

C.N.T.

F.A.!



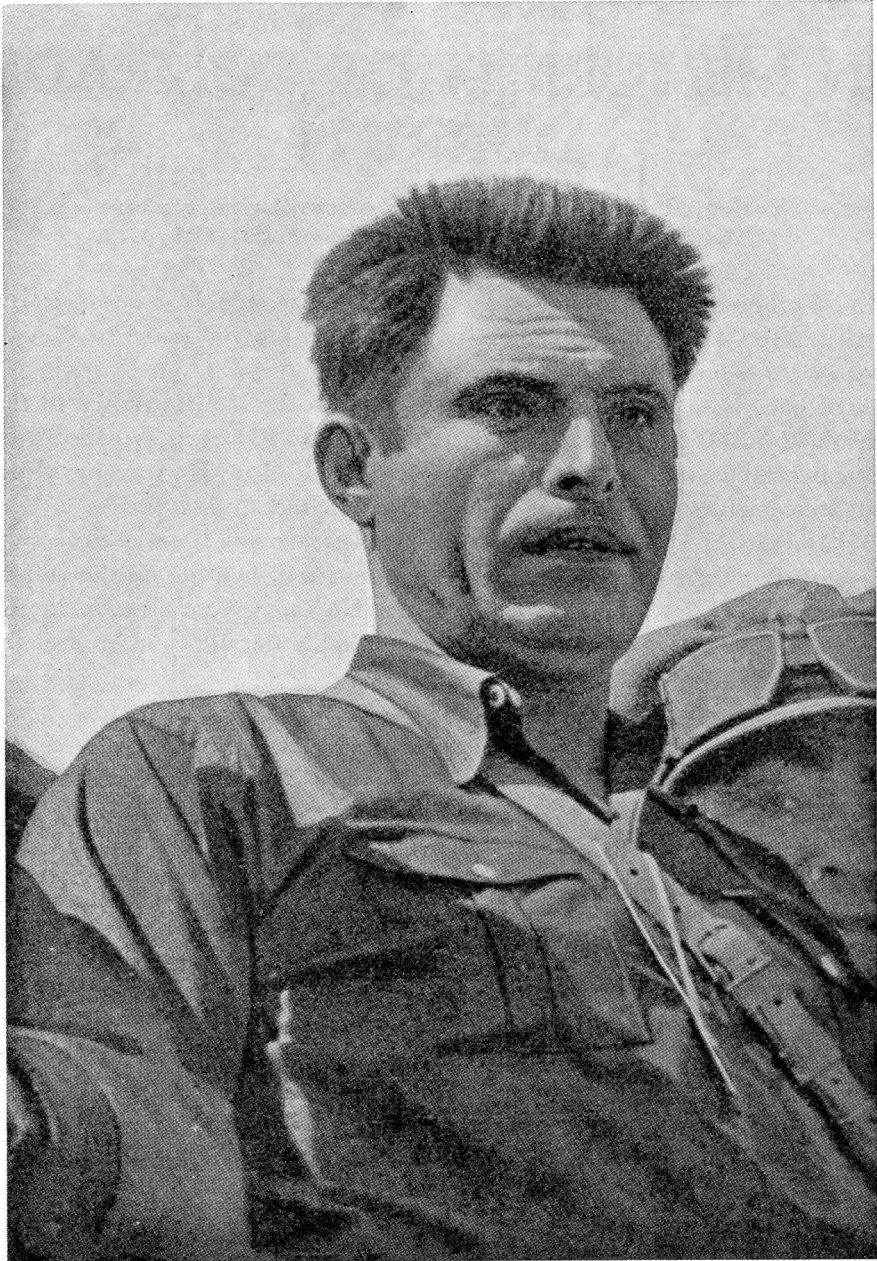
Buenaventura
Durruti

C.N.T.

F.A.!



Buenaventura
Durruti



BUENAVENTURA DURRUTI

July 14th, 1896 - November 20th, 1936

IN MEMORIAM OF COMRADE DURRUTI

delivered by Federica Montseny from the microphone
of the War Ministry in Madrid, November 21th, 1936.

Workers of Madrid and of Spain! I feel that on this occasion words will fail me. I feel that my emotions will betray me and make it difficult for me to say what I wish to say.

I have been asked by the CNT to speak to the Madrid public of the death of our Durruti. Of our Durruti and of your Durruti, because Durruti belonged to the people. He was a part of all of us. He was something identified with the very blood of the Iberian race.

Durruti is dead. Durruti was more than a man. He was already a legend. But Durruti is dead. He died at the front, fighting on the soil of Madrid where he came to offer his life. He came from Aragon in the midst of his men, in the midst of his indomitable warriors and he brought to Madrid the generous sacrifice of his life.

Comrades of Madrid! Men and women! All of you! How can I speak to you? I have shared with Durruti, like so many other comrades and those of us who were active in the CNT, hours of struggle and tragedy, days black and sad, days also glorious. Comrades, those of you who fought at the side of Durruti, Comrades of his column, today, heartbroken with grief, today with tears in your eyes, how can I speak to you when your sorrow is my sorrow and the feelings of all Spain make my words falter and make my heart tremble.

I have followed the life of Durruti step by step. He was a strong worker of the foundry, he was a labourer from the mountains of Leon. He arrived in Barcelona very young and began to work like the rest of us. Afterwards, the social struggle at the time of the "dictatura" carried him off as an exile of the world. He had an adventurous life, a really legendary life. Condemned to death together with Ascaso in Argentine, he escaped to France, where he was imprisoned. You all know the tremendous press-campaign that freed him from the demand of Argentine for his extradition in order that the death penalty that hung over him might be applied. His life was one of generous sacrifice and absolute disinterestedness. Durruti lived always, absolutely always from his work,

and when he did not work, he had to live miserably as a vagabond of the world.

When the rebellion of July 19th, 1936 broke out, he fought together with Ascaso and Manzano in the siege of Atarazanas, where brave Ascaso lost his life. Manzano was a sergeant and became an inseparable companion of Durruti. It is he who will continue the work of Durruti. The work of revolutionary and, at the same time, military defense. Durruti was not only a revolutionary Anarchist, but a born warrior, he was a military genius of the finest instinct. Those who have visited the Aragon front, and who have seen the admirable organisation, created by Durruti, were amazed. Foreign news paper men and military chiefs who visited this front wondered where this rude worker of the foundry could have developed his military genius, his organising instinct and the moral force which made him the beloved chief of everyone. Where did Durruti get his simplicity and the kindness revealed in his childlike eyes? He got it from within, from his hard life as a son of the masses, as the son of a peasant. He was a man who did not need to impose himself. His simple and cordial manner, his unique smile with which he passed from life, captured everyone.

