

A dense crowd of people holding colorful umbrellas, likely during a festival or event. The umbrellas are in various colors, including blue, red, and white, and are held over the heads of the people. The scene is captured from a high angle, looking down on the crowd.

Etxarri-Aranatz Revisited

Javier Marrodán

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FUNDACIÓN **TOMÁS CABALLERO**



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*To the Ulayar family,
who swung open the doors of their story to me.*

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To all those present in Etxarri-Aranatz on 24 January 2004.

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INTRODUCTION OUR MIRROR

The Ulayar family's story is a mirror that all Navarrese and all Spaniards should interrogate to discover who we actually are. It is a story that begins with a crime, one committed against former mayor Jesús Ulayar Liciaga. Languishing for several solitary and powerless years, his story will remain unfinished as long as his assassins are allowed to freely walk the streets, bearing the honorary title *hijos predilectos*¹ (Cherished Offspring) of Etxarri-Aranatz, the town where they lived side by side with their victim and where, on 27 January 1979, they killed him.

First and foremost, Jesús Ulayar was a good man. His main roles in life were father and mayor, but we could add several other qualities to these. He was a sociable, restless, witty and generous native Basque speaker and entrepreneur, yet even the sum total of all these characteristics cannot do him justice. Town councillor from 1967 and mayor from 1969 to 1975, he worked hard for the people of the town and looked after them as much as he could. "Our childhood was short of a dad," his children have remarked from time to time, encapsulating in that one sentence the flipside of Jesús Ulayar's meticulous dedication to his town council work. He poured in his time and effort even when some in his neighbourhood started labelling him a 'fascist' or 'anti-Basque' ... labels that would ultimately lead him to the scaffold.

1 *Hijo/a predilecto/a*: a title bestowed on a person by a local authority for particular merits, qualities or unique circumstances.

Twenty-five years have passed since his death, but the sound of gunfire still rings loud and true. At that time, Jesús' widow and four children attended his funeral and burial deep in grief, receiving love and condolences from just a few. They could not have imagined that their pain, tears, powerlessness and abandonment would last this long. Less still would they have suspected that the perpetrators of the crime, arrested in October 1979 and tried in 1980 at the Spanish National Court, would be bestowed the title *hijos predilectos* by Etxarri-Aranatz Basque nationalist town council or that upon their release from prison they would be invited to launch the *chupinazo*² rocket marking the start of the annual festival. In fact, they lit the fuse from the town hall balcony, practically boasting of their murderer status in the very same building where their prey had invested so many hours into making their lives more comfortable.

As was the case with a great many other victims, ETA murdered Jesús Ulayar three times: firstly, by smearing his character, insulting and threatening him; secondly, by destroying him physically with bullets; and thirdly, with the statement they issued claiming responsibility for the attack and the lies they disseminated posthumously over his grave. His widow and children endure a permanent state of mourning.

Nevertheless, on that family's long journey through pain and isolation, an important turning point appeared on 24 January 2004. That day marked the 25th anniversary of the crime, and citizen's platform Libertad Ya (Freedom Now) had convened a tribute to Jesús Ulayar in Etxarri-Aranatz. Two thousand people attended, the town peacefully rallying round his widow and four children to envelope them in the love and solidarity of which they had

² *Chupinazo*: a small rocket used to mark the start of local festivities. The honour of lighting it is often given to prominent people in the area.

been deprived for the previous 25 years. On that rainy Saturday so many years later, their open wound could finally start to heal.

This book tells the story of what happened on those two dates: 27 January 1979 and 24 January 2004 and also provides a condensed description of the quarter of a century that has passed in between.

The narrative is in two parts. The first part relays a report published in the *Diario de Navarra* newspaper's 3 December 2000 edition on the presentation of Navarra's Gold Medal³ to the victims of terrorism. The article summarised the Ulayar family's life before and after the attack and it was the first time that Etxarri's ex-mayor's four children had publicly revealed details of the daily hardships they confronted. The report is reproduced here with minimal edits.

Part two collates a handful of personal stories and profiles belonging to various people who gathered in Etxarri-Aranatz in January 2004 in remembrance of Jesús Ulayar: the first stories are written by his four children, but stories from other victims from different periods and other backgrounds also feature: these include councillors, mayors, veterans from anti-ETA movements, journalists and even one film director. While they are apparently independent sketches, when taken as a whole they depict the undercurrent terrorism created. By retracing the paths which converged on that day in the heart of Navarra's Barranca area, we can perhaps uncover what Navarra looked like at the close of the 20th century: a Navarra which was frequently unable to console its victims, a Navarra which may indeed have prolonged ETA's violence through its ability to forget, through convenience, through silence. In that sense, each chapter provides a piece of the jigsaw to understanding the recent past. Each offers a specific viewpoint or

³ In Spanish: *Medalla de Oro de Navarra*

comments on a particular event, but they all contribute to a wider whole, the larger panorama. The personal stories of those who gathered on 24 January 2004 help us understand how such an attack on Jesús Ulayar was possible and the huge effort it took for streets which were barely able to remember happy times to return to peaceful dialogue, to solidarity and to hope.

That outcome is complicated by the fact that the Ulayars' experience remains an appalling one despite the time and distance that has elapsed. But it is not enough merely to feel moved; we come up short if we simply imagine the pain caused by those long years of injustice, suffered in silence, unwitnessed. We need to take a look at ourselves in the tale of their abandonment and discover what kind of people we were at that time. It is all well and good to blink back tears over black and white photos of the funeral or feel a chill of regret run down our spines as we read the insults they suffered at school, in the street and in nearly every corner of their existence, but we must search for our own likeness at that time and ask ourselves, "Where were *we*?" "What were *we* doing?" "How long did it take us to realise that the Ulayars' problem was also *our* problem?" By examining ourselves through their story and the other interwoven stories in this book, we may also discover our own.

This volume does, however, offer cause for hope. The terrible legacy that ETA has left during the last 25 years has not stopped the curtain of fear from receding. What used to be the brave commitment of a few remarkable individuals has become a growing clamour today. Society is gradually awakening, and the number of people ready to defend their freedom where required is rapidly increasing. It is true that they still murder where they can, albeit less and less often, thank God. They still have friends who cheer them on. There are still politicians and fellow

countrymen who are sympathisers and make excuses for their friends. But it is no longer as it was before. Back then, the majority believed that there was no place for violence, whilst today, the majority of us are prepared to defend that principle through demonstrations and actions such as the one held in Etxarri-Aranatz on 24 January 2004.

I. 27 JANUARY 1979
GUNFIRE RINGS IN OUR EARS

THE ULAYARS' BLACK SUITCASE

The Ulayars' story has been locked away for years in a suitcase, in a black suitcase. When an ETA commando unit assassinated their father in 1979, the four siblings collected newspaper cuttings about the attack and the funeral in a folder. Then when the Spanish Guardia Civil police force arrested his attackers shortly afterwards, they added the resulting cuttings to those they had already collected. The folder also housed letters they received during those "agonising" days, plus some statements issued by different political parties that would hold their wound open during the weeks and months to come. The never-ending certificates and documents the attack generated were also similarly filed away, along with the sentencing, requests for help and various court rulings.

A second folder was added to the first, this one containing photographs and keepsakes from before his death. A third folder held new information about the assassins' release from prison and return to town life between 1996 and 1998, by which time Etxarri-Aranatz town council, the same institution Jesús Ulayar led as mayor between 1969 and 1975, had already bestowed upon them the title *hijos predilectos*.

All this material, documentary evidence of the tragedy that took place, has lain dormant for years in a single suitcase, inaccessible to prying eyes and tucked away from an environment that had become stifling, protected from the all-too-frequent incidents which forced the family to relive their profound grief. It was never suggested the story should be deliberately hidden, but sorrow, isolation,

distance and resignation, to a certain degree, meant it stayed locked away for two long decades.

The Ulayars' suitcase (black of course) is a metaphor for the family's journey, but it is also a privileged window into the last 25 years. Opening it and examining its contents is to plunge into the pain that ETA's crimes unleashed on the daily lives of many people in Navarra and the Spanish Basque Country. Rage and powerlessness unite when we observe just how far those tentacles of terror reached, how the gunmen mortgaged society in general up to the hilt. No, opening the Ulayars' black suitcase is not a pleasurable exercise, but it is a necessary one. Among the randomly sized pages and yellowed cuttings, perhaps on the back of a photograph or between the uneven lines of a handwritten letter, those who venture inside will find a mirror they can hold up to themselves and work out where they were at that time, what kind of person they were, what their pre-occupations were and why they are surprised now.

An ordinary family

Among the oldest papers the Ulayar family's file contains are some documents in outdated typeface and old evidence of their assassinated father's family history: Jesús Ulayar Liciaga, son of José Miguel and Inés, born in Etxarri-Aranatz on 3 September 1924. There are certificates that his children had to rescue at the time of the attack, some from the subsequent legal trial and others from the tortuous bureaucratic formalities that they needed to complete before receiving the support the State grants to victims of terrorism. Those forms, faded by time and never-ending processing, say nothing about the genealogy of a man whose remotest ancestors had lived in the same town in which he met his death. "In parish records from the 17th century, our surnames already appear among the entries,"

his children explain. There are no Castilian surnames in the family tree.

Nor do the certificates tell us that Jesús Ulayar met Rosa Mundiñano Ezcutori in Etxarri, nor that they were married in the town church, dedicated to Our Lady of the Assumption, in February 1955. The wedding, however, appears in various photographs with elegant white borders, the first of a series of images which grew with the arrival of each of their children: Jesús in 1955, José Ignacio in 1959, María Nieves in 1963 and Salvador in 1965.

Intermingled with these family snapshots are others of various subjects that his children can instantly identify, in counterpoint to his absence that the assassination inflicted on their lives. One of those photographs depicts Jesús Ulayar pedalling up the Puerto de Lizarraga ascent on an old Guzzi moped. The moped engine needed you to physically pedal every few minutes to keep it going. The picture was taken during a bet that the vehicle's owner had made a few days earlier with "Paco the Baker", who had just bought himself a top-of-the-range moped. "Our father," José Ignacio relates, "used to tease him about the new moped's capabilities and ended up challenging him to do the climb by moped. On the day they did it, a large number of people from the town were there and a few journalists even came across from Pamplona. To make up for the difference in engine power, the baker gave him a bit of a head start. Our father won — he used to cycle a lot and he didn't stop pedalling until he reached the top."

While that anecdote demonstrates Jesús Ulayar's open and friendly disposition, another of the photographs reveals, quite by accident, the entrepreneurial capabilities that originally prompted him to sell insurance and funeral cover door-to-door on lengthy rounds, the same rounds he later used to sell bottled gas cylinders, eventually setting

up a small business selling heaters and electrical appliances. The picture in question was taken a little after that business had got off the ground, during a cycling race organised in Etxarri-Aranatz. Jesús Ulayar's unwavering interest in bicycles had meant he drove his Citroën Dos Caballos as the support vehicle in more than one race; however, that year he decided to take the opportunity to do some marketing for his newly opened shop at the same time. Tied to the roof of the car was the most modern heater he had on sale and, placed next to the heater, sitting on a chair, was a giant doll dressed up as an old lady warming her hands on it! With such a get-up on the roof of his car he was grinning the whole way round the circuit.

Likewise there are photographs which display his spontaneous affection for his homeland's culture and traditions: in one he is leading a *dantzaki*, a typical dance that featured in most of the town's festivities. At the end of the traditional San Adrián pilgrimage festivities or *romería*⁴, his children also remember him singing *The Tree of Guernica*⁵ around a formidable oak tree representing the original tree.

Together with the photos, the images yellowed and quartered where they have been kept folded, there is a page from the 5 October 1977 edition of *Diario de Navarra* that reports on Etxarri's annual festival, including an interview with Interim Mayor Javier Mauleón complaining that several of the town's needs would not be met due to lack of funds. The article is accompanied by a dozen local small ads, only one of which contains text in Euskara, the Basque language. It reads:

4 *Romería*: festivities with food and dancing, celebrated in connection with a short pilgrimage to a local shrine on or around that saint's day.

5 *Gernikako Arbola*: an oak tree that is a living symbol of the Basque people's history and traditions.

Jesús Ulayar Liciaga Appliances wishes you a joyful festive season.

Festa on batzuek igaro ditzazutela.

In fact, where the Basque language is concerned no written proof is required: his children have vivid memories of him regularly moaning at them for not using Euskara. "He would always speak Euskara with our mother and with his siblings," José Ignacio recalls. "When he spoke to us, he would also speak in Euskara, but we usually replied in Castilian Spanish as it was the language we used at school. He didn't speak it well and he told us off, though at some point he gave up on us."

A mayor at home

There are some moments from that period that have left no written or visual legacy but are memories his children nonetheless treasure. One is of their family outings to the San Fermin festival, which usually involved a picnic at Vuelta de Castillo Park and a meander through the festival stalls, always ending with their father grumbling a "This is the last year we're coming here!" Another is playing table football with pocket money they earned from collecting empty gas cylinders for their father. A third memory is of setting up the Nativity crib at Christmas, when Jesús, the eldest, would set about 'designing' the arrangement while the others ran around the town's outskirts searching for stones and moss. Each sibling has his or her individual collection of memories, perhaps anecdotes and small details which the terrorist attack has permanently imprinted on their minds. María Nieves talks about the time that her father invited her to get up and dance with him in the kitchen when the radio blared out a *pasodoble*. "I was only

twelve and it made me feel very special, though I was never able to tell him so.”

One thing on which the four siblings agree is that their childhood was “short of a dad”. The reason this absence was so keenly felt was purely down to Jesús Ulayar’s commitment to Etxarri Council, which he joined as a councillor in 1967 and then led as its mayor from 1969 to 1975. As they leaf through some of the interviews he gave during that period, also preserved in the suitcase, they talk about numerous meetings and engagements, continual travelling back and forth to Pamplona, work in the surrounding localities and the inevitable result of that enormous amount of activity: the scant time he spent at home.

José Ignacio and María Nieves, recall the short siesta their father used to have after lunch without fail in one of the armchairs in the living room. Painting the scene of one of the few moments of peace and quiet his job would allow him, they explain, “He would always cover his belly with a jersey or small blanket. Sometime later, we found out that under that blanket he was praying the rosary while pretending to be asleep.” This small habit of his, they add, illustrates why he dedicated himself to his council work: “He was always very principled and very loyal. His only ambition was to serve his town and his fellow residents and he never asked for payment for doing it.”

However, there were people in Etxarri who did not see it that way and took advantage of one situation in particular, the differing views emerging in the town concerning what to do with the land on which the old council schools stood, in order to start attaching various labels to the mayor. This even drove him to tender his resignation although the town’s civil governor would not accept it. “The governor strongly believed he was a good manager,” his children say, even though both staff at his office as well

as in the Regional Government or at the Caja de Ahorros would always greet him with an affectionate, preemptive “Ah, Ulayar’s here again, cap in hand for his town!”

Jesús Ulayar stood his ground, but in September 1975, by then disillusioned by the response that his efforts and sleepless nights had earned, he finally left the town council behind. From then on, he focussed on his own work at the electrical appliances shop and the funeral directors which he had by then also established. Despite falling back into the rhythm of the family life of which his council post had robbed him, he could not shed the various stigmata inflicted on him. Moreover, the early stages of Transition from the Franco regime had dangerously heightened the atmosphere in Etxarri-Aranatz to the point where the ex-mayor began to fear for his life, and with good reason in an area which at the time had become a hatchery for ETA.

They linked the former mayor with recently quashed Francoism and blamed him, although always subtly, for many of the wrongs ascribed to those forty years of dictatorship, as if the hate and bitterness nurtured for generations stemmed from his council administration alone. His children lament that few people realise that his work for the town council had been just that, administration, and that the issues that absorbed his time and effort were primarily routine and practical, day-to-day tasks that had nothing to do with historical grievances or the secular injustices that radical nationalism was concerned with. Nonetheless, tension and fear rapidly grew.

There are no documents or cuttings that portray his anxiety but, as the years passed, Jesús Ulayar’s children realised what some of their father’s utterances, gestures and attitudes actually meant, odd though they seemed at the time. They had put them down to their father’s extrovert nature, “which made it difficult to know for sure when he

was joking and when he wasn't." However, the increasing amount of time he seemed self-absorbed was beginning to worry the rest of the family. Salvador, who must have been twelve or thirteen at the time, remembers the reply he received when he asked his father why he was so quiet again: "One day they'll fire four shots at me." After sharing his father's prediction, Salvador hangs his head and sums up in six words the events that would soon take place: "He was only one shot out."

The terrorist attack

27 January 1979 was a Saturday. The next day's headlines convey what happened in a way that still shocks despite the time that has since elapsed. "Etxarri-Aranatz's Ex-Mayor Assassinated in front of 13-year-old Son." The article contains the main details of what happened, and the explanation the youngest Ulayar gave to journalist José Miguel Iriberry runs to several paragraphs. Salvador does not need a newspaper archive to describe with surprising clarity every tiny detail of a scene permanently etched in his memory: "It was nearly eight in the evening and I was at home watching *Once Upon a Time...Man* on TV. I loved that programme. My father arrived home from Lakuntza and when he came into the living room, I told him the heating oil had run out, so he asked me to go with him to fill up a drum. We went through the internal door out to the garage and we picked up a large 200 litre drum between the two of us. Our van was parked outside our front door and we made our way towards it. My mother stayed behind to close the garage door; it was a sliding one. My father reached for the van door handle and I was standing next to him with the drum when I saw a man whose head was covered by a hood come towards us."

Salvador Ulayar inhales deeply before continuing, the passing years not having dulled the intensity of the memory in the slightest: "The man stopped about three metres away from my father, his feet set apart, and aimed a black, matte gun at him; I can remember it as if I were looking at it right now. Before I heard the sound of the gunshots, in that fraction of a second, my thought was 'I've no dad now.' First there were three shots fired in quick succession followed by another two. They rang out like firecrackers. My father fell to the floor and I ran off; I thought that the man in the balaclava was going to shoot me too."

Salvador Ulayar ran around the side of the family home and found his mother: "We have no dad now," he said to Rosa Mundiñano, who had heard the shots from where she was. I don't know why, but then I ran towards the spot from where the man who fired the shots had escaped. I saw them flee in a car and I followed them until they went round a corner. At that point, I realised I couldn't do anything. People were just on their way to Mass."

María Nieves, who was 16 years old and inside in the kitchen at the time frying potatoes, retains a very distinct memory of that night: "I heard gunshots and, fearing the worst, ran out into the street. I saw my father laid out on the ground in a pool of blood, but it was like what I was seeing wasn't real; it was as if I were in a nightmare. I even grabbed his arm and started to pull him so he would react in some way. 'Dad, Wake up! Wake up!' I shouted at him in desperation. I was screaming and howling with all my might as if like that I could wake myself up from the nightmare."

What happened next is a hazy memory for the murdered former mayor's children. Jesús Ulayar's body was brought into the house, but all attempts to resuscitate him were futile. Once the doctor had certified the death, they moved his body upstairs to one of his children's rooms.

The house began to fill with relatives and friends and a few journalists also appeared, listening, in the humble family kitchen, to what had happened. They were awake all night, although they do not recall many details: "It was as if it were a dream." María Nieves knows that at some point during that long vigil, she slipped away from the groups that had gathered inside her house to say her last goodbyes to her father. "When I went upstairs, his body had been left on its own. I wanted to give him a kiss and look at his wounds. I wasn't brave enough to look at them when I pulled back the sheet covering him, and when I kissed him he was already very cold. That was when I truly realised that our dad was not with us anymore, that he had gone forever."

All the siblings remember Chiqui, their family's dog, crying "as if possessed" and clawing at the door to the room where her owner's remains lay. "It's incredible how animals know exactly what's going on," they commented, perhaps to temper the memory of those hours that would form the prologue to a yet-unfinished story of pain.

Some of the cuttings they have kept provide an account of the funeral proceedings on 29 January, when Jesús Ulyar's remains had been brought back from Pamplona where the autopsy was performed. A photograph accompanies one of the reports, depicting the oldest son, Jesús, addressing the people filling the church to thank them for their presence and encouragement at such a difficult time. The report says that Jesús, then 23 years old, was doing military service in Ceuta, but it does not say how he came to hear about his father. He can retell that part of the story now as if it happened only yesterday. "My captain called me into his office and I went in with no idea what he wanted me for. I stood to attention, saluted him and then he told me: 'Ulyar, your father has had an accident and is in a critical condition.' I don't know what went through my

mind at that moment, but I replied: 'Captain, I'd prefer you told me the truth.' He then conceded, 'He was shot four times and he is dead.'"

José Ignacio had a similar experience when he arrived at Etxarri station from Pamplona, where he had been that afternoon. When he got off the train, he saw a car nearby and approached the driver to see if he could give him a lift to the town centre. It was a family friend who had been sent to wait for him and he greeted him with words that still ring in his ears: "They've killed your father." As for María Nieves, she retains an image of the moment of his burial when the coffin with her father's remains was being lowered into the grave that was "cold and clayey" from the recent rains: "That hole made me feel anguish and abandonment. For a long time, when it rained, my mind would irrationally turn to an image of him getting wet underground."

Living in isolation

Those retellings and brutal images relived were only a taste of what was in store for them. They heralded the irreparable emptiness caved out in five shots that rang out "like firecrackers". They predicted the unpluggable hole that began to appear wherever the family were and whatever they were doing. In another picture published in the newspapers, we see José Ignacio, then 19 years old, guiding the coffin with his father's remains into the "Jesús Ulyar Funeral Directors" van. It does not explain, however, how José Ignacio left his job with an Etxarri ceramics firm that day, and then the following Tuesday, with his body recently interred, he got behind the wheel of the family van to take on the work that his father had left unfinished the week before. He was the only one who could have done it at that

time, seeing as Salvador and María Nieves had gone back to school and Jesús had returned to military service in Ceuta.

The bank statements they requested during those few days debunk the unfounded accusations made by some that Jesús Ulayar had got rich at the town's expense. They also reveal the scale of the problem facing his widow and four children: his account balance was only 500,000 pesetas. That money along with the earnings of a 19-year-old was all five family members had to live on.

And although these figures seem insignificant compared to their family's immense and continual pain, there were a few specific events that caused both to be felt more keenly. Among the papers relating to the early days after the attack, there is a typewritten page, faded over time, which bears the signature of Andrés Fernández de Garaalde. It is a letter which its author, a Bilbao resident, sent the Ulayars to offer his condolences and to let them know that he had sent 1,500 pesetas to Etxarri Council as a contribution towards funeral expenses. Ulayar's children say that they were never notified of this donation: "We asked at the town hall sometime later and they told us that they hadn't received anything. When our aunts, Martina and Petra spoke to the secretary about the letter, he treated them as liars in front of a very well-attended meeting that had been called to discuss the arrest of those responsible for the crime. It was only after ten months had passed and still without anyone informing us of anything that we found the 1,500 pesetas in our account. We weren't expecting the secretary to offer an apology, nor did he."

They soon discovered that they would have to live with falsehoods like that, difficult and "unfathomable" incidents which would draw out the echo of that gunfire for years. They already done so when ETA published its statement claiming responsibility for the assassination in a few

lines that accused Jesús Ulayar of "fascist and anti-Basque activity". The corresponding newspaper clipping still sounds like an insult, even more so when it is contrasted with the pile of other documents and photographs that so clearly and decisively demonstrate the opposite.

However, it was daily life that actually took a greater toll. In the electrical appliances shop, they served "people who seemed to be buying hairdryers to ease their consciences". In the streets, the gossip mill whispered, "He must have done something," and they had their backs patted by people who had never even greeted them before, including those who had unfairly criticised their father's council work and stuck the very labels to him that led him to his death. Describing life in the town after the attack, José Ignacio says, "The people who had forced Jesús Ulayar to carry those stigmata, the people who provided the specific information needed to assassinate him and, as we later found out, those who actually carried it out, are still living in Etxarri."

Yes, there were some residents who stood by their side in those tough times and showed their support in one way or another, "And the thing is that people there are, by nature, not given to expressing their feelings. Some would come into the shop and buy something," they recall of that period when the small business served as an ad-hoc barometer of the situation.

Based on these and similar examples, the years following their father's death were, on balance, demoralising. "It was almost always total isolation," précis Jesús.

Arrest and trial

Among the press materials that the Ulayar's suitcase contains is a handful of papers dated between 10 and 13 October 1979, ten months after the crime was committed.

The first few explain that the Guardia Civil had arrested five youths from Barranca in Arbizu for opening fire on the Guardia Civil barracks in Lekunberri. The later ones specify that those arrested were part of the *Sakana*⁶ commando unit in ETA Militar and that they had been the ones who carried out Jesús Ulayar's assassination. Not one of the names was unfamiliar to the four fatherless children; despite a small age gap, brothers Vicente and Juan Nazábal Auzmendi had walked the same streets as them, been to the same parties, to the same *romería* festivals and to the same school; all were shared spaces which the murderers' identities had now flooded with pain. Another of those arrested, Eugenio Ulayar Huici, was Jesús Ulayar's first cousin's son. In 1980, the Spanish National Court ruled that he had unwittingly assisted in his relative's murder – he had met up with the perpetrators after the attack occurred. However, Salvador is certain he saw him at the scene minutes after the shots were fired.

The arrests, trial and sentencing also silenced the speculation the family of the deceased had endured over several months about who the perpetrators were. "Some, including many well-meaning people, were sure it was impossible for someone from our town to have killed our father," they commented. "Years later," Salvador adds, "when I was coming back to Pamplona from Etxarri by train, I found myself in the same compartment as a lady from the town. We got talking and, at the end, she told me that they had told her who had killed my father shortly after the attack."

Nine photocopied sheets stapled together convey the sentences handed down by the court on the four accused: 27 years and 22 years respectively for brothers Vicente and Juan Nazábal, guilty of murder; 12 years for Jesús María Repáraz Lizarraga for aiding and abetting them and six

6 *Barranca* in Euskara

for Eugenio Ulayar for concealing the crime. The brothers were also convicted of theft of the car that they had used on the day of the attack.

Atmosphere in the town

Jesús Ulayar's children did not follow the legal trial closely, not through lack of interest, but because no-one kept them informed of anything. "We didn't even know that we could have brought a private prosecution," they concede, nearly 25 years after the National Court pronounced its sentence on 26 June 1980. Instead they had no option but to suffer the consequences of another trial triggered by the crime, a drawn-out parallel process whose backdrop was the town hall's council chamber, the very same room, ironically, that had witnessed Mayor Jesús Ulayar's dedication and been the source of his headaches some years before.

Among the variety of papers that his children's suitcase houses is a simple, cream-coloured folder which holds successive drafts of a letter that José Ignacio Ulayar sent to the town council "in my own name and also on behalf of my mother, Doña Rosa Mundiñano Ezcutori". The final version, product of innumerable edits and adjustments that appear on previous drafts, is dated 8 March 1995. It was written sometime after the council named those who carried out the murder *hijos predilectos* and summarises the environment the Ulayar family had experienced since 27 January 1979.

"Since the day my father's assassins were arrested and throughout these last sixteen years," says one paragraph, "the town council's behaviour has demonstrated, to put it mildly, a total lack of respect for the Ulayar-Mundiñano family and for our rights as citizens of Etxarri-Aranatz."

"We have had to endure," it goes on to say, "the town council committing the indecency of honouring my

father's assassins as *hijos predilectos* of Etxarri-Aranatz, which is not merely a permanent insult to our family but also an unprecedented stain on the history of our town." A little later he adds:

Financial support paid from the council's budget – and therefore with our taxes too – has been given to the convicts' families or to the prisoners themselves. Council departments and public areas have been used to disrespect the memory of my father, vindicating his assassination – there is no other way to interpret it – through the routine and authorised display on the town hall's main façade at festival time of a banner bearing large photographs of my father's executioners, which were, on occasion, hung by the mayor himself. Similarly, the festival programme back cover shows a photo of the town hall with the above banner, which in many years' editions is accompanied by text dedicating the first day of the festival to the assassins. To add insult to injury, a councillor even came to our house to collect money to compile the programme!

The content of José Ignacio Ulayar's letter, whose last lines formulate a request to strip his father's killers of their titles of *hijos predilectos*, was rejected by the town council: according to the meeting minutes, the four Herri Batasuna⁷ (HB – 'Popular Unity') councillors voted against it and the six others from the Eusko Alkartasuna (EA – Basque Solidarity Party) and Partido Nacionalista Vasco (PNV – Basque Nationalist Party) "noted receipt of the letter but abstained from voting".

⁷ Herri Batasuna: a Basque Separatist party and political arm of ETA, declared illegal in 2003.

The letter's failure to secure a response is just one example in a long list of similar events and circumstances that illustrate the family's extended isolation, which even the few faithful friendships to withstand the terrible divide the assassination had drawn could barely assuage. Talking about their situation and the striking contrast time has created between the forgotten victims and honoured executioners, the Ulayar siblings offer one specific detail that symbolises all the others: "It is bleedingly painful and no coincidence that the Nazábal brothers were named *hijos predilectos* of the town whilst the site where our father fell, murdered, now houses three dumpsters," lament María Nieves and Salvador.

These injustices have impacted the four siblings' daily lives. María Nieves still reels from the pain she suffered at school when not even a year had passed since the attack: "On the day they arrested his murderers, for example, I heard the news at home while we were having lunch. Half an hour later classes restarted. I was very distracted as I returned, much expecting to find what I did find; on entering the classroom, I was aware of the inquisitive looks from some of my classmates. I pretended I hadn't noticed, but after a while as they were still doing it, I turned around to them and asked them curtly if they had anything to say. They just lowered their heads. There was nothing else I could do than coexist in that surreal atmosphere in which the victim was persecuted and the guilty parties and terrorist murderers were treated as heroes and martyrs."

Release from prison

Yet there was worse to come. Long years of injustice and abandonment swallowed in silence away from the limelight, led the family to become accustomed to a narrow and inevitable existence of pain. That, however,

was not enough to prevent the wounds of the attack being torn open again in 1996 when Vicente Nazábal Auzmendi, the principal perpetrator according to the National Court, walked free from prison. Much of the town paid tribute to the ex-convict, and he was welcomed with a shared lunch and a parade that passed in front of the Ulayars' family home. Moreover, on 3 August, the ex-convict launched the *chupinazo* to celebrate the opening of the annual festival that year from the town hall balcony. In the photographs published of the event, you can see him putting his lighter to the festival rocket, shoulder to shoulder with Francisco Javier Huici Mendiola, who had also left prison a short time earlier.

However, the newspapers said nothing about an incident that occurred a few days later when José Ignacio Ulayar was walking down the street in Etxarri with his wife and young son and saw the man who had killed his father coming in the opposite direction. "When I got close to him, I told him that he was a murderer and shameless scoundrel. He raised his leg and kicked me in the chest, calling me 'son of a bitch'. The people around us led him away while they crowded around us. After 17 years, the first words I heard from my father's murderer were those: 'son of a bitch'."

After that episode came several similar, although the four Ulayar siblings assure me that they have never sworn at the perpetrators of the attack. "I have merely told them what they are," explains Jesús Ulayar. "I feel that if I didn't do that, I would be dishonouring my father. I haven't accused them of anything they didn't do."

José Ignacio relates that the last time he bumped into Vicente Nazábal, Nazábal, after hearing again that he was a "murderer and shameless scoundrel" – "I always tell him the same thing" –, squared up to him and asked him: "Are

you going to be like this your whole life?" To which José Ignacio replied: "Yes, because you'll be a murderer until the day you die." "Then he said to me: '*Garbitukoaut*', which in Etxarri's dialect of Euskara means, 'You're done for'."

The events described here together with similar ones recorded in other towns in the Basque Country form the prologue to a situation which we will see replicated over the next few years as the authors of hundreds of ETA attacks are released from prison.

In the Ulayars' case in particular, the unease that the prisoner releases generated (Juan Nazábal also left prison in 1998 and launched the festival *chupinazo* the following year) has intensified in recent years as they saw their father's murderers had not shown the slightest remorse for what they did. Nor was it just about a lack of remorse; one time when they happened to be at the hospital emergency department at the same time as Jesús, who promptly reminded them of what they had done, Juan punched him in the head and Vicente feigned shooting him with his umbrella. Jesús reported them and it was dealt with in a court for minor infractions. Although the case was dismissed, the hearing served to increase the tension between them and demonstrated once again the polarised support for the murderers and the victims: the former were supported by friends and acquaintances while the latter once more felt the weight of their isolation.

The Ulayars have indeed also been able to draw on support and affection from some quarters. Going through the documents they have stored, we find letters and notices of meetings called by the Asociación Víctimas del Terrorismo (AVT - Association of Victims of Terrorism), both from the central office in Madrid and the regional office in Pamplona, along with various missives from Jaime Ignacio del Burgo, who is thought to be the only politician

to have transferred his speeches on the issue of terrorism and the suffering of those who have been directly affected into concrete action. Among the documents they have stored, and it is one of many examples, is a cutting from the article which Del Burgo wrote about Vicente Nazábal launching the *chupinazo* in Etxarri. "It could be said that they have paid their debt to society," the text reads, "although the blood of an innocent man will cry out against them for ever. By granting them the honour of launching the *chupinazo*, Herri Batasuna has once again demonstrated its party's political commitment to criminal violence."

Almost nothing but silence has been obtained from the rest of the political sphere and other institutions in general, in stark contrast to the understanding they received from "well-meaning people", despite some of them not voicing in public what they said in private. Nor did they always find the help they would have hoped for at church, somewhere they had otherwise formed fantastic friendships. They say that they have had to hear some priests passing through Etxarri during the last few years suggest that ETA's members should not be referred to as terrorists. "We've been used to hearing bidding prayers for prisoners and for those in exile, but requests to keep victims in our prayers have been somewhat rarer," José Ignacio objects.

The future

Nevertheless, the Ulayars feel they have learned to live without hate or resentment that would have eaten them up inside. "I think how lucky we have been in that respect," says Jesús. "There are other victims who have had to seek psychotherapy or need to medicate. The religious faith in which our father brought us up has helped us a lot."

There is no solace great enough to fill the void that those five gunshots opened. The four siblings have

mourned his absence several times in their lives, from María Nieves who would have loved for her father to have walked her down the aisle on her wedding day or to have been able to relish time with his grandchildren, to Salvador who "today more than ever" would have appreciated his conversation and his words of advice.

His abrupt departure from this world, however, forced them to "grow up all of a sudden," and left them with a firm approach to life in the face of violence. María Nieves sums it up neatly: "I may feel rage, impotence, injustice or bewilderment, but thanks to the faith my father taught me, I feel no hatred. That wouldn't bring me happiness; it would embitter my life and that of my children whom I love and whom I hope to teach respect for life and respect for others, rather than sowing resentment in their hearts. Yes, one day they will come to know who their grandfather, their *aittuna*, was, the kind of man he was and how he came to die a victim of hate and terror."

II. 24 JANUARY 2004
AT THE SCENE OF THE CRIME

JESÚS ULAYAR THE MAYORAL MACE RETURNS TO ETXARRI

Jesús Ulayar Mundiñano never imagined walking down the streets of Etxarri-Aranatz holding the mace that belonged to his father. The opportunity arose during the event held in the town to commemorate the twenty-fifth anniversary of the attack. It was 24 January 2004, a cold, rainy Saturday that finally provided an unexpected epilogue to the story recounted in the first part of this book.

The image of the Ulayars' first-born walking shoulder to shoulder with his siblings in front of a heterogeneous and silent crowd was the fruit of a lot of hard work. What happened in Etxarri that Saturday closely relates to the preceding pages, but also to changes that have shaken off society's cloak of forgetfulness, silence and resignation that was years in the making.

The programme that came to life in the town's streets was created and organised by Libertad Ya, a citizen's group that had emerged in Navarra to secure spaces for freedom in the street, in the press, in people's consciences and in wider society. The promoters drew on the Ulayar family's enthusiasm, who threw themselves into the specifics of the gathering, contributing ideas and suggestions. A crowd responded to the invitation and travelled to the Ulayars' town that day to bring them the affection and support they had not received at the time ETA carried out the assassination, nor for decades afterwards when indignity and isolation perpetuated the pain of the attack.

24 January 2004 was a turning point in the shameful path of a town which still honours the assassins of one of its mayors as *hijos predilectos*. That is why it was so significant

to see the eldest Ulayar son processing through the streets of Etxarri with the same mace that his father used so many times on similar routes. With him, gathered under umbrellas, marched familiar faces and unfamiliar ones too. Some had travelled hundreds of miles to be in Etxarri and others had simply opened their front door to join the procession, but they were unified by an invisible link that had run a common thread through their lives until they were brought together that rainy January Saturday around the grave of a man who had been decimated with bullets 25 years beforehand.

