



# MARCH

## BOOK ONE

JOHN LEWIS  
ANDREW AYDIN      NATE POWELL



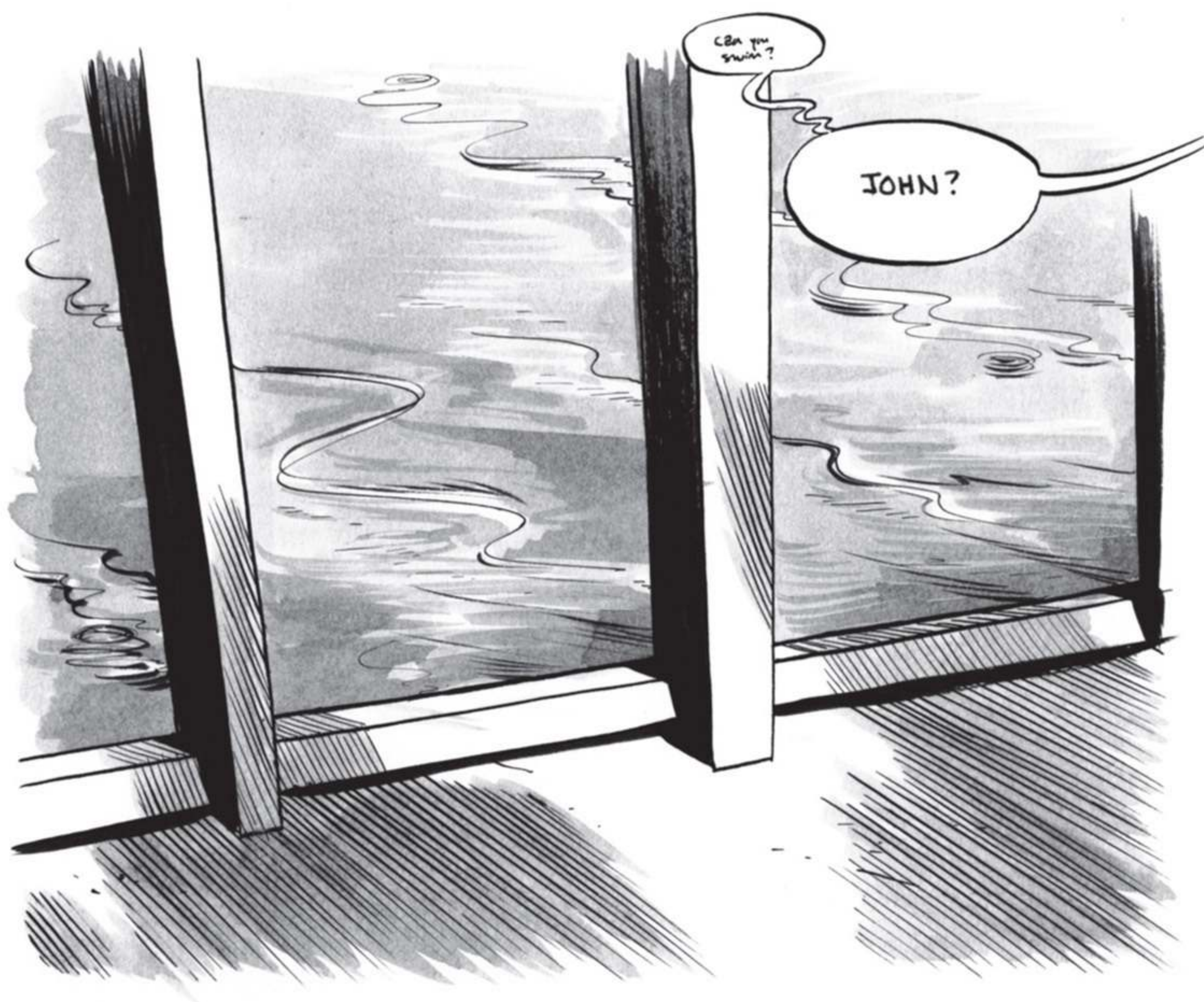






*To the past and future children  
of the movement.*







# EDMUND PETTUS BRIDGE

CAN YOU  
SWIM?