One day the comrades of Durruti at the Aragon front told me that when there were not enough shoes or sandals to go around, Durruti went bare-foot. He had a mattress to lie on and if his 2,000, his 3,000, his 4 or 5,000 men did not have a mattress to lie on, Durruti gave his mattress to the youngest or the oldest or the feeblest to lie on. And he slept on the ground with the others. That was Durruti. I have often defined him as having the body of a giant and the soul of a child.

We all feel maddened with grief. We all feel that we have lost something very precious to us, something like a part of our own body. All Spain must feel the same, because when a man acquires, as I have said before, the category of a symbol, this man is no longer a representative of a tendency, he is no longer just a comrade and a friend. He becomes a representative of the whole people. And now that we are creating a new Spain and from this Spain a new world, where a new society is being created by rivers of blood, Durruti will be the symbol of all of us, with his undying faith in himself and in the triumph of justice and the ideal which we pursue.

You all know him. You have all seen his herculean body, the eyes of a child in his half savage face, eyes of crystal clearness, and his smile, a smile that revealed his soul. His soul, childlike, pure and great, which as I have said before, is the soul of a child in the body of a giant.

Comrades, men and women of all tendencies, I ask you to render the homage of your sentiment and the admiration you must feel for the hero who has died. Durruti is not just Durruti. He is all of us and is a symbol of this struggle, sustained during many years and culminating in our gigantic effort of rebellion against the past, rebellion against the old historic destinies of Spain.

We feel now more than ever, comrades and friends, Socialists, Communists, Anarchists, Antifascists of all tendencies, that this is the hour of sacred union. We have now also the symbol of vengeance, made concrete in a man who has died, in a man who represents all and who is all in you and all in us. How much we have to revenge! The blood of innocent victims, the blood of sacrificed children, the blood of women who have fallen in the Dantesque battle of Madrid. In these days of tragedy lived by the people of Madrid their symbol is the majestic figure of Durruti, who knew to give his life simply. That is our tragedy, the tragedy of this struggle, unique and more cruel than others. The enemy reserves his leaders and military chiefs who direct operations from a safe vantage. Our warriors, the most capable ones, die on the firing line. They die like the captains of old died, like men die when they are worthy of themselves.

Comrades, sorrow is fruitful. It elevates men. Our sorrow, comparable only with the sorrow felt for Lenins death by his comrades - this sorrow we must make fruitful. Repeating the last words of Durruti we must promise firmly and faithfully to do the impossible, in order that our struggle will be crowned with success. Up to now we have fought instinctively as popular militias and almost always directed by our own initiative. We must construct new frames, we must create uniform actions, we must make from our militia an invincible revolutionary army, which will give us not only triumph over the enemy in this war, but the full possibility of realising our ideals.

What more can I say to you? A last word, a last message - Durruti, my brother, my friend, inseparable companion to all those who have fought at your side, we still dream with you, laugh with you, and together with you, defy death. Durruti, my brother, my friend, all of us who lived with you, loved with you, fought with you, and suffer with you, swear by the innocent head of your little daughter. We swear to give our last drop of blood to revenge you!

DURRUTI - ANARCHIST

Durruti fell when he was most indispensable. This is not the place to give a full sized portrait of Durruti's rich and fascinating characteristics - his idealism coupled with sound and well balanced judgement. Our loss amidst the struggle with fascism can now only be evaluated at the point of the sword or with roaring cannons.

The tragedy which hangs over all humanity cannot be fought with literary phrases or with poetic rhymes. Today we need legions of heroic men because the fight is fierce and the battle hard. That is why sentimentality has been relegated to the last plane of human emotions.

To conquer fascism is a question of force, of violence. And force and violence cannot be reconciled with sentimental expressions.

Above all Durruti was a proletarian Anarchist. Profoundly proletarian. Durruti moulded himself under the clear and precise teaching, of that great Anarchist, Anselmo Lorenzo. For Durruti, it was not a matter of theorising. It was above all the realization of the social value of the workers. The value of solidarity, of proletarian rebellion, opposing the world of bourgeois pettiness. Naturally, Durruti was at all times inspired by his fervent desire of identification with the multitude, of suffering with it and defending it. He was an Anarchist, partisan of the workers movement. He fought for the economic and moral redemption of the individual. He was a proletarian and he loved the proletariat. There is no revolution possible unless it is firmly rooted in compassion with the oppressed and persecuted. Durruti was a partisan of the workers movement, because among the workers he was able to sow the good word of Libertarianism. He looked with distrust on all who posed as personages or chiefs obsessed by their intellectual importance. He admitted however and welcomed in our camp elements of the middle class, students, writers, but he impressed on them the need of emancipation from the dead weight of the privileged class before they could mix with the people.

As a propagandist he preferred always simple words without searching for literary or impressive phrases. He insisted on clearness and

hated the problematical and the complicated. He knew how to be profound without abandoning at any time his simplicity. This is a virtue which only those possess, who are imbued with a great ideal.

When Durruti spoke from the platform, his audience knew well what he said. On the other hand he interpreted exactly the sentiments and the protests of the people. On seeing his face, terribly expressive with its great energy, he was considered as a man of iron. Nevertheless, Durruti was a child, who laughed simply and wept when confronted with human tragedy.

For 25 years we have known Durruti. In these 25 years of struggle of intense and agitated life, passing through veritable cataclysm and no end of persecutions in which it is so easy to lose one's way, he remained unalterable. Not only did he not deviate from his life as a militant fighter, but never and in no place did he leave a trace of rancour or animosity.

His rectitude, his firmness, his perseverance, his fraternal spirit were all quite natural to him. It was simply that he had become penetrated to the full with the ideas and the moral principles which express the true Anarchist personality. It is simply that he followed a genuine vocation in giving himself utterly to revolutionary militancy. It was necessary to give himself entirely to the ideal, to the struggle, to his companions. He gave himself without show or ostentation.

The 20th of July, rifle in hand, he beat down the last strongholds of fascism and militarism in the streets. On July 24th, he continued facing the enemy on the firing line in Aragon. Four months later he fell in the advance lines of Madrid. Others have done the same anonymously, others have fallen, wrapped up in the shadow of the unknown. Durruti and these men are the real heroes of this cruel and tragic civilwar.

A man like Durruti cannot but leave a deep impression of fellowship. He cannot help being brought into relief although this never had any importance for him.

He was outstanding in his most intimate qualities as a proletarian, as an Anarchist, as a comrade. We, who have shared with him prisons, exile, adversity and suffering, shall follow his luminous path, if we are strong. And if we are not we should shoot ourselves. It is a question of life or death.