On 29 January 1979, walking back from the cemetery, the eldest son had taken the lead, putting on a brave face next to the coffin housing his father's remains. Offering his left shoulder to his sister, María Nieves, Jesús Ulayar Mundiñano moved through Etxarri-Aranatz that day flanked by wreathes of flowers, affectionate hands on his back, words of condolence and pain, significant pain. He had said goodbye to his father a few months beforehand when he left for Ceuta to do his military service, unsuspecting that it would be his last goodbye. A captain broke the news to him in two telegram-style, blunt sentences, received by his ears as he stood with his cap in his hand and a lump in his throat. He had arrived back in the town after an extremely long journey. As he crossed the Spanish peninsula, his anguish grew and united with that of his mother and brothers and sister on arriving at their house, but he nonetheless found the strength to fulfil his duty as first-born. Inside the church, he even stood in front of the altar to thank all those present at the funeral for coming, then leading the funeral procession to the cemetery.

The years that followed the attack were thankless ones for them all. There is one anecdote which illustrates just what that period was like for Jesús. He was 24 years

old and had graduated with a degree in primary education when they killed his father. He became a teacher in Lekunberri primary school. One of his pupils was the daughter of a prominent member of the Herri Batasuna party. The young girl began to slander him to her classmates and some of them told Jesús. He relayed what had happened to the other teachers. They considered suspending the pupil, but the most visible outcome of the whole episode was the graffiti that appeared on a school wall: "Ulayar, you'll end up like your dad".

Everything was quite different on 24 January 2004. In 1979, the course of the funeral procession left the town and ended at the graveyard, but the 2004 procession followed the reverse route, as if it had wanted to pick up the story where history had left events a quarter of a century ago. His face at that time was awash with pain, but the young recruit retraced his steps 25 years later with a wide and sincere smile, greeting relatives, Etxarri neighbours, friends from Pamplona and companions found during several decades of mourning. Marching next to him was his wife, María José, his then girlfriend back in January 1979. Also supporting him in the front rows were his siblings, brother- and sisters-in-law and his seven nephews and nieces. The atmosphere was cheerful, warm and friendly.

The programme had begun in the cemetery, where the priest, Peio Etxabarri, led prayers for the departed. Mari Nieves Ulayar then left a floral arrangement next to the niche where her father's remains had been at rest for the last few months. Jesús Ulayar Liciaga was initially buried in a grave in the "cold, clayey" hole that would repeatedly haunt the family's memories, but his children had taken the opportunity that some improvements at the graveyard had created to transfer him into a new niche wall. José Ignacio wrote the message to be engraved on the

tablet marking his new place of rest in the Etxarri dialect of Euskara. In English, it would read:

Joxe Miguel and Inés were my parents. The remains of all three of us lie here. We are at rest in this ossuary, moved from our original graves. [Although] I was born in Etxarri, lived my whole life in Etxarri and worked relentlessly on behalf of the people of Etxarri year in year out, one night, ambushed on my front doorstep of the house which in Etxarri we had always called Txartxenekoa, number 4 calle Maiza, a shameful and soulless beast who was aided by three others of identical nature stole my life from me in five gunshots.

The only sentence of the epitaph written in Castilian Spanish is a quote taken from Christ's Passion: "Do not weep for me; weep rather for yourselves and for your children." Several of those who crowded into the graveyard on 24 January 2004 to listen to the priest's words followed the advice in the above quote to the very letter.

From the graveyard, they organised a rally in the direction of number 4 calle Maiza. Dusk was falling and Etxarri's streets were dark and empty. Days beforehand, when the programme was publicised, a group of townspeople had goaded fellow residents to show their opposition to the tribute by closing their doors and windows. Some walls displayed anti-fascist and anti-Spain posters and fresh graffiti. There were also some messages in support of ETA and those incarcerated, and of regional autonomy. However, none of the two thousand march participants seemed too bothered by the posters and slogans skulking in the shadows. Even less bothered was Jesús

Ulayar, proud of the human tide rising behind him and the mayoral mace which agitated in his hands.

The procession arrived joyously at the old family home and piled around the dumpsters that the council had placed years earlier at the spot where its mayor from 1969 to 1975 had fallen, riddled with bullets. Several members of Libertad Ya had erected a small podium and a simple PA system in front of the house. Salvador Ulayar took the microphone and announced he would move the dumpsters. His words were met with an excited, mass round of applause; it was the first of many to be heard on that unforgettable evening.

Mari Nieves took over from her brother on the podium and recounted to the people gathered there how, on 27 January 1979, she had run out from the house and found her father lying in a pool of blood. Her voice shook and José Ignacio went to her side to support her.

Then, 25 candles were lit and placed on a small table. Next to the candles, Jesús Ulayar laid the mace which symbolised his father's responsibility at the town council. The front of the family home had been painted blue a few hours beforehand and the gathered crowd was invited to stamp their handprints in white paint on the wall. Within a few minutes, the wall was transformed into a graphic summary of the emotion shared by the moved crowd: after a 25-year delay, hands extended towards peace and closed a chapter on the raw disgrace inflicted on that same spot by Vicente Nazábal and his henchmen. It was raining softly and raindrops could be seen tracing their way down the streetlights and television camera lenses. Pau Casals' cello music lent a superb soundtrack, playing across the loudspeakers.

But the best was yet to come. Jesús Ulayar had practised the little speech he was thinking of giving on behalf of

his family from the bandstand several times. He was a bit nervous when the crowd continued their march towards Etxarri town square, the epicentre of daily life in the town. Daunted by the audience, by the spotlights, by the microphone, the Ulayars' firstborn did not perhaps have time to reflect how, in that same space, dozens of events had taken place in support of the prisoners, that those stairs to the lectern had been varnished with hundreds of '*Gora ETA!*'⁸, that that festival bandstand of his childhood memories had heard the slurs that paved the assassins' way to their father and that it had been the place where the criminals received local acclaim. The printed sheets helped him to quell the intensity of the moment. His first sentence could not have been more eloquent: "Twenty-five years ago, we would have been incapable of speaking from pain and today we may not be able to speak through emotion."

But he could. "It is not easy to explain what it means to us to have united here today, in Etxarri-Aranatz, to remember Jesús Ulayar, our father, Francisco Berlanga, also murdered in 1979, and all the victims of ETA's terrorism," he outlined through the microphone. "There have been years of calumny, defamation, hate and isolation. For the Ulayar Mundiñano family – our mother, us three brothers and our sister, and my father's two sisters who still live in this town – this event serves to redress that period. We would like this to be a turning point in Etxarri's history, for the town to remove itself from its nationalist orbit and from the hermetic group that are locked inside their idea of Euskal Herria⁹ to the exclusion and cost of everything else, including the lives of some of their peers."

Continuous applause flooded out from underneath the umbrellas. The scene would have been unthinkable

8 "*Viva ETA!*"

9 'The Basque Country' in Euskara

a few years earlier and simply impossible in 1979. Disregarding the quarter of a century which had passed since the crime took place, Jesús Ulayar Mundiñano told everyone about the kind of man his father was and why they had murdered him: "Jesús Ulayar was a generous and entrepreneurial man. He loved our town's traditions, culture, folklore and Basque language, Euskara. He was a man of aplomb and poise, balancing the three elements of his identity: Basque, Navarrese and Spanish without a second thought. Hindsight and our own maturity have shown us that this was certainly why he was killed: his assassins could not stand that somebody could reconcile those three elements with such spontaneity when they considered them incompatible. He was an example that they could not let catch on and so they broke the mould. We, his children vividly remember the sleepless nights he spent on account of the town council he had the honour to lead. He was a mayor with a true vocation of serving his fellow citizens. Some of you here could describe how he would find time to help any fellow resident. He travelled to Pamplona whenever he thought he could secure support or a grant for his town. He was also approachable, open to dialogue, witty and happy. He was a very genuine and noble man – a *jatorra*, as we would say in these parts. However, none of these qualities saved him from being killed. First, there were those who created the hotbed of hatred and division. Then came others who sullied his honour and reputation. To go from littering the streets with insults and propaganda to staining it with Jesús Ulayar's blood would take just one step. And they took that step. It's likely that none of those who took part in that process are here today, but from everyone who helped sow that hatred to those who pulled the trigger in fact fed the beast, the worst element of this town: the people responsible for Jesús Ulayar's murder."

From the bandstand stage, the other speakers followed his words closely: María Caballero, daughter of Tomás Caballero, murdered in Pamplona on 6 May 1998; journalist José María Calleja, whose pen is inextricably linked to the peace movement and to the victims' cause; and Maite Pagazaurtundua, sister to Joxeba, Head of Andoáin Police, killed in an attack on 9 February 2003. With the air they lent to his lungs, the Ulayar's eldest son wanted to take the opportunity to pose a few questions to the Etxarri residents listening: "What can be said of a town council who would do something so vile as to honour those convicted of the attack with the title *hijos predilectos*? And what can be said about the successive councils who have approved or not withdrawn such an honour? Where do we find the words to describe councillors who raised individuals of the most repugnant moral character to hero status, individuals capable of murdering a defenceless man on his doorstep, in front of his thirteen-year-old son? Have you asked yourselves, those of you who are from Etxarri, what it means to you to share your streets with murderers who, far from showing remorse or seeking forgiveness, appear to revel in their disgraceful state? And we know there are many who think that it's easier to let these things go and avoid any hassle. We have lived only too closely with silences and empty greetings not to be aware of the servitude that fear has imposed on Etxarri."

He also had words of thanks for all those who had supported them through the difficult times, when to simply say hello in the street sometimes required them to draw back the curtain of fear and step into a vulnerable position: "There are people who are here under their own harsh and difficult circumstances who have helped us keep going with their friendship and their support. Some of them God has already welcomed into his glory, but they have a

special place in our memory. Other people have supported us from afar. To all of them, to all of you, our sincere thanks. We also want to remember the honourable Etxarri citizens who have for years suffered brutally imposed, compulsory nationalism. You can be sure of our affection and understanding. There is no doubt that you deserve the freedom which you have been denied and full citizenship, healed from its current severe disfigurement."

As Jesús Ulayar removed his glasses and folded away the three sheets of paper he had just read, a standing ovation broke out across Etxarri-Aranatz square. It was the applause the family had not heard in 1979 but would now always be by their side.

JOSÉ IGNACIO ULAYAR BUMPING INTO HIS ASSASSIN

Etxarri-Aranatz's recent history offers so many incredible paradoxes that José Ignacio Ulayar was not overly surprised when he went to the council to discuss some final points about the tribute to his father that would take place a few days later. Members of Libertad Ya working on the finer details of the programme had requested the meeting. They were received by Mayor Bautista Mariñelarena Garciandía, who was the brother of the ETA activist that murdered Fernando Buesa and his guard, Basque autonomous police officer, *ertzaina* Jorge Díaz Elorza. Luis Mariñelarena is serving a 109-year prison sentence for that crime. If you look hard enough, you can see his photograph on the enormous poster hanging in the council chamber. There they were, all the other prisoners from the ETA separatist group, staring out from passport-size photos. Also attending the meeting at the town hall were five or six councillors from Herria, an electoral group created after the Herri Batasuna party was declared illegal. Since Jesús Ulayar was killed, Etxarri ballot boxes had seen practically zero non-nationalist candidates.

The meeting was pretty tense. José Ignacio, Pilar Aramburo and Chon Latienda had gone to the town hall on the pretext of obtaining some material resources. Ultimately, it was about honouring the memory of someone who had led the council administration, a predecessor to the role now held by Bautista Mariñelarena. They floated the possibility of showing a documentary at the cinema, but they were told that the venue had a long-standing booking. They suggested projecting it instead on the front of the

building, but they were told this had also been reserved. They spoke about the dumpsters that had been standing for years on the spot where Jesús Ulayar fell, and the council officials explained that it would be complicated to move them, also that it was the municipal association's remit. They mentioned that they would like to paint the wall blue and the reply was that they needed a licence to do so. Pilar Aramburo then calmly reminded them that the town was dotted with slogans supporting ETA and the prisoners and that none of those authors had requested permission to write them, least of all from the owners of the houses assaulted by brushes and aerosol paint, including indeed the Ulayars' own home.

The meeting did not achieve much, as predicted. José Ignacio was not at all surprised by how it went: he had suffered so many disappointments, had been victim to so many injustices, had seen so many shovelfuls of manure dumped on his father's grave that the lack of interest shown by three young councillors who were still running around in shorts in 1979 was not going to make him lose his rag.

He never really lost it, the truth be told. José Ignacio, who was only 19 when the attack happened, was the only one out of his siblings who stayed in Etxarri. He kept on and still runs the family's funeral business. He married Blanca Echarri from the town Miranda de Arga and they had three children together, who took their first steps a few metres from where their grandfather, their *aittuna*, was killed. It was only in 1996, when the perpetrators left prison and returned to the town to much fanfare and congratulation that he chose to put a bit of distance between them. But not that much distance, because his work takes him to Etxarri fairly often. Those trips enable him to keep an ear

to the ground in the town that provided both his first home and most of his life's greatest upsets.

For that reason, José Ignacio Ulayar Mundiñano was one of the people who enjoyed 24 January 2004 the most. In the weeks and months leading up to it, he was immersed in preparations: his ideas were ultimately reflected in the programme and he was responsible for dozens of calls, suggestions and emails, an invitation sent to that old friend in Etxarri, research to find the notary who wrote to the family after the crime took place, a radio interview, ordering the flowers for the ceremony at the cemetery, etc., etc... He only stopped to rest once he had arrived at the graveyard and discovered a small crowd had already taken their places by the door. He had sought that rest for 25 years.

The march silently processed through the town's streets like a balm soothing the wounds stretching across both Etxarri's urban centre and the 44 years of his existence. Nearly all those who took part in the demonstration were oblivious to the bends and twists of the route, but José Ignacio's mind was spinning with memories as he passed the sites of so many bitter events, or happy days that were later embittered by the attack: the festival processions when his father was mayor and shared music and drinks with the draftees, his critics voicing their grievances in the square, the inscrutable silences of those seeing each other in passing on their way to church or to the bakers, his aunts Martina and Petra trying to defend the integrity of their already deceased brother in the midst of a crowd harassing them, graffiti suddenly appearing, the volatile atmosphere in the town when the assassins were arrested and the festive welcome they received upon their release...

Festival time provided the very backdrop to José Ignacio's first encounter with Vicente Nazábal. The council had offered Nazábal the opportunity to work for the town

hall as a lawyer and had also honoured him by inviting him to launch the *chupinazo* to mark the start of the 1996 festivities. The way that episode unfolded, as described in the early pages of this book, left no doubt about the recently released murderer's frame of mind on returning to town life. It was off the back of that event that the combination of hearing Nazábal's response from his own lips, his first and only words after more than 20 years – "son of a bitch" – coupled with the indifference displayed by the people nearby watching the exchange without lifting a finger to help, hurt so much.

Yet he was not safe from these chance meetings in Pamplona either. He bumped into Vicente Nazábal in Spring 1998, for example, while Pamplona Court was trying Gabriel Urralburu and other former socialist leaders accused of receiving backhanders from construction companies contracted to undertake public works. During the exceptionally long hearing that opened on 6 March and closed on 30 July, several political parties and institutions brought private prosecutions. One of those parties was Herri Batasuna. The Basque nationalist coalition had appointed barrister Andrés Percas, who had included Vicente Nazábal Auzmendi in his team. Nazábal had obtained his law degree while he was serving his sentence in different jails. It was yet another paradox seeing him standing in court in his barrister's wig, trying to bring about justice in one of the biggest trials in Navarrese recent history; a man who had never shown, at least publicly, the tiniest remorse for shooting down an innocent man was, through his questioning and logical reasoning, attempting to secure the most appropriate ruling. José Ignacio had to attend the Register Office fairly frequently due to his work, and as the offices were located on the ground floor underneath the Court, one day he encountered Vicente Nazábal leaving to

grab a coffee during court recess. The second-born Ulayar uttered the same words to him as he had on the previous occasion – "Murderer and shameless scoundrel" – and he angrily replied in Euskara. José Ignacio switched to the same language and responded. The exchange lasted just a few seconds, but the few witnesses were struck by the tension.

Juan Nazábal, Vicente's younger brother and also a member of the *Sakana* commando unit, also made guest appearances in the lives of his victim's children. Or his grandchildren, to be precise. After graduating in Psychology while he was in prison, he was hired as a temporary staff member at José Ignacio's three children's primary school, meaning that had young Juan needed to receive psychological support on an issue, one of his grandfather's murderers would be providing that counselling.

It particularly pains José Ignacio that when his aunts went to vote at Etxarri polling station on 25 May 2003 they met Vicente Nazábal there as presiding officer for one of the tables. It was just another example, one of so many.

In the first page of *Moby Dick*, Ismael, the main character of that marvellous novel written by Herman Melville, explains that when we are pushed to our limit, when our irritation with the world is about to overflow, we know it is time to board and leave. Fernando Savater drew on this passage to sum up the reasons that prompted him to get on a bus with a group of ¡Basta Ya!¹⁰ (Enough!) members and travel all over Spain to explain to anyone who cared to listen what daily life in the Basque Country is like. When José Ignacio Ulayar feels he has reached his limit, when the weight of powerlessness threatens to crush him, he sits down and writes. He does not do it for publication or to inform against anyone; he is simply releasing his suffering

10 Spanish grassroots anti-terrorism organisation.

and explaining his thinking to the world across a blank sheet of paper or a computer screen.

When, in December 2000, the newspaper *Diario de Navarra* published its feature on the Ulayar family's story, the one that opens this book, a group naming themselves 'Etxarriko Ezker Abertzalea' (Etxarri Nationalist Left) dropped flyers all over the town displaying the newspaper masthead together with the Nazi swastika and criticised the publication, thread and content of the article. "We won't be drawn by provocations," read one paragraph, "and our political work in Etxarri and Euskal Herria will secure true peace, and that peace will only come when Euskal Herria's rights as a nation are recognised and all political prisoners released, those in exile are returned home and the Spanish Armed Forces are expelled." Elsewhere in the text, it stated that the "*abertzale*¹¹ left" respected the Ulayar family's suffering. The text, written completely in Euskara, closed with an appeal to "take aim at" *Diario de Navarra*.

José Ignacio Ulayar toyed with his disgust for hours when one of those flyers ended up in his hands. At the same time, news reached him that the windows of the family business premises had been smashed. He pondered both situations in silence and, as night fell, he set pen to paper: six sheets of tightly formed but clearly legible handwriting in which he dealt with the leaflets' claims one by one. We read on one of those pages:

It seems that causing intimidation by shattering glass is enough for you, for the time being, to continue respecting our pain, as you have done during so many 'happy, peaceful' years that we, the patient victims have shared with your magnanimous murderers and their accomplices, spent enjoying

11 *Abertzale*: Basque 'patriot' or 'nationalist' in Euskara.

the barricades, power cuts to public lighting and magnificent flags on the town hall balcony. That's not to forget the impressive but not always so well received demonstrations in the main street for those who are suffering most in the town (i.e. the prisoners and exiled). Truth be told, we always understood that Jesús Ulayar, or the colander that you left of him, didn't need any more support. We should thank you for letting him live to his 54 years and for allowing us to bury him in his local cemetery.

He also turned to his pen when Vicente Nazábal was appointed presiding officer at the polling station. What hurt most on that occasion was the apparent indifference of many voters to a murderer's involvement in the most fundamental cogs of democracy. "How unjust is it," he lamented, "that such a character, having spent a whole day manning the polling tables where he was exposed to all manner of possible insults and curses, would escape home scot-free?"

He did not reserve this literary venting solely for his own experience. When ETA murdered National Police officers Julián Embid Luna and Bonifacio Martín Hernández on 30 May 2003, he filled three sheets of paper with his reflections on the fact that the Zizur Mayor secondary school had directed educational activities, banners and stickers to protest against the Iraq war but did not later condemn the violent death of a local resident. "I think our children," he wrote, "should experience the same strength of feeling in the above campaign against the Iraq war as in revulsion at the murder of a Zizur resident. If these children and young people's eyes see indifference in their teachers, their educational and formative role models, and they live with

events as desperately serious as these without clearly reflecting on the right to life and it being wrong to kill, whoever may carry out that killing, we are not instilling the basic foundations of respect, freedom or democracy in our future generations.”

On 20 November 2002, when the tribute to his father was still just a distant possibility, José Ignacio had the chance to recount some of his experiences in public. It was an event organised by the Jaime Brunet and Tomás Caballero foundations and it took place in the Los Olivos building at the Public University of Navarra. It was the first time that one of the Ulayar family had appeared as a speaker at such a meeting. The promoters had initially contacted Jesús, the eldest sibling, but he agreed that José Ignacio should be the one to participate. Also present around the table were: José Javier Uranga, former editor-in-chief of *Diario de Navarra*; Natividad Rodríguez, Fernando Buesa’s widow; Agustín Ibarrola, artist and prominent member of Foro de Ermua (the Ermua Forum); and Eloy Artolazábal, brother-in-law to José Luis López de la Calle, murdered in Andoáin in May 2000. It was moderated by Alberto Pérez Calvo, Professor of Constitutional Law at the Public University of Navarra.

When his turn to speak came, José Ignacio took out a photo of his father from among his papers and placed it in front of him next to the microphone as a son’s symbolic tribute to the person who lost his life holding true to and expressing his ideas with courage and integrity. Then, he shared his family’s harsh story. He relayed details about the crime and attempted to describe what life had been like in the town ever since. “The murder,” he explained, “only served to heighten the existing tensions within the Etxarri-Aranatz population. On one hand, there was the silent majority, good people who showed us their

support in private but were incapable of defending us and the memory of our father, Jesús Ulayar, in public. There were also some people who just eased their consciences in our presence in various ways, all of them lacking in any public engagement.” An audience of three hundred people listened to him holding their breath. His final message was optimistic and hopeful: “The greater number of us and the better among us are those of us who believe in peaceful coexistence and that political differences will never be fair until everyone receives the same opportunities of free and open spaces, shielded from terrorist threats, from threats from terrorists’ friends and from those who turn a blind eye all the while their own freedom and lives are not under threat.”

Organised in a similar way, the event on 24 January 2004 almost crossed over the threshold into a place of happiness. A few days before that Saturday, when the programme had already been publicised and José Ignacio himself had given a radio interview, he witnessed a very different atmosphere in Etxarri than usual. One day, he had to go into town to tie up a few loose ends. He bumped into a neighbour on her bicycle, and the lady, perhaps seeing that José Ignacio was by himself, stopped, got off her bicycle and told him that she had just heard him on the radio, and she was very sorry that his family had not received greater support from the town in the years following the attack. It did not escape his notice that while this was going on, a group of residents were flagrantly doorknocking to discourage people from taking part in the event and instead to show their dissent by shutting their doors and windows.

During the march between the cemetery and number 4 calle Maiza, José Ignacio walked side by side with his wife, his children, his siblings and his nieces and nephews. At the scene of the crime, he helped María Nieves

maintain her composure on the podium and he later took over the microphone to describe to the participants who were standing furthest away the memorial that was taking place at the family's front door. While they were lighting 25 candles and the more eager among them were stamping white handprints on the wall, he read out the names of the 40 people ETA had murdered in Navarra to that day, from Major Joaquín Imaz, gunned down in the streets around Plaza de Toros in Pamplona on 26 November 1977, to police officers Bonifacio Martín and Julián Embid killed in Sangüesa 26 years later.

After the speeches at the bandstand, José Ignacio Ulayar and all the others headed for the Church of Our Lady of the Assumption. The church was almost full when they arrived. The family sat down in the front pews. It was striking that the officials who had come to Etxarri-Aranatz, including President of Navarra Miguel Sanz and Pamplona Mayoress Yolanda Barcina, attended the proceedings as part of the main crowd, relinquishing the limelight. The Mass that rounded off the programme was perhaps the element that José Ignacio enjoyed the most. Their local parish had given them years of support and friendship, comfort through difficult times and a firm foothold in the faith that their parents had imparted to them. The church had also brought them a few heartaches to which they had to resign themselves for years, the bidding prayers only mentioning prisoners and those in exile.

A quarter of a century later, they met with all their loved ones at church again. The crowded pews on 24 January 2004 were the same benches where guests had sat at their parents' wedding in 1955 and at subsequent family Baptisms, First Holy Communions and Confirmations, where parishioners had listened to Jesús Ulayar Liciaga's prayers and had seen him teach his children to pray. The

splendour of the Liturgy, the power of the choir, the radiance of the candles at the altar.... everything came together to make that celebration of the Eucharist one unforgettable moment. Fr. Javier Azpiroz from the Mendialdea area celebrated the Mass, assisted by another twenty or so priests at the altar. Among them was the vicar general for the diocese, Fr. Luis Oroz, and an irreplaceable family friend, José Manuel Lasarte, from Etxarri-Larraun.

The closing ceremony was José Ignacio's idea: after receiving Communion, three of Jesús Ulayar's seven grandchildren came up to the pulpit and said a few words and gave a goodbye kiss to the *aittuna* they had never met. Juan Ulayar Echarri did it in Euskara, Daniel Ulayar Arroyo in Castilian Spanish and Adriá Roig Ulayar in Catalan. Little Julia Roig Ulayar also approached the chancel and, finding herself alone in front of the microphone, managed to say just one word: "¡Aittuna!" Everyone present smiled, moved by her cry.

Lastly, José Ignacio himself extended a few words of thanks on behalf of the family. He also explained why they had wanted to end the tribute inside the church. "Our family has always been closely connected to this parish. We were members of the Catholic Parents' Association, we were members of various parish groups and we have made lasting friendships here. Today, I can say loud and clear that our lives would have been unbearable during those long years without the relationships woven around this church. That's why it is only fitting that the activities marking the 25th anniversary of the death of Jesús Ulayar should conclude here, at this parish, where my father prayed so many times and where he taught us to do the same." Whilst reading these sentences, he choked with emotion a couple of times, but encouraging applause rang out to him from the nave and helped him go on.

From the pulpit, the second-born Ulayar expressed a wish that happened also to be a question: "Today, seeing you all here, it occurs to me that, somewhere in Etxarri-Aranatz, work towards becoming a free and peaceful town can start and that this parish should be that place. I think we'll need proactive and enthusiastic people like you to move forward on this path, a path which is none other than the one indicated by Jesus of Nazareth: a path based on love for each other."

He went on to add: "This Mass has reassured us. You cannot imagine how grateful we are to see so many people from this town here, so many fellow residents who have always shown themselves to be good people. All of us who have gathered here together, those of you who belong to this parish as well as those of you who have travelled some distance, are committed to beginning a new era."

MARI NIEVES ULAYAR A FEW WORDS FROM THE SCENE OF THE CRIME

Mari Nieves Ulayar remembers as clear as day the first time she heard people criticise her father. She was twelve years old. There was music playing in the square, but a group of people suddenly interrupted the party in order to stage a sit-in. "What's wrong?" she asked her friend next to her. "They're protesting about your father," she replied with complete naïveté. The alleged conflict revolved around some municipal land which had divided opinion in the town. In reality, however, it was just an excuse to continue labelling Jesús Ulayar with terms as unfounded as the previous ones: "fascist", "anti-Basque", "thief" ... in order to guide him into the terrorists' sights. When she got home, Mari Nieves told her parents what had happened and they tried to explain the situation in terms she could understand. She was dumbfounded with indignation, unable to take in what she had heard. She had never doubted her father's integrity and honour "in the slightest".

On 24 January 2004, there was not even time to revisit that distant event. The square was full again, but this time it was her brother Jesús who addressed the crowd. He spoke about his father, about how they had tried to undermine his dignity with sit-in demonstrations, malicious comments and anonymous lies. They did not succeed with words, nor did they succeed with bullets. Mari Nieves listened, moved. Her husband Manuel and her children Adriá and Julia were at her side. One day, she would have to explain to the youngsters what the events on that wintry Saturday meant, even though it involved revealing to them

the most bitter parts of her childhood. But it would have to be done. Maybe when Julia reached her twelfth birthday, like she had, she would tell her how she started to lose her father bit by bit as Jesús Ulayar dedicated so much of his time to the council, the isolation of the role, the criticism, the friendships that fell away, with everyone around him gradually distancing themselves. Mari Nieves remembers one story her father told her. One evening, after dinner, Jesús Ulayar said he was going to go out for a drink with a friend. He came back only a few minutes later, very sad. He explained to his daughter that the person he thought was his friend had stood him up in the bar with the excuse that it was better that he was not seen talking to him. That distance increased each day that passed, finally becoming insurmountable on 27 January 1979.

A quarter of a century later, Mari Nieves was once again charged with laying flowers at her father's grave. The night before she had left Barcelona, her home for the past twelve years and the place she had finally found a normal environment, with neighbours who said hello and looked out for her children, loved her and accepted her. On the Mediterranean coast 500 kilometres from her town, she could afford herself the luxury of sharing the usual daily concerns with other residents, she is comfortable with them speaking to her in Catalan, a language she has made her own and that nobody uses as a political weapon. In short, she can enjoy everything she struggled to have in Etxarri. However, nostalgia for her homeland does take hold when she sees the elegant silhouette of San Donato, the formidable houses in Barranca, the traditions her father taught her to love and uphold, the San Adrián pilgrimage, *dantzaki*, *txistu* music, the Angel of Aralar... although now she is equally moved hearing a Catalan *sardana*.

At the graveyard, she could not hold back her tears. How different this ceremony was to the cold, silent burial so deeply fixed in her memory, its abundance of affection and smiles easing the lasting pain of the previous time. Mari Nieves walked through the crowd, greeting people here and there, recognising neighbours from Etxarri whom she had not seen for years, rediscovering her town through the ageing faces belonging to those who offered friendship to her family during the difficult years following the attack. Under other circumstances, her eyes would perhaps have rested on another grave not far from her father's belonging to Peio Mariñelarena, a classmate of hers from Etxarri who was a member of an ETA commando unit in the 1980s. He was one of the people who took over from the Nazábal brothers, although his heroin addiction led him to AIDS and he died in La Santé prison in Paris in 1993. Mari Nieves could almost have predicted the path he took when years earlier she had been taken aback by the young man's hate and fearlessness when he was still a teenager.

Hate had come to wreak devastation during that period. On one occasion, soon after Jesús Ulayar's murder, a one-day strike was organised in protest at the death of an ETA militant. Girls at Etxarri-Aranatz secondary school decided to join the demonstration and stayed outside, refusing to go into class. When Mari Nieves walked straight past them, one of the girls asked her if she was not going to join the strike. She replied that what had happened had nothing to do with her studies and her job was to go to class. The group started to criticise her, shouting that what had happened was an injustice. She answered that there had been other murders and other injustices even closer to home, but she had never experienced the slightest gesture of solidarity. They started to call her names all at once. "Bitch" and "slag" were the least offensive of the insults.

That 'ninety-against-one' encounter was not an isolated incident. Once, during a religious education lesson, one of her classmates voiced that killing people was sometimes justified. Mari Nieves' adrenaline kicked in so strongly that she answered her without being invited to speak. What hurt even more was that the teacher did nothing to handle the situation. She also had to endure the demonstrations that passed by her family home cheering for ETA while they silently waited inside for the procession to end. After once such parade, someone said to her: "People are saying that you're gutless and you're all scared." She can still remember her reply word for word: "Tell the people who are saying so, that it doesn't take balls to insult and cause hurt, but it does take balls to carry on and endure what happened to us with dignity." And so, it went on. Another time, during the San Adrián pilgrimage, a lad from the town took it upon himself to drape a Basque flag over her head, calling her "Spaniard! Fascist!" None of the boys came over to her when there were festival dances and they all tried to crash into her when she went on the dodgems with Salvador.

When she turns over those events in her mind, Mari Nieves is certain that the fact she could overcome them was because she always followed her father's example. "I never wavered. If I was scared or very nervous, I just squashed it down. I thought to myself: 'I won't show them any weakness. I'll defend myself.'"

On 24 January 2004 she did not need any of those tools. While she was walking from the cemetery towards the town centre holding her daughter Julia's hand, the greetings, smiles and gestures of affection started to dilute the unsavoury taste of the past when one of those memories resurfaced.

When the procession stopped outside the family home, Mari Nieves found herself just a few metres from the kitchen window. She was inside that room on 27 January 1979. She had just turned 16. Her father had bought her a bunch of red carnations and Salva had taken a photo of her holding the flowers. She was frying potatoes when she heard a car engine the other side of the window. Finding it strange that a vehicle would park in that part of the street, she pushed aside the net curtains to look. She could make out a white taxi, but the reflection of the lights in the window obscured her view of the people inside. Little did she know that they had just stolen the car after kidnapping its owner and that 30 seconds later they would shoot her father.

In Mari Nieves' memory, gunshots have a sound all of their own. She knew straight away that they were not firecrackers or rockets. Fearing the worst, she ran out into the street and was met with cries from her mother and her brother, Salva. "They've killed *aitá!* They've killed *aitá!*" he told her.

A group soon formed around the body riddled with bullets. No-one was able to move. Their Aunt Martina arrived. She asked what was going on and someone told her it was her brother. She stepped inside the circle and, folding away the umbrella she had in her hand, she shouted: "This is what the hatred in this town causes!" She repeated herself several times. Then she thought she saw Jesús Ulayar's eyes move slightly and she told them to take him inside the house. They laid him on the carpet in the living room. Mari Nieves took refuge in the kitchen with her mother and brother Salva, her thoughts running to her older brothers: "Poor Jesús, poor José Ignacio! What a horrible shock they are going to get." One of her cousins opened the

door and asked where he could find a sheet. "Is he dead?" her mother asked. "Yes, Aunt," he replied.

Perhaps the intensity and precision of all those memories was why Mari Nieves wanted to say a few words at the scene of the crime. When she stepped onto the podium, people had already filled the square opposite the house. "If you'll allow me," she said to everyone gathered, "at this particular spot, 25 years later, the person I would like to address is my father."

She began: "It was in this spot, *aitá*, where we found you on the ground in a pool of blood. I shouted at you to wake up, but unfortunately you could no longer even speak. Today, we have had to move some refuse containers to be able to gather around the spot where you fell, where you were killed by murderers, we all know. You can see in just what regard our town council which you served and loved holds you, placing dirty rubbish here... but knowing you, I'm sure it won't surprise you. What has been a surprise, after so many years, is the number of people who have come together today to do justice to your memory and to demand freedom."

Her words were interrupted several times by applause and her own emotion, but she managed to read what she had prepared to the end: "I want to tell you standing here that I feel very proud that you were my father, just as your Rosita, Jesús, José Ignacio and Salva are also all proud of you, as are your now seven grandchildren and your daughters-in-law and son-in-law too. You were denied the right to get to know your grandchildren, so we are the ones who will tell them who their *aittuna* was and the kind of man he was. Above all, he was a good man. Our wish is that this event, in the same way, will do justice to your memory and, finally, in your hometown, denounce the assassination carried out by ETA to which you and to

which we all are victims. *Aitá*, we miss you so much. We're sure you know that already but let me tell you that although time passes, we still hold, and we will always hold you close in our hearts."

When Mari Nieves stepped down from the podium, her daughter Julia ran up to her. Six years old was very young for her to take in everything she had just heard, and she condensed all the questions that were popping into her mind as she listened to her mother's first-hand account into just one: "*Mamá*," she whispered to her, "Was there a very big pool of blood?"

SALVADOR ULAYAR A SOUL LAID BARE
ACROSS A HANDFUL
OF PAGES

On 24 January 2004, Salvador Ulayar returned to Etxarri-Aranatz to collect the thirteen-year-old boy who, on 27 January 1979, found himself on the pavement in calle Maiza after watching his father take four bullets. He was that boy and what happened between the earlier and later of those two dates was a long, hard journey that led him through arcana of pain, powerlessness and depression.

The Salvador Ulayar who returned to his hometown a quarter of a century later, was 38 years old. Maribel, his wife, and his sons Daniel and Jaime experienced that intense and emotional day with him and it was one of the happiest of his life. "Everything was perfect," he acknowledged that night. The youngest of the four Ulayar siblings later went to bed in the conviction that they had closed a chapter, as if the ring of gunfire had been permanently stifled.

When Salvador tries to pinpoint where his journey, his story, started, his memories run back to the years before the murder: he must have been about nine, the same age as his son is now, and some kids in his class were bullying him for being Mayor Jesús Ulayar's son. "Your father is a thief and a bastard," they told him, then calling him and his family the soon-inevitable insult: "Spaniards!" Much of the time he was scared, scared of not being able to choose the safest route home, scared of seeing certain people, scared of being bullied or beaten up.

In the warmth of his home, he felt good and he felt safe, although as a father himself now, he hated to think of the anger and powerlessness his parents would have

experienced when they heard his naïve tales from school. He remembers only too well that his father's indignation at what he used to tell him happened at school often helped him walk out to the street with his head held high, "proud to be his son".

On 24 January 2004, he recovered that pride as he walked through the streets of Etxarri. At last. Behind the net curtains and blinds, lying in wait inside the half-light of their homes and narrow-minded ideas, probably watching him, aged now by time and perhaps with family responsibilities similar to his own, were some of the boys who used to torment him like "devils" waiting for their best chance to pounce and whom he faced "with more pride than courage".

