history are the result of mass revolts but all the revolutions have begun with the actions of minorities 'showing the way' to the mass. This doesn't mean that the fighters must consider themselves as vanguardist, on the contrary, they must see themselves like us all, the working class. They are just a bit more determined and probably have less to lose than others. When the time for mass revolt comes they will be fighters like all of us and surely not opportunists.

We're not and never have been vanguardist, we're just angry people bored of society and with our past experiences. We can eventually give some advice to others but will never lead them to fight. If somebody is going to fight it is because they have their own personal reasons and not because they've been pushed in the back by some sort of leader who hides behind the front line. To become a revolutionary is a personal choice but one must never stop fighting so to show to the mass that there are plenty of good reasons to do it and that people are already active.

Although we weren't anti-communists (communism has it's good sides) the last common action that we did was an attack on 1st September 1984 on the Soviet airlines agency 'Aeroflot', one year exactly after the destruction of a Boeing 747 of the South Korean airline by two Russian Mig's (269 innocent people were killed). We wanted people to remember the slaughter the Russians committed on all those innocents.

It's been an easy attack, one throwing thunderflashes loaded with iron marbles inside the agency's office while the other throws a Molotov through the door after the thunderflashes. The other two then threw many plastic bags full of beef blood all over the outside walls of the agency, and on the pavement. Then we went back to the bikes and we left the place under the eyes of an astonished crowd (it was noon!). It's the only action that we aimed at a press agency, we thought it was necessary to do it because people do not always remember a slaughter after one year. We were there to help them to remember!

Nobody has been killed- we didn't want to kill otherwise it would have been easy to



replace the thunderflashes with hand grenades- only one employee was slightly injured by the iron marbles. This action received a little attention in the press, with the reasons for the action, which is what we wanted.

Some months later in the early days of 1985 I decided to attack a cash carrier in order to steal the money he was carrying. This money must be used to buy weapons and material for the struggle. This action did not seem difficult, and the guy wasn't carrying any weapon with him so I decided to do the action alone.

It was approximately 5.30pm and it was nearly night time (in January it gets dark outside at about 5pm). I decided to take a commando knife in place of my gun 'cause it would be a lot quieter if something was to occur. I had no intention to kill him, but just wanted the money and to run away. Besides that it was not his own money, but bosses money, so I did not consider it to be an anti-social action, it was political. For me it's not a crime to steal bosses money, but a way to raise funds for the struggle. Unfortunately the guy did not see things the same way as I did and he tried to take the knife out of my hands rather than giving me the money. I had no other choice than to fight with him, and left him on the ground with deadly wounds (I thought he was dead). I took the money and left him in a pool of blood.

I went back to my apartment (the amount of money from the robbery was quite high, about 5,000 francs) but I was completely upset by what had occurred. Why did he defend the bosses money so hard? I had no intention of killing or wounding him, and he was dead (that's what I thought). I couldn't actually understand his reaction and I was really sorry for what had happened, but that's life. I had no remorse because in a way I considered it to be his fault if he was now in a wheel chair for the rest of his life. He didn't have to defend the money in the way that he did, he was paid to carry the money and not to defend it, which is why he had no weapon with him. And to risk his life for it!

During the next months we made contacts to buy weapons and material: 2 pistols, a shotgun, dynamite, and lots of ammo for the weapons. With the rest of the money we bought a 'second hand' car, some smoke bombs and many other little things that could be useful for future actions. We had lots of ideas for our future actions, but I'll let you guess what one can do with such material!

From January to September we prepared ourselves for further actions and we were determined as never before. We began to think of more and more violent actions, and we were really well organized. We had all the material one could dream of when your not 21 yet.

At the same time the police were after me though I did not know it. The cash carrier was not dead and he gave a description of me to the cops. The description was quite good and the bastards were searching for me. Of course, they didn't have my name and address but they did have a really accurate drawing of me done by a professional designer in the criminal brigade. They also had a good description of the clothes that I wore during the action.

Months past and life continued without any problems, the action being a bad memory for me, and I had other things to think about. In August I had an appointment with a

comrade who gave me four photocopied books of the SDRA (Belgian army secret service) that I had to bring in September to a comrade in Holland. These books explained how to destroy bridges, houses etc. using explosives, and one of the copies was for our group. This would be very useful to us.

I went back to the apartment where I lived with my girlfriend and put the book in the cellar along with part of the explosives and my pistol. The other weapons were at Thierry's apartment, and most of the dynamite was at our comrade's houses. On the 3rd of September 1985 I spent the night (my last one) making love with my girlfriend. At 6pm I left the house to go to the railway station to take a train to Holland, where I had to see the guy to give him the three books.

My train was at 7.40am, and at 7.20 the police began to check everyone.....shit! I had the books with me and the pistol was at home. I tried to stay as cool as possible, waiting to be controlled as everyone was. When my turn came, one of the cops recognized me from the drawing, and three of them were on me immediately; making it impossible for me to run away or to do anything.

They handcuffed me and I was savagely beaten because I was shouting lots of insults at them. They brought me out of the station and pushed me into a police car, taking me to the central police station in Brussels, 1st district criminal brigade - a band of thugs in uniform!

It was the 4th of September 1985, 8am, and it was raining outside. I wasn't 21 yet, and had no real idea of what to expect, though I quickly understood that my situation was not at all brilliant. I remember that day as if it were yesterday, and I will never forget that rotten day in 20 years. It's my worst remembrance- quite normal eh?