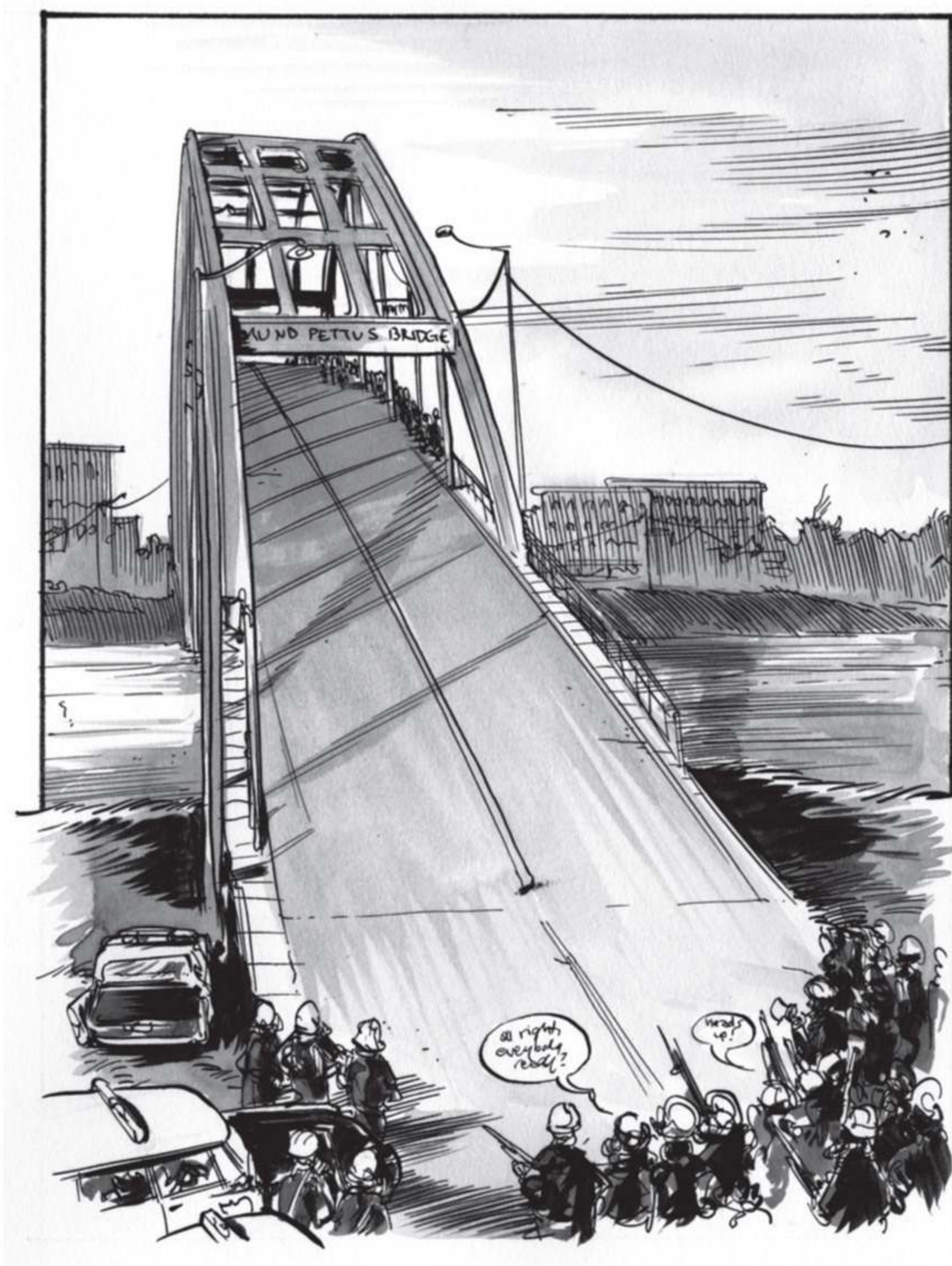
NO.

well,

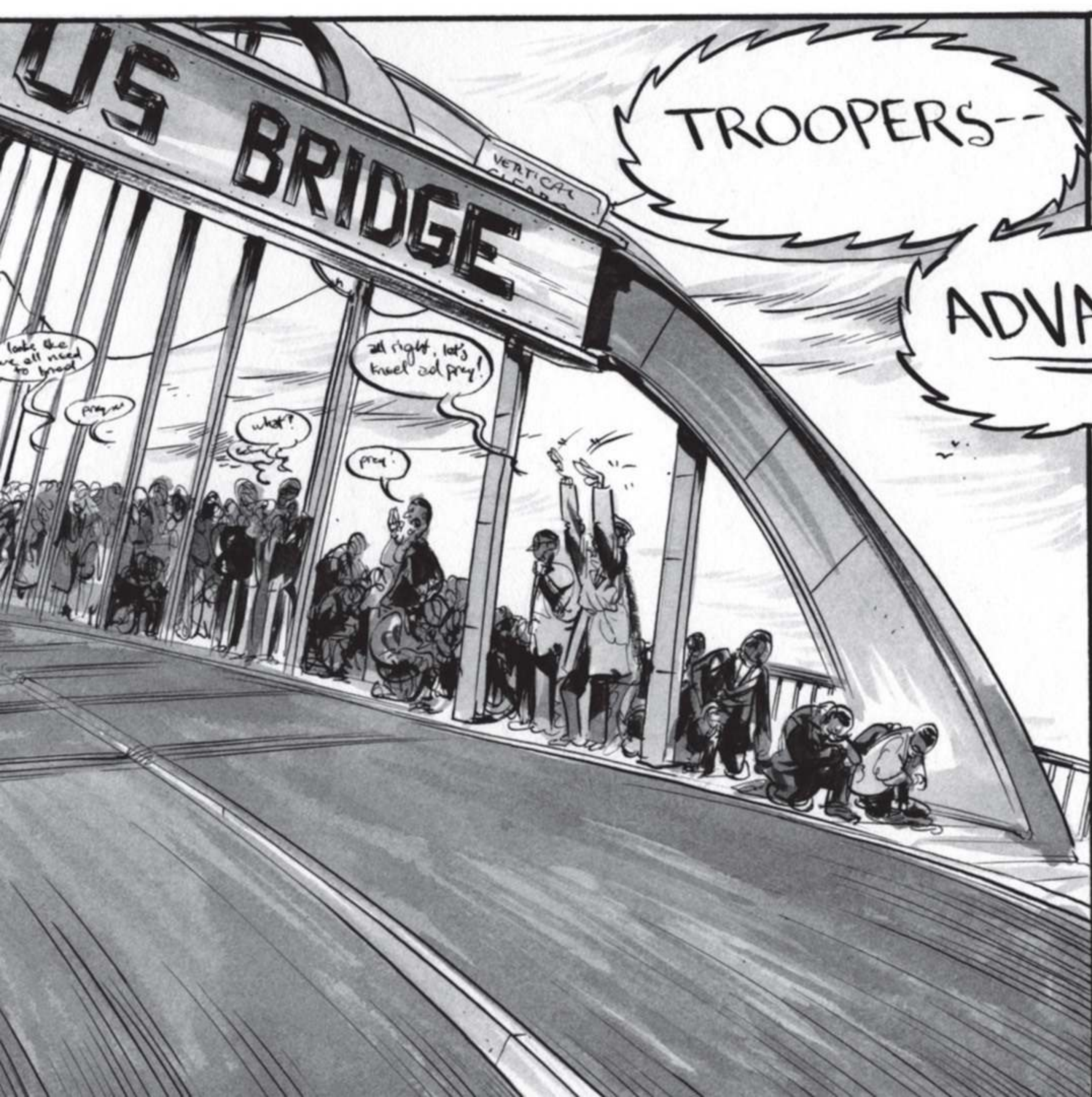
NEITHER  
CAN I--

BUT WE MIGHT  
HAVE TO.