Insults shouted by so many unknown voices and chants from the regular demonstrations still ring in his ears. One of those demonstrations went right to his front door. Salvador was ten or eleven years old and remembers being outside the house leaning against the wall in the same spot where the crime would be committed in the not-too-distant future, watching fellow townsfolk yelling slogans. In the first row and shouting the same barbarities as the others, he saw his own uncle, his mother's brother.

This pressure had finally built up so much that it released the idea that his parents were actually vulnerable and that something might happen to them. There was always a local on hand to stoke the flames too:

Your dad... One day you'll see," a girl his own age once told him.

"What?" he retorted.

"You'll soon see," she repeated.

This was the backdrop to which his childhood played out. When he goes over the details of that time, he finds it

difficult to separate some events from the significance the attack later apportioned them. One autumn day on leaving school, he passed by his father's shop and went in to say hi.

He greeted him with, "*Aitá!*"

"How rarely you come to spend time with your father!" he smiled back.

"OK. I'm going home for lunch. Bye." He said.

Salvador could not have guessed that his father's need then for company and affection was directly related to the rope his enemies were tightening around him. Those small ways he had unwittingly neglected his father haunted him many times once it had become impossible to put them right. "When I think about loneliness," he wrote across a handful of pages recounting his experiences, "a wave of restlessness runs through my soul as if, making the impossible possible, I would take care of that man and the situation he was in. I can't. Knowing that I was so close to as well as so far from touching his wretchedness upsets me [...] Neither my mother nor her children, much less so, suspected the very real danger he was in. But still... I can't stop thinking how my father was walking his Way of the Cross. His silences, the hours he sat in his shop, his loneliness, his anxiety and the day-to-day dismay he felt are things I can't or don't want to imagine. I asked myself what he was thinking when he looked at my mother, at us, his four children, the alarm he must have felt as he watched me playing so carefree, where his mind was while we were eating, or what feeling he had in his stomach every time he left home and walked into the shop, when he was driving his van or as he stirred his tea."

What happened after that and dealing with his own pain helped him frame on paper how things were in the agonising days leading up to the attack:

Little did we know! How would a good man feel once he had been socially ostracised, conscious of the danger he was in during the late seventies and with a family who depended on his modest salary? How many hours he had sacrificed from his businesses to spend them on his town! Can we imagine what it felt like in the seventies to be 'murderable'? Like Gethsemane. And all the while the assassins were sharpening their malice on their stone of slurs, on nationalism's substrata of hatred that justified killing a man in cold blood, a terrible period when there were no bodyguards or protection. That only arrived when Spanish society in Transition from dictatorship decided that the volume of blood spilled was intolerable. Jesús Ulayar, like so many others, drank that bitter cup to the last drop, abandoned by institutions, the State and the society he was trying to build with the ideas he asserted.

The youngest Ulayar says that the night of 27 January 1979 was his father's last and the rest of the family's story's first. On 24 January 2004, he could not help but remember that night when, during the downpour, he stepped onto the podium and announced over the microphone that he was going to remove the dumpsters the council had arranged over the scene of the crime. Two thousand people clapped in solidarity, but 25 years ago he was a lone witness. He was the only one there when Vicente Nazábal gunned down his father.

The fine details of the attack are preserved intact in Salvador's memory: him watching *Once Upon a Time... Man* on television, his father coming home, the heating oil running out, him and his father walking to the van with the drum, the hooded man suddenly appearing, stopping,

taking a wide stance, aiming... and firing. Hit by four of the bullets, Jesús Ulayar's body fell heavily to the floor. "It pains me to think," his son wrote years later, "of the suffering my dad must have felt as his life ebbed away, leaving his wife, his children and seeing how he could do nothing at that moment as horror closed in over the family he had started, cared for and protected, and whom he now had no choice but to leave helpless."

He had no time to reflect as the crime was taking place. His thirteen-year-old self ran as fast as he could, fearing that the gunman would shoot him too. He has often reproached himself for that reaction:

I didn't stay to help him. I didn't hold his hand in his final moments. I didn't call him 'Aitá!' one last time with the heartfelt love we attach to those most automatic words. [...] Those words which one should say but which I couldn't or didn't know how and which will always hang unsaid [...] I lost precious seconds I could have better spent with him whilst he was still clinging to life, lucid enough to know that his son was with him to say goodbye.

His second reaction was to run after the man who had fired the shots, but he had scarpered into the shadows provided by the trees in the square, prime location of his childhood games. Salvador only managed to catch sight of the Chrysler 180 the assassins had stolen turn the corner at the end of the street with its brake lights glowing. Those two red lights seemed to mock him in a sinister goodbye. "Sons of a bitch!" he yelled at them. Years later, that exclamation would rise in his mouth when, more than once, he came across the very same Chrysler the terrorists used, returned once more to its role as taxi.

Salvador Ulyar says that part of him stayed glued forever to that pavement stained with his father's blood. Not even the whirlwind of events following the gunfire could peel him away. He now knows that his mother asked his school teacher, Juan Mari Aguirre, to look after him for the next few hours that night. He even remembers his hand on his head. He knows that the doctor, Don José Luis, gave him a tablet. He knows at some point he answered questions from a *Diario de Navarra* journalist. He did not know his name at the time — José Miguel Iriberry — nor could he have guessed that the spontaneous and dramatic interview would have an unexpected and lasting epilogue twenty years later. Maybe that is what he thought on 24 January 2004, seeing José Miguel Iriberry among those paying tribute to his father. By then, the journalist had become his friend.

Salvador has asked himself on occasion what might have happened had he not told his father that the heating oil had run out. It is yet another question that has hounded him since.

After the funeral and burial and once his brother Jesús had returned to finish his military service in Ceuta and José Ignacio had taken over the reins of the family business, Salvador had to go back to school. Only one of his classmates said something to him, an "I'm thinking of you." The others pretended everything was normal, almost convincing him of it too. It was a sign of what was in store. One day very soon after the attack, while he was walking down the street, a woman came up to him:

"Hi Salvador, how are you?"

He answered her honestly, "I wish they had killed us both."

She replied, "Don't say that."

Only looking back over the years is he able to decipher the real meaning of all those incidents, all those expressions of support, all those sympathetic glances, those silences and those well-intentioned responses. It was just one of several similar instances:

Evidently, the lady's words were laden with good intentions, as were those of many other people, utterances we make unthinking, not realising the effect they have on the recipient. Either way, I took heed and didn't say anything like that again. It's surprising how deeply those words rooted in my soul, but they were handsomely nourished and watered by the environment around me which exuded the same. The truth was I never said anything really personal. At that time, there was no way of draining away the pain and desperation. The adult world circled above me and my friends' world was basically a long, 25-year silence. End of. Surrounded by this landscape, I withdrew inside myself. I didn't protest. I didn't seek answers. I accepted my new role: to endure, shut up, not be a victim, be indifferent to society and worse still, indifferent to myself. Rage and infinite pain were obviated and 'the boy' as my family used to call me, learned to lock himself away in a secret room in his soul and throw the key into darkness. There was no end to my isolation, to my grief.

Salvador Ulyar still surprises himself at how he managed to live in the "smothering and oppressive" atmosphere in Etxarri-Aranatz without going mad. The candid story he wrote for his own eyes and for his children, perhaps also so others could learn from those pages or find

themselves within them, is the best source we have to glean the smallest notion of what those years may have been like:

I'm fourteen or fifteen and I'm sitting with my friends at the school entrance. A boy comes up to me and starts to say something rude. I try not to rise to the bait, but he ends up saying something about my family: 'Your problem is that you are all bitter.' My father wasn't yet two years buried and that fountain of hatred was accusing me of being embittered. It would have been an extraordinary incident in a normal world, but it was very normal in an extraordinary world. The worst, infinitely painful thing was that my friends didn't give me a single word of encouragement; they didn't even comment on it. It was like it simply hadn't happened. When I was twenty or twenty-one, passing by the town hall on my way home, I saw a small group of Batasuna members. If I were to go through them each in turn, I would say they were the most promising of every household. I didn't need to look at them because I knew them perfectly well. Suddenly a stone of some size landed behind my back and luckily it didn't hit me. I didn't flinch. One of them shouted, 'You'll be next.' He was annoyed that his former classmate, had not only survived his father's assassination but was walking scot-free around the town.

Things did not improve when Salvador moved to Pamplona to continue his education. At the Virgen del Camino technical school, one of the other students wrote on the lectern "ETA, machine gun" when he heard about his past. In the hall of residence where he was staying, a religious Italian explained to him in all seriousness that the

question of the 'conflict' was about who came first Franco or ETA.

It's clear that Franco was there before ETA, so from his tenet, we can infer that I had to put up with my lot. As if that young lad gave a damn about the political justification that formed the pretext for his father's assassins. As if ETA were fighting against Franco and not against any-old government or Spanish regime, despite the amnesty, Constitution and nascent democracy. I can understand the moral confusion of that time, but what I struggle to understand is that the man would say something so uncalled for. Why would he need to hurt me like that?

One of the other students in his halls left anonymous graffiti on his desk calling him a "fascist" and a "Spaniard". The pen ink used was very distinctive and Salvador instantly identified the culprit, a kid from Durango who was known for his Basque-nationalist statements:

I immediately confronted him in our trainer's presence. He admitted it and mumbled an apology. I went up to my trainer afterwards. I couldn't understand why that imbecile was hassling me and calling me a fascist. His response was a leisurely and cursory analysis of the political ideas he supposed me (at 14 years old!!!) to hold, concluding that I deserved to be called a fascist. Not to be Basque-nationalist or left-wing was the same as being a spittoon into which default "fascists" were spat out.

Salvador has so many painful memories that he sidles through them:

Fear of an intensely painful light that annoys me and blinds me, forces me to approach them with caution and look at them from a different angle.

The assassins' release from prison from 1996 onwards added to his burden despite his daily life now taking place some distance from Etxarri. He suffered immensely when his brother José Ignacio came face to face with Vicente Nazábal for the first time and when Jesús later met him in the emergency department and the incident ended up going to trial for minor offences. On the day of the hearing, Salvador attended court to support his brother. As he went towards the courtroom, a smile greeted him from the group that had gone in solidarity with Vicente Nazábal. The smile belonged to a girl from Etxarri-Aranatz who years ago had been in his circle of friends and who had then become his father's murderer's girlfriend.

It was not long before Salvador himself ran into the man who on 27 January 1979 stood, feet apart, three metres from his father and shot at him five times. It happened in calle Arrieta, Pamplona. The youngest Ulayar was walking along the pavement with someone else and saw Vicente Nazábal leaving a shop. "Murderer," he blurted as soon as he recognised him, still a few metres away. He then went straight up to him and told him that he was nothing without his "little pistol" and what had he done with it? The other man, "somewhere between caught off guard and defiant" called him "crazy" and an "undertaker", alluding to his family's funeral business. Salvador reminded him once again that he was a murderer before his mobile rang. Nazábal left while Salvador answered his call.

Those were very challenging years. From 1996 onwards, sorrow and anguish led him into depression and life became unbearable for him. More than once, he turned to God to ask him to take his life away. Maribel and his sons were the main reason he kept going. He wrote:

I feel as if I've lived several years before, during and after my depression, off-kilter and with an unsettling ballast. As no-one asked if I was traumatised after seeing my father's dying moments, I thought perhaps it wasn't that bad. From when I was young, I assumed that witnessing my father's murder and fearing I'd be murdered too wasn't sufficient reason to explode with rage, howl with tears, demand justice or to do anything really. I grew up with a distorted understanding of my emotions. As a result, I didn't know how to adequately assess just how much healing my pain needed, what I needed to demand from my surroundings to relieve the trauma.

This off-kilter existence sometimes meant he would compulsively reject any piece of news, discussion or comment about terrorism. His responses became disproportionate, even irrational and sometimes belied an unjustified rage which would splatter over his own family. His personal notes include a passage which gives a very graphic example:

One night when a Batasuna demonstration had been organised for a reason I don't recall, Aunt Martina, my father's sister, was at my mother's house in Etxarri. She was trying to go out to the front door to defy the pro-ETA procession that was heading down our street with her presence.

Something uncoiled in my gut and I started yelling at her not to do it. An Ulayar like me, she insisted on going. My mother fell silent, but her just standing in the doorway to the street exasperated me even more. I totally lost it. I also feared for my family who still lived day to day in that house in Etxarri – my mother, my brother José Ignacio and his family. Neither my Aunt Martina (prisoner of her own story as sister of a murdered man) and especially not myself, was able to stay level-headed or contain our personalities and our emotions. We were soon both hugging and crying.

It was a deep chasm, but he managed to climb out. His wife provided strong handholds; calm and unfaltering she helped him back to the surface:

If it weren't for my darling Maribel's constant safe and loving presence, I don't know what would have become of me. She was the driver that kept my world turning at a time when I, too often, was barely more than a person living in her house and regularly eating at her table.

During Salvador Ulayar's recuperation, one key factor was his wish to air out every corner of his inner world, to open that secret room in his soul – to use his words – so the air could breeze in and undo the knots of the past. There were therapy sessions, there were friends who lent a hand from different quarters and there was the unforgettable Easter week in 2001 at the Maristas retreat in Lardero, and Maribel was always by his side. But he still had to recover enough to return to public life, as he called it.

One Sunday in 2003, having gone for a walk with his wife and children, Pilar Aramburo rang him on his mobile.

She was the former socialist mayor of Burlada, former member of the Regional Parliament of Navarra and one of the pillars of Libertad Ya. She told him that in a few days' time, Tomás Caballero's murderers would be tried by the National Court and she was thinking about chartering a coach of people from Pamplona to support the family. He put his name down straight away. The next day, journalist José María Calleja invited him to take part in a round table discussion on victims of terrorism that would take place at the Casa de América cultural centre in Madrid. He was being invited to share his own story. The event would be on the same day, and he readily agreed to it too.

Both these ingredients meant that 7 May 2003 would turn out to be a significant day in the life of Salvador Ulayar. He left for Madrid at 1 a.m. on the Libertad Ya coach. It was a long journey, but one which gave him plenty of chance to chat. Before entering the National Court, he was able to meet the Caballero siblings. He sat through what happened in the bulletproof dock with indignation; the defendants got themselves evicted by striking the glass. At one point he remembered that when the case against his father's murderers went to trial, his family were not even aware. There was definitely no coach involved either.

As the hearing adjourned, now outside the building, some Libertad Ya members unfolded a banner which they had brought with them and hung it on the wall of the National Court. There were photographers and television cameras. Salvador wavered for an instant but took hold of part of the fabric and positioned himself behind it. When he thinks back on that moment, the images pass through his mind in slow motion. "Something awakened inside me," he later wrote.

That evening, he related his story at the event organised by Basta Ya at Casa de América. Around the table

with him sat José Javier Uranga, the former editor-in-chief of *Diario de Navarra*, pumped full of bullets in 1980 in the newspaper's car park; Pilar Elías, widow of Ramón Baglie-to who was murdered in 1980 by an ETA militant whose life he had saved when he was a boy; Patxi Elola, former ETA member and PSE-EE (Socialist Party of the Basque Country-Basque Country Left) councillor for Zarautz and a gardener by profession, now obliged to have a body-guard when mending a fence or pruning acacias; Vanessa Vélez, PP¹² (People's Party) councillor and Maite Pagazaurtundua, socialist councillor in Urnieta and sister to Joxeba, eliminated by terrorists three months earlier. All the stories resonated within him like pounding blows. The audience listened to each account, touched and shaken. After the event, the speakers shared a cherished dinner together.

It was a magical day. Salvador looked back on it in his journal:

That day, with the coach departing in the small hours to Madrid, to the victims' families, to the Caballero family, to me, to the moment where I held Libertad Ya's banner on the steps of the National Court and made it my own and speaking at the Casa de América event with Basta Ya, registered inside me as the moment I emerged into the sun, into the rain and into the cold, coming out into the elements which make victims exercising their right to justice visible. Reinstated as a citizen of my town, with revived civil status, I decided not to keep quiet anymore. For victims to claim their rights, for me to claim my rights, is healing me. Legal justice began for Tomás that day, but Jesús Ullayar was also brought justice through the son

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who witnessed his murder fearing his own. The son who once having wanted to be murdered, started to live with greater dignity and more completely.

One of the results of Salvador's recovery was his growing involvement with the citizens' platform Libertad Ya. He attended several of the meetings they organised, assisted with the preparation of others, soon found the comfort and friendship that he had been missing for 25 years and was at the helm of the prolegomena to 24 January 2004, the day which marked the definitive end to his tormented journey.

How much he enjoyed giving out hugs and kisses from the entrance to the cemetery and at the entrance to the church! How much it meant to him to move those dumpsters! How happy he was to be able to stamp white handprints on the wall of the house, just next to Gotzone Mora's! How thrilled he was to see so many friends and acquaintances in his hometown! Nobody is better placed than him to evaluate those intense, historic hours in Etxarri-Aranatz:

When I play back the videos and look over the photos and see so many people, I can't help but think, without a glimmer of bitterness, 'Where were you all? I needed you so much!' But now that you are with me, I can no longer remember that winter of death; I can only see this spring I've chosen to live. On 24 January 2004, I drove the most pleasurable journey to Etxarri-Aranatz of my life in less than half an hour. However, my other trip to Etxarri seeking that boy on the pavement in 1979 lasted nearly 25 years and I wasn't in my own car. It took everyone who was able to stand together with that boy to bring me the comfort and affection I needed.

ROSA MUNDIÑANO TEARS MONEY COULDN'T BUY

Rosa Mundiñano Ezcutori was not at Etxarri-Aranatz cemetery on 24 January 2004. She would have loved to have felt the warmth that so many old and new friends could carry her from her husband's grave, but her ailing hip indicated she should stay at home. She imagined as best she could how the various parts of the event that had kept her children on tenterhooks for the last few weeks were going, and she prayed that it would all run smoothly while the crowd was marching from the graveyard to the town centre. However, when the participants arrived at the scene of the crime, she came out of the old family home, leaning on her crutch for support, and lit one of the 25 candles to bring dignity back to the space hitherto occupied by dumpsters. There she met with Jesús, José Ignacio, Mari Nieves and Salvador, all happy and excited. Salvador helped her position her candle, but it is possible that neither he nor the others guessed just how strongly that symbolic gesture would unite their mother with the other tribute participants. It is not easy to carry a widow's pain, least of all in Etxarri-Aranatz.

Rosa Mundiñano is 78 years old now and lives in Pamplona with her son José Ignacio, her daughter-in-law Blanca and three of her seven grandchildren. She also lived with them in Etxarri-Aranatz when her husband's murderers started to leave prison in 1996. That was the definitive moment that distanced her from her town, from the only area her ancestors had known, from the place stained forever with Jesús Ulayar Liciaga's blood.

Rosa Mundiñano has two traits that set her apart from the rest: her dignity and her discretion. Her only public address took place four or five days after the attack, when she was just beginning to adjust to being a victim. It was a letter that she drafted with the help of her children and a few faithful friends, and then sent to the newspaper seeking to quash the slanderous claims some local residents continued to heap on Jesús Ulayar when the earth was still fresh on his grave. She also wanted to respond to the accusations that had been publicly made by the terrorists when they claimed responsibility for the crime. The piece was entitled 'Honouring the Truth' and it was published in *Diario de Navarra* on 4 February 1979. It started with:

As the wife of Jesús Ulayar, killed in Echarri Aranaz on 27th of last month, and also on behalf of my children, I would like to use these lines to thank all those who have shown us their support, affection and encouragement. I would also like to refute some of the one-sided news articles which have appeared in the press and which degrade the true image of who my husband was.

She continued:

The reason for his assassination seems to be, according to the statement claiming responsibility, that 'In his four years as mayor, he undertook anti-citizen and anti-Basque activities.' It is true that people's opinion was divided (not the people against the mayor, but people against each other). The main source of disagreement was the construction of new houses on land where the old schools stood. After several legal challenges, the courts ruled in favour of the deceased. If there were any

other intentions or interests at play promoting that division, I do not know. Our Lord the Supreme Judge will decide.

Rosa then went on to address her husband's character and the nights he spent working for Etxarri:

I am proud of the honour, fairness and commitment to others which he showed (sometimes at a cost to his own family). Regarding the term 'anti-Basque', he was known by everyone for his enthusiasm for the language. The grants he secured for ikastolas¹³, the Basque cultural weeks which he led and making the council basement available to the local ikastola were prime examples. Are these anti-Basque activities? Does having a particular mindset give some people the right to kill, and others the misfortune to die? I hope these words will help set the record straight. I only ask that as he was not treated fairly in this life, his reputation be respected after his death.

The letter ended with an admirable paragraph:

As a believer, I sincerely forgive, painful though it may be, all those who participated in my husband's assassination as informants or perpetrators. I only ask them to remember their mothers and that, when they kill a man, they think of the widows and orphans they leave.

Her words had little effect. If, prior to 27 January 1979, Rosa provided the comforting lap that her husband and children found on coming home injured by slurs and insults, from that day onwards she became the secure

13 Basque-language schools

refuge the latter needed to survive. Salvador wrote that his mother “kept her composure” when he needed her most:

I would come home, find my mother and feel OK, safe. I would tell her my latest grievance and I found refuge in her. My mother was a woman of few words and inside she absorbed those blows alongside many others that arose during her life with my father and also after his death. Her maternal role of calming everything down is something very dear to me and something I treasured.

And the others will say the same. However, Rosa had to co-exist with a very personal shadow cast by her own pain. “We children,” adds the youngest Ulayar, “brought her company, affection, encouragement, work... but nothing could really fill the enormous hole those bullets blasted into her life and the painful void her husband left.” A few lines later, he acknowledges that the four children pulled the family through, as their ages and abilities allowed, and that they all went on to start their own families. “We have completed life projects that have brought us satisfaction,” he concludes, “but apart from children and grandchildren, Rosa Mundiñano’s went up in the smoke of five gunshots.”

In reality, Rosa Mundiñano’s life project and the excitement that she surely harboured as she married Jesús Ulayar in 1955 were shattered to pieces some time before the crime took place. The stories her children told her on arriving home from school, the ones she could guess from her husband’s apparent tension, the furtive comments she caught as she went out to do the shopping, the humiliations and insults, silences, loneliness and fear scraped away at any hope of happiness or even normality that she had held. Not even those closest to her could provide the encouragement she wanted. One of her brothers took part

in several of the demonstrations and sit-ins that were organised in the town against the mayor. On more than one occasion, Rosa could make out his voice from the other chanted slogans floating in through the window while she was coming and going in the kitchen. The night of the murder, that brother came to the family home. She looked at him through tears and invited him up to the room in which they had laid out the body so he could say what he wanted, so he could laugh at him, because he was dead and could not respond. He left indignantly, saying they had thrown him out of the house.

However, his sister had other things to attend to that night. Despite the pain clawing at her inside and out, Rosa saw to all the things that needed to be done. She paused her inconsolable weeping in the kitchen in order to look for the white sheet that they had asked for to cover the body. She organised for someone to go and wait for José Ignacio at the station. She asked Salvador’s teacher to look after him. She comforted Mari Nieves as best she could... Yes, the future of her marriage had just gone up in the smoke of five gunshots, but there at home, while her husband’s remains were at rest in the adjacent room, she was starting work on another project: making her children’s futures possible despite the loss of their father.

That project is what has informed the course of her life since. The days and weeks following his assassination were no less difficult as a result, but she always stepped out into the street with her head held high. Some of her neighbours would lower their eyes when they met in passing.

She never had a bad word for anybody. One day, shortly after the culprits were arrested, she bumped into the Nazábal brothers’ mother at Mass. On leaving church, Rosa stopped to chat in the porch with some women from the town. The murderers’ mother also made to leave,

avoiding the group, but Jesús Ulayar's widow called to her in a caring voice, "Come and join us, girl! No-one here has anything against you."

Those were years of infamy, neglect and resignation, but she faced them with strength of character and elegance. It was only when the murderers left prison and returned to Etxarri that she supported José Ignacio's plan to leave. The terrorists had not let her live in the town with her husband and it seemed they would not let her live there with her grandchildren either.

Around that time, a local couple, José Ignacio and Blanca's friends, took a moving message to the family: "We have a million pesetas in the bank, our life savings. Take them and get far away from here." The Ulayars were touched by their offer, but the decision had been made.

From the time they left, Rosa's relationship with her hometown has been sporadic. Her neighbours and friends recognised her, always with her crutch, in one of the photographs published in the newsletter on 4 December 2000 when the Government awarded the Navarra Gold Medal to the victims of terrorism. In the picture, you can see her entering the President's Office to receive her certificate, assisted by Salvador. Maybe they saw her too in the group selfie that the victims took on 6 November 2001 with the Prince of Asturias during his visit to Navarra. Her children told Prince Felipe some elements of the family's story and the crown prince, knowing the story already, acknowledged it "makes your hair stand on end". Rosa hardly participated. There was no need. She was simply and discreetly present.

Like Miguel Delibes' *Lady in Red on a Grey Background*¹⁴, her presence was enough to alleviate the sorrow of living. That is why 24 January 2004 served as recogni-

14 Spanish title: *Mujer de rojo sobre fondo gris*

tion of her self-sacrifice, her dedication, her courage and her 25 years lived in Etxarri-Aranatz as a widow. The event was organised as a tribute to Jesús Ulayar, but without realising, the two thousand attendees were paying tribute to Rosa as well.

Two days later, Salvador was asked in an interview what his mother had thought of the different elements of the programme that had taken place in the town. This was his reply: "My mother is a woman with thick skin, but this event moved her inside. She is clearly pleased, clearly happy. When she was sitting in the front pew in church and there were people coming up to us to say goodbye, the satisfaction on her face, her smile and her tears were priceless – tears money couldn't buy."

LINA NAVARRO LOVE COMES 25 YEARS LATE

The first time Lina Navarro Florido travelled to Pamplona was to collect her husband's corpse. It was 2 January 1979 and Francisco Berlanga Robles, Spanish National Police explosives expert, had died when the package he was attempting to deactivate exploded. He was less than a month away from returning to Málaga to join his wife and three children.

On 24 January 2004, Lina Navarro was back in the Autonomous Community of Navarra. She had travelled the 900 kilometres separating Málaga from Pamplona to attend the memorial that her husband's colleagues at Beloso barracks were organising and acknowledge the affection and redress that two thousand people in Etxarri-Aranatz who answered Libertad Ya's invitation wanted to offer him. On that 24 January 2004, Francisco Berlanga was star of the show alongside Jesús Ulayar.

How different her two trips were! 1979's Lina was a 24-year-old woman who left her three children behind as well cared for as she could (the eldest being five and the youngest just nine months) to travel across the peninsula totally distraught at the news she had just received. She had no notion yet of the bitter taste of isolation that was to come. 2004's Lina met a widow and four siblings who treated her like one of the family and she received a concentrated dose of the affection and gratitude that Navarra had not dispensed to her during the previous 25 years.

In actual fact, the news she first received on 2 January 1979 was a half-truth. "Your husband has had an accident," they told her down the phone from Pamplona. "I feared the worst, but I had not imagined he would

be dead," she recounted in an interview years later. The whole way there, she was nursing the hope that she would find Paco alive.

It was only when she arrived in the Navarrese capital that they told her of his fate and the details of what had happened. Corporal Berlanga had died first thing that morning in Plaza del Castillo. An ETA member had placed a bomb next to Jiménez Fuentes Real Estate office. The device was inside a plastic bag. The police were informed and various explosive experts were sent to the scene. Francisco Berlanga warned staff in the pharmacy next door, but he did not have time to do anything else: the bomb went off before he could put on any of the protective clothing he normally used in his work. The blast tore off his limbs and he died instantly.

Lina Navarro had spoken with her husband more than once about the high risk he ran working for the police in Navarra and they were not simply scare stories. In the thirteen months prior to the explosion in Plaza del Castillo, ETA had murdered three officers from the security forces in the Autonomous Community of Navarra, their first three fatal attacks. The first to fall was Joaquín Imaz Martínez, Commander-in-Chief of the Armed Police. On 26 November 1977, terrorists were lying in wait by his car, parked in the vicinity of Plaza de Toros, firing as he approached. He was 50 years old. The second victim was José Manuel Baena Martín, Inspector in the General Police Force, who died in an exchange of fire in the San Jorge neighbourhood on 11 January 1978. In the days prior, there had been arrests made in several places in Pamplona. The officers were gathering evidence about an apartment which could be being used by ETA members. They found it empty and they had decided to wait for the activists to arrive. The activists spotted the police presence and did

not hesitate in firing their guns. Inspector Baena and the two ETA members died: Joaquín Pérez de Viñaspre and Ceferino Sarasola Arregui, both from Gipuzkoa. The third fatal attack took place on 9 May 1978. The terrorists placed a bomb underneath Portal Nuevo gate on the road out of Pamplona towards San Sebastián, and they denoted it as a Guardia Civil jeep went past. It killed Manuel López González, who had just finished his surveillance shift at the train station. He was a 23-year-old from Cáceres due to get married.

Those fatally wounded of course provided the most serious examples, the blackest view of the situation, but daily life was also impregnated with violence. Perhaps Paco Berlanga made light of it when he used to speak with Lina on the phone, but it was very difficult, nigh on impossible, for a police officer to escape the tension. Keeping public order was a daily problem. What happened after the Portal Nuevo attack is a good example. Manuel López' funeral was celebrated at midday on 10 May at Los Paúles Church in Milagrosa, Pamplona. In the afternoon, with the mood still tense after the attack, a group of right-wing extremists caused riots in the Old Town. The group were armed with sticks, billy clubs, chains and handguns. Some of the neo-fascists tried unsuccessfully to storm the Revolutionary Communist League¹⁵ (LKI) headquarters at 31 calle Zapatería. Confrontations with young *abertzale* followed closely after. There were barricades, shattered shop windows, decimated cars and several serious injuries. The most critically injured was 54-year-old Juan Antonio Eseverri Chávarri, a Guardia Civil officer in plain clothes during the brawl, who was stabbed four times in calle Chapitela, leaving him on the brink of death. The police arrested 52 people who spent the night in the cells.

15 In Euskara: *Liga Komunista Iraultzailea*

Juan Antonio Esevenri died a week later on Wednesday, 17 May. The tension escalated. Some of the 52 people arrested were charged with the knife attack and the judge sent five of them to jail. Their friends and relatives were convinced of their innocence and called on the Civil Governor and the Chair of the National Court to speed up the investigation. On 25 June, with the San Fermin festival just around the corner, representatives of the group convicted locked themselves in the town hall demanding the convicts' release. The *chupinazo* was launched from the first floor that year. Across the town hall façade ran a banner with the slogan "Everyone back home for San Fermin". On 8 July, as the bull run ended, a group of young people unfolded another banner in the arena calling for an amnesty. There were some scuffles in the front rows of seats and the Spanish National Police burst into the ring firing smoke bombs, rubber bullets and, as was later established, live bullets. The tumult was spectacular. While some tried to find the exit amid all the confusion, others threw cushions and every object under the sun at the officers, who were forced to retreat. The riots continued in the street. For the whole of that night Pamplona was a violent and dangerous city. Brass band music was replaced with a soundtrack of gunshots and sirens, and the traditional San Fermin atmosphere gave way to skirmishes, races, barricades and injury. More than 150 people were transferred to various of the city's health facilities and 78 were hospitalised. At least six had gunshot wounds and there was one fatality. Germán Rodríguez Sáiz was hit by a bullet in the vicinity of the bullring between 10 p.m. and 10:10 p.m. A driver passing through avenida de Roncesvalles in his Renault 8 took him to Navarra Hospital. He went into theatre just before midnight but died around two in the morning. Three days later, the San Fermin festival was cancelled.

This was the environment in which Paco Berlanga and his colleagues were working in 1978, the year in which ETA murdered 69 people, almost as many as in its entire history to that point. The young corporal accepted the risk and adversity in exchange for his imminent transfer to Málaga, where he would be finally reunited with Lina and his three young children. It seems paradoxical that his last few days on the job featured three bomb alerts during the 6 December referendum, with Navarra and the country as a whole voting a resounding 'yes' to the Constitution. On that day, the Spanish decided for themselves how they wanted to live, but in one corner of the Navarrese capital, someone was already fine-tuning the device which three weeks later would deprive Paco of his most fundamental right.

Lina could not help recalling some of the events described above while she was walking through Etxarri-Aranatz on 24 January 2004. She carried her husband's cap with her, laying it next to the candles that they lit in front of the Ulayars' family home, next to the former mayor's mace. She seemed happy, but perhaps a little surprised by the human warmth enveloping her, nothing remotely like the hurried funeral held in 1979 before a hearse carried the remains of Francisco Berlanga, the explosive expert, far away from Navarra. In the photos of that Mass, you can see the officer's cap too, placed on the coffin. Colleagues of the deceased surrounded the coffin, trying to maintain their composure in a tiny, soulless chapel.

Many of the event participants in Etxarri that day did not know who Lina was; therefore they could not know the story that smiling woman walking arm in arm with the Ulayars had been carrying with her. Others guessed her past and her status of victim from the police cap she was holding in her hand. There was one person, however, who was studying her steps carefully. Fernando

Jiménez Fuentes had never spoken to Corporal Berlanga's widow, but on 24 January 2004, he knew that moment had come. His 83 years on this earth encouraged him in some way to make the first move. He could have been victim to ETA's first fatal attack in Navarra if the terrorists had fired the automatic rifle they held to his temple on 19 October 1977. But the three hooded attackers who managed to break into his home that day in Plaza Conde de Rodezno in Pamplona were only after money. The activists gagged his wife, daughter, maid and the concierge before holding Fernando Jiménez at gunpoint. Four days earlier, Congress had approved the first amnesty bill, which returned many political prisoners to the streets including a fair few ETA members. The armed group, however, far from peacefully joining democracy, launched one of its campaigns of fundraising by extortion. Fernando Jiménez Fuentes moved to Madrid after the mugging but kept his office in Pamplona: a real estate agency in Plaza del Castillo, which was precisely where, on 2 January 1979, the terrorists planted the bomb which ended up killing Francisco Berlanga.

On 24 January 2004, he travelled to Etxarri-Aranatz with his daughter and son-in-law. He searched for the right opportunity to approach Lina Navarro and found it after lighting one of the 25 candles in front of the Ulayars' home. He told her, "The bomb that killed your husband was planted for me."

MAYORS AND COUNCILLORS HANDED THE BATON

Since 27 January 1979, Etxarri-Aranatz has had very few non-nationalist councillors. However, on 24 January 2004, councillors and mayors from different parties symbolically compensated for this absence by silently demonstrating through the town's streets. All of them had experienced the heartaches of council work personally, the unfathomable situations, the unfounded criticism and the loneliness of the position, and they could accurately intuit how much Jesús Ulayar must have suffered before his life was taken from him.

Representatives from various towns and cities were there. Mariano García Garrancho and Antonia Román Casasola did not have to travel far to attend the tribute as both of them live in Alsasua. This husband-and-wife team both sit on the town council and their attendance at an occasion like the tribute in Etxarri was almost inevitable following the events they had been involved in over the previous months and years. He is a member of the PSOE¹⁶ (Spanish Socialist Workers' Party) and she is UPN¹⁷ (Navarrese People's Union).

Unlike Jesús Ulayar, whose genealogy can be traced back to the very foundations of Barranca, Mariano and Antonia come from much further afield; he was born in Alcántara, Cáceres province, and she was born in Vélez-Málaga, on the Mediterranean coast. Their families then emigrated to Navarra seeking opportunities they could not find

¹⁶ *Partido Socialista Obrero Español*

¹⁷ *Unión del Pueblo Navarro*

in their home territory. They met in Alsasua and married there in 1974. They are both 54 years old and have two children aged 28 and 23. Mariano works in a factory in Alavés, alternating weekly between morning and evening shifts, and Antonia is a postal worker.

In 1979 just a few weeks after Jesús Ulyar was assassinated, Mariano publicly complained during a residents' meeting about a comment someone had previously made about "outsiders and insiders", a theme which had frequently cropped up in a town that had a large proportion of immigrants. Based on what happened during that meeting, the socialists took an interest in him and he ended up standing with them in the elections but as an independent candidate. He won a seat at that first ballot and has been regularly voted in again apart from one term. Today, he has nearly twenty years as a council member under his belt.

When he first ran for councillor, his wife thought it was a good idea. "I was even pleased he was standing," Antonia Román or Toni, as almost everyone calls her, has said on occasion. "I liked seeing him so ready to work for the town and people and to try to improve life for its residents." She had no idea yet of the trouble that council work would bring her husband and herself: the frayed, highly charged full council meetings that would follow an ETA attack or the arrest of an Alsasua resident, furtive remarks whispered as they walked down the street, the posters, the insults, the graffiti, the photographs stuck onto targets...