LIBERTO CALLEJAS

The life of Buenaventura Durruti

Today revolutionary Barcelona is mourning the death of its best son. The Anarchist Buenaventura Durruti fell at the Madrid front. The whole Spanish people is stricken with grief over the loss of Durruti. Not only the million members of revolutionary workers of the Confederation, but all those fighting with them against the fascist generals, are mourning Durruti. He was the purest expression of the Spanish Libertarian masses. Hundreds of thousands looked up to him with love and confidence, men who were his bitterest enemies for years, bowed before his hearse.

During these months of struggle against fascism, Buenaventura Durruti had become the hero of the whole people. His greatness consisted in his being the most brotherly, the most perfect comrade. And this was the secret of his unlimited power over all who came into touch with him.

He had led the life of a fighter. Durruti was born on July 14th, 1896 in León, one of nine children. His father was a railway-worker. The children were brought up in an atmosphere of Libertarian and Socialist ideas. One of Durruti's brothers fell during the October-Revolution in Asturias, one is fighting at the Madrid front. All the others have been executed by the fascists on enemy territory.

The child Buenaventura, in spite of his bodily strength, used to dislike rough games. Fourteen years old, Durruti started to work as a mechanic in the railway-workshops of Leon. After the suppression of the railway-workers strike in 1917, he had to leave the country. For three years he worked in Paris as a mechanic.

In 1920, he returned to Spain. In San Sebastian he was introduced to an Anarchist circle. The comrade Buenacasa, then President of the National Committee of the CNT, induced him to come to Barcelona at a time when all activity had been brutally suppressed. Governor Martinez Anido and the chief of the police Arlegui tortured and murdered the militant Anarchists of Catalonia.

The one instrumental in bringing about the repression, and the terror was Dato, President of the ministry. Durruti and Ascaso decided to do away with him. While every revolutionary labour organisation was closed and the activities of the workers frustrated, yellow unions were given every opportunity. In fact they had been organised for the purpose of breaking the backbone of the real workers syndicates. Strangely enough, and yet not so strange for the reactionary part always played by the church in Spain, it was Cardinal Soldevila of Saragossa, who fathered the strike breaking unions. He supported them heavily. He could well afford it, because he derived vast dividends from numerous gambling places established at fashionable Hotels and Casinos. In point of fact, he was one of the largest shareholders in the company. Ascaso and Durruti made an end of this so-called holy man, who in the name of the one who had driven the moneychangers from the temple, did not hesitate to act as one himself, and to use his illgotten wealth to crush the efforts of the workers for more human social conditions.

Durruti and Ascaso had to flee from Spain. They went to Argentine where they were received with enthusiasm by the workers. But the police began a veritable manhunt of the two. Not only in Argentine. All over South America, Durruti and Ascaso were given no rest or peace. Uruguay, Paraguay, Chile and Mexico starved and drove them out. They had to return to Europe. They lived in Paris for a short period. There they met and became friends with the best comrades of international Anarchism. A very close friendship bound Durruti to the Ukrainian fighter for liberty Nestor Machnow. During their stay in Paris, Durruti and Ascaso made an attempt on the life of King Alfons. They were arrested and spent a year in French prisons. Argentine demanded their extradition. The French Anarchists inaugurated a libertarian campaign. Finally on July 19th, they were released, but had to leave France within two weeks. Belgium and Luxembourg refused them asylum. They went to Berlin but were turned out of Germany by the social democratic police. Again they lived in Paris for some months under cover. But Durruti and Ascaso could not bear to live on the solidarity of their comrades. They wanted to work, to earn their living. They found a job in Lyon, but six months later were discovered by the police and sentenced to six months imprisonment. After that they lived illegally in Belgium and in Germany. At last Belgium granted a stay. During all this time, they took active part in the revolutionary preparations of Macia, Gassol and others, always keeping in view the interests of the revolutionary workers of Spain. At that time Russia offered them a refuge, but under such conditions, the Anarchists could not possibly accept.

April 15th, 1931, Durruti, together with his friend Ascaso returned to Spain. They hoped to have a chance at last of living peacefully and working together with their comrades to spread their libertarian ideas, and to reorganise the Anarcho-syndicalist movement. But shortly after the revolt of Figols in January 1932, Durruti was arrested again. Together with other Anarchists, he was deported to Africa for many months by the Republican Government. His child was just two months old when he was torn away from his family.

From 1933 to 1935 Durruti was continuously hounded by the Republican police. He worked in a factory and belonged to the Textile-workers Syndicate of Barcelona. He spoke in meetings and took part in organisational work. Again and again he was arrested and spent most of his time in prison. For months on end the Catalan Left-Government kept him under arrest for no reason whatever.

On July 19th, 1936, not yet recovered from an operation he stood on the barricades. At his side fell his dear comrade Ascaso. Durruti organised the large Anarchist columns for the fronts in Aragon. Eight days after the putsch in Barcelona was liquidated, he went at the head of his column of volunteers to the front. When Madrid was threatened, he marched with some thousands of his Catalan Anarchists to the endangered city. This heroic action revived thousands of workers and inspired them anew to go on with the fight.

November 20th, he was slain, he fell as one of the gallant soldiers of

the antifascist war. November 22nd, his body was brought back to Barcelona, accompanied by his closest comrades. It lay in state until the following morning, thousands of people passing the coffin.

Buenaventura Durruti represented a mixture of the gayety and simplicity of a child with the energy of a giant. In decisive moments thousands looked up to him and followed his word. He was a modest man, almost shy. But everybody idolised him, as a greater man than most of the others, who stand at the front. He was one to follow, to confide in. His strange charm, the power of his personality carried everybody along. Everybody felt he was their best friend, devoted brother, who would sacrifice himself for them. He never demanded. He never commanded. He drew everybody as with magic when he stormed ahead of them, staking his life, when his childlike simple features expressed an iron energy, no one hesitated to go with him. He was a perfect Anarchist.

His ideas, his aims were always to serve the CNT and FAI. He was a Syndicalist, he was an Anarchist. He believed in the value of personal risk. He never imposed the same on others. He merely appealed to the dignity and responsibility of the individual. He believed in the liberation of the workers by their union and by direct economic action. Since 1933 he particularly stressed the necessity of creating industrial committees. In their constructive work he saw the guarantee of the social Revolution. At a large antiparliamentary meeting in the autumn of 1933, Durruti said: "The factory and the workshop are the workers university."

