

STATEMENT - XABIER OLEAGA

«Pressure was so intense, I lost consciousness»

(...) Just after going back to the cell, I could hear the noises of an interrogation session. Screams, bangs, laments...I could hear them during all night, from time to time. That night I was forced to stand up in front of the wall. I was knackered the following day.

(...) In the morning, I realised I was sharing the cell with Iñaki Uria. As I noticed he was feeling bad, I became very nervous. I started feeling the first symptoms of claustrophobia. (I have been under psychotherapy treatment because of claustrophobia. In the last two years, I have not stepped into a lift and never use public transports when crowded). I had already told the police I am claustrophobic.

(...) I could hear some interrogation going on. Pressure was growing. I heard a woman sobbing in a cell next by. Some policemen (and a policewoman) offered her a tampax and some other women toileteries. Later I realised she was Inma Gomila. In another cell, some other prisoner demanded to see a lawyer. He started banging his head against the wall; the civil guards were getting anxious and tried to stop him in a rude way, threatening him.

(...) In that moment, I don't know whether was the claustrophobia or the pressure, I lost consciousness and fell. I suppose I was like that for a few minutes. The policemen sounded worried, because they might need to send me to hospital. They laid me down in the cell bed (a dirty mattress on top of a cold bed) (...) I was interrogated again, but this time, everything was harder. I was forced to do more flexions, they hit me with some sort of folded newspaper, but it was more like a simulation...It was longer than the previous time.

(...) The time between seeing the coroner on Saturday and Sunday morning was very tense. I was interrogated constantly. One of the last times, I was forced to take all my clothes off and to do all sorts of exercises, until exhaustion. As I was facing down, doing more flexions, they simulated pushing me or hitting me with a paper stick. They loaded a gun and fired at me with no bullet, some times with the gun on my head. I could hear some recorded screams from another cell, and they teased me, saying that they were going to send me to some other interrogators, and telling me I was lucky to be with the goodies. I was shivering of cold and fear, blindfolded, in the darkness, claustrophobic...At about three o'clock in the morning, I was sent to another room in order to testify. They remind me my legal rights and assured me there was a lawyer behind me, which I didn't see. They asked me about 25 questions, but I only answered two of them. They were not happy and threatened me, saying I would have to stay in their hands for another two days. They said they had a paper allowing them to do it so, but it was clear they were lying.

I testified before the judge at about half six. I told him about the way I had been treated and wondered if that was the time to report it. The judge told me it wasn't, but asked me to say whatever I wanted to say. He didn't ask me any question, he didn't seem interested in what I was telling him. And didn't clarify me when to report the ill-treatment.

I have forgotten to say that, while I was naked doing exercises and so on, they followed a mistreatment called the wheel, that consists in raising a terrible racket banging some hard plastic or metal pipes against a table.

In fact, more than real physical harm, they put me under a terrible pressure and unbearable psychological exhaustion. In my case, it was more like simulations of they could do to me, than really

using their torture techniques. They hit me, but didn't cause me real pain, because they used their open hands, paper sticks or paper balls. They pushed me one against the other, in order to made me dizzy, but without strong violence. When they faked executing me with the gun it was just no credible...