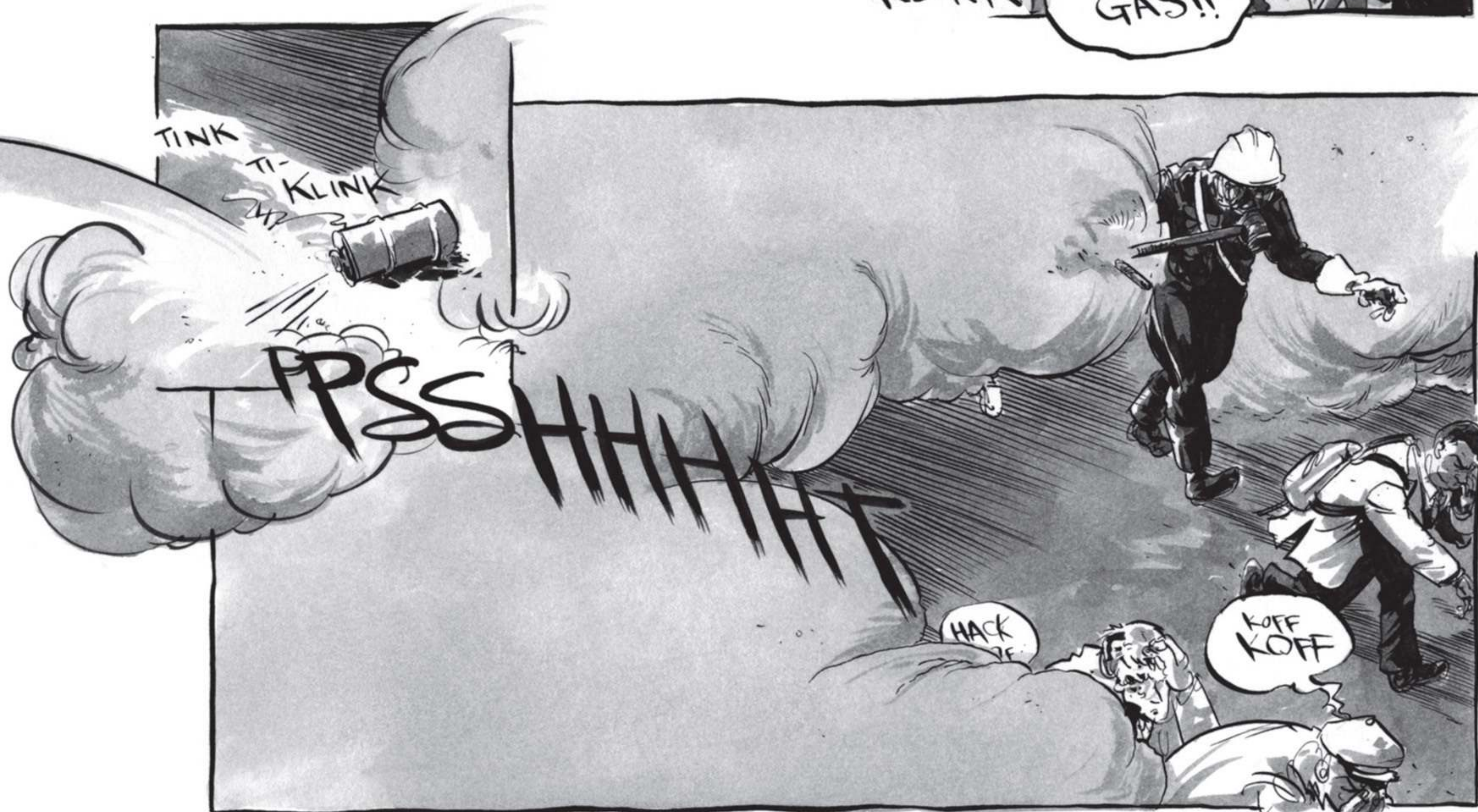








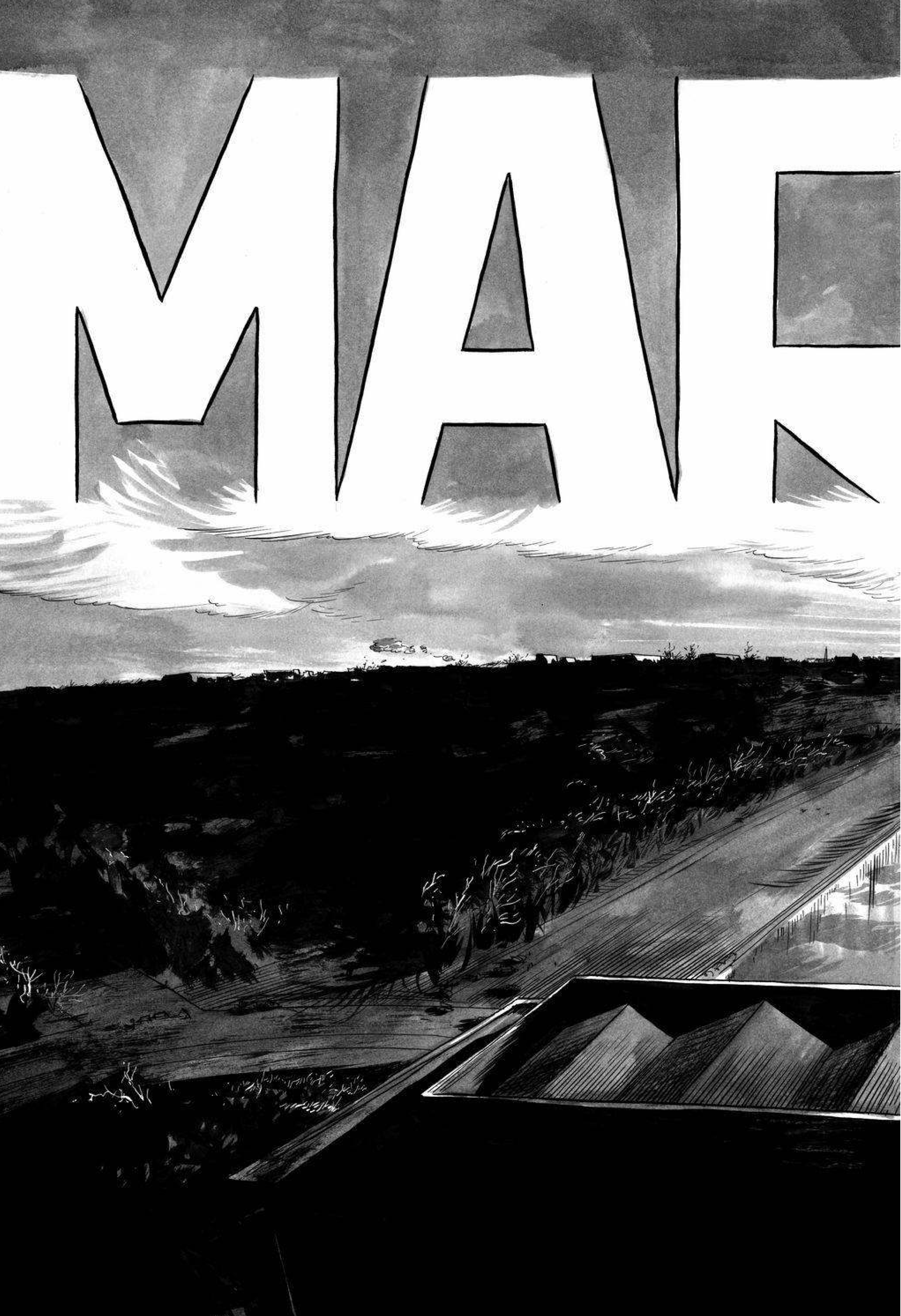