He considered the struggle, begun on July 19th, the way towards the Social Revolution. Full social justice and absolute personal freedom were for him the foundations of the antifascist movement. He pleaded passionately the strict military coordination of the popular militias. But he firmly opposed all those, who demanded the re-establishment of the old military code and barrack-discipline. Durruti's columns, organised on a foundation of comradeship were the best disciplined in the antifascist Spain. This because they were inspired by the ideas of Libertarianism. Durruti worked, ate, slept with his comrades, he looked after them with passionate care. They all adored him. His power over their minds and hearts was unlimited. He was their best comrade, but he never wanted to be superior to them. That is why they stood by him. He never remained behind when they attacked. He took his rifle and went with the others. He could not help it.

If there is such a thing as heroism, this man was a hero. If the term leadership, so misinterpreted and misused, still has a meaning, this man was a leader. Leading by his great, strong, incomparable spirit of fraternity.

Spain has opened a new period of European Revolutions. The Libertarian ideas of the Spanish revolutionary movement will inspire the future development in all other countries. The name of the CNT-FAI has become popular on the other side of the Pyrenees as well. The proletarians of all other countries are listening eagerly for the news of liberation. The name of Buenaventura Durruti will be for ever closely connected with the Libertarian Revolution that is in the making today in Spain.

H. RÜDIGER

My first meeting with Durruti



1927, Berlin. I open the door of my house. From one of the rooms comes the sound of a voice with a strong Spanish accent, singing: «C'est le piston, piston, piston, qui fait marcher la machine». (It is the piston, piston, piston, that sets the machine going). A dark eyed man on a divan, a fair-haired little boy on his knees to whom he is singing the French song. The face of the man shows energy and strength, his heavy black eyebrows make his feature appear hard and rough. But the sweet childlike song he is singing, proves a tender heart. The song is repeated, and now the little boy joins in: «C'est le piston, piston, piston...»

This had been my first meeting with Buenaventura Durruti. He had come to Berlin to seek refuge in Germany. This was denied him by the social democratic catholic coalition Government. On his «criminal» record, was the assassination of Soldevila, Cardinal of Saragossa, known and hated by the workers for his cruelty. Therefore the socialist Minister of Justice in Prussia did not dare to give him and his friend Ascaso permission to remain. Soviet Russia, when asked for a permit to come, would do so only on such political conditions, the Anarchists could not possibly

Durruti at
the front

accept. Durruti and Ascaso went back to Belgium. Already then the life of the two Anarchists, Ascaso and Durruti was very active. They had the reputation of being dangerous. They had prepared assaults against the terrible dictatorship of Primo de Rivera, they were pursued in most countries and nowhere could they find an asylum. Spain and Argentine had condemned them to death.

For many years Durruti lived clandestinely in several countries, working as a mechanic, always hunted by the police, suffering in prisons and never enjoying full security. When in 1931 the monarchy fell in Spain, Durruti could return to his native land.

He had grown and matured in the hard school of exile. He took part in all revolutionary movements, he was the very soul of all uprisings. Durruti was no theoretician, but a great orator and a man of action. His speeches were full of energy and revolutionary fire. He was loved for the honesty and frankness of his character. His idealism knew no bounds.

Durruti was not unprepared for the Fascist putsch. He had been ill. I was with him when his comrades came to call him. His wound was still bleeding but he had to go. He led them in the night of July 18th, when the comrades of the transport workers syndicate were the first one to take up arms. Every night, together with his comrades of the CNT and FAI, he prepared the defense against the fascist putsch. The workers had confidence in the Anarchists Durruti, Ascaso, Garcia Oliver, Santillan and others. The defeat of the Fascist generals in Barcelona was due to in large measure to the prompt initiative of these men.

In the assault of the Atarazanas barracks in Barcelona on July 20th, Francisco Ascaso was slain. November 20th, four months later, Durruti fell in the streetbattles of Madrid. These four months have been a time of fierce battle. July 24th, Durruti started at the head of a column on the march to Aragon. His comrades followed with enthusiasm. His column soon had the best reputation of all antifascist fighting formations. Masses of volunteers came to join it. His column was the strongest, over 9,000 men were under his command. For four months, Durruti led the attacks against the fascist generals and their international gang. He was the soul of the Aragon front. Durruti grew with his mission. He developed a feverish activity.

But Durruti was not a general of the old school. He was a worker among workers. His devotion to his ideal, his comradeship, his courage,

his energy, his ardent belief in the victory of the working class and of Anarchy inspired all, gave everybody new hope. He was the most wonderful example, he was a real leader of the people. The «caudillo» par excellence. He enjoyed a growing popularity, all wanted to fight in his column, victory followed all his ventures. His column never retreated. Back in Barcelona for a few hours Durruti spoke in meetings, addressed the people by radio, called them to hold out, to continue the struggle. He demanded justice, in his column the spirit of community and equality prevailed. And everybody admired the famous super-discipline of the column of Durruti. Where this column advanced, they socialised, they collectivised, they prepared everything for free socialism.

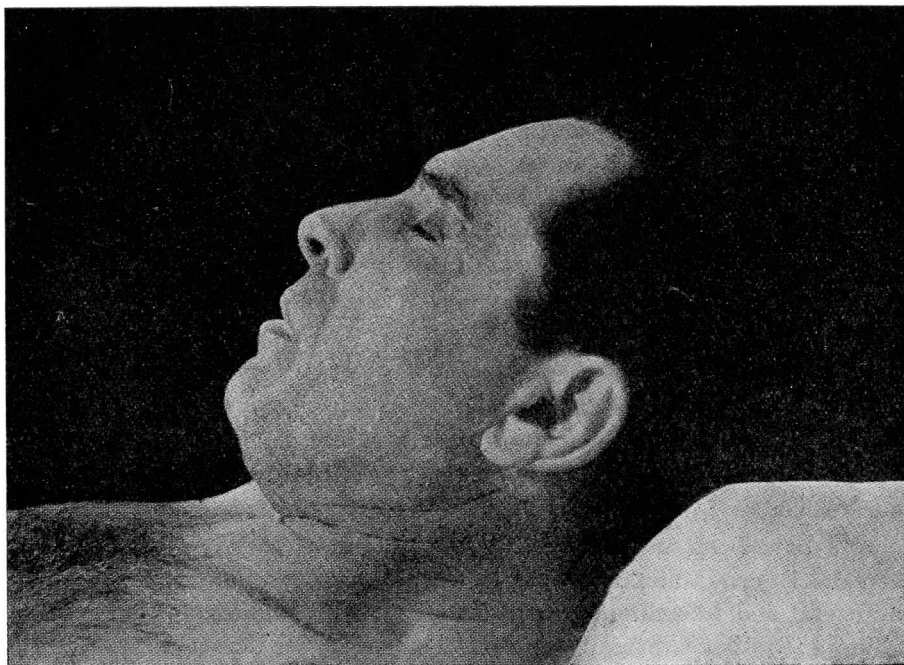
This was soon known throughout the country. It was very effective and the example was followed. Durruti became the symbol in the fight against fascism.