Antonia had no option but learn to live with the situation and its consequences; adjusting to the permanent presence of a bodyguard, checking underneath the car and paying special attention to people strolling down the streets became second nature. However, none of these hardships prevented the same thought popping into her head over and over again: "If during the regional elections

there's a healthy number of Alsasua residents who vote UPN (767 in 1999 and 934 in 2003), it would follow that there will be quite a few voting for the same party if we stand in the local elections." Ready to test her theory, she made the suggestion personally to some regional government officials and she volunteered to try to find potential candidates for the party's list. It was not easy and she ended up putting herself forward instead. Her motivation was crystal clear: "I don't like the fact there are people who walk down the street speaking in low voices and whispering," she explained a couple of days before voting day. "There are wonderful people in this town – almost all of them are – but there is a small group that try to impose their ideas by force. I think I can do worthwhile work at the council, above all because I am democratic."

UPN would have liked native residents of Alsasua to stand but it was too arduous a task. They had to turn to young people who had volunteered to swell the party's lists in the districts where the pressure of radical nationalism was the most suffocating. During that period, Eradio Ezpeleta, campaign manager, discovered the difficulties a candidate for Alsasua could run into and the generosity of some people who hardly knew the town but were prepared to graft for it. Despite the distrust politics sows or the apathy young people are presumed to have or the pressure from terrorism or the way so many people disguise their desire for an easy life by making other excuses, the readiness of those volunteers and many others confirmed for her that there were still people prepared to complicate their own lives in order to make others' lives a little better.

UPN's move to stand in the capital of Barranca's local elections was met with a response from the town's radical sector several days before polling day. It was 17 May 2003. The party organised a campaign event in the Gure

Etxea building and several prominent party representatives attended, beginning with the chairman. Behind a microphone he hardly needed, Miguel Sanz reminded everyone that they were taking part in a historic meeting. Antonia Román also spoke to outline some of the local issues and present several projects that were being considered. Around forty people attended. There were local residents in the audience, but they were outnumbered when, at the end of the meeting, a group of sixty youths who had gathered in the vicinity launched a whole host of insults and curses at the conference attendees, many of whom then returned to Pamplona with their bodyguards. Antonia, however, stayed behind with her husband.

Around that same time, Antonia and Mariano each received letters which left them in no doubt as to just what they were getting themselves into. The messages appeared in the family's home letterbox and the texts were very similar: "We have nothing against your way of thinking; you are perfectly free to express and implement whatever political ideology you like," said the letter sent to Mariano, "but we assume that you have decided to head PSOE's list in full awareness of that party's involvement in and implementation of a policy of legalised genocide against the Basque people." And a few lines later, it went on to say:

You should know that many of us Basque people are not prepared to allow this policy of generalised, structural attack against the rights of Euskal Herria and its citizens to continue. We are going to exercise our right to defend ourselves. We will fight with all means available to derail your fascist offensive. And we will come after people like you who hold positions of responsibility within the parties

who wage that fascist offensive against our people in a very special way.

Toni's letter contained the exact same rationale and they also called her a Nazi. The two letters were dated "in Euskal Herria".

Their authors would never know that the nights leading up to the 2003 elections saw a lot of talk about politics in the García Román household, but that talk was of the kind of politics that interested the average resident in Alsasua: poor street signage, broken public benches or a proposed heated swimming pool, i.e. pretty much the kind of thing that led to Jesús Ulayar's death.

Mariano and Antonia were not about to throw in the towel either. On 24 January 2004, they were together in Etxarri-Aranatz, representing their respective parties in some way but joining forces in what mattered: "The bottom line is Navarrese identity and we are in complete agreement on that," they said in an interview once.

Someone else who attended the tribute to Jesús Ulayar was Luis María Iriarte, mayor of Zizur Mayor, who had also weathered harsh treatment from the *abertzale*. His journey and reasoning for wanting to lead the town council were surely similar to those which motivated his late colleague from Etxarri-Aranatz and so many others. During the Franco period, he started working in an association that was linked to the church and its team organised sport and cultural activities. When democracy arrived, they said, "We have to do something," and they did it by standing in the first council elections. They were voted in and they ended up working on the whole of Zizur Mayor's town planning, a town whose two thousand residents increased fivefold within twenty years. Today, as he strolls through the town's newest neighbourhoods, when he surveys the

library, the sports facilities, the streetlighting or the new town hall, he feels the closest to the claim he would like to make when he reaches the end of his council tenure: "I was part of this project; I put my time and effort into this."

On the road towards being able to confirm that achievement, he is always guided by a piece of advice his father gave him when he became mayor in 1996: "Be careful what you do," he told him, "It's a position that comes with a lot of responsibility." After quoting his father, Luis María Iriarte stops for a moment, as if weighing something up, adding, "And we do take that responsibility seriously."

That "and we do take that responsibility seriously" encompasses working longer than the standard 8-hour day, the concerns which play on his mind long after he leaves the town hall, bureaucratic red tape, residents with problems, meetings which require his presence while he should be working at his company, some heated discussions, a certain loneliness, difficult decisions, pressures and the chance he might find a camping gas cylinder doused in petrol on arriving home.

That actually happened on 3 October 1997, although a while earlier during the local festival, someone had distributed flyers around the town with his photo and an accusation that he was "guilty" of disbursing Basque prisoners throughout the country's jails. He took one of those leaflets to the next council meeting and showed the rest of the councillors.

Around the same time, the mayor of Ansoáin, Alfredo García, was mailed a t-shirt stained with blood and saw the town adorned with graffiti and posters that practically accused him of being responsible for the country's prison policy.

Similar incidents occurred in Noáin, where a UPN councillor who had entered politics "to improve the town"

saw two camping gas cylinders explode outside his home (during an ETA ceasefire, incidentally) or in Villava where another councillor from the same party suffered the same shock, emerging unscathed. It is symptomatic that all these people who generously throw themselves into the construction of democracy, ready to invest their time and effort for others' benefit are labelled "enemies of democracy" by their attackers.

Miguel Ángel Ruiz Langarica was able to be in Etxarri-Aranatz on 24 January 2004 simply because four years prior, on 21 November 2000, the police arrested Iñaki Beaumont Etxeberria on his doorstep, before he could put two bullets into him. Young Iñaki and his partner in crime had aroused the suspicions of an officer who was carrying out surveillance in the area. When he came over to ask them for their IDs, the Sig Sauer handgun that Beaumont had stashed under his jacket left no room for doubt about what the pair intended to do. As the police later said, the second ETA member Jorge Olaiz Rodríguez managed to escape. Beaumont, who had a record for street violence, acknowledged at the police station that he did not know his victim's name but only that he was with UPN.

Miguel Ángel Ruiz Langarica was no longer a UPN councillor for Pamplona when ETA tried to eliminate him, but he could have been, because the motivations that led him into local politics are not bound by electoral frameworks of one term of office or another. "I want to leave my children a better world and that means resolutely fighting against terrorism now," he once explained to summarise where his dedication stems from.

He could not help that the attempted murder left him with recurring nightmares: "I would dream that my front door had been left open" along with threats painted on the walls of the factory where he had worked all his life.

“Langarica, you son of a bitch, you’re a dead man walking” he read one morning on starting work. In the end, he decided to retire at sixty to distance himself from that pressure.

His energy and conviction, however, had not deserted him and he volunteered to assist his party where needed. In the 2003 local elections, he stood as a candidate for Burlada, one of the most populous towns in Navarra, and today he is one of the councillors there. UPN won the elections, but an agreement between the remaining parties (PSN¹⁸, IU¹⁹, Aralar²⁰ and Batzarre²¹) meant control of the council went to the socialists. Miguel Ángel and his colleagues have worked tirelessly since then to draw a clear line in the sand marking freedom by keeping nationalism at a distance. In the summer of 2004, he penned a whistleblowing letter to the newspaper to denounce senior officers at the council who had included acts of remembrance for ETA prisoners in the festival programme. To many readers, perhaps, that letter might have appeared to represent just the latest of many political differences to play out in town councils, but to its author it was a fundamental question of dignity: he could not allow the council on which he sat to give its seal of approval to an event which aimed to pay tribute to the ETA militant who wanted to put two bullets into him, along with all the others serving prison terms in Spain for similar crimes.

Yolanda Barcina, Mayoress of Pamplona since 3 July 1999, was also in Etxarri-Aranatz on 24 January 2004. At the same ceremony in which she received the town’s mayoral mace, Juan María Etxabbarri Garro, member of ETA’s

18 Partido Socialista de Navarra (Navarrese Socialist Party)

19 Izquierda Unida (United Left)

20 Basque separatist party, *abertzale*, opposed to ETA

21 A political party in Navarra

Burugogor commando unit and sentenced to six years’ imprisonment for belonging to the armed group, also became councillor. However, when Yolanda Barcina entered her second term four years later, there were no longer any Herri Batasuna representatives in the council, nor were there in subsequent elections when they tried to regain influence. It was one of the elements she highlighted in her inaugural speech: “Councillors who refuse to condemn ETA’s crimes no longer have seats in this council chamber,” she said, “where all political parties that make up the new town council must make defending our freedom against terrorism our priority. Standing firm in this regard, I trust that we will be able to establish some ground rules for dialogue on the rest of the matters that we have to clarify from here on in, during the next four years.”

Nevertheless, Yolanda Barcina has experienced some very challenging moments during her council term. In June 2001, Euskal Herritarrok supporters filled the streets of Pamplona with flyers depicting the mayoress in military uniform, performing a Nazi salute. The accompanying text accused her of being an enemy of the people, of democracy, of Euskara language and of the neighbourhoods. The council spokespeople condemned the campaign using various arguments, but the last word on the subject of flyers was had by journalist José Miguel Iriberry in one of his pieces of writing. Its heading ‘Enemy of ETA’ almost said it all. “Now they’re going after Yolanda Barcina,” the text read:

The mayoress is not playing ball, and the price to be paid is a photoshopped flyer. They’ve placed her on what ETA’s spokespeople call ‘the front line’. In any case, the flyer designers can consider themselves sidelined and know that ETA has flyers left over. It’s true. EH has other objectives:

justifying attacks and excusing the perpetrators in their 'armed struggle' against the 'enemy'. Yolanda Barcina has declared herself to be ETA's enemy since the day she took office, being the person to secure the most votes from the people of Pamplona. However, that enmity, repeatedly demonstrated over two years, does not appear of course on any flyer. Nor does it need to. EH's drifting pushes it to clutch at more straws, each one more of a stretch than the last.

The reality was that in the next local elections, society, democracy and the neighbourhoods of Pamplona, the mayoress' supposed enemies, voted for Yolanda Barcina with close to an absolute majority, something unheard of in the city's history of candidates.

But a multitude of troubles continued before and after her second term started. One of the most bitterly felt was the death of José Javier Múgica in Leitza. The mayoress knew him personally and the threat of terrorism had come "very close" that time. 14 July 2001, the day of the attack, was the last day of the San Fermin festival. The council attended the Octave celebration at San Lorenzo church as the final religious event in the festival. As it concluded, they gathered in a mark of protest next to the town hall. Many local residents who were passing by joined in on the spot. At the end of the five-minute silence, journalists wanted to pin down the council leader's thoughts: "They wanted to destroy our happiness and they think that they can intimidate us by doing this," she said. "But they're wrong; they will achieve nothing. All the people of Pamplona, all Navarrese and the wider Spanish people will stand firm against the murderers, and what we're going to do is to isolate those who support terrorism and those who act as

terrorists." She went on to add: "They claim to be defenders, but I ask myself, 'What are they actually defending?' The only thing they are doing is attacking a people in a vile way. Apart from the Nazis, I know of no crueller people in the whole history of humanity."

Seven months after that manifestation of shared mourning, security forces broke up two ETA commando units in Navarra: *Ekaitza* and *Urbasa*. The latter had gathered information on the mayoress and had followed her on occasion with the expected aim of eliminating her. "We are living at a time when many of us could be targeted by the terrorist group ETA," she said publicly at the time. And she reflected the question back on those who had asked her, "How would *you* all feel if you were being threatened by the terrorist group ETA? That is how I feel right now."

That pressure, however, did not stop her for one moment. Instead, Yolanda Barcina will go down in the city's history for having made tough decisions which led to the creation of new freedom spaces in Pamplona's streets. Perhaps the flagship decision was withdrawing approval for the so-called political barracks, which would have been, in effect, a radicalised ghetto that exerted its influence against the backdrop of the San Fermin festival and fed the coffers of parties and groups with links to HB and ETA. Along the same lines, she withdrew grant funding from all groups and associations that included acts of remembrance for ETA prisoners in their programming. She did not backtrack when some people tried to use particular town initiatives to ferociously attack her, nor when others scattered posters in the city centre that contained nothing but insults and threats.

The personal cost to her of her determination is difficult to imagine. She once shared in an interview that her son, then barely three years old, crouched to look under

the chairs at home because he had seen his mother's bodyguards do the same. Yolanda Barcina could never simply take her son to the parks or swings that she herself had championed in various parts of the regional capital.

The mayoress had met the Ulayars several times prior to 24 January 2004. On 20 November 2002, she went to the Public University of Navarra for a round table discussion on victims of terrorism, the one that José Ignacio took part in. She had the opportunity there to listen to the family's story in person and was able to greet the speaker and some of his brothers. In the 2003 San Fermin festival, she created a window in the council's packed agenda and invited all four of the siblings to watch the bull run on 14 July from the town hall. They all came, along with their spouses and children – fifteen of them in total – and when the bulls had been returned to the enclosures in the bullring, they sat down to a breakfast of *chocolate con churros*.

Now in Etxarri-Aranatz, they greeted each other again. She mingled with the rest of the participants when the crowd left the cemetery and headed for the town, as did the other official guests. And when the attendees were invited to stamp white handprints on the family home, the Mayoress of Pamplona approached the house, donned a pair of gloves that had been distributed for the purpose, coated them in paint and pushed hard against the wall. It was her tribute to a good man she never knew, a colleague who suffered before her similar problems to the harassment she now experiences and that prevents her from walking safely down the street today. It was as if Yolanda Barcina along with the other councillors and mayors gathered that day in Etxarri would carry the town's witness of Jesús Ulayar away to a peaceful and free environment that he and so many others were unable to reach.

MAITE PAGAZAURTUNDUA A SISTER'S VOICE

While those attending the homage to Jesús Ulayar were approaching Etxarri-Aranatz cemetery, Maite Pagazaurtundua took Salvador Ulayar aside to read him what she was thinking of saying from the bandstand a few minutes later. Salvador listened to her with affection, moved, but not paying too much attention: "There's nothing that lady could have said that would have seemed wrong to me," he later explained.

They had first met on 7 May 2003, on that morning in Madrid that turned out to be so memorable for the youngest Ulayar. The event organised by Basta Ya brought them both around a table together with other victims of terrorism and they took turns relating what they had experienced to an audience primarily made up of people from the cultural elite. It had only been three months since ETA had assassinated Joxeba Pagazaurtundua, Head of Andoáin Local Police, and his sister, Maite, was keeping the promise she made him as he lay dying in hospital. On that day, 9 February, she told him that she would keep his voice which the terrorists had tried to silence alive. It was fulfilling her word that led her to Madrid and later to Etxarri-Aranatz. It was that promise that had propelled her and still propels her to so many places where there is someone willing to listen about what is happening in the Spanish Basque Country substratum.

Maite instantly felt an affinity with the Ulayar family's story because her own contained many similar elements. Now at 39 years old, the same age as Salvador, she is married with two daughters. When she had just turned

13, she suffered a very similar situation at school to that which Salvador experienced at school in Etxarri and at high school in Pamplona. She used to go to Hernani *ikastola* and she was “heavily indoctrinated” like so many girls at the time. One day she was arguing about politics with one of her classmates and when the other girl could not win the discussion she said to her: “You think that because you’re not truly Basque.” It was the first time she had heard it, but others have said it to her since too many times to count. Sometimes the formulation is more extreme: “You are not Basque and all Spaniards should be killed.”

But they were Basque and very proud to be Basque. Her older brother, Iñaki, belonged to the National Confederation of Labour²² (CNT) and later joined the Socialist Party. Joxeba joined ETA and fought in the armed group for a couple of years as a young teenager. Then he tried out a few different political groups and ended up in the Basque Country Left²³ (EE), which went on to merge with the Euskadi Socialist Party²⁴ (PSE). It was not long before Maite perceived cracks appearing in the foundations of her world, and as she turned 15, 16, then 17 and was discovering friendship, literature and her personal independence, she also realised with growing unease that she was living in a sick society in which many people turned to look the other way whenever they saw human beings murdered. “Very early on, I felt a deep sense of civic responsibility to counter terrorism,” she explained on one occasion to *La Vanguardia* journalist, Ima Sanchís.

She had to learn to get by in that landscape, in the same way her brothers had forged ahead despite the difficulties they faced and their own disappointments. While

22 Confederación Nacional del Trabajo

23 Euskadiko Ezkerra

24 Partido Socialista de Euskadi

she was narrating her family’s story at that session at Casa de América, Maite elaborated on some of her brother Iñaki’s professional accomplishments: “He was a brilliant police officer. He discovered the lead that resulted in the arrest of an ultra-right-wing group that had murdered residents in Hernani and Andoáin. He worked several night shifts helping women who had been abused and to prevent further attacks years before there was a proper awareness of these horrible crimes. He worked closely with other police forces to track down ETA members and prospective young ETA members. He clocked up numerous hours helping regular people because the local authority could be a labyrinth to the people who needed it most. When the political situation in Andoáin became treacherous for everyone who was pro-Constitution, he faced his fear head on, opening up the Socialist head office, before they killed him.

She also revealed that “the first hell” started “towards the end of 1994 or in early 1995”, eight years before Joxeba’s murder when he was informed he had escaped an “imminent” attack. Via Ramón Jáuregui, the family sought help from the Basque Government Ministry of the Interior, who sent him on secondment to a village in Araba-Álava, a ‘low risk’ area. He was there three years. It was a period of calm, an undreamed-of break from normality. Joxeba decided to live there permanently, but on the same day he was going to buy himself some land in order to build a house, they phoned him from Vitoria to inform him that he had to return to Andoáin. ETA had announced a ceasefire, they told him.

He returned to his village when Basque nationalist youth actions were at their height and he was on the receiving end of graffiti, insults, Molotov cocktail attacks on his home and his car being set on fire. “I can safely say that it was one of the most horrible day-to-day experiences you

could imagine,” explained Maite to the people gathered to listen to her in Madrid on that 7 May 2003.

Joxeba Pagazaurtundua knew that his days were numbered, particularly since 2000 when ETA killed his friend José Luis López de Lacalle, an Andoáin resident like himself and also a member of Basta Ya. Convinced of the fate that awaited him, he wrote to the Basque Government Minister of the Interior saying he had “multiple reasons” to believe that the terrorists were on his tail. “That Basque citizen,” she added, “was under the impression that the Ministry of the Interior in his Government would have to take on his case and deal with the situation.” A few months later, he sent a second letter: “I see my end at the hand of ETA getting closer day by day,” he told them. Neither letter obtained any reaction.

Maite recounted to the Casa de América how her brother used to live with the possibility he would die with a naturalness unseen by anyone including them: “A few days after his assassination we found his witness account told through letters and poems, where he explained with startling lucidity the need not to buckle under fear, despite his certainty that they would end up killing him.”

His premonition came true on 9 February 2003. Joxeba was having breakfast and was reading newspapers in a bar in Andoáin when an ETA marksman, after waiting for some customers to leave, went up to him and fired three times.

From that moment, the divide that violence had been drawing through the inhabitants finally split the Pagazas in two, just as had happened to the Ulayars in their day and to so many other families in the Spanish Basque Country and in Navarra. Even Joxeba’s murder failed to shift the invisible line that separated some people from others: a good proportion of his mother’s family put their political beliefs above the comfort or assistance they could have brought

to their relatives. “My aunts saw my mother’s anguish and how she was persecuted for eight years on account of her sons, but they continued to prioritise their ideas and prejudices over the life or death of the boys they fed so many times, loved and sheltered,” Maite has commented.

The outlook was no more promising in the professional sphere: “In my workplace, I have never been offered condolences, nor have people asked me anything about what happened. Not a single word, not even a ‘I’m sorry about your brother’. I was so surprised that they were incapable of approaching me during the worst times, when I had pain written all over my face.”

There was a time before the attack when Maite was seriously considering leaving Euskadi²⁵. She was really scared for Joxeba, but she could not persuade him. “He was an extremely perceptive person and knew that we could only progress as a society if we were capable of rattling people’s consciences and achieving active citizen defiance, capable of stopping people from continuing blind, deaf and dumb. He also did not want to abandon his friends or all the Basque Country democratic opposition for whom bodyguards were a necessity.”

After the attack, she did not ‘seriously’ consider emigrating again. She is now a socialist councillor in Urnieta, a municipality of 5,500 inhabitants in Gipuzkoa and she has two permanent security guards: “It’s very awkward, because your intimate details are written down in their notebooks. It’s incredible that there are people who know your daily routine better than you do! You have to learn to live expressing your feelings naturally when you know there are people watching. If you want to kiss your husband or tell your children off, you have to do it as if the guards

25 The Basque Country

weren't there. But they are. It's a challenge for human relations. You learn to be very polite!"

But not this nor other circumstances that oppress her on an almost continual basis have worn away at her resolve. She has deep-seated reasons to push ahead: "If we look at the nature of a human being, there is no doubt that this situation would rob you of part of your life. But if you look at the story of humanity, you realise that freedoms were won because people dedicated themselves to those causes. And that doesn't mean that some people are better than others, but that some have not taken that step forward."

From the bandstand in Etxarri-Aranatz, Maite Pagazaurtundua spoke in Castilian and in Euskara about "people with frozen hearts" who preferred "to look the other way" when ETA killed Jesús Ulyar and when his family had to endure long years of indignity alone. "We are here so that they know that they will find it impossible to sleep at night for another 25 years," she said.

On 24 January 2004, Joxeba Pagazaurtundua's widow, Estíbaliz Garmendia, was also in Etxarri. Her presence went mostly unnoticed, but Salvador Ulyar knew its true worth. A few weeks later, at home, burning the midnight oil and with a certain sense of history, he stopped to write down his thoughts and feelings upon meeting her in the streets of his hometown:

During the silent procession as it crossed paseo de Etxarri, Maite introduced me to her sister-in-law, Estíbaliz. We hugged and the emotion brought tears of joy and gratitude to my eyes. I doubt her tears could have been as happy as mine. During that fleeting contact with her, I think I read the suffering on her face. She was crying with the immense pain she felt, not yet a year having passed since the murderers

snatched Joxeba from her, wrapping up the nationalist world's longstanding campaign against him. A man who fought for freedom, freedom for nationalists and non-nationalists. The wretches caught him so dangerously armed: with nothing but his words, a coffee and a few newspapers. And that's how they killed him. Estíbaliz set aside her pain in order to join us Ulyars on this very special occasion. She rejected the role of social outcast to which widows, widowers and orphans are usually condemned and came to Etxarri. When I recall her presence, it brings a lump to my throat, choking my words, because I can't help but think that also on that day, a deep and painful void had taken her to that place where we are all inevitably alone, the remotest room of our soul. Injured where it hurts the most, this lady was by our side, comforting us. I really appreciated your presence, Estíbaliz; my very special thanks to you.

Maite was asked about her sister-in-law in her interview with *La Vanguardia*. Her response was as short as it was chilling. Her family are either members of dialogue mediator *Elkarri* or *Batasuna*. Estíbaliz cannot even seek comfort from her own mother.

The first anniversary of Joxeba's murder came two weeks after 24 January 2004. Andoáin town council convened an extraordinary meeting of the full council to mark the release of the deceased to the town and invited residents to the inauguration of a memorial statue created by Agustín Ibarrola. Libertad Ya organised a bus from Pamplona and Salvador was one of those on board, along with his brother José Ignacio. In Andoáin, a town very similar to Etxarri-Aranatz in many respects, the two families strengthened their ties and found solace in sharing their harrowing stories.

JOSÉ JAVIER URANGA 25 GUNSHOTS LATER

José Javier Uranga was in Etxarri-Aranatz on 24 January 2004 because 24 years previously, terrorist Mercedes Galdós misfired the final *coup de grâce* in *Diario de Navarra's* car park.

The veteran journalist was one of many paying tribute to Jesús Ulayar, but as a victim-survivor, he had a privileged view into the long journey of pain and isolation felt by the Ulayar family and was able to join with them in savouring the comfort they had not experienced in the last 25 years. He had shared in much of the journey that the former mayor's widow and four children had faced before they could feel companionship and affection from their fellow citizens. At a round table held at the Public University of Navarra on 20 November 2002, he gave a resounding summary of his own experience and those of the other speakers on the platform with him, one of whom was José Ignacio Ulayar: "It's evident that the suffering experienced by victims of terrorism does not stop when the gunfire ends, nor does it stop with hospital treatment, nor during long convalescences. The same thing happens with survivors as with the dead: a few days later they are defamed and slandered by terrorist spokespersons via their press." He went on to recount a few details which would illustrate the extent this played out in daily life: "For the survivors, the threats, graffiti, anonymous calls and jibes continue. I had to change my telephone number to calm my family's nerves and daily routines are turned on their heads."

ETA had already attacked other journalists before going for him. The most tragic case was that of José María Portell who worked for Bilbao's *La Gaceta del Norte*

and *Hoja del lunes* and was murdered in Portugalete on his doorstep on 28 June 1978. Portell, who had authored some of the first books published about the armed group (*Los hombres de ETA* and *Euskadi, amnistía arrancada*), had gone beyond his journalistic work in collaborating with the Spanish Ministry for the Interior. He had good contacts among ETA members in exile in southern France and he volunteered to organise a potential meeting between ETA representatives and the Spanish Government. This attempt was not well received by one faction of the terrorist group who decided to eradicate him. Expert Florencio Domínguez, another journalist, wrote that following his murder, the Government rejected all new attempts at negotiation. Indeed on 2 July 1978, four days after the crime took place, a unit from the Spanish Basque Battalion machine-gunned the car belonging to Juan José Etxabe Orobengoa, historical ETA leader and Portell's regular contact, in San Juan de Luz. Etxabe was injured and his wife, Rosario Arregui Letamendía, died.

José Javier Uranga was attacked two years later on 22 August 1980 during the group's bloodiest, most active period when their terror reached a cadence of one new victim fatality every sixty hours. He has previously described the context and the background to the attack by: "We live in a tense situation in which Navarra's future, among other things, is at stake. The pressure to integrate the former Euskadi Kingdom was very strong, not just from the PNV, which recently unleashed a vigorous campaign, aligning with ETA itself in its objectives but never in its methods. The PSE –Partido Socialista de Euskadi– too... Moreover, in the first elections, the PSOE and the PNV ran in coalition for the Senate, resulting in the election of Manuel Irujo."

Diario de Navarra, faithful to its history and its articles of association, upheld the principle that Navarra had its own unique personality, the same position it held in 1934 in the face of the Basque-Navarrese Statute initiative. "The newspaper's position defending a Spanish and autonomous Navarra region," José Javier Uranga usually adds, "was a faithful reflection of what the majority of Navarrese used to think and still think," which is something that was and is evident in its extremely high daily newspaper sales and its widespread circulation, the highest in Spain.

However, "nationalist elements" developed a ferocious campaign against the newspaper's firm stances and it received continual threats from ETA: letters, calls and even one or two visits in person. As had happened a few years earlier with Jesús Ulayar, the terrorists were creating the necessary breeding ground for their ideas to make the attack easier to stomach for its supporters and society in general.

Curiously, at the same time that ETA's *Nafarroa* commando unit had the newspaper chief under surveillance in order to follow through on its threats, a far right-wing group was plotting to plant a bomb in the newspaper's printing press. That plot was thwarted by the police and the then civil governor informed José Javier Uranga. "In that difficult transition to democracy," he explained to the World Newspaper Association in Bilbao in September 2001, "even some of our shareholders considered us to be 'lefties', in inverted commas, as compared to the more right-wing newspaper *El Pensamiento Navarro*²⁶. For some time by then, we had opened our pages to the move towards a democratic society and a democratic country. The series of files opened by the Ministry for Information supports the above."

26 *Navarrese Thought*

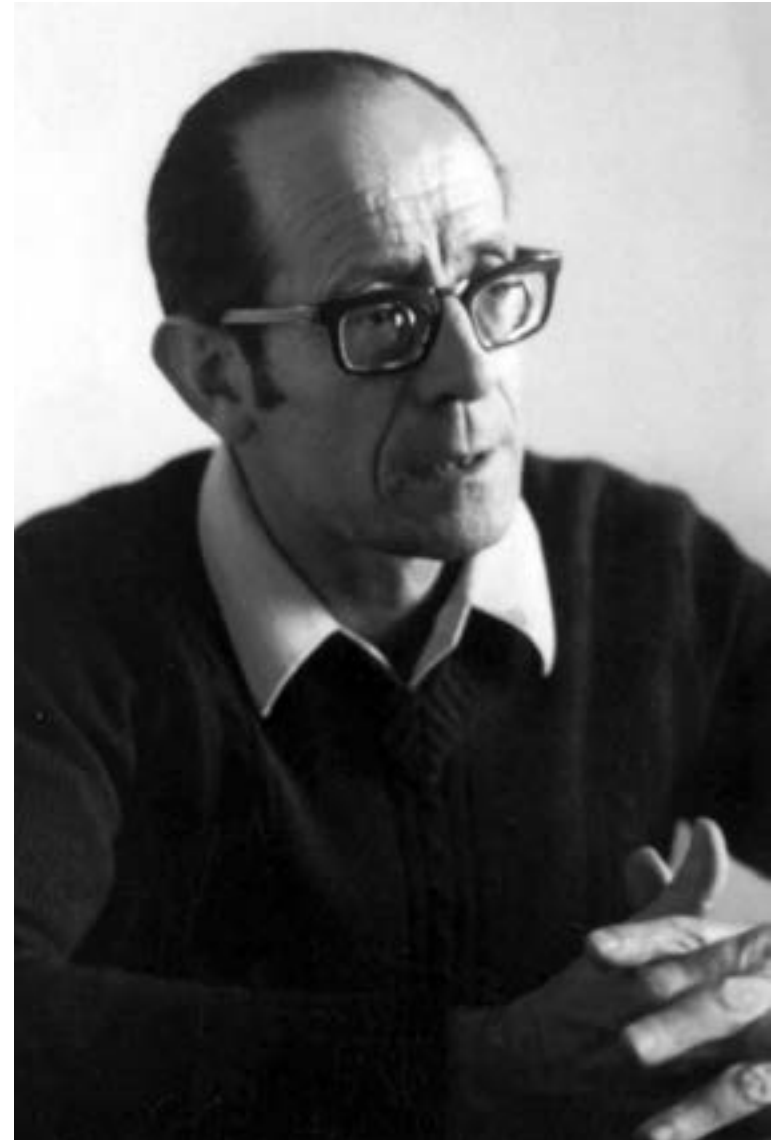
The attack occurred within that turbulent landscape. The *Diario de Navarra* chief had returned from vacation a week before. August looked like it was going to be the traditional summer news drought, but General Sáenz de Santamaría brightened up the headlines with some statements relating to the Autonomous Community: ETA, he said, was looking to Navarra for the territory and storeroom it needed in order to operate. José Javier Uranga echoed that phrase in his column *Desd'el gallo de San Cernin*²⁷, setting out in his no-nonsense style that the general prognosis was bleak, but of greater concern were the arguments touted by Basque President Garaikoetxea, who was attempting to deny the Navarrese the ability to decide for themselves on whether to annex their region to the Basque Country.

Coinciding with Sáenz de Santamaría's statements on the 20th day of the month, three bombs went off in Arive, Zubri and Ochagavía. The first two targeted the respective Guardia Civil barracks, although there were no casualties. The third one destroyed a 16th century cross. "ETA couldn't stand that anyone in Navarra should freely and openly express their ideas and did not condone those working in the information industry doing our jobs independently," Uranga wrote of those events.

22 August fell on a Friday. While ETA was finalising its preparations, Minister of the Interior Juan José Rosón stated that bringing an end to terror in Bilbao must happen through the forces of law and order, rejecting the idea of any type of negotiations. "People's safety is non-negotiable," were his words.

José Javier Uranga arrived at the newspaper offices at 4 p.m. He parked his car and headed for the front door of the building. He himself described what happened next:

²⁷ From *San Cernin's Weathercock*



Jesús Ulayar Liciaga was born in Etxarri-Aranatz on 3 September 1924. Mayor from 1969 to 1975, he was assassinated on 27 January 1979.



Jesús Ulayar Liciaga and Rosa Mundiñano Ezcutori on their wedding day. They were married in February 1955 in the parish church of Nuestra Señora de la Asunción, in Etxarri-Aranatz.



The whole family: Jesús Ulayar and Rosa Mundiñano holding María Nieves and Salvador. The one on the left is José Ignacio and the one on the right, Jesús.



The family next to the door of the family home, at number 4 Maiza Street. Jesús Ulayar would be murdered in the same place a few years later.



Jesús Ulayar, on the right of the picture, next to the parish priest and the txistularis, in the Etxarri-Aranatz pilgrimage to San Adrián.



Rosa Mundiñano and her daughter María Nieves at the funeral of Jesús Ulayar.



Mayor Jesús Ulayar steps the bottle just offered to him by the quintos of Etxarri.



Jesús and María Nieves walk through the streets of Etxarri-Aranatz behind the coffin containing the remains of their father.



The parish priest of Etxarri-Aranatz, Peio Etxabarri, begins a funeral service in the cemetery. In the front row, several of Jesús Ulayar's children and grandchildren. Next to them, wearing a long coat, is Lina Navarro, widow of policeman Francisco Berlanga.



María Nieves Ulayar embraces a resident of Etxarri-Aranatz. On the right, her children Adriá and Julia.



In the rain, the crowd makes its way from the cemetery towards the town centre of Etxarri-Aranatz.



The procession advances through the Etxarri square. In the front row are Lina Navarro and several of Jesús Ulayar's children and grandchildren.



Salvador Ulayar as he prepares to move one of the containers placed by the town council at the place where his father was murdered.



Rosa Mundiñano approaches to place a candle in memory of her husband. Beside her, her son Salvador and her grandson Daniel.



María Nieves Ulayar reads a few words at the scene of the crime. Her brother José Ignacio holds the microphone.



Reyes Zubeldia, widow of José Javier Múgica. Behind her, Javier Gómara, former president of the Parliament of Navarre, a native of Etxarri-Aranatz.



Pilar Martínez, widow of Tomás Caballero, places one of the candles.



Pilar Aramburu stamps her white hand on the wall of the Ulayar family home.



Jesús Ulayar places the rod of command that belonged to his father next to the 25 candles placed as a memento. Lina Navarro waits to do the same with her husband's cap.



Eduardo Prieto, from Grupo Universitario, adds his palms to those already decorating the wall.



Salvador Ulayar leaves his hand imprinted on the place where he saw his father murdered on 27 January 1979.



Mayoress Yolanda Barcina and Jesús Ulayar stamp their white hands on the wall. Next to them, Miguel Ángel Ruiz Langarica.



María Caballero addresses those attending the tribute to Jesús Ulayar from the kiosk in Etxarri-Aranatz.



Maite Pagazartundua during the event held in the square.



The journalist José María Calleja, during his speech.



Jesús Ulyar speaking from the kiosk in Etxarri-Aranatz 25 years after the murder of his father. Behind him, his brother Salvador and María Caballero.



Epitaph of Jesús Ulayar. The text reads:

Joxe Miguel and Inés were my parents. The remains of the three of them are here. They rest in this ossuary after having been raised from their original graves. Etxarriarra by birth and having lived all my life in Etxarri and having worked steadily for years for the people of Etxarri, at night and by surprise, in front of the door of my house, which in Etxarri we have always known as the Txartxenekoa house, at number 4 Maiza Street, a shameful heartless beast, with the necessary collaboration of three others of the same kind, stole my life with five shots.

“A young man came towards me, unzipped his anorak and fired a few rounds from his machine gun. I fell as my legs folded under me from the gunshots. Straight away, a girl came towards me and fired several times – I presume the whole chamber of her gun – at my head and chest. I protected myself as best I could with my arms and hands.

The terrorists left their victim in an expanding pool of blood, surely convinced that he was dead. The newspaper’s concierge had come out of the building on hearing the shots, but the ETA members took aim at him and warned him to stay put while they headed for the Dyane 6 waiting for them, its engine running. They had stolen the vehicle in Berriozar and its owner was at that very moment in Berrioplano cemetery, tied to a tree. They drove off at high speed towards Variante Oeste. A witness followed them as far as the Iturrama neighbourhood but lost them when they changed cars.