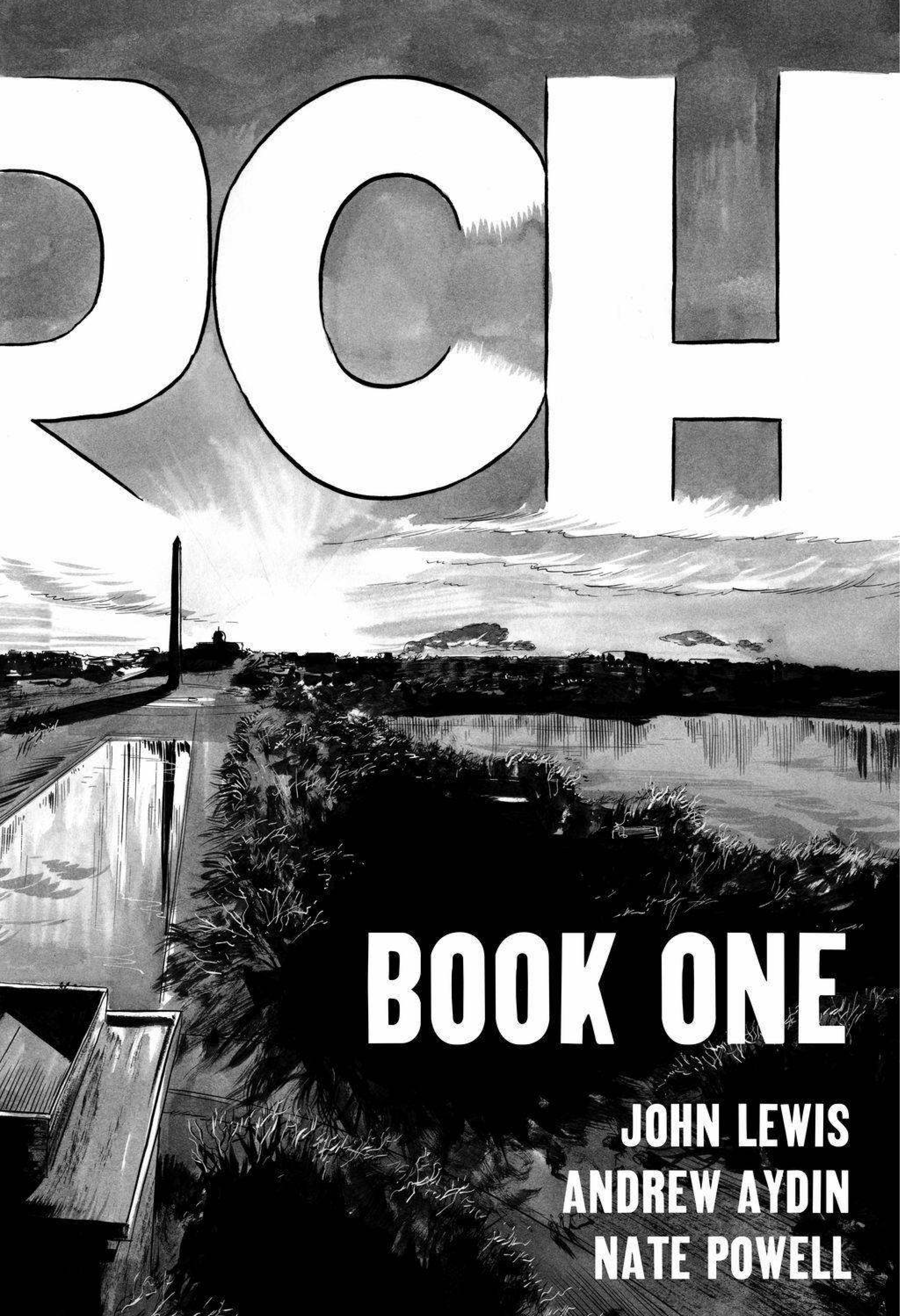












DOE

# BOOK ONE

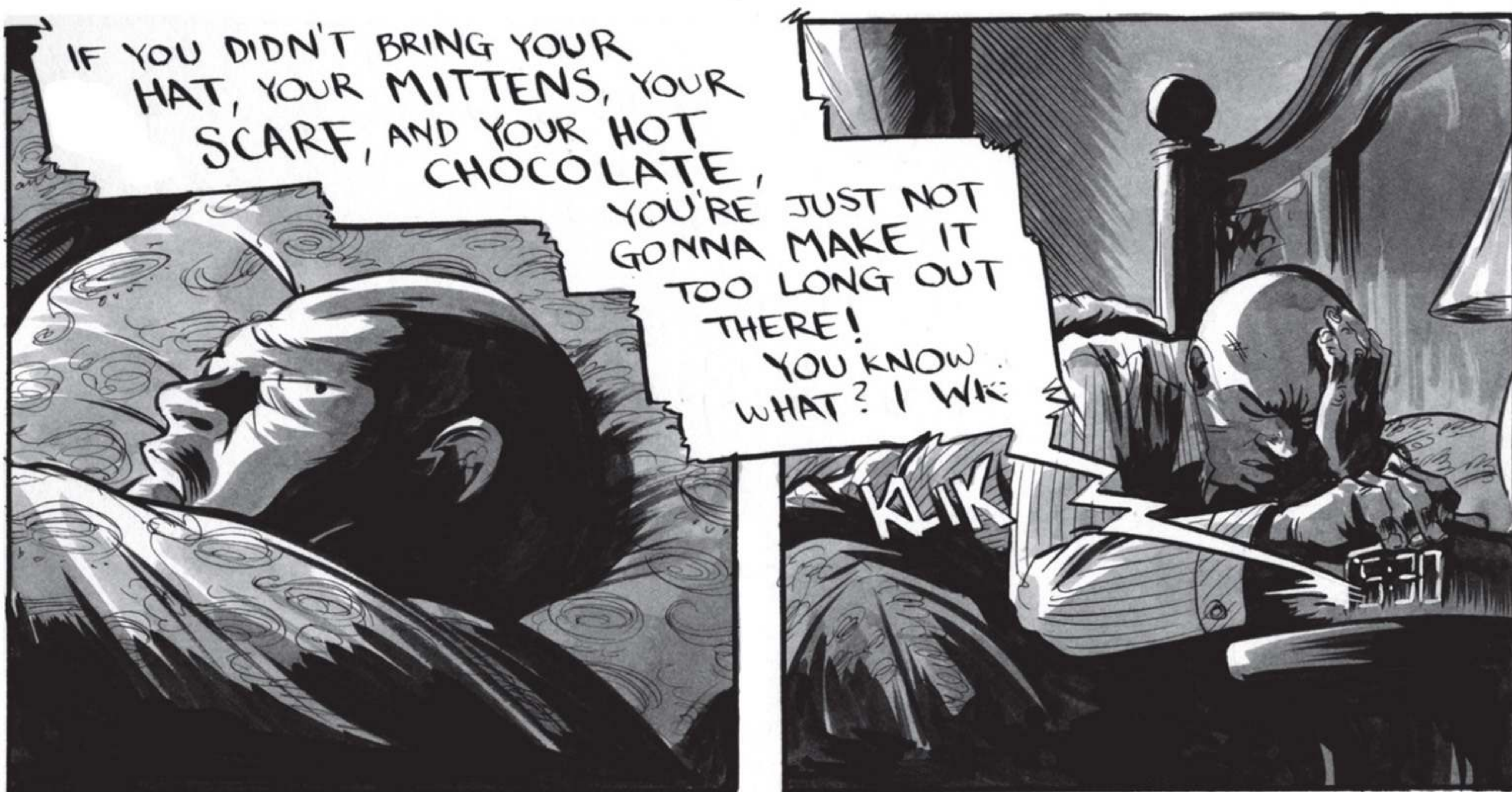