Madrid was threatened by the fascists. It called for Durruti. With 4,000 men he went to defend the capital against the fascist invaders. The appearance of Durruti and his column strengthened the moral and the fighting spirit of the defenders of Madrid. The enemy could no longer advance. He had to retreat. Durruti was not a general, himself in safe headquarters, his soldiers as cannon food at the front. As he had been in the factory a worker among workers, he was a soldier with the soldiers, a comrade among comrades. Four months he exposed himself to danger in the firing lines. One day he met his death by a fascist bullet.

Durruti fell as the bravest soldier of the Spanish Revolution in the struggle against International Fascism.

On a journey between Rosas and Figueras I received the news of Durruti's death. A forgotten picture stood before my eyes: I saw an «Anarchist» feared by all states, sitting on the divan in a Berlin room, a child on his knees. The hands of the Anarchist, that have shot an inquisition-bishop and prepared for the death of a guilty king, are holding the slender wrists of the child, move them back and forth, imitating the movement of the piston. And both man and the child are singing: «C'est le piston, piston, piston, qui fait marcher la machine».

A. SOUCHY



The dead hero

DURRUTI IS DEAD, YET LIVING

Durruti, whom I saw but a month ago, lost his life in the street-battles of Madrid.

My previous knowledge of this stormy petrel of the Anarchist and revolutionary movement in Spain was merely from reading about him. On my arrival in Barcelona I learned many fascinating stories of Durruti and his column. They made me eager to go to the Aragon front, where he was the leading spirit of the brave and valiant militias, fighting against fascism.

I arrived at Durruti's headquarters towards evening, completely exhausted from the long drive over a rough road. A few moments with Durruti was like a strong tonic, refreshing and invigorating. Powerful of body as if hewn from the rocks of Montserrat, Durruti easily represented the most dominating figure among the Anarchists I had met since my

arrival in Spain. His terrific energy electrified me as it seemed to effect everyone who came within its radius.

I found Durruti in a veritable beehive of activity. Men came and went, the telephone was constantly calling for Durruti. In addition was the deafening hammering of workers who were constructing a wooden shed for Durruti's staff. Through all the din and constant call on his time Durruti remained serene and patient. He received me as if he had known me all his life. The graciousness and warmth from a man engaged in a life and death struggle against fascism was something I had hardly expected.

I had heard much about Durruti's mastery over the column that went by his name. I was curious to learn by what means other than military drive he had succeeded in welding together 10,000 volunteers without previous military training and experience of any sort. Durruti seemed surprised that I, an old Anarchist should even ask such a question.

"I have been an Anarchist all my life", he replied, "I hope I have remained one. I should consider it very sad indeed, had I to turn into a general and rule the men with a military rod. They have come to me voluntarily, they are ready to stake their lives in our antifascist fight. I believe, as I always have, in freedom. The freedom which rests on the

sense of responsibility. I consider discipline indispensable, but it must be inner discipline, motivated by a common purpose and a strong feeling of comradeship". He had gained the confidence of the men and their affection because he had never played the part of a superior. He was one of them. He ate and slept as simply as they did. Often even denying himself his own portion for one weak or sick, and needing more than he. And he shared their danger in every battle. That was no doubt the secret of Durruti's success with his column. The men adored him. They not only carried out all his instructions, they were ready to follow him in the most perilous venture to repulse the fascist position.

I had arrived on the eve of an attack Durruti had prepared for the following morning. At daybreak Durruti, like the rest of the militia with his rifle over his shoulder, led the way. Together with them he drove the enemy back four kilometers, and he also succeeded in capturing a considerable amount of arms the enemies had left behind in their flight.

The moral example of simple equality was by no means the only explanation of Durruti's influence. There was another, his capacity to make the militiamen realize the deeper meaning of the antifascist war - the meaning that had dominated his

Funeral
procession



arrival in Spain. His terrific energy electrified me as it seemed to effect everyone who came within its radius.

I found Durruti in a veritable beehive of activity. Men came and went, the telephone was constantly calling for Durruti. In addition was the deafening hammering of workers who were constructing a wooden shed for Durruti's staff. Through all the din and constant call on his time Durruti remained serene and patient. He received me as if he had known me all his life. The graciousness and warmth from a man engaged in a life and death struggle against fascism was something I had hardly expected.

I had heard much about Durruti's mastery over the column that went by his name. I was curious to learn by what means other than military drive he had succeeded in welding together 10,000 volunteers without previous military training and experience of any sort. Durruti seemed surprised that I, an old Anarchist should even ask such a question.

"I have been an Anarchist all my life", he replied, "I hope I have remained one. I should consider it very sad indeed, had I to turn into a general and rule the men with a military rod. They have come to me voluntarily, they are ready to stake their lives in our antifascist fight. I believe, as I always have, in freedom. The freedom which rests on the

sense of responsibility. I consider discipline indispensable, but it must be inner discipline, motivated by a common purpose and a strong feeling of comradeship". He had gained the confidence of the men and their affection because he had never played the part of a superior. He was one of them. He ate and slept as simply as they did. Often even denying himself his own portion for one weak or sick, and needing more than he. And he shared their danger in every battle. That was no doubt the secret of Durruti's success with his column. The men adored him. They not only carried out all his instructions, they were ready to follow him in the most perilous venture to repulse the fascist position.

I had arrived on the eve of an attack Durruti had prepared for the following morning. At daybreak Durruti, like the rest of the militia with his rifle over his shoulder, led the way. Together with them he drove the enemy back four kilometers, and he also succeeded in capturing a considerable amount of arms the enemies had left behind in their flight.

The moral example of simple equality was by no means the only explanation of Durruti's influence. There was another, his capacity to make the militiamen realize the deeper meaning of the antifascist war - the meaning that had dominated his

F u n e r a l
p r o c e s s i o n



own life and that he had learned to articulate to the poorest and most undeveloped of the poor.

Durruti told me of his approach to the difficult problems of the men who come for leave of absence at moments when they were most needed at the front. The men evidently knew their leader - they knew his decisiveness - his iron will. But also they knew the sympathy and gentleness hidden behind his austere exterior. How could he resist when the men told him of illness at home - parents, wife or child?