Meanwhile, three of José Javier Uranga’s colleagues, seeing he was still alive, bundled him into a car and rushed him to Clínica Universitaria. The casualty was bleeding from everywhere but did not lose consciousness. Once inside the health facility, doctors counted 25 bullet wounds. “It was a woman; I forgive her,” they heard him say from his hospital bed. The first operation took five hours but was merely the prologue to an eleven-month hospitalisation that would involve more than ten operations. The attack triggered an avalanche of reactions, statements condemning it and editorial columns. *El País* ventured that the terrorists’ actions just served to confirm that Navarra was becoming “the field for ETA’s special operations,” all in aid of preventing the Navarrese from freely deciding their future. ETA “wants to force Navarra to join the Basque Country by means of violence,” it said. *Diario 16*, whose

editor-in-chief at the time was Pedro J. Ramírez, encouraged journalists and the Spanish people in general not to restrict themselves to merely condemning the attacks, and publicly committed to coordinating a round table to discuss the press' contribution to the fight against terrorism. *Diario de Navarra* itself stated in its editorial that "terrorists will only give up their methods when civil society rejects them to the extent that it stops them in their tracks, when citizens are persuaded once and for all that bullets are not aimed at this person or that person, but at the whole population in general, which they want to see tamed, meek and brainless."

Among the dozens of reactions, we see that of the Secretary of State for the Autonomous Communities, Manuel Broseta Pont, who "vigorously" condemned the attack "against the freedom of expression so valiantly upheld by José Javier Uranga" and asserted that only the population of Navarra could decide "its own political future within the State and the Autonomous Communities". Murders, terrorist attacks or other acts of violence, he added, should never crush the Navarrese's "love" for their "historical tradition". ETA never forgave that statement nor others he made, nor his later term as a legal expert and academic, ending his life twelve years later on 15 January 1992.

In the Autonomous Community of Navarra's institutions there were full council and other meetings condemning the attempted murder, but disagreements soon emerged between the *abertzale* parties. They clashed for the first time in an extraordinary meeting of the Regional Government, then chaired by Juan Manuel Arza from the Democratic Centre Union (UCD). The meeting approved an agreement to encourage and guide the Navarrese people "with the aim of resisting and defeating terrorism". The draft stated that those who were unable to condemn

ETA's attacks did not deserve to be called Navarrese, nor should they have a seat in Navarra's regional institutions. The paper was supported by all groups except Amaiur, represented by Jesús Bueno Asín, who abstained for not agreeing with some sections, and Herri Batasuna, whose representative Ángel García de Dios did not even attend the meeting.

Various political and trade union powers (UPN, UCD, PNV, PSOE, PCE, Partido Carlista, CCOO, UGT and USO²⁸) agreed to organise a large-scale demonstration to mobilise the community "against murder and terrorism and in favour of freedom of expression, democracy and for the Navarrese's right to freely decide their future." Never before had a mass rally against terrorism taken place in Navarra.

Councils and groups across the autonomous region gradually formally joined the demonstration, although some towns experienced opposing positions among their councillors. In Pamplona, representatives from Herri Batasuna and LAIA, another *abertzale* organisation of the time, voted against it.

The date was set for 2 September, but the days leading up to it were so intense that it is hard to imagine, looking back years later. One upset was the participation of far-right wing party Fuerza Nueva²⁹: its involvement triggered criticism of the organisers as well as PNV's exit. Meanwhile, several groups and collectives: PTE³⁰, Herri

28 UPN = Navarrese People's Union, UCD = Democratic Centre Union, PNV = Basque Nationalist Party, PSOE = Spanish Socialist Workers' Party, PCE = Communist Party of Spain, Partido Carlista = Carlist Party, CCOO = Workers' Commissions, UGT = General Union of Workers and USO = Syndicated Workers' Union.

29 In English: New Force

30 Communist Workers' Party

Batasuna, Gestoras Pro Amnistía³¹, etc., organised another march on the same day and at the same scheduled time, under the slogan: “Stop repression, terrorism and unemployment! We want freedom of expression, democratic freedom for all, and the right to self-determination.” To further complicate things, the police arrested Herri Batasuna Regional Member of Parliament José Antonio Urbiola, who would join the PNV years later, for his suspected connections to ETA Militar.

But neither of these circumstances prevented a crowd gathering on the appointed date at the coach station. Víctor Manuel Arbeloa, President of the Regional Parliament at the time, summed up the feelings shared by the diverse crowd in verse:

In defence of life itself
We're heading to the street
To hack back tentacles of fear
To pluck the grapes of fury
To feel alive in the open
No ghosts of death on every corner
To fly our flags of hope
That will not yield to terror.

The press reported a 50,000-strong crowd. The march set off at 7:30 p.m., went along Conde Oliveto, crossed Plaza Príncipe de Viana and continued along avenidas San Ignacio, Cortes de Navarra and Carlos III before finishing in Plaza del Castillo. When the front rows of the demonstration were beginning to disperse after listening to the final statement, stragglers were still arriving at the coach station.

³¹ An organisation that campaigned for the release of and supported ETA prisoners.

José Joaquín Pérez de Obanos from the Navarrese Farmers' and Stockbreeders' Union³² (UAGN), was tasked with delivering the event's closing speech from the bandstand. “Terrorism,” he cried out over the speakers, “far from promoting citizen's active engagement, far from advocating for the people's and towns' rights and freedoms which have been secured after many years fighting for them, generates fear, inhibition, passivity and enables all kinds of antidemocratic stances.” The statement was a call for the demonstration to become a collective rejection of those who attempted to impose their will and supplant the free will of free men and women, to the point where the terrorists become isolated.

The march was an all-out success. The approximately 100 individuals who criticised the participants and tried to shout “*Viva ETA*” failed to overshadow the event. The police intervened several times with anti-riot gear due to post-demonstration confrontations and 25 people needed treating for minor injuries at medical facilities. Among those injured were four police officers and two people who were carrying the banner; one was hit in the chest by a stone and the other by a coin on the forehead.

José Javier Uranga was reinstated in his role at *Diario de Navarra* one year after his attack: “I respect and support the decision made by those who cannot withstand the stress or risk from the threats and who leave to practise their profession away from our sad countries,” he explained at one point. “I was also tempted. I was offered somewhere to stay and work and ways to live away from Navarra, but I thought it over: if I left, ETA would achieve what it had set out to do; it would be the same as if they'd killed me. And I came back to the newspaper to continue

³² Unión de Agricultores y Ganaderos de Navarra

defending the same ideas and opinions for which the terrorists had condemned me.”

His first column was entitled ‘Drought’ and appeared on 6 September 1981. “I’ve come back to the field,” the text begins, “with the same eyes I’ve always had — there are no such thing as new eyes — I have relived old stories of paths, of landscapes and friendly peoples. What draws you to it and what it gives you in return is not about the current affairs of the day, but about the land itself, in geological more than geographical terms, despite the incalculable weight of human settlement.” He then reflected on the drought he had observed in his travels around Navarra and on what he foresaw happen between the political representatives in the community, closing with a few sentences that time would prove prescient:

We need water, water from the clouds and water of hope. Let it rain so that the grape grows bigger and the fields turn green again and rubbish and odours are carried off by the rivers. Water is also for irrigating responsibility, so that the people who shrug their shoulders and criticise and don’t want to be involved in the community’s interests realise what they are doing and offer to do something for everyone.

His convictions and determination to defend them were as strong as ever, but sensibly he changed some aspects of his life after the attack. This is how he presented it at one conference: “You have to live in a permanent state of alertness and always accompanied by security personnel. It’s unpleasant and restrictive to live with a police escort for twenty years: officers at the door to the hospital room, on the stair landing at home, in the street, at the bar, at the cinema and even at the hotel in the town you’ve travelled

to. Despite all the thanks owed to State Security Forces, it inevitably conditions a person’s life and freedom. Threats may continue nonetheless, sometimes made in the street and other times more indirectly because you hear that your name has appeared on a list found in an ETA militants’ or collaborators’ flat. Another day they leave an envelope at the building entrance with your name on it and a bullet inside, which a young girl finds. And the anonymous calls continue. You might think it’s high time they forgot about it. The terrorists achieved what they set out to do but the suffering, to a greater or lesser extent, never ends.”

Salvador Ulayar met José Javier Uranga some years after 1980, but he has always recalled how much comfort he drew from seeing his name day after day on the newspaper masthead. “Sometimes I think that we don’t truly appreciate what this man has done for Navarrese society,” he wrote in his notes one day. He would make the same reflection on seeing him in the crowd filling Etxarri-Aranatz church on 24 January 2004. And a few days after the tribute, he plucked up the courage to phone him to thank him for everything, for not allowing himself to be killed either “physically or civilly” that day in August long ago.

PILAR MARTÍNEZ THE WIDOW OF ANOTHER GOOD MAN

Listening to the Ulayar siblings during the various activities taking place in Etxarri-Aranatz on 24 January 2004, Pilar Martínez Oroz, Pili for short, probably realised how many similarities there were between the life of the assassinated ex-mayor and that of her husband, who also died at the hands of the terrorists on 6 May 1998. Jesús Ulayar and Tomás Caballero were both elected councillors before becoming mayor of their respective towns, the latter as interim mayor. Each of them went out of their way to address their fellow residents' concerns during the complex Franco period and both were taken out by ETA because of the commitment and dedication they chose to bring to the role of their own volition. Today, Pili Martínez, like Rosa Mundiñano, is a widow, the bullets having opened up chasms in every corner of the two women's existence.

Her five children came with her to Etxarri-Aranatz. Javier, minister in the Department for Presidency, Justice and Interior Affairs for the Regional Government of Navarra, then Ana, María, Tomás and José Carlos, who all advocate for freedom through various initiatives, from the foundation that bears the deceased councillor's name through to the Oberena board or the platform Libertad Ya. María was in charge of leading the ceremony in the town square. How proud her father would have been to see her speak about freedom in a place with such a dark past and present.

Tomás Caballero Pastor was elected councillor at Pamplona City Council in 1971, when Jesús Ulayar had already been at Etxarri Council for four years: two as

councillor and two more as mayor. Tomás became a member of the council through the portion of candidates elected from the trade unions, by which time he had amassed many years of experience working for social justice. “Human rights are my daily catechism,” he used to say, and that was in fact the guiding compass for his political engagement, which lets us retrace his footsteps now without any fear of misinterpreting them.

His professional life was interwoven with electricity supplier Fuerzas Eléctricas de Navarra; he passed the public examination required to become an administrative assistant and later obtained the qualification of industrial expert. His ability to identify issues among employees and his generosity in taking them on led him to chair the Spanish Workers’ Council³³ in 1967, a body which during Franco times brought different political affiliations together behind closed doors in the utmost secrecy. Freedom was still a haze on the horizon and bringing a simple workplace grievance could land you in prison. When he joined Pamplona Council he aligned himself with the ‘socialist councillors’, whom he once defined as follows: “We are restless, concerned people who want to transform society to achieve democracy.” The Franco regime was breathing its last and the streets had become a fizzing political landscape. Many local councils, Pamplona included, were stretching out towards the new era they could sense would follow dictatorship. It was a time full of hope; freedom was almost within arm’s reach, although there were still investigations, arrests, fiercely suppressed demonstrations and executions that international pressure was unable to prevent. Tomás Caballero was in his element in that environment. Francisco Ruiz Romero, the ETA member who years later would fire two shots at him, was yet to be born.

33 Consejo de los Trabajadores

Javier Erice’s dismissal in 1976 opened the door for him to be appointed interim mayor. It was he who hung the recently legalised Basque flag from one of the town hall balconies. A few months later, he left his post to stand in the 15 June 1977 elections, the first elections of that long-yearned-for democracy. Tomás Caballero ran for the Congress of Deputies, Spain’s lower house, as an Independent Navarrese Front³⁴ candidate, a new coalition that put more faith in personal character than the political programmes of other parties. Also on the party’s list were Jesús María Lander Azcona, a farmer from Erául and President of the Land Cooperatives Territorial Union³⁵, and Jesús Malón, who would, in time, become President of the PSN-PSOE. Senate hopefuls were Víctor Manuel Arbeloa, Florencio Goñi and Ramiro Layana. Journalists and the general public generally predicted they would have a sure win, but Tomás Caballero won 10,606 votes, a seventh of the 75,036 votes that Jesús Aizpún, Jesús Ignacio Astráin and Pedro Pegenaute’s UCD secured, and half as many votes as the Navarrese Community Alliance³⁶ with Albito Viguria, Félix Antonio Recasens or Francisco José de Saralegui, who offered the most clearly right-wing option at the ballot box. Coming second in the polls was the PSOE, winning seats in the Houses for a young Gabriel Urralburu and lawyer Julio García Pérez from the city of Tudela.

He stayed on as councillor until 1978 and strongly supported calling the first local elections. These were held in 1979 and socialist Julián Balduz was elected mayor in a riotous full council meeting. His appointment was possible thanks to the Herri Batasuna councillors preferring to support a PSOE candidate rather than let the council fall

34 Frente Navarro Independiente

35 Unión Territorial de Cooperativas del Campo

36 Alianza Foral Navarra

into the hands of the UCD, the party with the most votes. When all this happened, it had been just over two months since Jesús Ulyar was assassinated; he had missed out on the chance to stand in his town's local elections. Perhaps Etxarri-Aranatz's story would have been a very different one today if he had run.

Now that the first council of the democratic era had been formed, Tomás Caballero disappeared from politics to devote himself entirely to his work at Fuerzas Eléctricas de Navarra. However, in 1984 he accepted an appointment as President of the Oberena Cultural Sport Society, another highlight on his résumé. The society enjoyed strong growth during his ten-year term.

In 1995, he rejoined Pamplona Council as a member of UPN. He was the third candidate on the party's list, but Santiago Cervera's transfer to Navarra Regional Government's Health Department meant he became council spokesperson. He was still in that role when they killed him.

If Tomás Caballero had never made a secret of his convictions during dangerous dictatorship times and at the point of the Spanish Transition, he was not about to do it in front of ETA terrorists either. On 9 January 1998, the armed group murdered José Ignacio Iruretagoyena Larrañaga, PP councillor for the town of Zarauz. In Pamplona, a full council meeting to condemn the attack was convened the same day. The three Herri Batasuna councillors, Alberto Petri, Santi Kiroga and Koldo Lacasta, listened to the arguments of the parties' spokespeople with disinterest until Tomás Caballero's turn came. He told them: "What you want is to kill and keep killing so we are terrorised. And by killing, I don't simply mean pulling the trigger, but killing and inciting others to kill. You want us to be terrorised and go away, but you're not going to succeed."

The *Abertzale* councillors felt those words had insulted their "personal honour" and they filed a lawsuit against the UPN councillor, suing him for slander and defamation. Their endeavours secured them a few headlines and had the effect, whether intended or not, of focussing criticism from radical elements on the respondent. In April 1998, Pamplona Court of Instruction No. 3 dismissed the case on the grounds that Tomás Caballero's utterances did not breach the constitutional principle of freedom of expression, nor did they stain the HB members' honour. But other 'judges' had issued their own ruling.

On 6 May 1998, the newspapers reported that an ETA commando unit that had been dismantled some days earlier in Gipuzkoa had details in its possession about Miguel González Fontana, a fellow UPN councillor for Pamplona, as well as about other regionalist politicians. At 7:45 a.m., Tomás Caballero telephoned another city council member, Eradio Ezpeleta, from home to discuss the news. They only spoke for a few minutes; then he went to look for some ties and shawls he had bought a few days previously in Japan for his UPN colleagues. Several council members had gone on the trip together. Their main destination was the town of Yamaguchi, twinned with Pamplona as a result of bridges that St. Francis Xavier had built around the world in the 16th century. He could not find the gifts and he decided to phone his wife, who had left a few minutes beforehand for Oberena to go to her gymnastics class. Their conversation was brief, almost telegram-like, but it is a vital one in Pilar Martínez's memory. "I have always wanted to remember that call as a goodbye conversation," Tomás Caballero's widow once explained.

He left home at 9:30 a.m. He met a neighbour and, true to his habit of helping everyone, he offered to give her a lift to the town centre. They had only just got into the

Ford Mondeo when two young men approached the car. One of them brought his gun to the driver's window and fired two shots: the bullets went through Tomás Caballero's face and he slumped in the seat. The two terrorists fled on foot in different directions. The car, now out of control, rolled down the gentle slope of the car park and crashed into a Seat Ibiza. José Carlos, the councillor's youngest child, heard the shots from home and hurried down to the street where he found that his dad's pulse was very faint. A passer-by had already called SOS Navarra on their mobile phone.

The ambulance which transferred Tomás Caballero arrived at Navarra Hospital at 10:05 a.m. The UPN councillor was in a critical condition; his injuries had caused cardiopulmonary arrest. The doctors in the emergency department tried for forty minutes to resuscitate him but they were unsuccessful. They called his death at 10:45 a.m. and at that moment he became the first regionalist party councillor to be murdered by ETA, although the group had already destroyed five PP council representatives.

Tomás Caballero's death transformed Pamplona into a giant expression of mourning. Thousands of people paid their respects at the chapel installed in the town hall where he lay in repose. The funeral took place in the cathedral, overflowing with the faithful. The Archbishop of Pamplona, Fernando Sebastián, led his funeral. Four ministers from José María Aznar's Government followed the ceremony from the front pews where the whole Regional Government Cabinet also sat. At the end of Mass, Javier Caballero Martínez, the eldest sibling, approached the altar and addressed a few words to God, to his father and to the congregation: "Dear Lord, I would like to thank you that my father has taught us that death is not the end. He has been able to teach us that the most important values in life

live within us, and we continue to have faith in freedom, in social justice, in generosity, in others' altruistic works and we continue to have faith in life. And that's something a murder cannot destroy. I want to thank you, Lord, because my father's death has shown that ideas persist, that it is absurd to cause a family so much pain, that it is absurd to frustrate so many dreams, to deprive someone who deserved it, who had earned it, from enjoying time with his family and friends and a well-earned retirement after working 42 years, when the only thing that was achieved is to reaffirm the very ideas which he had always advocated; the only thing they have achieved is that we become more. We have become much more."

Thousands of people listened to him, holding back their emotion: "Lord, I want, at this time, to thank you because my father's death has demonstrated that there is nothing more useless, there is nothing vainer nor more absurd than taking away someone's life. It has demonstrated how wrong are those who think that violence is the path to solving a problem. It has demonstrated how wrong are those who think that bringing families pain resolves something. They are mistaken... Tears serve to remind us of our loved ones, but above all, they serve to reinforce the ideas and the convictions of those who have passed and to commit us to raising their flag. Thank you, Lord. Thank you. Thank you sincerely for the life my father gave us and for the life which, like it or not, he still gives us and will keep giving us." The naves of the cathedral erupted in incredible applause.

The social and institutional reactions to Tomás Caballero's and Jesús Ulayar's deaths are an interesting barometer by which we can measure the change over almost twenty years separating the two crimes and verify how much a victim's status can vary over a distance of forty

kilometres. Etxarri-Aranatz Council did nothing to alleviate the pain suffered by the widow and four children left fatherless following the assassination. It showed no interest in them, nor did it assist them in any moral or financial way. Later, it named the assassins *hijos predilectos* of the town and hung their portraits from its balcony. Pamplona City Council ordered three days of official mourning for its councillor in a council session where Mayor Javier Chourrout made it clear that 6 May 1998 would go down as a black day in the city's history. A few months later, Tomás Caballero was awarded the Gold Medal posthumously, presented to his widow on the feast day of San Saturnino, patron saint of the Navarrese capital. The mayor explained that the award represented "the tenacious resistance of civilisation in the face of brutality".

There were also considerable differences in the legal sphere. The Ulayar siblings had no opportunity to witness the trial against their father's murderers because they did not even know when it was due to start. However, they did attend the National Court when Tomás Caballero's assassins were sitting in the dock. The members of the commando unit were arrested in February 2002 and the hearing took place in May of the following year. José Ignacio and Salvador Ulayar travelled on the coach that Libertad Ya had organised, the aim of the initiative being to support the family during a scenario that had historically been dominated by friends and sympathisers of the defendants. The group gathered in Madrid with the five Caballero siblings. They sat in the front row of the public gallery, except for Javier who, lawyer by profession, was sitting in the well of court as prosecuting counsel.

The moment the two uniformed police officers brought the defendant accused of firing the shots into the bulletproof 'goldfish bowl' was a dramatic one. Francisco

Ruiz Romero instinctively rubbed his wrists when one of the officers removed his handcuffs. He was wearing a red and black polar fleece and trainers. He looked around worriedly in several directions and sat on one of the four backless benches that comprised the only furniture in the enclosure. From there, the accused glanced along the u-shaped table where the judges and lawyers were sitting. They were all wearing their obligatory gowns and most of them were reviewing pages of the proceedings while waiting for the session to start. When his gaze reached the area that the public prosecutor and prosecuting counsel occupied, Francisco Ruiz met two eyes watching him intently: those of Javier Caballero Martínez. The ETA militant must have guessed that tense but serene face belonged to the son of the man he had killed, and he returned his stare with a certain look of defiance. He diverted his gaze, however, when he saw that on the other side of the bulletproof glass there was a compact group of people watching him in silence. There sat the rest of his victim's children, some of his council colleagues, Mayoress Yolanda Barcina, friends from various periods and members of Libertad Ya, who were not going to miss a thing, despite having bags under their eyes from their night-time bus ride. The ETA militant lowered his glance so not to have to ask himself why those people were there, so as not to face the shadows in his own life history. Sitting in the public gallery, José Ignacio Ulayar would surely have remembered how different his first meeting with Vicente Nazábal was, when his father's murderer called him "son of a bitch" and kicked him in the chest to the delight or indifference of the Etxarri residents who witnessed the incident.

In an interview she gave when the Government awarded the Navarra Gold Medal to the victims of terrorism, Pilar Martínez explained that neither they nor their

children would hold resentment against anyone, confessing with a mother's pride, perhaps, that she wanted her children to stay pure in heart, "just as Tomás would have wanted". Watching them walk down the streets of Etxarri-Aranatz on 24 January 2004, it was easy to see just how right she was.

The links between the Caballeros and the Ulayars that day became stronger still. Soon after, the Fundación Tomás Caballero proposed Salvador Ulyar introduce the speaker at the commemorative event to be held in Pamplona on 6 May, the sixth anniversary of the councillor's death. The speaker was Maite Pagazaurtundua, who was also present in Etxarri-Aranatz. Salvador accepted with pleasure and, when the moment came, he summed up just what close ties the terrorists had created despite their best efforts: "The Ulyar, Caballero and Pagaza families' stories and the stories of so many others have met here, have crossed here and have formed very special bonds. We belong to a family of families of which we should be very proud, meaning those who were wrenched from our side as well as us ourselves. We are, without doubt, better than the murderers, better than those who support them, who do not speak out, who empathise with them and who harbour them within institutions. Unlike years ago, we are no longer invisible. We are now in plain sight, much to some people's discomfort."

JOSÉ AGUILAR FACE TO FACE WITH THE TERRORISTS

Walking in the rain made the barely one-kilometre route from Etxarri-Aranatz cemetery to the town centre a particularly complicated journey for José Aguilar García, one of two thousand people paying tribute to Jesús Ulyar. While the rest strolled under the shelter of their umbrellas, he walked with the help of his two crutches. It was the most visible part of the legacy an ETA bomb explosion had left him in 1988.

He was a young Guardia Civil officer posted to Alsasua, barely ten kilometres from Etxarri. He had attained the rank of corporal, he loved motorbikes and enjoyed his work in Barranca. He knew that the area was a hatchery for ETA activists and the plethora of graffiti, posters and Basque flags were a daily reminder that he was in hostile territory, but the difficulties of his work were compensated to some extent by happy projects in his personal life, above all his upcoming wedding. He was due to get married on 7 January 1989 to his childhood sweetheart Mari Carmen Abril. The venue was to be Our Lady of the Angels Chapel in the Castellón town San Mateo.

26 December 1988 was José Aguilar's last day in Navarra. He was looking forward to his impending marriage and had invited a colleague to dinner at his apartment at Alsasua barracks. They might have chatted about what a full-on year they had just had. In Alsasua and Barranca, there had not been any serious attacks, but three Guardia Civil officers had been murdered in Estella and Pamplona. The attack in Estella was particularly painful. The terrorists had planted a car bomb in Paseo de la Inmaculada on

21 August and detonated it as a traffic patrol was passing. José Ferri Pérez and Antonio Fernández Álvarez died instantly. It was 7:30 a.m. and the whole town shook from the explosion. The blast destroyed hundreds of windows in the surrounding area. Several people were injured in the nearest residential buildings and dozens of vehicles were damaged. Parts of the officers' Talbot Horizon were found 500 metres away.

The other officer was killed in calle Larraina in Pamplona on 16 October. ETA members parked a car bomb next to the pavement and detonated it when a Guardia Civil armoured vehicle passed alongside. Inside were officers who had just finished their shift at Pamplona prison barely 300 metres away. The driver, Julio Gangoso Otero, was killed, a sizeable chunk of iron embedding itself into his skull. His seven colleagues suffered injuries of varying degrees but survived. The fireball completely destroyed eight private cars, damaged another twenty and shattered the windows of dozens of houses. Pamplona town hall was opened for the laying in repose of the deceased. It was there that Julio Gangoso's widow, Ana María Fidalgo, accepted condolences from Luis Roldán, Guardia Civil Director General; Gabriel Urralburu, President of the Regional Government of Navarra; and Jesús García Villoslada, Government Representative to the Autonomous Community of Navarra. "Please do not forget me or my children in the same way that others have been forgotten," she pleaded with them, perhaps remembering Rosa Mundiñano and her four children's experience, or that of other widows of armed servicemen who had been equally isolated and abandoned. The inconsolable woman could not have known that two of the men with whom she was speaking, Luis Roldán and Gabriel Urralburu, were already covering up corrupt

activity that would land them in court and prison in a few years' time.

Shortly after the attacks, the Security Forces circulated the names and photographs of two suspects. One was Juan María Lizarralde Urreta, A.K.A. *Heavy*, from Andoáin, who had been part of an ETA commando unit in Navarra years earlier and managed to escape to France when his fellow militants, Mercedes Galdós and Juan José Legorburu, were arrested.

Everything considered, José Aguilar's last meal as a single man at the Alsasua barracks should have been a happy occasion. Neither he nor his guest would have suspected that a few hours earlier on the slopes of mount Amezti, opposite the Guardia Civil detachment, *Heavy* and his pals were setting up several grenade launcher tubes wired up to a timer.

The first projectile was fired at 2:45 a.m. and crashed into the barracks' perimeter fence. José Aguilar immediately realised it was a terrorist attack. He had not long beforehand said goodbye to his friend and he still had his uniform on. He went into the office where the firearms were kept but it was locked. He kicked the door open and grabbed an assault rifle before heading outside where several officers had already grouped. A second grenade shot up from the guts of the mountain and landed a few metres from the barracks. Some of the officers fired towards the spot from where it had launched, although it seemed somewhat pointless. José and two of his colleagues started running towards Amezti's slopes, ready to stop the rain of projectiles in any way they could, however imprudent that endeavour may have been. A lieutenant behind him gave the order to retreat, but it went unheard by José, who had gone on ahead. He advanced alone towards the mortars emplacement.

He stopped running as he reached a water tank. He was conscious that it could have been booby-trapped and he took all possible precautions. He had to act diligently, because two more grenades (that did not reach the barracks either) had arched across the sky whilst he was going up the mountain. Then at some point he heard noises in the bushes. He called out a command to "Freeze!" but heard nothing. He shouted out a couple more times, but there was no reply. The bushes kept moving and, without thinking twice, he fired a burst from his rifle. He heard a howl of pain and felt something very heavy fall hard to the floor. He kept going forward and it did not take him long to spot the silhouette of the tubes hidden in the dense vegetation. Considering what would be the best way to deactivate the contraption, he began to move slowly towards them. That was when he stepped on the bomb.

The violence of the blast hurled him backwards. Smoke surrounded him and could not hear anything, but he was alive. He saw that the explosion had destroyed one of his legs and had left the other one in a very bad way. He was bleeding from everywhere and was completely dazed. Metal shards were embedded in his hands. Not knowing what to do, he started to pray. A few minutes passed and none of his colleagues appeared, so he realised he needed to get out of there by his own strength if he wanted to stay alive. He was losing a lot of blood. Gripped by pain, he started to drag himself back down the slope. He doubted he would have the strength to reach the road, but he had to try. Using bushes and stones to pull himself along, he finally reached the access road to the barracks. That was where the other officers found him.

Five minutes later, José Aguilar was en route to Pamplona inside a Red Cross ambulance. One of the volunteers tied a tourniquet to stem the bleeding. Despite the severity

of his injuries, he stayed conscious, afraid to give in to his fatigue and pain; he thought if he yielded, things would turn out far worse for him. Only once he was inside Clínica Universitaria and saw a doctor's white coat did he finally breathe more easily. They operated on him for eight hours. The doctors managed to save his left leg but had to amputate his right. So he found the walk from the cemetery to the Ulayars' family home on 24 January 2004 challenging indeed.

While still recovering in hospital, José Aguilar agreed to be interviewed by a journalist. He recounted the details of what had happened with utter calm, spoke with sadness about his disrupted wedding and even discussed a few potential future projects. The following day's headlines zoned in on one of those ideas still in the planning stages: "I would like to study to become a lawyer and fight against terrorism with the full weight of the law at my disposal." He could never have guessed that his wish would be granted in its entirety and his future would end up closely entwined with the Ulayars' story and the narratives of every other ETA victim in Navarra. What happened in Etxarri-Aranatz in January 2004 was probably due, in small part, to the decision José Aguilar was shaping when he was still in hospital and to the innumerable efforts which made it happen for him in the years to follow.

When ETA killed Jesús Ulayar in 1979, there was no collective where the families of those murdered could find refuge. There was nowhere to go to seek advice, legal assistance, information or emotional support. When José Aguilar survived the booby trap explosion in 1988, Asociación Víctimas del Terrorismo (AVT) had already been established and offered a crucial pillar of support for those devastated by ETA's violence.

Once he had finished his law degree, he set about establishing a branch in Navarra: he collated information, compiling a long list of names and located as many as he could to put his proposal to them. The first meetings took place discreetly in a meeting room at the Sancho Ramírez Hotel, a building that had no architectural obstacles so José María Izquierdo, a lieutenant with the Spanish National Police Force who lost both legs and an arm on 7 May 1985 when a bomb that the terrorists had fixed to his car's undercarriage exploded in calle Monasterio de Fitero de Pamplona, could manage in his wheelchair. Also involved from the start was General Juan Atarés' widow, María Luisa Ayuso; the image of her kneeling to pray beside her husband's body on Vuelta del Castillo on 23 December 1985 is preserved for all posterity.

The Ulayar siblings also attended most of those meetings. There they found people who were able to deal with the pain and helplessness of others because they themselves suffered the same. The association organised various trips, an Epiphany party for the victims' younger children, jointly managed several compensation arrangements and grants and shared the tragedies they had long suffered alone.

José Aguilar also practised as a lawyer for a firm in Pamplona and in 1993 he was given the opportunity to bring a private prosecution against the activists who planted the bomb that destroyed his legs five years earlier. The reality was that only three of them were tried; the two others, the one nicknamed *Heavy* plus Susana Arregui, committed suicide in Foz de Lumbier on 25 June 1990. That was also the day Germán Rubenach was arrested. He was the third of the *liberados* or payrolled ETA decision-makers. His arrest was shortly followed by those of Juan José

Zubieta and Javier Goldáraz, two of his accomplices in the Alsasua attack.

José Aguilar was particularly curious to see them; he even sought permission to interview them in the cells at the National Court, but this was not granted. During the trial, he first gave evidence in his capacity as witness, and then donned his gown to present the case for the prosecution. The two defendants were just eight to ten metres away. He locked eyes with them at several points, but none of them could hold his gaze. Nor did he elicit any answers from them.

A journalist later enquired what he would have said to them given the chance. "I would have asked them if it was worth causing so much suffering," José Aguilar replied.

In its ruling on 18 June 1994, the National Court sentenced each of the three ETA militants to sixty years imprisonment for two counts of carrying out a terrorist attack and one of causing widespread criminal damage. José Aguilar appealed the ruling, alleging, among other arguments, that the terrorists had attempted to murder all the officers at the barracks, and therefore had carried out as many murder attempts as there were people living in the building. The subjects of his appeal, men women and children, were the very same people who, six years earlier, had seen him climb the slopes of Amezti with his assault rifle. The Criminal Chamber of the Supreme Court partially accepted his arguments, and in its ruling dated 6 November 1995, it added another three counts of attempted murder to Rubenach, Goldáraz and Zubieta's sentence, extending their prison terms by another 80 years.

His position in the Navarra branch of the AVT enabled him to witness victims' suffering at close hand. He met people who had been injured who preferred to tell others that

their wounds were due to a traffic accident, young widows who had provided for their children by juggling several jobs and orphans who grew up not knowing what legal or administrative routes were open to them. When in December 2000, the Regional Government of Navarra awarded the association the Navarra Gold Medal, he outlined some of what he had seen in a few statements to the press:

For a long time, we victims of terrorism have been living in the shadows, never venturing out into the light. [...] On many occasions victims have been referred to in a fleeting manner: there are people who seem to be interested in every attack but never consider getting to know the victims, nor visiting the family or contacting them in any way. Politicians demonstrate a similar paradox, the word 'victim' often rolls off their tongue without them ever approaching those of us who have experienced an attack. Early on in their journey, some victims received a visit from representatives from institutions who promised them help, but as time passed, they did not set eyes on them again. There is neglect, oblivion. When the attack first happens, you are propelled into the public sphere, but later experience total indifference.

However, 24 January 2004 may have firmly confined that last quote to the history books. In Etxarri-Aranatz that day, José Aguilar greeted several of the people he had met with years before at Sancho Ramírez Hotel. Almost all of them were beaming, experiencing the Ulayars' joy as their own and watching the dark years dissipate into the past.

JAVIER ALCALDE A BANNER AND A WHOLE LOT OF SILENCE

Javier Alcalde chose a Basque beret as his rain protection in Etxarri-Aranatz on 24 January 2004 but what stood out more was his smile; it was probably due to the personal commitment that had brought him there, an itinerary that had almost spontaneously set off in 1986 and from then on enabled many citizens to go out onto the streets to condemn ETA's violence.

Some of the two thousand participants at Jesús Ulyar's tribute had travelled that day to Barranca after making several stops over the years at Gesto por la Paz's (A Nod Towards Peace) silent demonstrations in town squares in Pamplona, Chantrea, Zizur Mayor, Tafalla or Peralta. Javier Alcalde and other early veterans heavily shaped the conception and development of the gatherings, including the first rally organised to demonstrate public opposition to terrorism. Gesto por la Paz did suffer from a few political ups and downs and several prominent members in Navarra left the coordinating committee, but the seed they planted has today grown into a leafy-green tree.

The first push came from a newspaper article published in the spring of 1986. It mentioned Cristina Cuesta, daughter of one of the directors of Telefónica who had been murdered by ETA four years earlier, and her proposal to roll out an association already active in the Spanish Basque Country to Navarra. The initiative had two objectives: to support the victims of violence and actively strive for peace. The article included a contact number for anyone interested in the idea to get in touch.

Javier Alcalde was one of the people who read that article. He was working in a pharmacy and collaborating with Caritas on a radio programme about social marginalisation. The idea appealed to him and he phoned Cristina Cuesta, who arranged for them to meet in a space offered by the Reparadoras religious order.

In fact, Navarra already had some grassroots initiatives against violence, the most consistent of which was the Artesanos de Paz (Artisans of Peace), a Christianity-based group with diverse membership that met weekly in Plaza de San Francisco. They were the first to hold silent demonstrations, although they also read out various texts and put up posters reflecting on peace. They even sang and performed mimes. Among Artesanos de Paz members were grassroots Christians, pacifists, ecologists and people of every background. José Ignacio Meijide was another person to take an interest in Cristina Cuesta's project in the spring of 1986. He has related how the gatherings in Plaza de San Francisco had the effect of awakening more than one conscience, beginning with his: "I was passing one day and I saw several people holding a banner. I asked a woman, 'What are they doing?' 'They are praying for peace,' she told me. That stayed with me. I think that was a time when we were all a bit stupefied."

Members of El Arca community in Arguiñáriz were also part of Artesanos de Paz. They lived in a kind of committed, self-sufficient, pastoral commune. El Arca was founded by the French writer of Italian origin Lanza del Vasto, a naturalist, pacifist and a disciple of Gandhi. The community set up in Navarra had flourished after the initial drive from Miguel Ángel Mediavilla from Bilbao. The newspaper archive preserves some of his reflections on the meaning of those peace gatherings: "They have a social dimension; we want to be a laboratory for non-violence

which enables us to find new formulae for conflict resolution, an alternative to the 'an eye for an eye and a tooth for a tooth' that is practised in the West," he commented to a journalist in January 1984. The meeting at the Reparadoras religious order took place in 1986 and involved twenty people. Artesanos de Paz was very well represented. Garbiñe Gárate, mother to Mikel Zabalza, was also present. Her son had been detained by the Guardia Civil on 26 November 1985. Three weeks later, his handcuffed body appeared in the Bidasoa River. The authorities explained that he had drowned after escaping the officers guarding him and throwing himself in the river in an attempt to flee, but the official version did not stack up. The case was reopened by the courts in 1995 when some people linked to the security forces revealed that the young man, who had no connection with ETA, had died due to torture inflicted at Inchaurrenondo cuartel.