JOHN LEWIS  
ANDREW AYDIN  
NATE POWELL



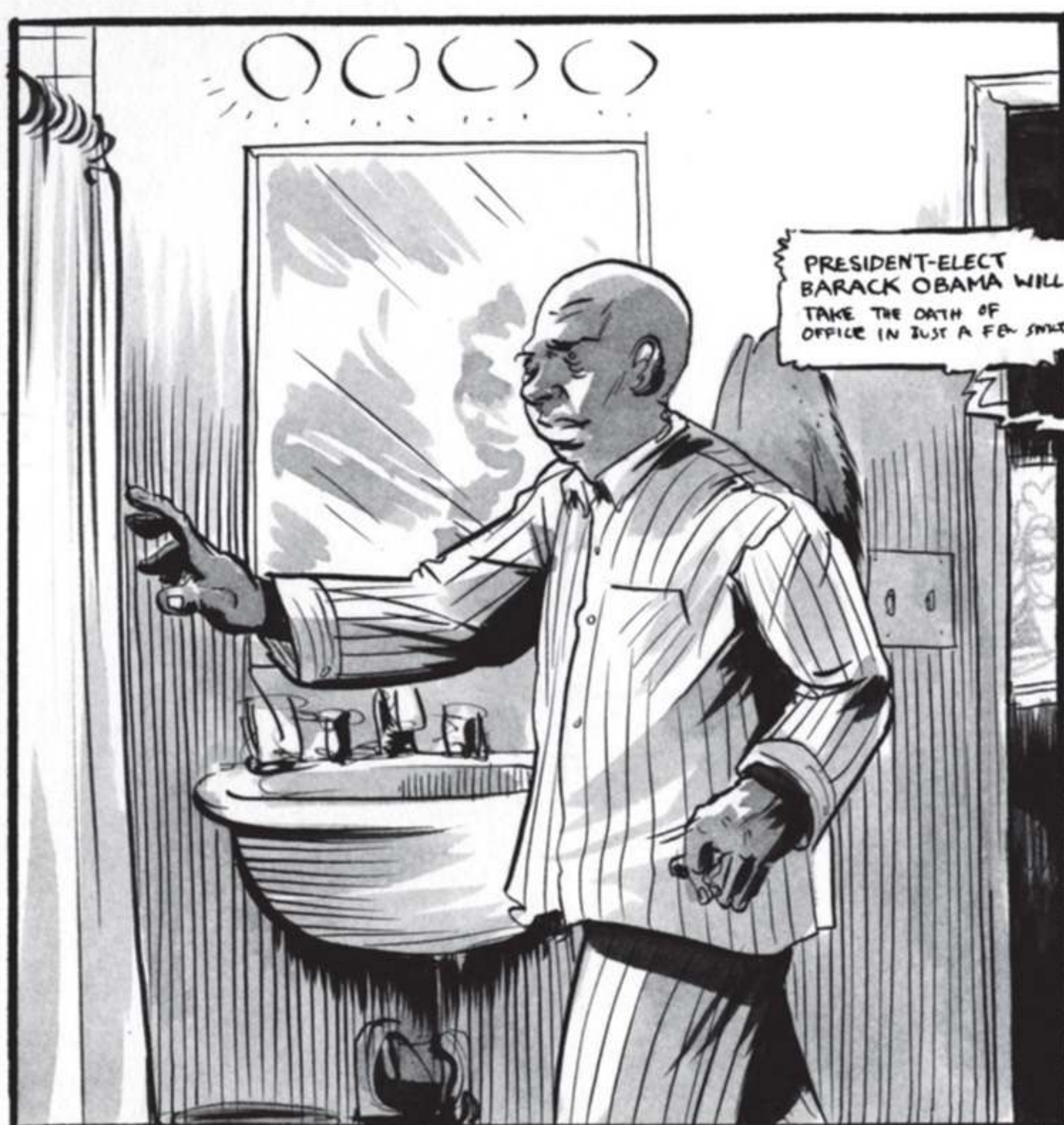