Durruti hounded before the glorious days of July 1936, like a wild beast from country to country. Imprisoned time on end as a criminal. Even condemned to death. He, the hated Anarchist, hated by the sinister trinity, the bourgeoisie, the state and the church. This homeless vagabond incapable of feeling as the whole capitalistic *puck* proclaimed. How little they knew Durruti. How little they understood his loving heart. He had never remained indifferent to the needs of his fellows. Now however, he was engaged in a desperate struggle with fascism in the defense of the Revolution, and every man was needed at his place. Verily a difficult situation to meet. But Durruti's ingeniousness conquered all difficulties. He listened patiently to the story of woe and then held forth on the cause of illness among the poor. Overwork, malnutrition, lack of air, lack of joy in life.

"Don't you see comrade, the war you and I are waging is to safeguard our Revolution and the Revolution is to do away with the misery and suffering of the poor. We must conquer our fascist enemy. We must win the war. You are an essential part of it. Dont you see, comrade?" Durruti's comrades did see, they usually remained.

Sometimes one would prove abdurate, and insist on leaving the front. "All right", Durruti tells him, "but you will go on foot, and by the time you reach your village, everybody will know that your courage had failed you, that you have run away, that you have shirked your self-imposed task". That worked like magic. The man pleads to remain. No military brow-beating, no cohesion, no disciplinary punishment to hold the Durruti column at the front. Only the volcanic energy of the man carries everyone along and makes them feel as one with him.

A great man this Anarchist Durruti, a born leader and teacher of men, thoughtful and tender comrade all in one. And now Durruti is dead. His great heart beats no more. His powerful body felled down like a giant tree. And yet, and yet - Durruti is not dead. The hundreds of thousands that turned out Sunday, November 22nd, 1936, to pay Durruti their last tribute have testified to that.

No, Durruti is not dead. The fires of his flaming spirit lighted in all who knew and loved him, can never be extinguished. Already the masses have lifted high the torch that fell from Durruti's hand. Triumphant they are carrying it before them on the path Durruti had blazoned for many years. The path that leads to the highest summit of Durruti's ideal. This ideal was Anarchism - the grand passion of Durruti's life. He had served it utterly. He remained faithful to it until his last breath.

If proof were needed of Durruti's tenderness his concern in my safety gave it to me. There was no place to house me for the night at the General-Staff quarters. And the nearest village was Pina. But it had been repeatedly bombarded by the fascists. Durruti was loathe to send me there. I insisted it was alright. One dies but once. I could see the pride in his face that his old comrade had no fear. He let me go under strong guard.

I was grateful to him because it gave me a rare chance to meet many of the comrades in arms of Durruti and also to speak with the people of the village. The spirit of these much-trying victims of fascism was most impressive.

The enemy was only a short distance from Pina on the other side of a creek. But there was no fear or weakness among the people. Heroically they fought on. "Rather dead, than fascist rule", they told me. "We stand and fall with Durruti in the antifascist fight to the last man".

In Pina I discovered a child of eight years old, an orphan who had already been harnessed to daily toil with a fascist family. Her tiny hands were red and swollen. Her eyes, full of horror from the dreadful shocks she had already suffered at the hands of Franco's hirelings. The people of Pina are pitifully poor. Yet everyone gave this ill-treated child care and love she had never known before.

The European Press has from the very beginning of the antifascist war competed with each other in calumny and vilification of the Spanish defenders of liberty. Not a day during the last four months but what these satraps of European fascism did not write the most sensational reports of atrocities committed by the revolutionary forces. Every day the readers of these yellow sheets were fed on the riots and disorders in Barcelona and other towns and villages, free from the fascist invasion.

Having travelled over the whole of Catalonia, Aragon and the Levante, having visited every city and village on the way, I can testify that there is not one word of truth in any of the bloodcurdling accounts I had read in some of the British and Continental press.

A recent example of the utter unscrupulous news-fabrication was furnished by some of the papers in regard to the death of the Anarchist and heroic leader of the antifascist struggle, Buenaventura Durruti.

According to this perfectly absurd account, Durruti's death is supposed to have called forth violent dissension and outbreaks in Barcelona among the comrades of the dead revolutionary hero Durruti.

Whoever it was who wrote this preposterous invention he could not have been in Barcelona. Much less know the place of Buenaventura Durruti in the hearts of the members of the CNT and FAI. Indeed, in the hearts and estimation of all regardless of their divergence with Durruti's political and social ideas.

In point of truth, there never was such complete oneness in the ranks of the popular front in Catalonia, as from the moment when the news of Durruti's death became known until the last when he was laid to rest.

Every party of every political tendency fighting Spanish fascism turned out en masse to pay loving tribute to Buenaventura Durruti. But not only the direct comrades of Durruti, numbering hundreds of thousands and all the allies in the antifascist struggle, the largest part of the population of Barcelona represented an incessant stream of humanity. All had come to participate in the long and exhausting funeral procession. Never before had Barcelona witnessed such a human sea whose silent grief rose and fell in complete unison.

As to the comrades of Durruti - comrades closely knit by their ideal and the comrades of the gallant column he had created. Their admiration, their love, their devotion and respect left no place for discord and dissension. They were as one in their grief and in their determination to continue the battle against fascism and for the realization of the Revolution for which Durruti had lived, fought and had staked his all until his last breath.

No, Durruti is not dead! He is more alive than living. His glorious example will now be emulated by all the Catalan workers and peasants, by all the oppressed and disinherited. The memory of Durruti's courage and fortitude will spurn them on to great deeds until fascism has been slain. Then the real work will begin - the work on the new social structure of human value, justice and freedom.

No, no! Durruti is not dead! He lives in us for ever and ever.

EMMA GOLDMAN

The people bury their dead hero

The headquarters of the CNT - FAI made ready to receive their dead hero for the last time. If only for one night they wanted him to repose in the headquarters of the organisation to which he had devoted his life. He had spent only short hours there. When the comrades after July 19th, took up their abode in the building which had formerly belonged



Lying in state

to the employers-union, he had already been at the front. But his last journey was to start from here.

The marble hall was decorated with banners in the black and red colours of Anarchism. Masses of lovely flowers covered the coffin, many and more wreaths arrived until the hall presented a veritable sea of flowers.

At midnight the body of Durruti arrived from Madrid. Comrades of his column carried the coffin into the home he had helped to create for his organisation. Militiamen, rifle in hand, kept watch.

Friends and comrades filled the hall. When the coffin was uncovered an endless procession of all those who wanted to see Durruti for the last time, passed.