Everyone who responded to Cristina Cuesta's 'call' agreed that something needed to be done. After weighing up several different options, they finally settled on a simple initiative that would have a certain public visibility: a silent 30-minute demonstration at a bustling location in central Pamplona every time a violent death occurred. They debated between Plaza del Castillo and Plaza Consistorial and concluded that the size of the former would somewhat dwarf the smallish crowd they were expecting. The meeting attendees named themselves Asociación por la Paz de Euskal Herria (Euskal Herria Peace Association) because they could then show unity with the San Sebastián and Vitoria groups. They felt that the "Euskal Herria" element provided a cultural reference that would not offend anyone. At the time, the term that had strong political connotations was 'Euskadi'.

Having agreed on their approach and their name, the meeting attendees arranged to meet in Plaza Consistorial at 8 p.m. the day after the next attack that occurred. Artesanos de Paz promised to bring one of their banners.

This was still in the midst of the *años de plomo* or 'Years of Lead' where the frequency of ETA's killings (49 in 1985 and 42 in 1986) meant that the group's inaugural gathering was not far off: on 18 July 1986, ETA murdered Artillery Colonel José Picatoste González in the town of Villarreal, Araba-Álava. As soon as they heard the news, the recently born association's members put together a typed invitation to join the demonstration and publicised it through various media channels in Navarra, and the next day they stood with their banner in front of the town hall. Javier Alcalde still remembers his thoughts on the gathering: "What we were going to do seemed so logical that I was convinced it would be almost instantly successful: 'We will engage thousands of people, ETA will realise that it does not have the public's support it brags about and they will stop,' I told myself. It took me a while to realise that we would be continuing with the gatherings at the same place into the 21st century.

Twenty or thirty people attended that first gathering. Passers-by looked at them in astonishment: they were not shouting or chanting slogans, nor were they trashing anything. However, surprise was not the onlookers' only reaction; the demonstrators then heard the first insults thrown, a prologue to the string of obscenities and threats that would accompany them from that point onwards. One of the newspaper reviews the next day spoke about a group of people who gathered in silence for peace and were insulted and thrown coins at by "several hundred youths" who ran into the square.

But the process had got off the ground and the organisers' motivation seemed ready to prevail against those and any other difficulties which may have arisen. "We were amazingly naïve," commented Javier Alcalde about those early days in one report. "Each one of us is a product of our upbringing. Some people took part because of their Christian faith, others had social concerns, but we were all certain of what we were doing." The historic role model most closely followed by the Pamplona pacifists was Mohandas Karamchad Gandhi; they believed that the success achieved by *Mohatma's* successive campaigns in British India meant peace in Navarra and the Basque Country was feasible by means of a similar channel. The numbers did not end up being as high as they had expected, but not a single gathering was ever missed from that first demonstration onwards.

Just a few months after its début, Asociación por la Paz de Euskal Herria merged with Gesto por la Paz, which was founded in Bilbao at almost the same time with a similar objective. The merger of both groups gave rise to their new name, Coordinadora Gesto por la Paz de Euskal Herria (Coordinating Committee for a Nod towards Peace in Euskal Herria), and to their new objective of rallies spreading from the regional capitals to the suburbs and the smaller towns.

Expansion in Navarra was not difficult because the initial meetings had already piqued the interest of people from different geographical locations. Maite Mur, who in time would become a councillor at Pamplona City Council, found out about the gatherings in the newspaper. Resident in Chantrea, she spotted a catechist from her parish in the photo and decided to ask her about it. They invited her to a meeting in café Florida on avenida Carlos III and set out their programme. The first demonstration she took part in

was the one following the assassination of Herri Batasuna Member of Parliament Josu Muguruza, eliminated on 20 November 1989 in Madrid while he was dining with other members of the *abertzale* coalition. There were very few demonstrators and a large group came up to them and called them every name under the sun. "Protest about your own dead, not about ours," they shouted at them. They tore down their banner. Things were not much better when Maite Mur and a handful of others including Asun Apesteeguía and her husband, who never missed a meet, started to gather next to Chantrea's old health centre. On one occasion the radicals, outnumbering them, positioned themselves next to the seven gathered there, just half a metre away from them, and did not stop voicing abuse at them for the ten minutes the meeting lasted. That day, they were unable to reach the planned length of a quarter of an hour. As they crouched down to fold up the banner, they were pelted with tomatoes and eggs. Maite perhaps had time to remember some of those events while she was walking through Etxarri-Aranatz on 24 January 2004.

The Cizur group was down to the efforts of two friends, Enrique Pena and Gerardo Díaz de Cerio. Both attended the Pamplona protests until they decided to set up their own group in 1989. They came up with a slogan that would give food for thought: "Don't hide your head under the wing of indifference" and printed it artistically on a banner and their own story began. On several occasions, only two people attended.

And it kept growing until the 27 groups we have today, creating fantastic stories on the way, for instance in Peralta, where the Gesto coordinator, totally alone, managed to tie one end of his banner to his Vespa and hold onto the other end, or Berriozar, where the Tellechea sisters' tenacity over the years was rewarded by rallies hundreds

of people strong. They publicised gatherings aimed at school-age children and groups sprang up in the two Navarrese universities. When José Antonio Ortega Lara was kidnapped, there were weekly protests outside Pamplona prison gates during the 532 days he was held captive.

The period of the so-named 'double protests' during the time when an industrialist from Gipuzkoa, José María Aldaya, was held hostage was particularly tough. The terrorists held him captive in an infamous hideout from 8 May 1995 until 14 April 1996. Gesto por la Paz announced that they would gather weekly while he was still captive, and Gestoras pro Amnistía, seeing the street they thought was theirs start to slip from their grasp, organised demonstrations on the same day at the same time, same place. Those counter-protests were a small-scale representation of almost everything else: a handful of people standing behind a banner in silence, and ten metres away from them another group of individuals who were vocal, insulting them, laughing at them and labelling them "fascists, terrorists, torturers..." names they themselves deserved, if they had thought about it, based on their attitudes, historic activity and the dictionary definitions. Family members came to join the two rallies and there was even one mother at the peace gathering who saw her son one day in the group opposite calling her every name under the sun. Soon words gave way to greater aggression. At his home, Gerardo Díaz de Cerio still keeps a small collection of screws, bolts, bearings, stones and lighters that were rained down on them from the other side.

In Plaza Consistorial, the pressure became intolerable and the Gesto coordinators decided to move the rally to Plaza de la Cruz, but Gestoras Pro Amnistía sympathisers followed them even there. There were times when they were reading out ardent speeches about ETA prisoners' "tragic"

situation in this or that prison: reduced yard time, rationed sheets of paper and pens, limited shop purchases... and the pacifists inevitably contrasted those claims with what they imagined José María Aldaya's situation to be.

On one of those protest days, Gerardo Díaz de Cerio outlined his impressions to a journalist: "For a quarter of an hour, we had to listen to them calling us 'torturers', cheering for ETA and asking Aldaya to pay up and shut up... It was horrendous. When the rally ended, I took a stroll with my wife and saw how people in the street carried on undisturbed, chatting and enjoying their ice-creams and I experienced the same feeling that you might get when you leave the cinema after seeing a violent film." Contrary to expectations, the 'double protests' ended up drawing new sympathisers to Gesto por la Paz's events, many of whom would never stop attending the protests.

A group even sprouted up in Etxarri-Aranatz. It had twenty members. It was so unusual in a town besieged by fear for someone to ask for José María Aldaya to be released that Gestoras members and sympathisers took little time to respond; they also organised their protest, at the same time, same place. They had spent so many years celebrating criminals, raising money for their bail terms or hanging their portraits in the town bandstand that it must have sat very uneasy with them that a handful of residents *dared* stage a protest for the opposing cause. They had never had any problem routing their demonstrations towards number 4 calle Maiza, nor chanting their slogans and insults next to the ground-floor windows – next to that kitchen window where Mari Nieves was frying potatoes on 27 January 1979 – nor shovelling slurs over the grave of the good man who they had already sentenced to death and executed. But it did upset them that someone could contradict them in streets that they thought to be theirs.

While it took some doing to maintain a silent protest in Pamplona opposite two hundred people shouting "Gora ETA" and calling their 'neighbours' on the other side terrorists, it was something else to get behind a banner in Etxarri, where the difference in numbers was startling and there were no police around to protect their safety, nor passers-by or traffic to dilute the weighty tension. On 11 March 1996, four journalists from *Diario de Navarra* travelled to the town to attend the rally to report on it later in the newspaper. One of the reporters was from Barranca and was recognised by several of the counterdemonstrators as soon as he set foot in the square. The people who had identified him along with their two hundred pals began to shout: "*Diario de Navarra*, newspaper brainwashing," and that soundtrack played until the journalists left the town. The radicals carried portraits of ETA prisoners and hurled all manner of insults and curses at the 16 brave Gesto members. They had two banners. One read: "Euskalherria askatu" ("Free Euskal Herria"), and the other "Zenbat denbora bahiturik noizko herri honen askatasuna?" i.e. "How long [will we be] held hostage? When will this people be free?", questions that could equally have been posed by the group holding their resolve just ten metres away. Some counter-protesters wore prisoner costumes and enacted a torture scene. The next day, the two sides bumped into each other again while off to the shop for bread or in the factory corridor. Despite the intensity and the restrained violence of those fifteen minutes, one of the protesters answered the journalists' questions: "Why are we doing this?" I wouldn't know how to answer. Some of us are doing it because of a commitment to our faith as practising Christians. We are demonstrating our support for those who have been kidnapped and for the right to

life. To stay at home would mean admitting they are in the right while we lose our dignity. Society would lose out.”

Unfortunately, that is exactly what happened. When the stakes went higher and increasing temerity was required, Etxarri’s volunteers agreed to end the protests. Eight years later and nearly all of them attended the tribute to Jesús Ulyar. Part of what happened that day was firmly connected to the seed that their considerable efforts had planted.

The blue ribbon was another of Gesto por la Paz’s contributions. The idea came about in summer 1993 when ETA kidnapped Julio Iglesias Zamora, an industrialist from Gipuzkoa. The tiny piece of fabric was intended to symbolise rejection of kidnap and violence in general. A few years beforehand, the red ribbon had spread across Spain in support of those with AIDS. The blue ribbon rapidly took off: thousands were distributed and huge versions were designed for beaches, hillsides and rallies. Several newspapers included it on their mastheads. It ended up making news again from 1995 with José María Aldaya’s kidnap and later when José Antonio Ortega Lara and Cosme Delclaux were abducted.

Throughout its long history, Gesto por la Paz has managed to bring people from different parties and ideologies together in Navarra. Historian and writer Víctor Manuel Arbeloa, present himself at the silent protests year in year out, explained in an interview that the variety of political affiliations revealed that the cause the coordinating committee had begun was the right thing to do for all of them. “It was the first sign of public reflection about what was happening and a way to rebel against it,” he said. But he added that initiative of unquestionable merit did start to require new approaches from July 1997 onwards, the

kidnap and murder of Miguel Ángel Blanco marking a turning point in anti-terrorism protests.

The programme organised by Libertad Ya in Etxarri-Aranatz on 24 January 2004 opened a new chapter in the history of public initiatives against terrorism. It was a question of demanding freedom and peace as before but all the while honouring the memory of a good man and enveloping his family in the support and affection that they had not received in the 25 years prior. It was a demonstration with a certain retrospective flavour: when Jesús Ulyar was killed, seven years would pass before Gesto por la Paz was born, but the white hands the homage participants printed on the walls of their home finally brought him, in symbolic form, the citizen mobilisation that had not happened at his death.

MATILDE SÁEZ DE TEJADA PRAYING FOR THE TERRORISTS

Matilde Sáez de Tejada went many years unable to bear the sound of firecrackers. Any small explosion would remind her of the death of her husband, José Luis Prieto García, murdered in San Juan neighbourhood, Pamplona, on 21 March 1981. From that day forth, she became a victim, her changed status leading her to Etxarri-Aranatz cemetery on 24 January 2004. She may have had many reasons to attend the tribute to Jesús Ulayar, but the main one was undoubtedly to show solidarity with Rosa Mundiñano and her four children, for her affection to bring comfort to her pain over so many years, pain she knows only too well too.

21 March 1981 was a Saturday. Matilde Sáez de Tejada and her husband went out for a walk to the nearby church of Our Lady of the Garden, where they were going to attend Mass at 8 p.m. José Luis Prieto was about to turn 62 and had led an impressive career in the Army; he was a retired Lieutenant Colonel in the Artillery graduated from the Estado Mayor (Chief Defence Office for the Spanish Armed Forces) and had worked long-term for Navarra Regional Police, which he headed between 1966 and 1979. They had seven children and two grandchildren together. That year, ETA had not carried out any fatal attacks in Navarra, although it had activists at its disposal with the equipment and skills to do so. In August 1979, a commando unit was set up in France and assigned to carry out attacks in the Autonomous Community of Navarra. Mercedes Galdós Arsuaga, José María Zaldúa Corta, José

Martín Sagardía, José Ramón Martínez de la Fuente Intxaurregi and Pedro María Gorospe Lertxundi joined that unit. They received their last instructions from Juan Lorenzo Lasa Mitxelena, alias *Txikiardi*, one of ETA's leaders at that time, and José Miguel Lujúa Gorostiola, alias *Mikel*, responsible for trafficking arms and explosives across the border, who told them what they needed to do to increase their munitions.

That *Nafarroa*³⁷ commando unit made its bloody debut with the murder of Carlos Sanz Biurun, Inspector in the Superior Police Corps, whom they killed in Cuesta del Labrit on 8 October 1979. 1980 claimed four fatal victims in Navarra, but two of those were the work of other terrorist cells. 8 January was the day former Guardia Civil officer Sebastián Arroyo González was gunned down in Alsasua. He was married, father to four children and had been living in Barranca for thirty years. He was just leaving work at the company Igartex when he was attacked. Four months later in Goizueta, they ambushed Francisco Ruiz Hernández and Francisco Puig Maestre. The men had their age and profession in common: 26 years old and Guardia Civil officers. They were decimated with bullets inside a bar called Huici. They were having dinner there because Francisco Ruiz's wife had just given birth and was in hospital. The crime that took place on 15 June 1980 was also the *Nafarroa* commando unit's handiwork and it cost National Police officer Ángel Postigo Mejías his life. The terrorists killed him on his doorstep in the Rochapea neighbourhood in Pamplona. He was shot five times. He was married and had a five-year-old son.

José Luis Prieto would have been aware of the previous attacks, but he was unable to prevent ETA from carrying out the death sentence they had handed him.

37 'Navarrese' in Euskara.

The couple were about 30 metres from the church doorway in calle Monasterio de Urdax, when a man came up behind them and fired a shot at the Lieutenant Colonel's head. Matilde Sáez de Tejada went to shout at and catch the assassin, but one of his accomplices stopped her. The first gunman finished off José Luis Prieto as he lay on the ground.

For one hour, his corpse lay on the pavement. Five of his children (the other two were not living locally) ran to the crime scene as soon as they heard the news and stayed with their mother until the judge ordered the body be released. One of their daughters had the necessary composure to speak with a few journalists. She explained that her father led a normal life and acknowledged that a year earlier he had received an anonymous death threat over the phone. Lieutenant Colonel Prieto had not given any weight to it.

Shocking waits beside a clumsily blanketed body were commonplace at the time. Photographer Jorge Nagore often recounts a prime and eloquent example. On 13 April 1984, trader Jesús Alcocer Jiménez, aged 65, was murdered at the shipping docks in Mercairuña. Jorge's newspaper asked him to cover the story there, but the request reached him some time after the attack. He was also some distance from the location, so he assumed he would have no chance of taking photographs with any useful informational content. But despite his reservations, he went. To his utter surprise when he reached Mercairuña, Jesús Alcocer's body had not been moved. One of the images he took shows the trader's body covered with a checked shawl that just about concealed his head and torso. There was some sawdust around him, three or four wooden crates and several stacks of banana boxes. One man was loading fabric into his van and there were some other people talking

distractedly. Another walked along the dock with a box of fruit in each hand. A woman drying her eyes in the background of the picture lends the scene its only authenticity. The loneliness of the corpse was probably a sign of the isolation that would befall his relatives. That same day, ETA killed two more people in Navarra: Tomás Palacín Pellejero and Juan José Visiedo Calero. Both were National Police officers. They lost their lives when a booby-trap bomb the terrorists had placed inside the car that they used to flee after murdering Jesús Alcocer exploded.

José Luis Prieto was well-known in Navarra and his death was keenly felt. On 3 January 1966, he had taken over as Head of the Regional Police. The organisation had just undergone large-scale restructuring thanks to a Decree Law that stipulated that due to particular historical circumstances, the former 'highway patrols' of the Regional Government had been transformed into a more professional and better resourced model. In his inaugural speech, he said he planned to work "with a love for responsibility" and asked St. Francis Xavier to watch over the officers' movements as they monitored the length and breadth of Navarra's roads. During his 14-year term at the head of the organisation, he established and developed new departments and 17 officers became 80. They organised surveillance patrols and roadside assistance, they launched first-response teams, the old tax booths became information offices and they even acquired a mountain rescue helicopter. José Luis Prieto never suspected that all this concern for his fellow citizens would be drawing him into the terrorists' sights, that his work over so many years would be repaid with a bullet in the nape of the neck.

His death came at a particularly delicate moment in Spanish history. Only a month had passed since the attempted coup of 23 February and emotions were running

high. The day after the attack, the Ministry for Defence and the Chief Defence Office's Board released a statement in which they confirmed a previously announced suspicion: ETA was trying to take advantage of the turmoil caused by Lieutenant Colonel Antonio Tejero's incursion into Congress to intensify its terrorist activity. Two days before they killed Prieto, a Lieutenant Colonel in the Artillery, Ramón Romeo Rotaeche, was murdered in Bilbao. He had just left church.

Taking these events into account, the Government led by Leopoldo Calvo Sotelo decided that the Army should collaborate with State security forces to monitor borders and maritime boundaries in the areas most affected by ETA activity. In addition, the Cabinet agreed to rush through a draft bill to reform the elements of the penal code relating to terrorism.

In Pamplona, the Board of Spokespeople for the Regional Government approved a statement which declared that ETA was "the worst enemy of democracy and of Navarra's free and peaceful future" and that its "accomplices and those concealing its actions" were "as politically responsible as the terrorists in action." The statement ended with a call to the Navarrese people to take to the streets in support of peace and freedom.

Herri Batasuna and Amaiur did not support it. When the Regional Treasury met two days later, some parliamentarians criticised the *abertzale* for their attitude and made it clear to them they were "unworthy" of their presence in the country's institutions.

It is difficult to imagine how pressured those days were. On 29 January, ETA militant José Ricardo Barros Ferreira died in Tudela when a device he was apparently planting at a power station exploded. That same day, ETA kidnapped José María Ryan, one of the engineers working

at the Lemóniz nuclear plant under construction, and declared that they would kill him if work was not halted. That threat was carried out on 6 February. His body appeared in an overgrown area near to Galdácano, with his hands bound and a shot to the back of the neck. Twenty-four hours previously, the Monarchy had completed their tour of the Basque Country, which included a stormy session at Guernica's Casa de Juntas. On 13 February, ETA member Joseba Arregui Izaguirre died at Carabanchel Penitentiary Hospital. His death was due to torture he had suffered at the police station when he was arrested thirteen days earlier. The late Joaquín Pascal, who had also been active in the Communist Party of Spain³⁸ and later became a socialist councillor, often recalled those days where he bumped into several people during the demonstrations held to demand Ryan's release and those organised to condemn Arregui's death. Some of the latter ended in clashes with police.

Nevertheless, no other demonstration achieved the same scale as the one that followed José Luis Prieto's assassination. More than 20,000 people paid their last respects at his coffin lying in repose in the Throne Room at Navarra Palace, the Regional Parliament building, and nearly 4,000 attended his funeral held at San Miguel Church. The congregation included Ministers for the Interior and Territorial Administration Juan José Rosón and Rodolfo Martín Villa respectively, and the Chief Defence Office Army Chief Lieutenant General Gabeiras Montero. General Sáenz de Santamaría, one of the key players in neutralising the attempted coup on 23 February, also attended.

However, the biggest reaction from the general public was generated on 25 March. Six months after the diverse throng that marched on the centre of Pamplona to condemn the attack against José Javier Uranga, the Navarrese

38 Partido Comunista de España

responded in their thousands to the call to rally from the institutions and they took to the streets again to demand ETA cease its killing. The demonstrators could not have guessed that dozens more such rallies would take place, including some that were 25 years late like the one in Etxarri-Aranatz on 24 January 2004.

The slogan for the march was "We stand for peace. NO to ETA's terrorism." More than 50,000 people took part from calle Yanguas y Miranda where the march started to Paseo de Sarasate where it ended. Leading the march were representatives from the political parties and the trade union federations that had organised it. From the Regional Government balcony, President Juan Manuel Arza read a statement in which he asked the terrorists to cease their killing. "Here in Pamplona, tens of thousands of democratic Navarrese citizens are demanding peace, affirming our faith in democracy and declaring ourselves public enemies of ETA," he boomed into the PA system.

Matilde Sáez de Tejada had led a discreet life since the reaction to her husband's murder had died down. On 3 December 2000, she attended the presentation of the Navarra Gold Medal to victims of terrorism and she met Rosa Mundiñano and the four Ulayar siblings there. A journalist asked her how she had survived life as a widow and she replied sincerely that she prayed for the terrorists every day. "I'm sure that God will make them see they are wrong," she added. Lieutenant Colonel Prieto's wife was accompanied by her seven children and fourteen grandchildren that day.

She met the Ulayars again during Prince Felipe's official visit to Navarra in November 2001. The extensive programme included a meeting with victims of terrorism and it was held at the Blanca de Navarra hotel. A good number of the people in the Autonomous Community of Navarra

who had experienced ETA's strikes first hand were at that meeting. Matilde Sáez de Tejada looked happy to have her one of her daughters with her.

The third time they met was in Etxarri. What happened there on 24 January 2004 settled the debt that Navarrese society owed to the Ulayar family, but it also comforted the other victims of terrorism who took part in the event. From that day forward, Matilde Sáez de Tejada would pray for the terrorists with renewed vigour.

JOSÉ MIGUEL IRIBERRI WIELDING THE PEN FOR FREEDOM

José Miguel Iriberry was at *Diario de Navarra's* offices when they killed Jesús Ulayar. He does not remember exactly how he heard the news, but he imagines it was late and he was finishing his copy for an article. At the end of the day, he was one of only four of five reporters that the newspaper had back then. The other journalists worked on selecting and organising the news that the agencies sent them. The distinction of being a reporter meant unpredictable days which as likely involved attending the scene of a traffic accident as covering a full council meeting or a *chupinazo*. Turning his hand to everything with dedication had brought him to Barranca more than once. It was an area he knew well due to his father's job working for the Spanish state railways and the overnight stays he had made at various stations in the valley.

On that 27 January 1979, José Miguel Iriberry received a particularly harsh jolt when he heard what had happened because he knew the victim personally. A few years earlier, he had interviewed Jesús Ulayar as mayor when the town festival came around. Those yearly conversations were a chance for council leaders to give press publicity to their projects and discuss the town's situation and problems. Jesús Ulayar did exactly that, but the image that José Miguel Iriberry retains of him is a photo that was taken: both of them had continued their conversation out into the street and at some point they passed in front of some lads who were singing and dancing as they walked with arms around each other's shoulders. One of them had a bottle with him, "probably cider", and offered it to the

mayor who accepted it without a second thought, draining it right there to the delight of the onlookers. That image would remain forever: yet another example of the cheerful and open nature of the man that his executioners would later accuse of having “anti-citizen” attitudes.

José Miguel Iriberry thinks he travelled to the scene by taxi, the one *Diario's* reporters used to get around. It was the middle of the night when they arrived in Etxarri and he barely remembers anything of the journey or atmosphere that greeted him in the town. “I’ve asked myself several times over if what I remember is my original memory or the latest in successive memories,” he apologises. What has remained unaltered in his recollections is the light that flooded the family kitchen. Before going in, he would have subtly examined the spot where the shooting occurred, the victim’s blood not yet cleaned away, and he would have walked several metres down the hall, hearing sobs and low conversations in the semi-darkness. Maybe that was why the kitchen dazzled him. There were several people there, but he only remembers two women, probably Rosa Mundiñano and one of her sisters-in-law, Martina or Petra, and Salvador, his thirteen years having just become a childhood cut short. One phrase is etched in his mind, perhaps even Salvador said it: “We all know who it was.”

The scene before him hurt him and made him feel powerless. He had gone there to report on it for others, but he had utmost respect for the private torment suffered by the family who had opened the doors of their house to him. He knows he spoke to Salvador at some point because in the following day’s article there are several quotes from him as the only witness to the shooting. The rest was a summary of what he saw.

José Miguel Iriberry also knew fear that night in Etxarri-Aranatz: “A very personal fear where the fear of going

to a fresh murder scene, fear of ETA and what they were capable of and fear for my newspaper colleagues, heavily threatened by the terrorists, all converged.” And mixed in with that pain was grief: “Infinite grief over what I was seeing and hearing, grief which leaves you speechless.” Years later, when he read C. S. Lewis’ assertion that “grief felt so like fear” in *A Grief Observed*, he remembered that night in Etxarri-Aranatz and the emotions that trembled inside him while he was carrying out his work as journalist.

Two days later, he went back to the Barranca town to cover the funeral, but his recollections are equally fragmented: a group of people listening to the Mass from outside the church to the “irreversible rites at the cemetery” and in particular, “the Ulayar family’s tragedy,” a drama that had only just started.

Not all of the press had a similar perspective on the attack. Arcadi Espada, journalist and lecturer at Pompeu Fabra University, studied the news in 1979 and 1980 relating to terrorism and came to the conclusion that journalists of the time had been “dumbing down” death. He wrote about what happened in Etxarri-Aranatz as below:

28 January 1979. A former mayor of Echarri Aranatz, a Basque district, is killed. Local residents inform El País that ‘some sections of the town held the victim to be an informer for the Guardia Civil.’ These lines, or similar, are usually added to minor obituaries, the ones that take up less than half a newspaper column. They are a highly effective coup de grâce. I remember that when I used to read these newspapers aloud, extreme unease flowed through me if, for whatever reason, perhaps editors’ incompetence or inability, the newspapers did not add that closing formula. I also remember

when my mother told me about any attack that I immediately asked: "civil or military?"

Arcadi Espada continues with his tour of the newspaper archives:

7 March 1979. There have been more than two months of crimes. They have not yet started calling the perpetrators terrorists. All the articles limit themselves to perpetrators, youngsters, comando unit, aggressors and similar. It is difficult to understand it twenty years later. Terrorism and terrorists have become such tangible concepts that terrorists themselves almost allow themselves to be called by that name. Back then, they clearly had not and did not. Back then, they chanted, "Hey fascists, it's you who are the terrorists!" attempting to distance themselves from criminality and transfer the designation of 'terrorist' to Spaniards who were not in favour of independence for the Basque Country.

It is not easy to find that slogan echoed in the information published by *Diario de Navarra* on what occurred on 27 January 1979.

Three months after Jesús Ulayar's assassination, the first democratic councils were formed and José Miguel started to cover council news instead. He would not directly cover any further ETA attacks, although he had first-hand experience of the one against José Javier Uranga on 22 August 1980. He was at the newspaper offices with other colleagues. They were meeting to distribute the day's topics when they heard a noise that sounded to him like a burst lorry tyre turning on the ground, something that happened relatively often in Cordovilla's always-hectic

traffic. They did not take long to realise that the newspaper's editor-in-chief was lying in the car park with 25 bullets through him. In the maelstrom of that afternoon, he recalls how he was flooded with joy when he heard that they were operating on the casualty: "From that moment, I was sure he would survive."

At Pamplona City Council, the fact that his work had brought ETA's criminal activity so close led him to position himself "professionally" on the side of the democratic parties who were endeavouring to complete the transition in the face of ETA's threats and the corrupt rhetoric of its political representatives, who at the time made up Herri Batasuna. During those years of frequent attacks which in turn prompted heated full council meetings debating whether to condemn them, José Miguel Iriberry considered the facts and debates through the prism of that night of 27 January 1979; all the crimes for him had a full name and specific profile attached, because that day, without the usual intermediaries, he had mourned together with a family ETA had destroyed through its bullets.

His crucial and journalistic dedication to freedom forged him firm and lasting friendships with some councillors. It was a time of democratic "bravery", which produced a synchronicity that needed no words, a complicity that emerged almost inevitably from shared principles and hopes. Socialist Joaquín Pascal, member of several council bodies, used to ask in the middle of difficult sessions what the point was in talking about the town if it did not then defend the rights of its citizens. The same reasoning can be found in José Miguel Iriberry's articles and in his column *Plaza Consistorial*, which was so often used as a compass to make sense of the complicated political landscape and news reporting. In the column he signed on 1 May 2003, he discussed citizen platforms against violence, but he might

also have been talking about himself too, about his courageous and militant journalism:

Defending a town starts nowhere other than in defending the lives of its residents. That will be the legacy from these current years. Public works can be undertaken before or afterwards, but what is needed right now are platforms for freedom. So that there can be free years to come.

But if there were a model councillor for José Miguel Iriberry in his time, it was doubtlessly Tomás Caballero. He was much more than a councillor because the two had been firm personal friends for many years and so were their families. When Tomás Caballero ran in the local elections in 1971 as one of the candidates elected from the trade unions, José Miguel Iriberry, a then 28-year-old journalist who belonged to the paper, press and visual arts sector, voted for him. And he never voted for anyone else, it should be said. He participated in the 'social councillors' period with enthusiasm, he welcomed the arrival of democracy, closely followed the creation, campaigning and defeat of the Independent Navarrese Front in the 1977 elections and maintained close ties with the councillor when he left the council and later when he was appointed President of Oberena. "He was twelve or fifteen years older than me, but he had such a charming, pleasant and intriguing personality that he captivated me from the very outset," the reporter explained. "When I think of principled people who have strong values, I always think of him."

He was excited to see Tomás Caballero return to council life in 1995. That same year, on 23 January, ETA initiated its sinister campaign against the PP councillors with the murder of Gregorio Ordóñez. The tally of victims would rise again with the names Miguel Ángel Blanco (13

July 1997), José Luis Caso (11 December 1997) and José Ignacio Iruetagoiena (9 January 1998). It was precisely the full council meeting that followed this last crime when Tomás Caballero staged his intervention that prompted the Herri Batasuna councillors to file a lawsuit against him. Four months later, Tomás himself was murdered on his doorstep.

His death deeply affected José Miguel Iriberry, but far from retreating from his convictions and his columns, it spurred him on to greater dedication to the fight that the councillor and so many others like him had left unfinished. His feelings and reasons appear condensed into the article he wrote while thousands of people from Pamplona filed past his coffin to pay their respects at the town hall. The article entitled 'Tomás, My Friend, The People Are With You' was published the next day, 7 May 1998:

Nobody can fill the void left by Tomás Caballero, but equally nobody can prevent his legacy of freedom and tolerance, peace and democracy, peaceful coexistence and the goodwill of the people, from enduring with more life than ever before. His assassins have stopped a good man's heart from beating and have brought immense pain to his family, friends, colleagues and the wider public [...] Showing immense solidarity with others and commitment to his ideas, Tomás Caballero loved everyone as much as we loved him. As we will love him forever. He represented a chain of causes we all share and bore a unique message of peace in freedom. This is why they murdered him: because he represented everything that terrorists try to destroy; because he was an example of strength and conviction, an example of democratic engagement; because he talked about

tolerance and coexistence, respect for the public's will, for human rights, for life; because he asked democrats to unite against ETA. This is why they murdered him.

From that day on, José Miguel somehow took over with pen and paper the task his friend had set himself at the heart of the council.

One of the outcomes of his resolve was that victims of terrorism were given greater attention. He had never ignored them but acknowledges that he has sometimes felt a certain amount of guilt or personal displeasure when he discovered the oblivion some had been living in for many years. "The general public's obliviousness towards victims is the forgetfulness of each and every one of us," he emphasises. "The debt we owe them cannot be settled. If anyone has shown understanding, tolerance and love, it is them. To be against ETA, now, more than ever, means supporting ETA's victims."

The sentiment of that last assertion was demonstrated in 2000 when he saw Salvador Ulayar again for the first time in 21 years. The 13-year-old boy he had interviewed in 1979 had become a 35-year-old father, still unable to process the murder that cut through his life that rainy Saturday. The meeting happened at *Diario de Navarra's* offices. This is how the youngest Ulayar describes it in his journal:

I found myself visiting the newspaper when José Miguel Iriberry came out of his office and said hello to me and my siblings. He was smiling, and when he came through the doorway, he probably didn't realise the power of that gesture because I greeted him as if he had travelled from further afar and not just from the room behind him. For me, it was as if he had time travelled from the obscurity of 1979, as

if he was still carrying his notebook under his arm with my statements and he was about to tell me something, as if he had just returned from Etxarri a few minutes ago and he had parked the same car outside the building entrance that he had back then. Maybe that's why he is older than I thought just before I saw him. Forty kilometres of road don't age a person that way. In actual fact, twenty-one years have passed and it took me a few moments to take it all in. He had no idea of the irrational expectations his appearance had sparked in a strange corner of my soul [...] Hope rose up inside me that that man with his unfamiliar eyes and face, would stretch out his hand and return to me a piece of myself, the solution, the part I left behind on the night of Jesús Ulayar's murder.

Seeing him again left its mark on José Miguel, as did Mayoress Yolanda Barcina's tears following the murder of José Javier Múgica and reading José Luis López de la Calle's last article in *El Mundo* when, alone in the newspaper office, he received news of his death.

José Miguel Iriberry could not have enjoyed that 24 January 2004 in Etxarri-Aranatz more. The night before, he had written an article entitled 'The Ulayars' which served as confession, homage and appeal all at the same time. "Everything that happened around that murder" he said, referring to the former mayor's death, "is a clear demonstration of what, today, the public knows and the courts recognise: ETA does not simply make use of the gunmen that pull the trigger, but also those who justify their crimes and applaud so that their example is sent far and wide, contributing to their goal of destroying democracy. On the side of life, peace and freedom, and against that story of

evil, the Ulayars, i.e. his wife and four children and their extended family, have written an uplifting tale of human dignity. Democracy owes them and all victims a truly inestimable debt, because they defended that democracy with their silent suffering, bravely reclaiming the memory of the deceased and placing their faith in the rule of law, all the while unable to pardon because no-one asked for their forgiveness. Years later, one of the children explained that she could have felt rage “but thanks to the faith my father taught me, I feel no hatred.” She just wanted to educate her children, Jesús’ grandchildren, about respect for life. Today’s lesson is delivered in a double tribute to a good man and to a family’s dignity. Her family. The Ulayars.”

BERRIOZAR A POLAR OPPOSITE

Maribel Vals and Ana Tellechea’s minds turned several times to their own town while they were walking down the streets of Etxarri-Aranatz on 24 January 2004. Their town is Berriozar, where there was also an ETA attack, one against Francisco Casanova Vicente, second lieutenant in the Army and murdered in his garage on 9 August 2000. However, what happened in the town after the crime was nothing like what occurred in Etxarri. The reaction was rather the opposite. “Berriozar’s story is the most gratifying in the world,” Ana Tellechea has sometimes said when summarising the differences.

The two women attended Jesús Ulyar’s tribute without thinking twice. They knew the family’s history and had met most of his children at different events organised by Libertad Ya or by Fundación Tomás Caballero. But they had also dedicated several years to the movement for peace and freedom and the idea of not going had simply not occurred to them.

Ana Tellechea could say that her road to Etxarri had begun twelve or thirteen years earlier. She comes from Beruete, a town in Basaburúa Mayor where Euskara is the language of daily use. She moved to Berriozar for work years ago and got used to living in a town centre that looked like a giant noticeboard. The posters and graffiti became oppressive. The content of all those slogans written on the walls or converted into flyers with an assortment of recurring images always had the same common denominator: ETA, *alternativa KAS*³⁹, independence, prisoners, “criticism” of

³⁹ KAS: Alternativa Koordinadora Abertzale Sozialista was the political framework of a collective of various political parties, trade unions, so-

the police, torture... It was difficult to hold a different view, at least publicly. During the early 1990s, several young people in the town were detained for having assisted ETA. Both their arrests and the complaints they filed for torture and their later release made the atmosphere yet more strained. In June 1990, when two ETA members turned up dead in Foz de Lumbier, there were demonstrations that ended in barricades and road closures. Two years later, the police brought charges against three residents for forming a support group for ETA's *Nafarroa* commando unit. One of them was Jaime Iribarren, then President of the Navarra Youth Council and later Regional Member of Parliament for Herri Batasuna. There were people in the town who fled to France when the *liberados* activists they were supporting were arrested and in time they were located by French security forces. The storms, ultimately, were continual and almost all were interlinked.