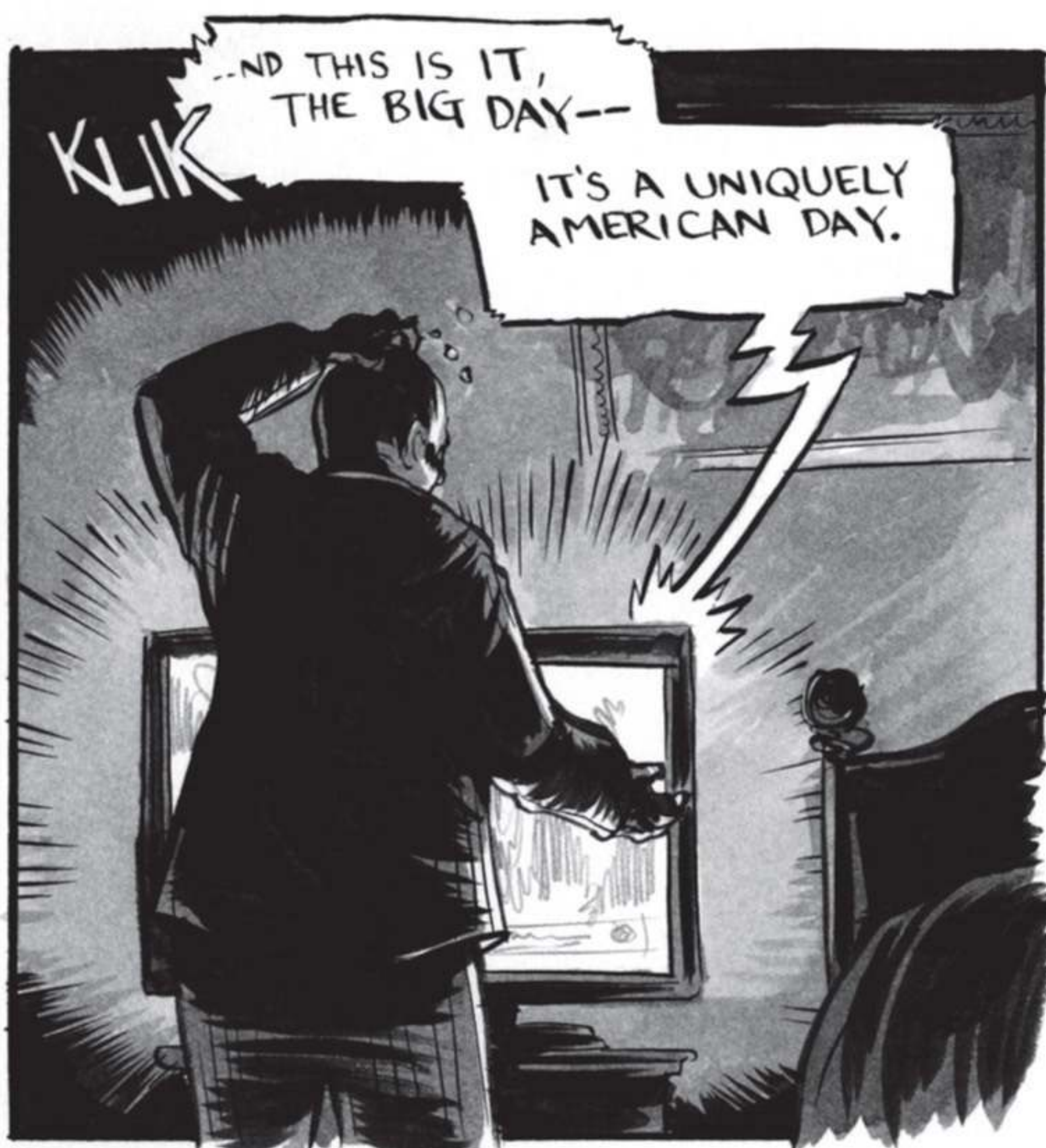
WASHINGTON, D.C.  
JANUARY 20, 2009.