The funeral took place the following morning. It had been arranged for 10 o'clock, but already hours before it was almost impossible to enter the Via Layetana, from this day on called Avenida Buenaventura Durruti. From all directions groups with banners and wreaths arrived. All Barcelona was out to pay their last tribute to their dead hero. Many groups carried streamers with inscriptions. The words: «We shall avenge him!» were repeated over and over again.

Immense masses streamed into the square outside the house of the Regional Committee, when Durruti's comrades carried the coffin out on their shoulders. Armed militiamen accompanied them. The band played the Anarchist hymn: «Sons of the people», and tens of thousands of fists went up to salute him, whom the bourgeois press used to call a bandit.

Immediately behind the coffin walked Durruti's wife led by the President of the Generalidad of Catalonia, the consuls of Russia and Mexico and Garcia Oliver, who had come as a friend, as an Anarchist and as Minister of Justice of the Government of Madrid.

They were followed by the whole people, the entire populace of Barcelona. All organisations had invited their members to participate in the funeral procession. Banners of all antifascist organisations waved, all the militiamen staying in the city followed the first militiamen of Catalonia. Hundreds of thousands walked in the procession, and more hundreds of thousands covered the sidewalks and the streets and held up their fists in a last salute.

Through half the streets of Barcelona, comrades of the Column Durruti carried their deceased leader. On the Ramblas people had even climbed the trees.

At the Columbus Monument, not far from the spot where Ascaso, Durruti's friend in life and glory, had fought at his side and fell, Companys, Oliver and the Russian Consul, deeply moved, expressed a last farewell. Again the Anarchist hymn was played.

The cortage then moved on along the road of Montjuich, formerly fortress of reaction. The flag of freed Catalonia, now flying there, greeted the body of the man who had played such a gallant part in the liberation of those who had been buried alive in Montjuich. Now he lies in its shadow on the new cemetery of Montjuich. Piles upon piles of flowers and huge wreaths cover the tomb mountain high.

Later a mausoleum will be erected to the memory of Durruti and his heroic friend Ascaso.

Ascaso fell in the battle for Barcelona. Durruti was slain in the struggle for Madrid. The names of the two fighters will remain united in death as they have been in life. They will be the eternal symbol of the Revolution and the civil-war, Spain is engaged in for her freedom. The funeral of Durruti is a sign-post in this struggle. It has shown in an unforgettable way, that this time the people have understood what is at stake, and who their heroes are.

KARRILL

A tribute to Durruti

In these sad hours of our great loss all parties of the antifascist Revolution salute Durruti and all the others comrades who lost their lives in the antifascist struggle. We salute the women who weep for their beloved. We tenderly embrace the little daughter of Durruti, who at this moment represents all Spanish children who have lost their father. We salute all those fighting on all the fronts and who will - we feel sure - continue to fight until final victory. We greet all the workers of the world, and all those who feel with our struggle and have aided us to the best of their ability.

We pledge ourselves to carry out Durruti's social-political testament. To win the antifascist war was his deepest hope. Now that he has gone, we must leave no stone unturned to realise this hope. If our comrades are fighting incessantly at the fronts, daily, weecly, and for four months - those in the rear can do no less. We must put Durruti's ideas into practice. We can honour him in no other way than by our labours and sacrifice until fascism is exterminated.

And you, Comrades of the Durruti Column, while this struggle lasts you will have with you the spirit of your great leader, of your great comrade. Don't become demoralised by this bodily separation. His memory will stay with you until death. You can not stop the work he has begun, if you do not want to bring shame on the name of your column.

Comrades! Discipline, sacrifices, disinterestedness and the glory will be for those, who know to sacrifice. Let us unite, proletarians, without exception! Let us fight and die together at the front. Together we shall obtain victory. To break this unity would be a crime!

Glory to Durruti!

GARCÍA OLIVER



The militiaman Durruti

A GENERAL WHO DID NOT DIE IN BED

Our comrade D. A. Santillan writes in «Tierra and Libertad»:

Before Durruti left for Madrid he said to me. «I have lived so intensely these last four months, that I should not mind to die now».

Never for a moment did he think of the sacrifices he made daily for the freedom of the proletariat. Never did he think of his private life and of his safety. Generals of Durruti's make do not die in bed.

Not often has a people mourned its dead heroes as the Spanish people are mourning Durruti. This fact gives back to us some of the great values we lost with him. In a way it is a satisfaction, a consolation for us who have stayed behind.

We, who knew his way of looking at life and despise death, we who knew how he had lived and fought for twenty years, always in danger, we who know what he accomplished since July 19th, we realise that such a life can not last for long.

Did he die for nothing? No! His death will strengthen our efforts. Not only in the spirit of vengeance but also in the spirit of revolutionary advance. In his name we will continue the fight, more violently, more relentlessly than before. This is his testament. This is the way to victory.

When they carried him to his last repose, the people of all parties and of all political tendencies came out to honour him. He became the symbol of revolutionary unity. May this unity brighten the way, Durruti has shown us. We will either save ourselves by our common efforts, or we will all be lost.



International group of the Durruti Column

The Durruti Column

Our comrade, the writer Carl Einstein, militiaman of the Durruti Column, spoke over the Radio CNT - FAI, Barcelona:

Our column received the news of Durruti's death during the night. Little was talked about it. To sacrifice one's life seems natural to the comrades of Durruti. One said: «He was the best among us». Others shouted «Revenge!» - The slogan of the following day was: «Venganza!» (Vengeance!)

Durruti, this outstandingly real character never spoke of himself. He had bannished the prehistoric term «I» from his vocabulary. The Durruti Column knows only the collective «we». Our comrades will have to teach the literary writers to reform grammar in a collective sense.

Durruti instinctively understood the value of anonymous work. Anonymity and communism are one and the same. Durruti's work had nothing whatever in common with all the vanity of the Left-vedettes. He lived with his comrades, he fought as a «compañero». He gave an enthusiastic example. He was no general, but his loving eyes inspired us with his passion for the fight, with his deep devotion for the great com-

mon cause of the Revolution. Our hearts have beaten in union with his heart, which will continue to beat for us at the front. We shall always hear his voice: «Adelante, adelante» (forward!) Durruti was no general, he was our comrade. Not a very decorative position, but in this proletarian column popularity is not exploited. There is only one idea: Victory and Revolution!

This anarcho-syndicalist column was born of the Revolution. The antifascist war and the Revolution are inseparable for us. Others may discuss things more abstractly. We, as simple empiricists believe that activity produces clearer, and more definite results than a constructed program that usually evaporates in the process of action.