This sometimes-suffocating environment did not restrict Ana Tellechea's plans in the slightest. There was even a point where she decided to openly voice her personal convictions. "In my family, we felt especially affected because we are all native Basques. ETA's members say they represent the Basque people, but I didn't feel represented in any way at all. I didn't know how to say it, how to show it."

It was then, in 1991 or 1992, that she got in contact with Javier Alcalde and Maite Mur, two veterans from the organisation Gesto por la Paz. They explained their philosophy and their approach to her and Ana discovered a channel through which she could act on her concerns. She immediately committed to setting up a regional group in Berriozar.

cial movements and terrorist organisations belonging to the *abertzale* left.

Only she and her sister Nerea attended the first gatherings, her sister being one of the Public University of Navarra's Gesto group promoters. Holding one side of the banner each, the two Tellechea sisters initially astonished some of the residents and attracted opposition from those who until then had monopolised any activity which could lay claim to the "popular" label. Little by little, more volunteers joined. One of those with whom the idea resonated was Maribel Vals.

There was a point in which differences arose between the leaders of Gesto por la Paz in Bilbao and the group in Berriozar then separated from their coordinating committee. However, they continued the tradition of holding a silent gathering following an attack.

The murder of Francisco Casanova brought a turning point to their small-time peace rallies. The fanatic who opened fire on him on 9 August 2000 probably had his head full of confused historical grievances and libertarian aspirations, but far from bringing him closer to his objectives, the crime ended up steering a whole town, Berriozar, in the opposite direction. Francisco Casanova was not especially well-known in the town. The suburb where he lived, Zortziko, had more to do with him and liked him, as did the Ecos de Navarra (Echoes of Navarra) group members where he was known for his love of *jota* dances, and also his colleagues at the Azoáin barracks where he worked. Today everyone knows who he is and the majority talk about him kindly and affectionately.

It is embarrassing to compare it with Etxarri-Aranatz. While in the Ulayars' town the murderers were named *hijos predilectos* by the town council and welcomed as heroes on leaving prison, the first institutional response that was issued in Berriozar after the attack was to pass a vote of no confidence to relieve Euskal Herritarrok Mayor José

Manuel Goldaracena of his position. At the time, Euskal Herriarrok had five of the thirteen councillors.

The first full council meeting was held when barely 24 hours had passed since the murder and it provided a preamble to what was to come. A score of Euskal Herriarrok sympathisers attended, including Jaime Iribarren. However, a number of residents also turned up at the town hall demanding that the mayor and the Euskal Herriarrok councillors replaced their statements of regret with a firm condemnation of what had occurred. The atmosphere was tense. "Why have you come here?" rapped out one of the attendees to Iribarren. "To pass on information?" "To vote for who should be next on the list?" "Get out of here!" he recommended. The former Herri Batasuna parliamentarian initially replied that he had all the right in the world to be at the meeting, but a colleague urged him to stay silent. When one of the Euskal Herriarrok representatives read an alternative motion to the one presented by PSOE (with four councillors), IU (two) and CDN (two), the shouting from the public intensified. "Mayor, resign!" exclaimed one, and fifty voices started to chant those two words. A woman crying bitterly at the back of the room asked aloud, "Why?" One man shouted out what many people there were essentially thinking: "We voted you in for a reason," he directed at the PSOE, IU and CDN councillors. "Band together and get them out of the mayoral office!"

And that is exactly what happened. A few weeks later, a joint manoeuvre by the three democratic parties placed socialist Benito Ríos at the council's helm. And it was reflected on the street. Francisco Casanova's death led many people who were against the use of violence to take the next step of publicly voicing their position. The most active among them established a collective called Vecinos de Paz (Neighbours for Peace), which swelled the ranks of

those pioneers who had started gathering ten years earlier under the umbrella of Gesto por la Paz.

Vecinos de Paz has never been officially registered as an association. Its founders chose the name because that was the starting point, the connector that joined together people of different affiliations, ages and politics. "We are people of conscience and we want freedom. This is what unites us," they once explained to journalist Beatriz Arnedo.

Their main activity has been to gather after attacks, but they also hang banners bearing two white hands on a blue background from balconies and windows. They have been the ones who organise the memorials to Francisco Casanova on every anniversary of his death and they are the ones to attend the full council meetings in support of the democratic parties' councillors. Little by little, they took over the reins of the town, reins which had been in the hands of the *abertzale* radical left for some time. It was a big effort, but it was worth it. "It's hard," Maribel Vals acknowledges in one newspaper report, "but when you go to bed at night and look back over the day, on where you have failed and what you have achieved for life and for freedom, you breathe deeply and say to yourself: 'That's the end of another day. I am proud of myself and we'll see what tomorrow brings.'"

This way of thinking over recent years is mirrored in other important aspects of daily life. The Ulayars, for instance, have often complained about the lack of real support given them by some church leaders. In Berriozar, Fr. Domingo Urtasun's homilies are often interrupted by applause from the congregation. Such occurred during the Mass held to commemorate the second anniversary of the attack. "Celebrating this Eucharist in remembrance of Paco," he said, "is a new opportunity to shout at ETA

and its enablers with all our might: 'In the name of God, stop your killing! Do not stain the honour and virtue of our town with your crimes.'"

Other priests like Jaime Larrínaga, parish priest for Maruri in Bizkaia (Biscay), were suffocated by pressure from Basque nationalism after making declarations like the above. However, Berriozar council bestowed the title 'adoptive son' on Domingo Urtasun in October 2002. By then, he had moved on from the parish. It had been the idea of a group of residents who collected 150 signatures, which were then presented at the full council meeting by CDN councillor Santos Munárriz. The rationale, according to the councillors, was that the "spirit" that the priest had succeeded in spreading through the local population would prevail every time "an attack by those intent on violence" occurred in the future.

There were other specific events in Berriozar. On 25 September 2002, a demonstration was held to condemn the death of Guardia Civil officer Juan Carlos Beiro, murdered in Leizta the previous day. Several Guardia Civil officers provided a security presence for the event. At the end, one of the participants got up to speak and said: "We want to pay tribute to the Guardia Civil for protecting our peace and freedom." Ten residents then approached the officers and presented them with white roses, shaking their hands or hugging them. "Nothing like that has ever happened before in Berriozar," confessed the officer in charge of the police presence. "We are very touched. After the murder of Francisco Casanova, many things have changed in this town."

On 22 October 2003, ninety residents marched towards the Aizoáin cuartel, which the day before had been attacked with grenade launchers and a car bomb targeting the explosive experts but which failed to explode. It was cold and raining, but no-one backed out. When the

procession reached the main entrance to the military compound, one of the participants addressed the soldiers there: "We would like you to know how sorry one section of the town feels for you," they said.

However, where the town's residents have really outdone themselves is with the series of tributes to Francisco Casanova. In Etxarri-Aranatz, they needed to wait 25 years to pay public homage to Jesús Ulayar, but in Berriozar, not one single 9 August has gone by without people taking to the streets in their hundreds to pay their annual respects to the murdered second lieutenant and support his widow and two children.

The programme rarely changes: a 'Navarrese Mass' at San Esteban Church and a *jota* dance festival in Plaza del Sol. Singer-songwriter José Vives is usually tasked with providing the finale with his song *Caminos a la paz* (*Pathways to Peace*) Most of the event budget – the PA system, a welcome drink, gifts for the performers, etc. – is covered by donations from the residents themselves. Maribel Vals has extensive experience in sowing flyers around the town's streets, the very same streets that a few years ago were the exclusive reserve of the *abertzale* world, and it is her daughter who designs those leaflets on their home computer.

Rosalía Sáiz Aja, the second lieutenant's widow, no longer lives in Berriozar, but attends her husband's yearly memorial. She still has good friends in the town and is aware that people have changed since the attack: "I know they have lost their fear," she said on one anniversary.

Something Berriozar will never lose is Francisco Casanova's name – since September 2003, the School of Music bears his name. Boasting 25 music rooms over two levels, the building offers a first-rate resource to the town's residents

with 215 enrolling in the first year, and remembers the man whose death changed the town's story forever.

The white hands that those gathered in Etxarri-Aranatz printed on the Ulayars' family home on 24 January 2004 are permanently reflected in Berriozar's day-to-day urban landscape, its balconies and windows announcing to everyone's gaze that the town today has been won over to peace.

REYES ZUBELDIA A WIDOW'S LIFE IN LEITZA

When they murdered her husband on 14 July 2001, Reyes Zubeldia vowed she would keep walking the streets of Leitza with her head held high. On 24 January 2004, she demonstrated the same courage in Etxarri-Aranatz, in many ways a very similar town.

On that day during the tribute to Jesús Ulayar, Reyes remembered her husband at several points. She probably told him how much she was enjoying being surrounded by so many good people; it is something she routinely does since ETA tore him from her side with a limpet bomb attached to his van's undercarriage. "They wanted to take him from me, but they haven't succeeded," she explained to journalist Natalia Ayarra one year after the crime. "He's with me and I talk to him. For example, when something good happens to me, I say to him: 'You really helped me. You're amazing. You're so good to me.' And when something goes wrong for me, then I blame him for it: 'Urgh, you've got such a cheek! You could have warned me. You're so unreliable.' I very often talk to him like that."

This intimacy shared between Heaven and Earth is a logical result of their incredibly close relationship which began on 2 February 1969 in Ohárriz, at a convent. Reyes had travelled there from Amezketa, where she was born, to attend the Solemn Profession of two of her friends. José Javier was working as a taxi driver at the time and had driven a family from Leitza whose daughter was also taking her vows to the same convent. When it was time to go home, Reyes missed the bus that would have taken her to San Sebastián in time to catch the train to Tolosa. She was beside herself. José Javier offered to take her to Leitza, but

she did not even know how near or far that town was from her home. So the young taxi driver told her not to worry and that he would take her on to Amezketa after dropping off his other passengers in Leitza. They were married the following year.

Their early years of marriage were not at all easy. They initially set up home in the hamlet of Basakabi, where José Javier's mother, a widow, lived. He had studied photography while on military service in Melilla and, upon his return, started taking wedding photos alongside working with his brother at Leitza petrol station. Reyes learned how to develop photos in Tolosa and could therefore help her husband. They saw an opportunity in a newly constructed block of flats in the town and relocated.

The arrival of their three children made things very tight. José Javier worked for a while for a driving school, but another school opened in the town and business dwindled to the point that the family man saw unemployment looming. For a while, he worked with his brother-in-law distributing animal food throughout the small villages in Irún. In 1982, Reyes encouraged him to look for premises and open a proper photography shop. Until then, he had been fulfilling orders at home on the fourth floor with no lift. The business idea took off bit by bit and the family started to be able to enjoy the odd holiday together: the five of them got into the van and headed to Peñíscola, staying in hotels, apartments or on campsites. They parked up in the best spot they saw and stayed there.

José Javier's involvement with the UPN came later. He had always been interested in the town's affairs but had not affiliated with any particular party. One of his brothers, Rafael, collaborated instead with Leitza Independent Union⁴⁰, a group which aimed to offer an alternative to the

40 Unión Independiente de Leitza

town's nationalist majority. But Rafael Múgica was soon diagnosed with cancer; the illness was progressing relentlessly and, already very weak, he asked his brother José Javier to assist Leitza Independent Union on his behalf.

Then came the 1999 local elections, the first to be celebrated in 24 years of democracy without the pressure of ETA's attacks. The group had decided not to run, but some people in Leitza pushed them to. They even suggested that they do it in coalition with the UPN as that way they would have a strong organisation backing up their own inexperience. Not many volunteers came forward and José Javier ended up putting his own name down. Along with his life, as it would turn out. Reyes had mentioned a couple of times that she would rather he did not run, that he liaise with them from outside the council instead. When her husband told her about what he had done, she reacted calmly: "Well, what can we do about it now!" she replied. Her next words caveated a whole world of emotion and intuition: "Please be careful." Soon afterwards, José Javier became one of the first two UPN councillors in Leitza's history.

Council activity more or less followed its expected course: proposals, debates, full council meetings, votes... but other equally expected ingredients soon added themselves to the mix. The councillor tried to hide from his wife the insults, graffiti, comments and other incidents that might cause her to worry, but Reyes often heard about them anyway through the grapevine.

The pressure was turned up a notch in August 2000 when they set fire to his van. "I still intend to stay on as councillor," said José Javier at the time. A few days after the attack, two Herri Batasuna members turned up at their home to apologise. Reyes asked them to come through to the kitchen and turned to face them: "How dare you come

and tell me that you're sorry!" That day she went to bed convinced she had made one more stand against injustice.

José Javier Múgica's wife was also very affected by the murder of Juan María Jáuregui in nearby Legorreta. Jáuregui, a socialist, had been Government Representative to the Basque Country. ETA tightened its grip on him as he completed his term, but he was able to put distance between him and them thanks to a job the Government offered him with Aena, the company that manages Spanish airports. During his stays in Perú, he visited one of Reyes' sisters who was a nun there a few times. "I always kept my head down until they killed Jáuregui," Reyes confessed in one interview. "I burst into tears when they murdered him. I cried and cried and cried. It was as if I'd been repressing my feelings all those years. From then on, I spoke more openly about the things which didn't seem right to me." That day, she also decided that if something ever happened to her husband, she would take his ashes home with her.

It is difficult to live with the Grim Reaper in the background every single day. Like Jesús Ulayar twenty years before him, José Javier Múgica had to get used to the very real possibility he would be taken out by terrorists. He meticulously inspected his van before getting in and starting the engine, but he knew that precaution would not cover every threat. Reyes also got used to living with threats hanging over them. Sometimes she even pondered on where they might kill him: at the town hall, at the shop, as he left the house...

On 11 July 2001, the couple decided to have a few days away at Balneario de Fitero spa. They had spoken about the place and they were looking forward to seeing it. The break was just over 48 hours, but it did them the world of good. They bumped into Member of Spanish Parliament

Jaime Ignacio del Burgo, who they knew. They chatted happily, but hardly at all about politics. On the second day, they went to Mass and José Javier dusted off his magnificent baritone voice to dedicate one of his favourite songs to the Virgin Mary. They stayed after Mass to pray before the image of Our Lady of Solitude, and again he sung his goodbyes to her. The Leitza councillor loved to sing. At the last wedding he attended as photographer he realised they did not have a choir. He thought that was a bit sad, so after taking his photographs, he took position in the corner of the church and performed several pieces.

They arrived back in Leitza on Friday 13 July when night had already fallen. On the Saturday, Reyes Zubeldia and her husband had breakfast together at 9:45 a.m. When he had finished, José Javier Múgica kissed his wife and touched her back affectionately before leaving the house for his photography shop. They usually went there together, but Reyes had a mountain of laundry to put in the machine and wanted to stay at home. She loitered in the kitchen while he took the stairs down the four floors. At some point, she thought: "I'll put my head out to watch him drive off." She went down the hall towards the window and that was when she heard the explosion. There was no doubt in her mind. When she looked outside, she saw José Javier's body next to the vehicle, not yet in flames.

At that moment, Reyes Zubeldia's existence split into a before and after. Despite the never-ending pain, both she and her children showed admirable fortitude during the hours and days following the crime. They went to the funeral and burial, and they took part in the mass demonstration that took place in Pamplona on Monday 16 July. That day in Plaza del Castillo, José Javier Múgica's widow received a pleasant surprise on seeing a group that had travelled from Leitza with their own banner: "I said:

'Look, so and so has come, and so has she and she's also here..!' It really made me happy." Just 48 hours had passed and some things were already starting to change. The full council meeting that had taken place at the town hall was still fresh in her mind, including the little talk that people should go and see the image of the Sacred Heart as José Javier would have liked it. It was during those few days that she vowed she would keep walking the streets of Leitza with her head held high.

She did not delay in resuming her daily walks to Goriztarán. The three kilometres there and another three kilometres back were the perfect chance to have time to think, pray and talk with her husband. Some of the residents in the town which whom she had not had a close relationship before came up to her to say hello and chat a while, although it did not escape her that others avoided doing so for fear of what might happen (to them). "People support me with a hello, a touch, with small gestures that I'm very grateful for," she explained in one interview. "But I know that there are people who would like to come up and talk to me and they don't do so through fear. One day, someone said to me: 'Instead of going this way, why don't we go that way?' as if to say to me, 'Let's have a chat, but discreetly'. People are very afraid." They were the same people who bought heaters from Jesús Ulayar or his children to clear their consciences, to feel better about themselves.

She was not afraid to address the Euskal Herritarrok councillors or anyone else she felt appropriate. One day as she passed by the town hall, she saw that the image of the Sacred Heart was still covered. She told one of the council staff and he explained to her that they were doing some repairs and so had covered it to protect it from dust. "Tell the mayor that if that's the reason, I will come here weekly to

dust it, but the Sacred Heart should be on display," Reyes answered him.

She also contacted other ETA victims and started to attend anti-terrorism and pro-freedom events. She participated in several round tables in Pamplona, she travelled to Madrid with the Caballeros for the trial of Tomás' assassins, she was invited to attend Miguel Sanz' investiture, she went to the European Parliament with her children and was received by various member representatives, she took part in the demonstration which followed the double murder in Sangüesa... Notably, she was in the front row at all the events that followed the death of Guardia Civil officer Juan Carlos Beiro, murdered in Leitza on 24 September 2002.

She has been asked from time to time about her positive nature, her smile and her determined response. She has always replied sincerely: "I think I've got through this without worrying about other people. I've got through this because I had to. A lot of people ask me what I have inside to be able to be this way. The strength comes from within me; I talk with him, I walk a lot and I pray. Really pray. It's a great help to me."

In some sense, Reyes Zubeldia in just a few months has travelled the path that other victims of terrorism and so many citizens managed more slowly over a period of years, decades even. And something similar could be said of a few others in her town. One day after José Javier Múgica's murder, a group of residents gathered in silence in front of the town hall. There were not many of them, but their example gained a momentum that would have been unthinkable a few years earlier. From then on, every ETA attack has been condemned by such protests in Leitza. The one that followed the death of Guardia Civil officer Juan Carlos Beiro on 24 September 2002 was a particularly poignant one. The officer was stationed at the town barracks

—a dismal, run-down building that never obtained permission from the council for renovations— and he died when a bomb the terrorists had hidden behind a banner went off on the outskirts of the town. He was a 32-year-old Asturian and father of 5-year-old non-identical twins. Twenty-four hours after the explosion, at midday, 50 people had gathered in the town square with a banner carrying a simple slogan that got straight to the point: “Leitza and Navarra for Freedom.” Its message was written in both Castilian Spanish and Euskara. Above the demonstrators’ heads flew the Basque flag alongside the Navarrese flag from a town hall balcony. Neither was at half-mast. After a few minutes of silence, local resident Juana Sagastibelza led them in prayer, reciting the Angelus and then an Our Father. Then spontaneously, those gathered made their way towards the Guardia Civil barracks to give their condolences to Corporal Beiro’s colleagues. The three guards who were stationed at the door welcomed them, visibly moved. At one window, a lady could be seen crying alone.

The vignette of that group crammed together around a banner became a symbol of the situation. “The Leitza 50” was the expression used by several commentators trying to convey the atmosphere in a town of almost 3,000 inhabitants, the majority of whom were incapable of pouring out onto the streets to mourn a murdered man. “90% of residents do not condone what happened, but they are afraid and they don’t dare speak out,” explained UPN town councillor Silvestre Zubitur. Despite everything, those 50 people who ended their gathering by praying the Angelus formed the embryo of a new reality that has become part of the town’s daily life today.

Another important chapter in Leitza’s recent history began with the 2003 local elections. UPN emerged victorious at the ballot box, although a greater percentage of

votes had been for the recently banned Batasuna party and were therefore null and void. One of the regional councillors appointed to the local council was Daniel Múgica Zubeldia, José Javier’s second-born. It was a natural continuation. In an interview 48 hours after his father’s death, Daniel recounted that he had instigated a new routine: before making any decision, he would ask himself what his dad would have done. Two years later, that internal compass drove him to win the seat that ETA’s bullets had wanted to keep vacant.

A few weeks after his inauguration, the town held an event commemorating the second anniversary of the attack. A Mass was held at San Miguel parish church and a floral arrangement was laid at the scene of the crime, next to the family home. After listening to Pello Urquiola’s a cappella *bertsos*⁴¹, Daniel Múgica summarised his and his family’s feelings: “There are people who have greatly supported us, people who didn’t know us, with whom we had hardly crossed paths before and who now say hello to us and look at us. That’s enough to let us know they are with us. We know that people are still afraid, but bit by bit that fear is being overcome. We can see that from the elections.”

The reality his words conveyed brought some comfort on 24 January 2004 when he was walking at his mother’s side through the streets of Etxarri-Aranatz; the Ula-yars’ town still had a long way to go.

41 *Bertsos*: a Basque sung, rhymed and metred discourse, performed a cappella.

MARÍA CABALLERO VICTIMS STAND UP

On 24 January 2004, María Caballero was the first speaker on the bandstand in Etxarri-Aranatz. It was raining gently and had completely clouded over when she approached the microphone to address the two thousand people filling the square. The Ulayars' home on calle Maiza had been covered in white handprints and the dumpsters the council had placed over the crime scene were resting elsewhere for the first time. The day had already gone down in history. "Good afternoon and thank you for having responded to Libertad Ya's call," were her first words. "This is a public act of remembrance in which all of us here are participating in a personal capacity. Thank you very much, everyone."

María Caballero went on to explain the nature of the citizen's platform that had convened the tribute: "Libertad Ya is a plural collective. Our group name is a shout out to everyone everywhere to be able to think, mobilise, work and speak in freedom. We denounce any type of threat, blackmail, silence or lies which feeds violence, and we believe in a plural society in which we are respectful of each other. It is a shout out against ETA and against its enablers. It is a shout out that invites citizens to reflect, engage and mobilise."

And she explained the significance of the different elements of the programme taking place at the heart of the Barranca region: "Today our shout is to honour the memory of two people: Francisco Berlanga, who died deactivating a bomb in Pamplona on 2 January 1979, and Jesús Ulayar, who was viciously assassinated in this town on 27 January of the same year. We want to try and bring their

families the love and support that we did not show them at the time.”

The participants sincerely applauded her words, but few knew the details of the journey that had brought María Caballero to that bandstand podium. They might have known that she was the daughter of Tomás Caballero Pastor, UPN councillor for Pamplona, murdered on 6 May 1998, but they would have had a job to imagine the extent of her fight for freedom. The death of her father gave her victim status and reinforced the values and attitudes that she had been taught at home, but her journey to Etxarri-Aranatz had started way before that.

She has said once or twice that in her earliest memories of her father, he is already involved in trade union and political activities. In fact, María was only three years old when Tomás Caballero became Chair of the Workers’ Council⁴² in 1967. When he was appointed Pamplona city councillor in 1971, she used to wait for him at the entrance to the town hall when she had finished her music lessons at Los Amigos del Arte. The council building “held no surprises” for the schoolgirl.

As a teenager, she got used to seeing her father busy, cramming a lot in but never neglecting his role as father; his numerous responsibilities as councillor did not prevent him from keeping a close eye on his children’s lives, their school grades and their worries and concerns. Those were turbulent and difficult years; politics and the streets were both in constant flux and María Caballero smiles now thinking back to the sit-ins and strikes of her school days, remembering how her father asked her about the rationale for each of those actions to force her to face her own conscience and take responsibility for her own ideas and decisions. When they called the first democratic elections in

42 Consejo de Trabajadores

1977, María was already fourteen and helped her father pin up posters for the Independent Navarrese Front and stuff envelopes with the rousing campaign leaflets of the time. I was always certain of his personal integrity and I never questioned what he was doing, even when he decided to return to politics in 1995 and stood as a UPN candidate,” she explained in an interview. “Essentially, my father’s life did not just belong to us,” she added. “We have no doubt that he didn’t die because he was our father who loved us, but because he gave himself to his city in the way that he did, because he loved his city so much.”

On 6 May 1998, María went into to work as an administrative assistant for Pamplona Council Planning Department just as she did every day. Her father had returned from Japan two days earlier. She had spoken with him the night before and could easily catch up with him again during a morning break: she just had to go down one floor from the fourth to the third, where the UPN council offices were. However, that meeting would never happen. She had been at work for little over an hour when they phoned her to say that “something” had happened to her father. On autopilot, she left the town hall, got into her car and went to Navarra Hospital. Her mother and brothers were already there. The doctors were still trying to resuscitate Tomás Caballero, but their efforts were in vain: a few minutes later they pronounced him dead.

In the speech given in Etxarri-Aranatz on 24 January 2004, you could hear the beat of her convictions, her memories, her pain as a child without a father, her whole past, you might say. “Those of us who are more recent victims,” she explained, “have received the warmth of people who, when ETA attacks took place during those early years of democracy, didn’t have the chance, courage or occasion to express it. And we know that these expressions of condolence and

solidarity are extended to all victims. And to you too. Today, with greater social dignity, we are capable of communicating to the people who suffer these atrocities that their pain is our pain. And that they should know that these deaths have not all been for nothing, that we will always remember the victims because they give meaning to our regained freedom. This is a freedom which reaches out, which strengthens and grows, filling the voids of other times.”

The last sentences were closely linked to the origins and journey of Libertad Ya, an initiative which María Caballero has had a lot to do with. Inspired by Basta Ya and other civil movements which arose in the Basque Country following the murder of Miguel Ángel Blanco in 1997, the collective became the voice of many perhaps lazy or dormant consciences.

While Pamplona festival *peñas*⁴³ today remember in their statement Germán Rodríguez, killed by a gunshot during the San Fermín 1978 Festival, Libertad Ya is compiling an article with details of all ETA’s deadly attacks in Navarra, naming the 40 people who will never again enjoy the festival and to whom the *peñas* will never pay homage.

At the end of the year, while businesses and organisations send out calendars full of season’s greetings and happy pictures, Libertad Ya is distributing thousands of its own so that a large number of people can always have to hand at home or their workplace something to commemorate all those whom terrorism has wiped from the face of this earth.

Where victims have suffered neglect over decades which cannot be undone, Libertad Ya aims to lessen their pain and organise tributes and memorials for the deceased on the twenty-fifth anniversary of the crimes.

43 *Peñas*: local groups that lead the Pamplona festival with costumes and other festivities.

Where a peace demonstration is held in Leitza or Andoáin or Berriozar, Libertad Ya will mobilise to augment that initiative. And if there is a need to travel to Madrid to support a family as the ETA members who murdered their father or husband are tried in court, they will hire a bus and travel halfway across Spain in the early hours to arrive at the National Court at the appointed time.

And where every association nowadays has a website to make themselves visible and offer a place online where interested parties can meet each other, Libertad Ya is designing its own and offers articles, reflections, news, documents and useful links about peace, terrorism and the citizen response to violence.

You can imagine that each of these initiatives described here requires significant effort. The lead up to the programme in Etxarri-Aranatz on 24 January 2004 involved endless meetings, calls, proposals, trips, articles, consents, suggestions, scares and some upsets. The result, however, was well worth it. “Today’s tribute to Jesús Ulayar’s alone has proved that Libertad Ya is worthwhile,” one of the group’s veteran members said that night.

But there was yet more to come. A fortnight after Etxarri, as we have already recounted elsewhere in these pages, a bus was chartered to Andoáin for the tribute to Joxeba Pagazaurtundua on the first anniversary of his murder. On the return journey, an ad-hoc meeting between passengers on both sides of the aisle weighed up the idea of organising a meal to bring together members of citizens’ platforms operating in the Basque Country and Navarra. The idea was approved immediately: until then, most meetings had taken place around funerals, demonstrations, trials or memorials of somebody murdered. This time the aim was somewhat more festive, an event purely to relax, bring members closer and enjoy the occasion.

Arrangements were fine-tuned over the following weeks and the date was finally set for Saturday, 24 April in Olite. The 11 March attacks dampened the spirits of the organisers, but after some to-ing and fro-ing it was decided not to cancel the event although the dancing planned for after the meal was removed from the programme.

The get-together was a total success. The two hundred attendees were welcomed by the Mayoress of Olite, socialist Mari Carmen Ochoa, to the town hall council chamber. "We are proud to host a meeting like this and you can count on us for anything you may need," she told them. Then, everyone moved on to the venue for the meal, Vega del Castillo wine cooperative.

That lunch was very symbolic: spread across three very long tables, the diners eloquently shared their apparently diverse backgrounds which had converged in recent years in the fight against ETA's terrorism. Among them were a few of the armed group's victims: three of the four Ulayar siblings, Tomás Caballero's widow and many of his children, the widows of two National Police officers murdered in Sangüesa on 30 May 2003 and Reyes Zubeldia, José Javier Múgica's widow. Next to them and seated in no particular arrangement were members of the UGT and CCOO weathered by a thousand labour disputes before and after Franco's death, councillors from various Navarrese towns, militants from various parties, a few journalists, members of Vecinos de Paz from Berriozar, professors from the University of the Basque Country such as Aurelio Arteta, priests such as Jaime Larrinaga, ex-parish priest for Maruri, school teachers, housewives, old communists hardened by years of hiding, Leitza regionalists, Ermua socialists, writers, doctors, *bertso* performers and a long list of others. There was a corner of the improvised dining room that concentrated the guests' heterogeneity

in a special way; this was occupied by Loyola de Palacio, European Commissioner and prominent member of the PP, flanked on either side by Patxi Iturrioz and Eduardo Uriarte, former ETA members. Patxi Iturrioz was the leader of the group's workers' front until their fifth annual meeting in 1966 when the more nationalist element of the group expelled him, accusing him of being "Spanish and anti-Basque". Teo Uriarte was one of the 16 militants sitting in the dock during the Burgos Trial of 1970, accused of being involved in the murder of Inspector Melitón Manzanas. The military court handed him two death sentences which were later commuted to life imprisonment. He benefited from the amnesty following Franco's death; he was one of the architects of ETA's politico-military dissolution and ended up in the political organisation Euskadiko Ezkerra⁴⁴ which then merged with the PSE. Today, he has a PhD in Journalism, having written his thesis on how terrorism is covered in the news.

When María Caballero spoke to the guests over dessert about the significance of that get-together and to encourage those present to share their thoughts, it was difficult to process the very disparate journeys that had let them all to such an event that day. However, if her father had asked her why she was there, just as he used to do back when she was at high school, her answer could not have been clearer.

She had no doubts on 24 January 2004 either when she presided over a day destined for the history books. That day in Etxarri-Aranatz comprised one more chapter in her journey, but it also added an afterword, in her own hand, to the paragraphs previously penned by Jesús Ulayar, by Tomás Caballero and by so many others.

44 Basque Country Left

IÑAKI ARTETA BRINGING VICTIMS INTO FOCUS

On 24 January 2004, Iñaki Arteta was not just another participant. He went to Etxarri-Aranatz with the same or similar motivations as many others who have already appeared in these pages, but he also went there to work; you could almost say that he experienced the day's events through his video camera lens. Alfonso Galletero, his trusted scriptwriter, found it very difficult to keep the umbrella over him to stop raindrops from blurring the images. Iñaki Arteta did not want to miss a single shot: pain and emotion simultaneously reflected in the Ulayar siblings' faces, a student not yet born in 1979 staring into the distance, tears silently trickling down the face of a councillor hardened in battle of a thousand full council meetings, powerful hands leaving their white flourish on the wall of the old family home... Yes, those scenes, those gestures formed part of his work, but the determination that drove him to film them was much more than just a job description.

In fact during the past few years at least, it is not easy to separate Iñaki Arteta's work life from his personal life. He has dedicated his life and work to the victims of terrorism to such an extent that the Ulayars and many others invariably associate him with a film camera.

The film that brought him into the public eye was a short film entitled *Sin libertad (Without Freedom)* that he produced through a "citizen's" desire to act against terrorism. "Why make a stand?" journalist Ruperto Mendiry asked him in one interview. His reply contained the key to his presence in Etxarri-Aranatz and at almost all other events: "It's a commitment every citizen in this country

should make. The issue of terrorism, that any fellow resident be murdered, is something that should affect all of us. Solidarity has to start with the people close by. We all have a certain spirit of solidarity, but we often channel it to issues that are more geographically distant.”

He did not need to stray far from his Bizkaia homeland to find stories to shape his film *Sin libertad*. Everyone interviewed was Basque, as he was, although he did not know any of them personally. His innate restlessness and meticulous work polished a chilling portrayal of the widows, persecuted, bodyguards, dissidents, maimed and new thinkers, all brought together in an unscripted tragic symphony that eloquently bridges past and present. It was premièred in New York with 4000 recordings released and a screening in Hollywood, where some of the audience more accustomed to the glamour and pageantry of the film industry squirmed in their seats when they discovered that injustice was indeed present in Europe in this day and age.

The director was particularly moved by the testimony of Inmaculada Iruetagoiena, sister to José Ignacio, PP councillor for Zarautz, murdered on 9 January 1999. She went on to win a seat at the same council and could have extended ETA’s list of victims if the bomb the terrorists had planted in a mausoleum close to her family’s had exploded. It was later discovered that they meant to detonate it during the tribute that friends, relatives and members of the PP made on the third anniversary of the crime. Iñaki was struck by the way in which Inmaculada had internalised such great suffering and the way she could express this while holding his gaze.

He has heard some harrowing stories over the last few years, some of which he himself has rescued from decades of oblivion. María del Mar Negro also appears in the short film. She is the daughter of Alberto Negro, a worker

at Lemóniz nuclear plant who died on 17 March 1978 when the bomb ETA placed within the enclosure detonated. María del Mar made an observation on camera with which the Ulyar siblings would probably also agree. “When you’ve suffered a terrorist attack, you’re forever changed. Then when there’s another attack, it doesn’t matter who was killed. You’ve become better, kinder, because it makes no difference now at all who it is; you only see another person they’ve killed.” He also interviewed Arrate Zurutuza, widow of Luis Domínguez, a Vergara undertaker murdered on 25 January 1980. His wife described with great composure how they killed him. They were waiting for him next to the graveyard door. They called his name and he tried to escape into the gardens at the side. They shot him once in the knee. When he fell to his knees, they pulled him up by his hair and shot him six times. The journalist ‘in exile’, José María Calleja, who was there in Etxarri-Aranatz on 24 January 2004, also appeared in *Sin libertad*. His words communicated his personal experience whilst at the same time providing an assessment of the 25 stories: “The victims of terrorism are first insulted, then murdered and then insulted again. It’s something we’re already aware of, something history has shown the Nazis did perfectly.”

Iñaki Arteta knows the impact of these words because he had lived and still lives in close, family-like proximity with many victims, but also because he has suffered first-hand the consequences of the pressure that Basque nationalism exerts; when *Sin libertad* premièred, he lost his work at Bizkaia Regional Government. “It hurts when those who haven’t seen your work stop talking to you,” he once said.

The magazine *Papeles de Ermua* described him accurately in just a few lines: “Iñaki Arteta is a rebel with purpose: he has a low tolerance for injustice, prejudice,

oblivion, lies, cynicism or ingratitude... He's a tough and cheerful Basque man who sees things for what they are and that's why he wants to change them: he won't back down until he has crushed those who tyrannise his homeland and his people [...] He's the sort of person who suffocates when he is without freedom."

Aware that his short film had only collated a tiny proportion of the pain ETA had caused, he decided to immerse himself in the substrata of the recent past to give voice to those who had been cornered and silenced for years. That was when he met the Ulayars. Someone told him about them and he researched them and phoned them. There was complete synergy from the very first moment. Using their story together with those of fifteen other families, the film director worked for more than two years on a documentary called *Olvidados (The Forgotten)*, which was close to completion by 24 January 2004. By then, Iñaki had built up a strong and friendly relationship with Jesús Ulyar Liciaga's four children, to whom he had suggested one year previously that they revisit the key locations in their lives and the place where the attack left them without a father.

Filming took place on 1 March 2003 with few onlookers. The team met with Jesús, José Ignacio, Mari Nieves and Salvador first thing at Aritzalko Hostel, and they exchanged a few ideas before heading towards the family home. They needed no instructions or run-throughs because everything was off-the-cuff: some people had barely got out of their cars when Salvador had already begun his narrative of the events of 27 January 1979. "This was where he fell," he said, and the cameras rolled. They also took some footage inside the home, cold, silent from years of abandonment. Mid-morning, they reached the cemetery, where the four siblings laid a bunch of flowers next to

the niche in which their father was at rest. The bulk of the filming, however, took place at one of the siblings' homes, during a long post-lunch conversation, reviving even the most buried family memories.