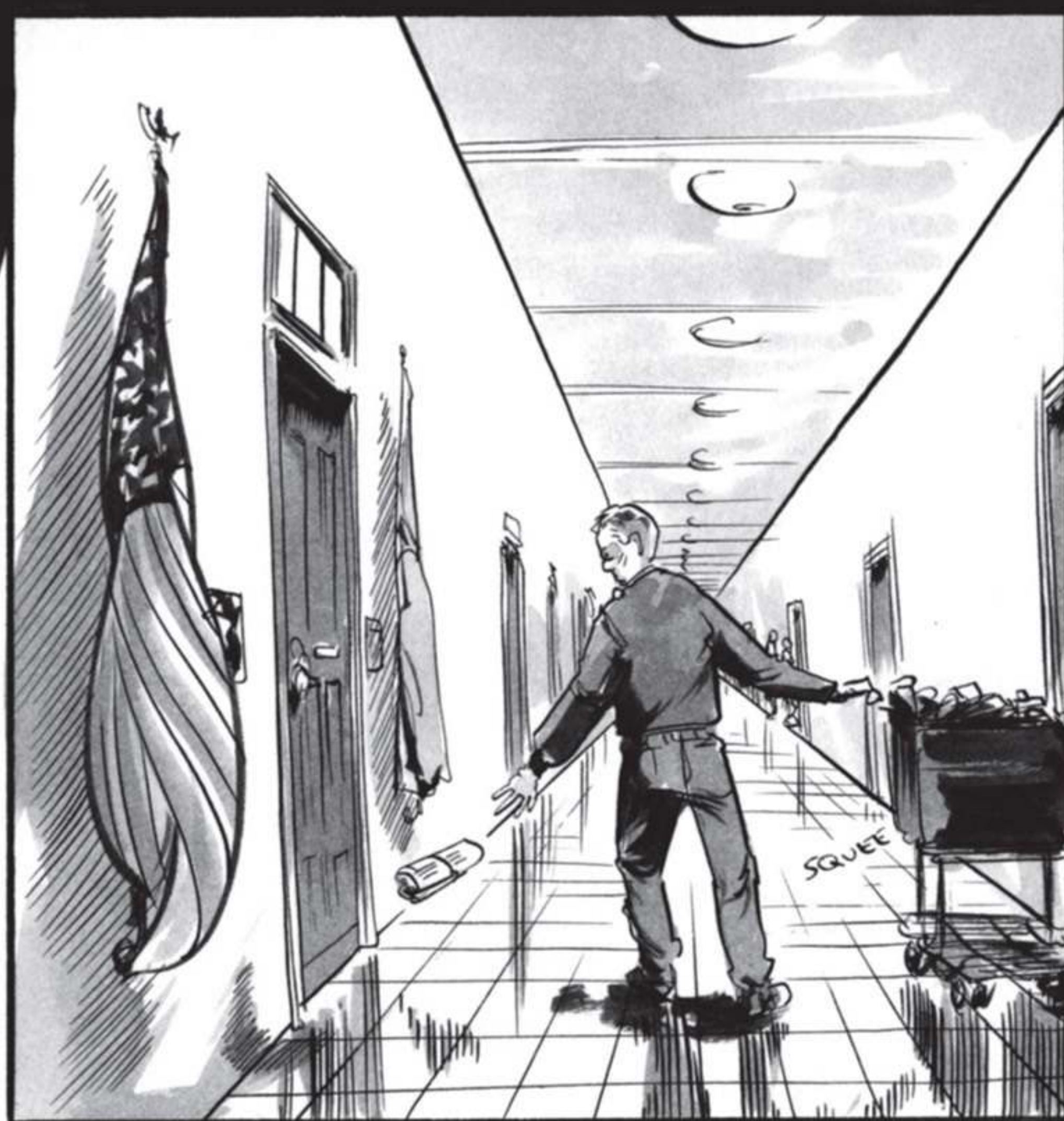
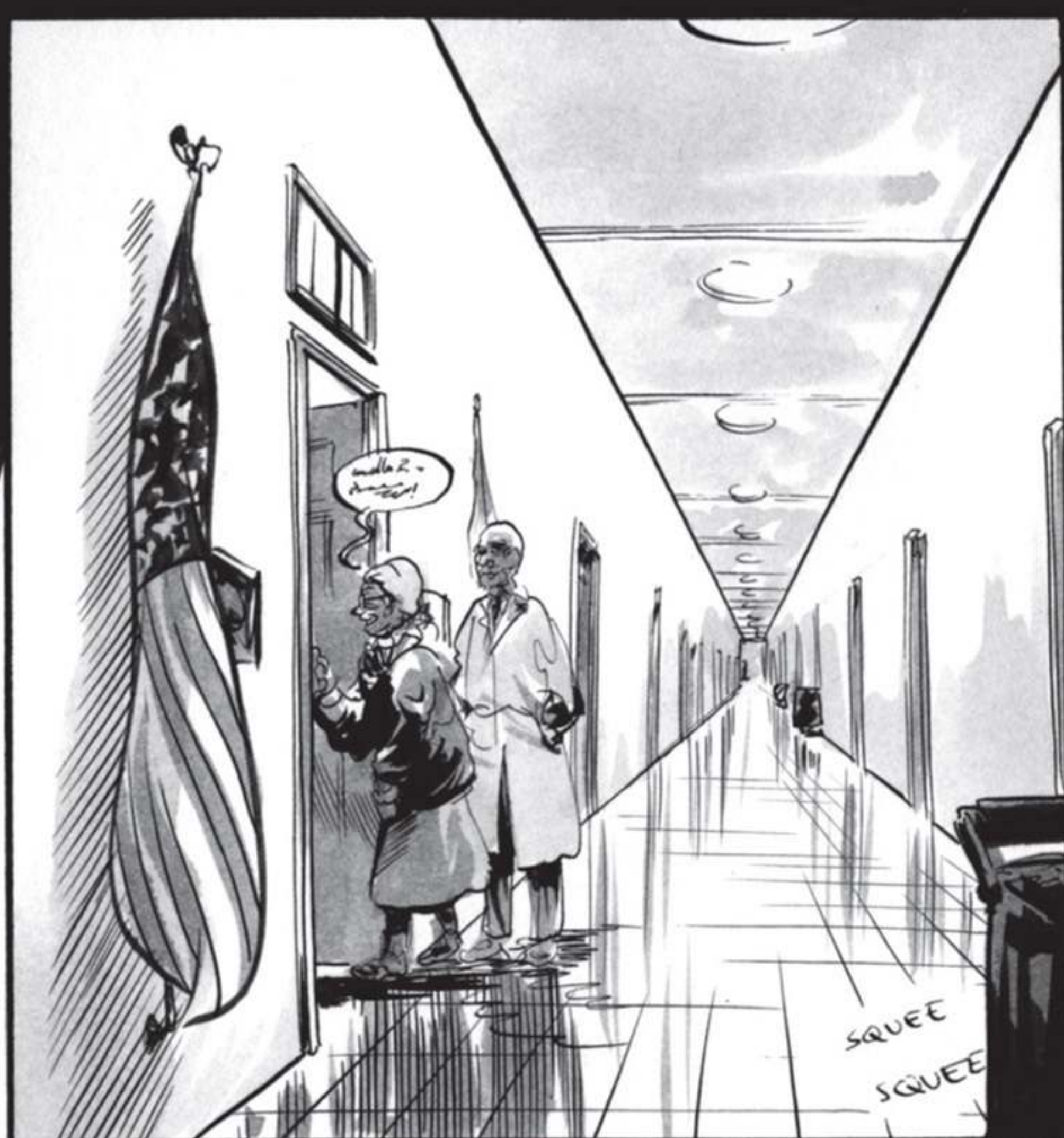