The Durruti column consists of workers. Of proletarians of factories and villages. The Catalan industrial workers went out with Durruti, they were later joined by the comrades from the provinces. Peasants and farm-labourers left their villages, devastated and oppressed by the fascists, to cross the river at night to join us. The Durruti column grew strong with the soil freed by its efforts. Born in the workers' quarters of Barcelona, the Durruti column contains today the most revolutionary elements of Catalonia and Aragon, of cities as well as of villages.

The comrades of the Durruti column are militants of the CNT - FAI. Many of them have suffered in prisons for their ideal. The younger men know one another from the «Libertarian Youth».

Farm-labourers and peasants who have come to us, are sons and brothers of those, still oppressed. They look across the river at their villages. But they are not fighting for their farms and villages, they fight for the freedom of all. Young boys, children almost, came to us, orphans whose parents were murdered. These children fight on our side. They don't talk much. But they have already understood much. At night, near the campfire they listen to the older men. Many did not know how to read or write. Our comrades are teaching them. The Durruti column will return without analphabets.

The column is neither military nor bureaucratically organised. It has grown organically from the syndicalist movement. It is a social-revolutionary union and not a military troop. We represent a union of oppressed proletarians, fighting for the freedom of all. The column is the work of Durruti who determined its spirit and defended its libertarian principles until his last breath. The foundations of the column are comradeship and voluntary self-discipline. And the end of its activity is nothing else than libertarian communism.

We all hate the war, but we accept it as a revolutionary means. We are no pacifists and we fight with passion. War, this old-fashioned idiocy is only justified by the Social Revolution. We do not fight as soldiers but as liberators. We advance, not to capture properties but to liberate those, oppressed by capitalism and fascism. The column is a union of class educated idealists. Up to now, victories and defeats only served capitalism to keep armies and officers and to secure profits and rents. The Durruti column serves the proletariat. Every victory of the column is followed by the liberation of the workers of the captured village.

We are syndicalist-communists, but we recognise the importance of the individual. That is: everybody has the same rights and the same duties as the other. Nobody is considered superior. But everybody must develop the maximum of his personality and devote his efforts to the common work. Military technicians advise, they never command. We may not be strategists but we are proletarian fighters. The column is strong and represents an important factor at the front, because it consists of men, pursuing one ideal: Libertarian Communism. Because it consists of comrades who are syndically organised and who work as revolutionaries. The column is a fighting syndical community.

The comrades know that this time they are fighting for the working-class and not for a capitalist minority or for the enemy. Knowing this, they all exercise strictest self-discipline. The militia man does not obey - he pursues, together with his comrades, the realization of his ideal as a social necessity.

Durruti's greatness was due to the fact that he hardly ever commanded but always educated. The comrades used to go to his tent - after his return from the front lines. He explained and discussed the reasons for his operations to them. Durruti never commanded, he convinced. Only by conviction, a clear and precise action is guaranteed. Everyone of us knows the reason for his action and is convinced of its necessity. Thus every one wants to obtain the best results of his action, at any price. Comrade Durruti gave the example.

A soldier obeys out of fear and social inferiority. He only fights out of a feeling of defect. Thus soldiers defend the interests of their social enemies, of capitalism. The poor devils fighting on the side of the fascists are a good example. But the militiamen fight first of all for the proletariat, and for the triumph of the working-class. The fascist soldiers fight for a dying minority, for their own enemy, whereas the militiamen fight for a better future for of his own class. So the militiamen seem to be more intelligent than a soldier, after all. The Durruti column is disciplined by its ideal and not by parades.

Everywhere the column advances, they collectivise. The soil is given to the community, the proletariat of the peasantry turned from slaves into free men. Feudalism is substituted by free communism. The population is cared for by the column, fed and clothed. When resting in villages, the column forms a community with the inhabitants. In former times one used to say army and people, or even the army against the people. Today there are only a fighting and a working proletariat. They both form an inseparable unity. The militia is a proletarian factor, its character and its organisation are proletarian and must remain so. The militias are the exponents of the class-struggle.

The Revolution demands of the column a stricter discipline than all militarisation. Every single one feels responsible for the final triumph of the Social Revolution, which is the justification and the end of our war, dominated by the social factor. I don't believe that generals or military salute could teach us better conduct. I am sure speak in the sense of Durruti and his comrades.

We do not renounce our anti-military feelings nor our strong distrust of military schemes, which have so far only favoured the capitalist. It was by military schemes that the proletariat has been prevented to develop its personality and was forced into social inferiority. Military schemes were to break the will and the intelligence of the proletariat. After all we are fighting against mutineer generals. This fact of military rebellion alone proves the dubiousness of the value of military discipline. We do not obey generals, but we strive after the realisation of a social ideal. Part of this program contains the maximum development of proletarian individuality. On the other hand, militarisation used to be a favourite means to suppress the personality of the proletariat. We carry out the laws of the Revolution with all our might. The organisation of our column is based on mutual confidence and voluntary cooperation. The fetishism of «leadership» and the fabrication of vedettes we gladly leave to the fascists. We will remain armed proletarians, voluntarily exercising the necessary discipline.

The Durruti column will remain the child and defender of the proletarian Revolution. It represents the spirit of the CNT and FAI. Durruti lives on in our column. We shall faithfully guard his heritage. The Durruti column, together with all proletarians, will fight for the final triumph of the Social Revolution, thus honouring the memory of our dead comrade Durruti.

Manifesto of the Durruti Column

The headquarters of the Durruti Column in Bujaraloz has issued the following manifesto:

Revenge! Our friend, our brother Durruti fell in Madrid, his heart filled with goodness and his rifle in his strong worker's hand.

In our ranks no one is more than the other. But the one who has won our love is considered superior to all the others. And no one was better loved, no one more loving than our Durruti. We do not weep over his death. But our eyes are hazy, our fists will remain closed as long as a single enemy remains alive.

We went out to defend our libertarian Ideal, we have fought for a better life our hearts filled with human desire.

Today we have one more slogan: Revenge!

We have become brothers in our column through Durruti. We shall fraternize to avenge him. We have fought like men. Now we shall fight ferociously.

Comrades of the Durruti Column! Brothers! Let us avenge his broken life. We must carry his name through fascist Spain and it shall mean death to our enemies!

PAMPHLETS PUBLISHED
BY THE
OFFICIAL PROPAGANDA SERVICES
OF THE
CNT - FAI

32, AVENIDA BUENAVENTURA DURRUTI
BARCELONA (SPAIN)

Price: sixpence

PAMPHLETS PUBLISHED
BY THE
OFFICIAL PROPAGANDA SERVICES
OF THE
CNT - FAI

32, AVENIDA BUENAVENTURA DURRUTI
BARCELONA (SPAIN)

Price: sixpence