Iñaki Arteta could not have made a film like that in 1979, not because Jesús Ulyar was still alive, but because nobody at that time made films about victims. During that year, ETA killed 84 people and the previous year 69, but the only two films on the subject of terrorism were *El Proceso de Burgos (The Burgos Trial)* from Imanol Uribe, and *Operación Ogro (Operation Ogre)* from Gillo Pontecorvo. The first dealt with the trial brought in December 1970 against sixteen prominent ETA militants at the time. They were accused of differing levels of involvement in Melitón Manzanas' murder. Among the defendants were Mario Onaindía, Teo Uriarte, Javier Izko de la Iglesia, Jokin Gorostidi, Gregorio López Irasuegui and priests Julen Kalzada and Jon Etxabe. The verdict included several death sentences which ended up being commuted, but Uribe's film, one of the very first about ETA to reach the big screen, also captured the fearlessness in court of the young activists, their courage, passionate defence of their homeland, the verses of the Basque anthem *Eusko Gudariak* sung in court... *Operación Ogro*, on the other hand, recreated the attack which killed Admiral Luis Carrero Blanco on 20 December 1973. Jon Juaristi wrote that Pontecorvo wanted to leave cinematographic evidence of his own perplexities, maybe so as not to be openly accused of justifying terrorism. *Operación Ogro*, in any case, was the second film made about the assassination of the regime's second-in-command: in 1977 *Comando Txikia* from José Luis Madrid was released. By then the booklet *Operación Ogro* was also in circulation, in which a 'Julen Agirre', now known to be Eva Forest, interviewed the assassins.

This historical account allows us to draw some conclusions: six years after the assassination, members of the *Txikia* commando unit had already starred in feature-length films while Jesús Ulayar and the other 800 victims of so many commando units have had to wait several decades for someone to make a film about their stories. The first serious contender was *Asesinato en febrero (Murder in February)* in 2001 from Eterio Ortega and produced by Elías Querejeta. It was a story built around the attack that cost Enrique Buesa and his bodyguard, *ertzaina* Jorge Díaz Elorza, their lives.

Iñaki Arteta has taken it upon himself to rectify this oblivion. Maybe he will have achieved that by the time these words are published. The short film *Sin libertad* was screened in Pamplona on 6 May 2002 to mark the fourth anniversary of Tomás Caballero's death. Its author would have liked for those who attended Jesús Ulayar's tribute on 24 January 2004 to have seen a preview of the feature-length film: the part that talks about the Ulayar family. He had everything ready, even including a typical Etxarri *aurresku* folk dance in the film's soundtrack which José Ignacio had sent him at the eleventh hour. Unfortunately, the scant resources the town council provided left him and the other organisers without an appropriate place to project it. Instead, he heaved his camera onto his shoulder, ensuring he captured the turning point in the Ulayars' story on that rainy Saturday in January on film for all posterity.

OTHERS MILITARY PERSONNEL, TRADE UNIONISTS AND EDUCATORS

It had been many years since a military uniform was last seen on the streets of Etxarri-Aranatz. However, on 24 January 2004, General Sierra strolled the streets in his with all the naturalness in the world. He was then Navarra Military Commander, the visible Regional leader of the Spanish Army, and he wanted to be present at an event which would allow him to remember Jesús Ulayar along with all his colleagues ETA had murdered in the last thirty years.

One of the hagiographies written about the terrorist group – such as there are, in abundance – explains that ETA has killed “nearly twenty generals” highlighting that none of the wars that Spain has been involved in have seen losses “on that scale”. It is never elucidated that the war only exists in this case in the imagination of those who approach their victims from behind and shoot them while they are faithfully commuting to work or while they are out on a stroll with their family or while they are waiting for the traffic light to turn green.

José Sierra knows the circumstances of several of those crimes and perhaps recalled each of them as he walked down the streets that set the scene for the Ulayars' grim tale. He was accompanied by his wife, Julia, and many other people who did not consider his immaculate uniform for one moment to be a provocation or an imposition, as those who furtively viewed the procession from inside their homes would later have us believe. During Mass at the Church of Our Lady of the Assumption, the general ended up sitting on a bench between Regional President Miguel Sanz and Maribel, Salvador Ulayar's

wife. Salvador's youngest son, Jaime, four years old, was restless and José Sierra offered him his cap to play with.

The military veteran could not have guessed that he would also become a victim just one month and a half later. It happened during the 11 March train bombings in Madrid when his son Federico Miguel was blown up. 37 years old, he had followed his father into the military profession and had served on several peacekeeping operations in the Balkans. He and his wife, Leila, had a very young daughter.

Salvador Ulyar brought together both incidents – the tribute to his father in Etxarri-Aranatz and the 11M bombings – in a few paragraphs in his ad-hoc memoirs:

Who would have guessed the hell that awaited the family of that kind man who offered his cap to a child to play with. Who would have known that in a few weeks he would become another member of our family of families who are victims of terrorism. I don't know General José Sierra well; we've only communicated a few lines of condolence on the murder of his son. When we have met, we've exchanged about four sentences, weighty, intense and true. I've only met him three times in the last few months, at one ceremony or another. His eyes, his face, his manner convey friendliness, serenity, level-headedness and create the impression of a great man. A good man, robust and well-grounded with a pure gaze.

General Sierra's presence in Etxarri-Aranatz on 24 January 2004 was in itself significant, but more significant still was the contrast between his uniform and the origin and status of some of the people who were walking with him. Very different profiles have appeared across these

pages, but they are only a tiny sample of the diverse participants in the tribute to Jesús Ulyar.

Walking a few metres away from Navarra's military commander was Ramón Ibarrola San Martín, a trade union veteran and, for the last few years, an active member of Libertad Ya. If in 1971, when the Public Order Tribunal⁴⁵ (the intimidating tribunal from the last years of the Franco period) brought charges against him, someone had said that in time he would be participating in a demonstration next to a general from the Spanish Army, he would not have believed it.

Ramón was fifteen when in 1966 he attended Labour Day celebrations that were independent of the Spanish Syndical Organization's structures (the dictatorship's sole legal trade union). The gathering, as was to be expected, was broken up by force by Franco's men, but he celebrated the occasion in a special way. He joined CCOO and fell victim to one of the biggest police raids that the police carried out in Pamplona, an episode that some now say gave rise to current Navarrese trade unionism. Later he looked to exercise and defend his trade union rights at potash mining company Potasas de Navarra, from where he was dismissed in 1974.

It was this long trade union struggle that would drive him, years later, to actively engage in the fight against terrorism, the arch enemy to freedom which he had no opportunity to taste during the long dictatorship either. In May 2003, together with seven colleagues from old times, he signed a convincing article entitled 'For Democracy and Freedom'. The text was published by *Diario de Navarra*. "Let's start from the widely accepted view," they said, "that democracy has been successfully established across the whole of Spain with the sole exceptions of the Basque

⁴⁵ Tribunal de Orden Público

Country and Navarra. We assert that the situation in our community demands more urgently day by day that all democrats clearly take a stand to defend it. We cannot and should not stay silent any longer. We can see that the current crisis of democratic values requires us to dust off our combat jackets and rise again against brutality and injustice. We feel obliged to convey in unwavering terms that Euskadi and Navarra are the exception to democracy in Spain and the whole civilized world.”

They put forward a thoughtful argument supporting the ban on the recently illegalised Herri Batasuna party and the electoral framework which was subsequently developed. They recalled Tomás Caballero and his death at the hands of ETA and encouraged readers to fight for true democracy:

We can no longer, nor should we, look the other way. Every day that passes where all citizens do not do what it is in our power to do, we leave ourselves open to shocks that nudge us closer and closer to the precipice. It is essential we realise that defending what we have is everybody's job, that we have to risk our comfort to defend and improve what has taken huge effort and sacrifice to achieve.

After that, Ramón Ibarrola again picked up his pen to remind trade union leaders that it was all well and good to hold demonstrations against the Iraq war, but that the Ibarretxe Plan⁴⁶ or the murder of two National Police officers in Sangüesa demanded demonstrations equal or greater in size. Upset by the oblivion ETA's victims had suffered for so many years, he also proposed a statement

⁴⁶ Proposing the free and equal association of the Basque Country with Spain

at an important CCOO meeting in Pamplona. He acknowledged in the text that perhaps not enough had been done in the past and he proposed greater support now to compensate for this; unfortunately his initiative was not particularly successful.

In Etxarri-Aranatz, Ramón Ibarrola was one of those tasked with painting the walls of the Ulayars' house pale blue so that the participants could then stamp white handprints over it, possibly just one more painting request in a life's work of necessarily under-the-table commissions for posters, paintings and stickers.

In any event, his former trade union battle cries would sound age-old to the ears of some the people who placed their palm prints on the wall that he had given new colour: several of them would not even have been born when ETA murdered Jesús Ulayar. Nevertheless, they walked side-by-side with Ramón Ibarrola or General Sierra unaware that both their individual stories had a very strong link with the history they had studied at school.

Among the young people who participated in the Etxarri-Aranatz event were students and graduates from the Public University of Navarra. Some belonged to Grupo Universitario, a collective that was active among the student body to counter the aggressive presence of Ikasle Abertzaleak, a student society supported and promoted by radical nationalists.

It has never been an easy coexistence in the middle; even the group Gesto por la Paz that was founded during José María Aldaya's kidnapping had to withstand a counterdemonstration at many of its events. That was why the round table that Grupo Universitario organised with Gotzone Mora was so noteworthy; it was perhaps a prime example of how an educational institution could become a space so devoid of freedom. Eduardo Prieto and David

Sáiz were heavily involved in the event. Both were there in Etxarri-Aranatz on 24 January 2004 and were able to meet their keynote speaker again.

In fact, Gotzone Mora's hands were the first to stamp the big old rambling home in calle Maiza. Sociology Lecturer at the University of the Basque Country, she may have had time to conclude that the dark town in Barranca that she had just walked through was an augmented representation of the landscape unfolding around her in her daily life. One anecdote she has told on several occasions sums up the tone of the days she spent on campus. It was just another day of lectures. She had set her students an assignment to submit before leaving the lecture room. When there were six or seven students left, one of them came up to her and said: "Here's my assignment, although I'd also like to explain to you that because you are a socialist, you are an enemy of the Basque people, an obstacle to our nation's independence and you should be exterminated." Gotzone Mora finished collecting the assignments, recovered her composure and went out into the corridor where her bodyguards were waiting for her. The young man who had said the above to her was the son of emigrants. She corrected his copy like any other student's and gave him the mark she thought it deserved: distinction.

Married and mother to three children, socialist councillor for Getxo, Gotzone Mora could have kept that incident and many others to herself, but no, she prefers to speak about them; she wants people to know what daily life in some university faculties in the Basque Country is like. It is for that same reason that she has repeatedly and openly spoken out against the so-called 'revolutionary tax' that the University of the Basque Country pays ETA at its behest, granting its prisoners all manner of benefits. It could be that Vicente Nazábal, Jesús Ulyar's assassin and

today a practising lawyer in Pamplona, owes part of his degree to that fluid relationship. In the talk Gotzone gave at the Public University of Navarra at Grupo Universitario's invitation, she recounted examples of activists from the armed group who had passed exams and modules for their degrees while they were at unknown locations.

A couple of years ago, she vented to *El País* journalist Pablo Ordaz. Her uninhibited responses appeared in a report entitled 'Get Lost or Shut Up!'⁴⁷ and they are a reflection of how difficult a day can be when you try to be true to your own convictions, to freedom. "The Vice-chancellor even said to me: 'Go to any town of your choice and, if you prefer to stay at home, I'll bring you your salary.' I replied that I wouldn't, that I didn't want to join the long list of people in exile. How many lecturers have left already? Twenty? Thirty, maybe? And the worst thing is that it doesn't just affect your professional life; I have friends who no longer want to go out for lunch with me and that is very hard. People are afraid when they see me entering the faculty building with bodyguards, in case ETA decides to kill me. You don't know how lonely that feels. I'm famous within the faculty for even talking to the walls. I feel so abandoned. Sometimes they shout at me: 'Dirty Spaniard, go back to Spain!' The other day a student stopped right in front of me and she said, 'You're frightened, aren't you?' My bodyguards begged me with their eyes not to rise to the bait and I didn't, because that's another thing: if you answer them, even your colleagues will criticise your attitude, accusing you of provoking them. It's a monstrous situation. I feel like a fish out of water. I have the impression many people think I'm the problem, not ETA."

In Etxarri, although it was only for a few hours, Gotzone Mora could compensate for those daily hardships

47 Spanish title: '¡Vete o calla!'

with the encouragement and care that many participants at the tribute to Jesús Ulayar brought her, participants so diverse but all committed to the same cause in some way or other.

Telling the stories of everyone who joined Libertad Ya's event that day would add thousands more pages to this book and details and nuances to the proceedings described, but it all boiled down to their shared desire to create a new space for freedom.

VÍCTOR MANUEL ARBELOA A STROLL AROUND ETXARRI

Victor Manuel Arbeloa was involved in the preparations for Jesús Ulayar's tribute. On 19 January 2004, when there were still five days to go before the event organised by Libertad Ya, he walked around Etxarri-Aranatz's streets and outskirts with Jesús and José Ignacio, the former mayor's two eldest children. The excursion was a stroll through the town centre, through history and through their own lives that had always been so closely linked to the struggle for freedom. The result of the idea was published a few days afterwards in *Diario de Navarra*.

As a writer, historian, poet and politician of vast experience, he once quoted the words of his revered Václav Havel on being awarded an honorary doctorate from the University of New York. "Politics," explained the former Czech President, "is an area of human activity where the temptation to advance through unfair actions may be stronger than elsewhere, and which thus makes higher demands on human integrity." He went on to say: "It is not true that people of high principles are ill-suited for politics. High principles have only to be accompanied by patience, consideration, a sense of measure and understanding for others. It is not true that only cold-hearted, cynical, arrogant, haughty or brawling persons succeed in politics."⁴⁸

Victor Manuel Arbeloa could hold up his mirror without any trepidation to see how well he lived up to those words, because the characteristics cited by Havel

⁴⁸ Taken from the speech published by the *International Herald Tribune*, 29 October 1991, available at: <http://dardel.info/Textes/Havel.html>

directly apply to his lengthy journey, beginning during the latter part of Franco's regime when he and others advocated for the re-founding of the Socialist Party in Navarra, then working for the institutions – the Parliament of Navarra, then the European Parliament – and ending in the crisis period that split his party during the 1990s. These were distinct and irreversible stages whose common denominators were freedom and defending Navarra. "Politics is, above all, the art of being an agent of change for every person's good and for the good of the world," said Václav Havel, and that is what Víctor, consciously or unconsciously, always tried to do, including when he decided to return to Etxarri-Aranatz to find out about the life and legacy of Jesús Ulayar.

The student within him did not need a bibliography or records to document the background to that trip; it was sufficient for him to recall his previous visits to unearth an eloquent summary of the changes the town had experienced during the last thirty years. In 1976, for example, he went to the town to attend a course on the Church's social doctrine. The idea had come from the parish, from its leader at the time, Tomás Lizarraga, and the sessions took place in the church's film room. He took part in a round table on the political situation and from the stage he could appreciate how the audience "clearly" reflected the tensions of the time. Jesús Ulayar had resigned from the council a few months prior and there were still three years to go before the first local elections under democracy would be held, but the pressure exerted by nationalism seeped out of every pore in the town. And not just in Etxarri. The atmosphere was incendiary in many places and Víctor Manuel Arbeloa invested all his energy and even his verses into striving for peace. That same year, conscious of the almost unbearable burden of the immediate past, he co-signed a letter along

with Julio Caro Baroja, Gabriel Celaya, Blas de Otero, Carlos Garaikoetxea and Tomás Caballero addressed to the recently proclaimed King Juan Carlos. The letter openly called for a total amnesty, not excluding the perpetrators of violent crimes: "Profoundly concerned for the future of our people," read the text, "we have witnessed the failure of repressive politics tenaciously applied over many years in a failed attempt to resolve the issues. In the face of spiralling violence, we believe in a democratic solution, and in amnesty as a first measure towards this."

But the recently legalised political parties failed to agree on anything else. Shortly after it was sent, on 16 January 1977, the PNV wanted to make Etxarri-Aranatz into the new Estella of 14 July 1931 when the Statute of Basque-Navarrese Autonomy was ratified, i.e. "a flagship example of local Basque power," in the words of Arbeloa himself. He did not achieve it because the Government prohibited the meeting and because few local representatives attended. "Despite everything" he wrote, "at that enthusiastic meeting held in the town hall council chamber, it was clearly trumpeted what pro-independence Basque nationalism was going to achieve during the coming years."

His stint in politics and working in institutions would give him a privileged perspective on fundamental issues that lay quiescent during those first highly charged transition years. In an article he wrote in 1988 entitled 'The Navarrese Resistance', he summarised it as follows:

It was a period when ETA was killing left, right and centre and the Herri Batasuna party was gaining support across Navarra and came to the Regional Parliament, and when, at one dramatic point I had to throw them out so we didn't all have to go home. Nafarroa Euskadi da (Navarra is

Euskadi) had become a war cry, chanted by everyone who wanted to be thought of as progressive or left-wing, by everyone who claimed to want to fight against fascism, reaction and conservatism.

“PNV’s ‘obsession’ over Navarra,” he added, “had become a full-blown ‘nightmare’ during Carlos Garaikoetxea’s leadership of the Basque Government.”

Towards the end of February 1979, one month after Jesús Ulyar’s assassination, Víctor Manuel Arbeloa returned to Etxarri to take part in a local election campaign event as one of the PSOE candidates. The meeting was due to be held at a bar in the town centre, but the venue was surrounded by dozens of people intent on boycotting it, so the promoters prudently decided to postpone the meeting. Something similar happened around those same dates to various UPN members who were trying to publicise the manifesto of their newly founded party. Since then, neither of the two main parties in Navarra has stood in the town’s local elections.

The historian and writer sides of him drove him to later return to place the characters and events in *Whites and Blacks*⁴⁹, “Arturo Campión’s sectarian novel”. He therefore roamed the streets and neighbourhoods of the old bastide, built to keep out “Castilian evildoers from Gipuzkoa”. Some history books indeed date the settlement of Etxarri-Aranatz town back to 1312, when the “people of the land” applied to Governor Enguerrand de Villers to build a fence to protect them from their neighbours from whom they were constantly under attack. “The governor granted them a municipal charter which set out considerable exemptions and privileges (although they would still keep their social status as burghers, nobles and farm workers),

49 Spanish title: *Blancos y negros*

and provided the town’s administrative body with the necessary structures,” explained historian Luis Javier Fortún. Despite the initiative, Gipuzkoa did not cease its attacks and in 1351 Carlos II added new privileges to the 1312 Charter and undertook to construct a stone wall to turn the town into a true stronghold. “From then onwards, perhaps, they started to use Pamplona’s charter in the town,” Fortún ventured.

During that walk searching for Campión’s characters, Víctor Manuel Arbeloa could see just how many pro-ETA graffiti and slogans there already were in the town. As he joined in an annual *Nafarroa Oinetz* walk (fundraising for Basque schools in Navarra) with friends, he discovered the artwork was “even more abundant and forceful” and that the main street had been transformed into “an exhibition and homage dedicated to ETA prisoners”. “There are towns which ETA seems to have taken over,” he wrote in December 2003, without making reference to any specific place, but he would surely have been thinking of the Ulyars’ small hometown. And he explained why he made that claim: “For weeks, months and even years, there have been shocking graffiti art, alien flags and banners, repulsive paintings, macabre caricatures during town festivals and hundreds of road signs erased or destroyed for being written in Castilian [...] Whilst anywhere else in the world any terrorist or fanatical intent to split away butts up against a firm and widely held patriotic good will, here, even at the best of times, we only work and fight ‘for freedom’ as an abstract concept, as if there were no such thing as a specific freedom of something for someone.”

Another time when he made a trip to Etxarri to visit the family of a nun whom he had met in Dakar, Senegal, during his time at the European Parliament, someone smashed his car headlights.

It was not easy to shy away from this history during his visit on 19 January 2004. The cold, sunny afternoon meant he could make out the snow on the Aralar and Sastrústegui mountain ranges, an ocular balm after viewing the graffiti gallery he had just seen again in the town. Many of them are quoted in his article, for example: "Amnesty", "Gora ETA" (Viva ETA), "Presoak kalera" (Prisoners back on the streets), "Diario de Navarra" next to a swastika, "Murderous Police", "Hau ez da Ezpainia" (This isn't Spain) or "Luis askatu" (Free Luis). "Luis" was Luis Mariñelarena, local resident convicted of the murder of Fernando Buesa and *ertzaina* Jorge Díaz.

Víctor Manuel Arbeloa and his two guides walked past the controversial sites of the Basque schools, today housing "as Mayor Ulayar wanted," a senior citizens' centre with its courtyard, café and library.

Also in the vicinity, they also spotted graffiti at the Eusko Alkartasuna party headquarters: "EA-PNV abertzale faltsuak zarete" ("EA-PNV are fake patriots"). Approaching the town hall, they saw a memorial to the convict Bautista Barandalla on both sides of the facade. They strolled through the new Malkarramendi and Aldapasoro neighbourhoods and reached the industrial state that ran the length of the old main road "where early bird Ufesa (now part of the Siemens group) used to loom with its two-storey building, for whose long-term presence and stability Mayor Ulayar had worked so hard."

At the cemetery, they were greeted by graffiti on the external wall: a three-cornered hat with an 'x' through it, and next to it the interjection "*alde*" (Get out!). Inside the graveyard, Víctor Manuel Arbeloa was moved by the epitaph next to the former mayor's remains, written in the first person and with the quote from the Bible in Euskara that his children had had engraved underneath. At the graves

nearby, among the photos and religious, local or professional symbols, it did not take him long to find a map of Euskal Herria with an ETA logo on it.

They then returned to the town centre, to the Mundiño neighbourhood, and visited the three-storey house in which Jesús Ulayar Liciaga was born and in which the Catholic Circle his parents ran was based. The last part of the walk took them to the scene of the crime: number 4 calle Maiza, the square thirteen-year-old Salvador Ulayar crossed in pursuit of the murderers and the route the assassins took to get out of town.

Leaving the town behind via the Lizarrusti road, Víctor Manuel Arbeloa glanced again at the fresh snowfall carpeting the slopes of San Donato. The explanation as to why he looked back appears in the last paragraph of his article:

"I need to see something clean, something pure, to take my mind away from so much cruelty, ferocity and inhuman degradation."

SANZ BIURRUN SISTERS 25 YEARS WITHOUT CARLOS

Jesús Ulayar Liciaga was one of four people ETA murdered in Navarra in 1979. The first to die that Year of Lead of a total of 85 victims across the country was Francisco Berlanga Robles, to whom homage was also paid on 24 January 2004 in Etxarri-Aranatz. Next to fall were Pedro Fernández Serrano and Carlos Sanz Biurrun.

Pedro Fernández, who was born in a little village near Salamanca and arrived in Pamplona after having spent some years in Mañeru, was the owner of Moicano café on calle Navarro Villoslada, a few metres from the Government Building. Police officers and civil servants were café regulars and the owner was threatened on several occasions for serving them. On 5 April 1979, terrorists hid a bomb in one of the toilet cisterns. The device exploded at 11:30 p.m., just as Pedro Fernández was checking the toilets before closing. He was 29 years old and married to Raquel Martínez Aubán from Esnoz in Erro Valley. They had two boys aged five and four.

Inspector Carlos Sanz Biurrun from the Superior Police Corps had drunk dozens of coffees at Moicano. Pedro Fernández's death must have moved him deeply, as it would have the other customers. Six months later, on 8 October, two ETA gunmen opened fire on him in Bajada del Labrit, very close to his home. He was married to Teresa Ilarregui, who passed away in 1992 from illness.

Carlos Sanz had two younger sisters: María Elena and Paquita. The latter was only 3 weeks away from giving birth when the attack happened and the doctor recommended she stay at home. She could not, therefore, go

to his funeral at San Miguel Church, nor join the throngs at his burial held under a deluge of rain. She managed to reach the end of her pregnancy thanks to Valium.

The 24 January 2004 programme was not something the Sanz Biurrun sisters were about to miss, however. They knew the Ulayars because they had met at several Asociación Víctimas del Terrorismo meetings and because they are José Ignacio's neighbours in Zizur Mayor. When the participants were invited over the microphone to place their handprints on the wall of the family home, Paquita and María Elena approached and stamped their palm prints along with the other attendees, acquaintances or no. It was their hands they were printing, but they also represented in some way the model policeman murdered 25 years prior, the "essentially good man" who was "open, understanding, friendly and full of kindness" according to the description published on the front page of *Diario de Navarra* the day after the crime. During the tribute to Jesús Ulayar, María Elena and Paquita could not help but remember their brother.

Carlos Sanz Biurrun had been born in Guenduláin, an old estate in the district of Zizur, about fifteen kilometres from Pamplona. His parents worked as labourers for the owner of the estate and he grew up with his sisters in a rural environment that was dying out. The estate still contained San Andrés Church and the palace with battlements that five centuries earlier had belonged to Francés de Ayanz, but its heyday had passed: the school had been abandoned, the paths no longer heard children's voices and games and cracks began to appear in several houses due to vibrations from Potasas de Navarra's mines travelling silently underground.

In 1953, Carlos enrolled in the Pamplona diocesan seminary. He was thirteen and he was in the same year

group as Jesús Labari who is parish priest for San Lorenzo in Pamplona today, and Martín Sanz Belarra from Baquedano, who lost an arm in the 11 March 2004 Madrid train bombings. Like them, he spent years studying philosophy and theology and decided to become ordained, but there was a point where he had doubts and "he preferred to leave rather than be a bad priest," his sisters explain.

He then thought about building on his studies and getting his primary teaching degree, but his connection with an acquaintance from Astráin who had joined the police gave him the idea of following in his footsteps. His sisters remember how he would get on his bike each day and pedal with excitement to the Pamplona neighbourhood of Chantrea where he was preparing for his entrance tests.

He joined the force in 1962 and his first posting was Bilbao. ETA at that stage was only a subversive group trying to make itself known with graffiti and fleeting pamphlets. Some history books say that the first serious attack the group planned was the derailing of a train carrying ex-servicemen from the so-called national army in the summer of 1961. The convoy was heading to San Sebastián for the events organised to commemorate the Spanish military coup of 18th July 1936. Several members of the organisation that had originated three years earlier among young nationalists removed some bolts from the track and the fastenings that held the rails in place, but the train reached its destination without too much disruption. Some of the texts written around ETA have claimed that botched attack was ETA's debut, but today it is accepted that the bomb that exploded on 27 June 1960 at Amara station in San Sebastián was also ETA's work. The device, which an anonymous tip-off attributed to a plot by the Iberian Revolutionary Liberation Directory, caused the death of a girl, Begoña Urroz Ibarrola, who was very probably the

terrorist group's first fatal victim. The three home-made explosives planted in December 1959 at other "symbolic" targets were also ETA's handiwork: Araba-Álava Government Delegation Office ("representing the Spanish State"), a police station in Bilbao ("representing repression") and the offices of Santander-based newspaper *Alerta*, which belonged to the Movimiento press group ("representing the ideological enemy").

Carlos Sanz Biurrun would listen with great interest to reports on these plots while he was in the Bizkaia capital. His enthusiasm and excitement at 22 years old meant he could not have predicted that the group, which referred to itself as "the Basque resistance" and likened itself to the struggles of Indochina, Algeria, Angola or Vietnam, would end up taking his life just a few years later.

He soon headed back to Pamplona, where he joined the Criminal Investigation Brigade, now part of the Judicial Police. The city enjoyed a few relatively tranquil years and the young officer came to be on first name terms with many of the troublemakers who frequented the station's cells, forming something close to friendship with some of them.

María Elena Sanz, ten years younger than her brother, remembers bumping into him in the street once or twice, chatting naturally with some arrest he had made. Paquita was even the reason why one of the small-time, petty criminals fled. She was a boarder at Las Dominicas in calle Descalzos and one day during breaktime she walked with some of her classmates to Plaza del Castillo. There she saw Carlos walking alongside two other people and she ran up to hug him. Her bursting onto the scene made the small group lose its momentum and the "young lad" who was between them ran off, Carlos and his colleague unable to catch him. Paquita was really worried, but the

officers were not too concerned. "Relax, he's not going to do it again," they said. When they go back over these memories, over the immense affection they have for their big brother, María Elena and Paquita always come to the same conclusion: "We were so proud of him!"

While Carlos Sanz Biurrun and the other officers in the brigade took that common, low-level delinquency in their stride as something to be expected in a medium-sized city, the clandestine organisation that had recently got alarm bells ringing in police stations in San Sebastián and Bilbao started to rear its head in Pamplona too. On 22 December 1964 at 3:15 a.m., a device exploded at Monumento a los Caídos (Monument to the Fallen) in Plaza Conde de Rodezno. The culprits had planted two explosives, but only one of them detonated. Leaflets appeared scattered over the area explaining the reason for the attack, and there was also graffiti supporting their ideology. One of them said: "Navarra for the Navarrese" and another read: "God - Homeland - King = Opium. Although there was minimal material damage, the echo of the explosion rang out for several days. Responsibility for the attack was claimed by *Iratxe*, a group whose activity in the Autonomous Community of Navarra had been fostered by ETA itself. *Iratxe* distributed a magazine of the same name to apartments and entrance halls across Pamplona, Estella and Olite, and 18 months later it abandoned its own name to 'officially' merge with ETA. Its leaders explained in a statement at the time that the amalgamation was due to their "synchronicity of perspective", but the measure was actually more of a propaganda move because both organisations had been fundamentally the same thing from their inception.

On 16 January 1965, almost simultaneously to *Iratxe's* statement being issued, several police officers apprehended Jokin Gárate, an ETA militant from Algorta, in

Pamplona's city centre. He had been tried in absentia the previous week. The officers asked for his ID and the young man ran off. His pursuers opened fire and Gárate was shot in the thigh. The activist was arrested. It was probably the first confrontation recorded in Navarra between an ETA member and security forces.

Two weeks later, on 2 February, the police arrested a young French woman named Christianne Etxaluz in Elizondo. She was an *Enbata* militant, a group with close links to ETA created in 1963 on the other side of the Pyrenees, who had gone to Pamplona to study at the University of Navarra. She was accused of playing a part in the attack on the Monumento a los Caídos.

Carlos Sanz Biurrun had a front row seat at those arrests and at the famous incident that took place on 5 January 1969. Two months earlier, the police had arrested Arantza Arruti Odriozola, the terrorist organisation's leader in the Autonomous Community of Navarra. The young woman was taken to Pamplona prison, where she was incarcerated. Her husband, Gregorio López Irasuegui, one of the group's most renowned militants, along with Javier Izco de la Iglesia, accused of firing the shots that killed Melitón Manzanas, turned up at the jail intent on freeing her. Both were armed and confronted the officers, but one of the shots fired by the officers hit Izco in the lung, seriously wounding him. López Irasuegui was also arrested. Months later, Arruti, López Irasuegui and Izco would become three of the protagonists in the Burgos Trials.

In that same year of 1969, another significant event took place on 6 April, coinciding with the Basque national day *Aberri Eguna* celebrations. Two militants from EGI, PNV's youth wing, lost their lives in the outskirts of Ostiz, near the Ultzama river valley, when the bomb they were assembling blew up inside a Morris. The names of the two

men killed were Joaquín Artajo Garro and Alberto Azurmendi Arina, both from Pamplona. Artajo had already joined ETA before the incident.

Carlos Sanz was clearly concerned at ETA's growing presence demonstrated by these events. His relatives suggested he go back to his primary teaching degree and change career, but he wanted to remain a police officer. "That's not the solution," he would say when people suggested he change profession. Nor did the explosives attack on 6 March 1972 against the monument to the founder of the Guardia Civil, the Duke of Ahumada, or the kidnapping of industrialist Felipe Huarte in January 1973 dissuade him. He continued to look after those arrested, helping the families who asked after them at the station and trying to deliver on all their requests, whether they were within his control or not.

The 26 November 1977 attack that cost Joaquín Imaz his life, turned his anxiety and that of his loved ones up several notches. The murders ETA was committing over those years were becoming frequent and his sister María Elena still remembers the dizziness she would feel when the newsreaders announced a new attack: "Please don't say Carlos... please don't say Carlos," she would repeat to herself.

Around that time, the inspector's mother suffered hemiplegia and spent two months at Navarra Hospital. He found time each day to take her meals to the hospital and feed her. He often bumped into his sisters or brothers-in-law there and they could not help but notice the security measures he had come to adopt in his daily routine: on leaving the building or approaching the car, he always led the way, alert to any strange presence.

He probably shared his worries with Pedro Fernández at the Moicano. The bar's owner had notified the police

of the threats he had received and it seems logical to think they may have discussed it discreetly over a coffee or two. What is certain is that his wife, Raquel Martínez, who also worked in the café, remembers Carlos Sanz vividly from the many coffees she served him and the cigars he sometimes smoked after a meal. She saw him chatting with her husband more than once, although she did not suspect at the time that the topic of their conversations related to the terrorist organisation that would end up depriving both men of their lives.

Carlos Sanz was a methodical person with regular habits and it was not difficult for his murderers to find out that he went home every day to number 28 calle Tejería at 2:45 p.m. On 8 October 1979, they were waiting for him at Bajada del Labrit and rained bullets down on him as he had just finished parking his Seat 132. Two bullets hit him in the head and others in the chest. He died instantly.

The gunshots alerted his neighbours and some rushed to the scene in time to see a young man “of about 25” with a beard and wearing “a grey-checked” shirt, who had his arms stretched out in front of him, aiming his still-smoking gun at the police officer. Almost everyone immediately identified the man whose blood was streaming out onto the pavement because they had crossed paths with him on dozens of occasions, because they had exchanged views on a thousand matters, because they loved him. “As soon as I saw him, I realised it was the policeman who lived in our street,” one neighbour told the press. “He was wearing the grey suit he often wore. He was very friendly and would say hello as he walked by. He had a big dog that the children knew well because when he took it for walks they would go and see it.”

One of María Elena Sanz’s friends who lived just off Labrit called her. “There’s been an attack on your brother,”

she told her, “but don’t rush because the ambulance has already arrived and taken him.” With anxiety devouring them inside, she and her husband quickly made their way to Navarra Hospital, but their hope crumbled on arrival: Carlos’ lifeless body was stretched out in a room in the emergency department.

His lying in repose was arranged in the Throne Room at the Government Delegation Office. One particular scene that took place inside the room stands out in María Elena Sanz’s memory. Several of the inspector’s colleagues were holding vigil over his body and some friends and family were silently crying when a scruffy-looking man entered the room. He might have been an offender Carlos had detained a few times. The newcomer went straight to the coffin and hugging it, cried: “You were like a father to me!” His entrance broke the spell of formality but did not come as a surprise to anyone, for they all knew the affection in which many of the city’s delinquents held him. These same ties explain why gypsy people brought flowers to his grave for years.

The funeral was said by Javier Lorente, the priest who celebrated his wedding a few years earlier at the church in Zizur Mayor. In his homily, he quoted the words John Paul II had recently spoken in Ireland: “...that nobody may ever call murder by any other name than murder.”

The funeral procession went around Plaza de las Meriendades (then named Plaza del General Mola) twice before heading for the cemetery. Hundreds of people came out into the street to say their last goodbyes to the murdered policeman and a lengthy train of cars followed the hearse to Pamplona graveyard, where his remains were interred. The fourteen floral wreaths that were laid by his grave reveal just how much so many Pamplona residents cared about him.

The Ulayar brothers have often retold the story of their shock at seeing how their family dog Chiqui had howled and cried next to the corpse of her owner. The reaction from Carlos Sanz' German Shepherd was very similar. The animal stopped with sad eyes next to the inspector's items of clothing lying about the house and for months, when Teresa Ilarregui walked him, he would always sense the exact point where he fell peppered with bullets and there was no budging him.

However, 25 years would pass before someone would remember the Pamplona-born police officer at the crime scene again. It was on 9 October 2004. Just as they had done in Etxarri-Aranatz, Libertad Ya organised a civic event to pay Carlos Sanz Biurrun and Pedro Fernández Serrano the tribute they did not receive when ETA ended their lives. The event was held in Bajada del Labrit, at the same place where the inspector's body had lain. And just as Paquita and María Elena had stamped their white handprints nine months earlier on the Ulayars' house, it was then Salvador, the youngest's, turn to present both of them with a bouquet of flowers, conveying the gratitude felt by every person present for the dignity they had shown over so many years in the midst of pain and abandonment.

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On January 27, 1979, the terrorist organisation ETA killed Jesús Ulayar Liciaga in Etxarri-Aranatz, Navarre, Spain. Ulayar had served as the town's mayor from 1969 to 1975. Since his death, his widow and four children have endured a long struggle marked by pain and isolation. Compounding the tragedy, the town council infamously honoured the perpetrators, who were arrested in October 1979, by naming them "town's favorite sons". When these murderers were released from prison in the subsequent years, many in the town welcomed them as heroes, even inviting them to inaugurate the patron saint's festivities.



On January 24, 2004, two thousand people gathered in Etxarri-Aranatz to honour Jesús Ulayar, offering his family the companionship and support they had been denied for the previous 25 years. *Return to Etxarri-Aranatz* chronicles the stories that converged on that day in the heart of La Barranca and reflects on the enduring legacy of terrorism in Navarre.



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