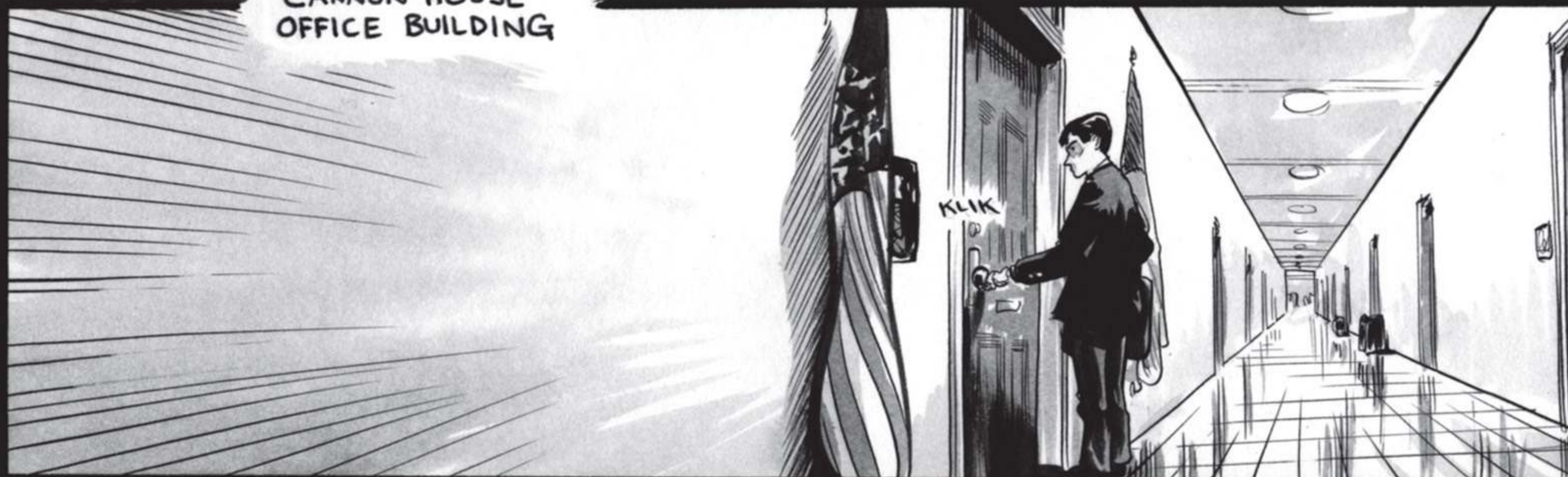




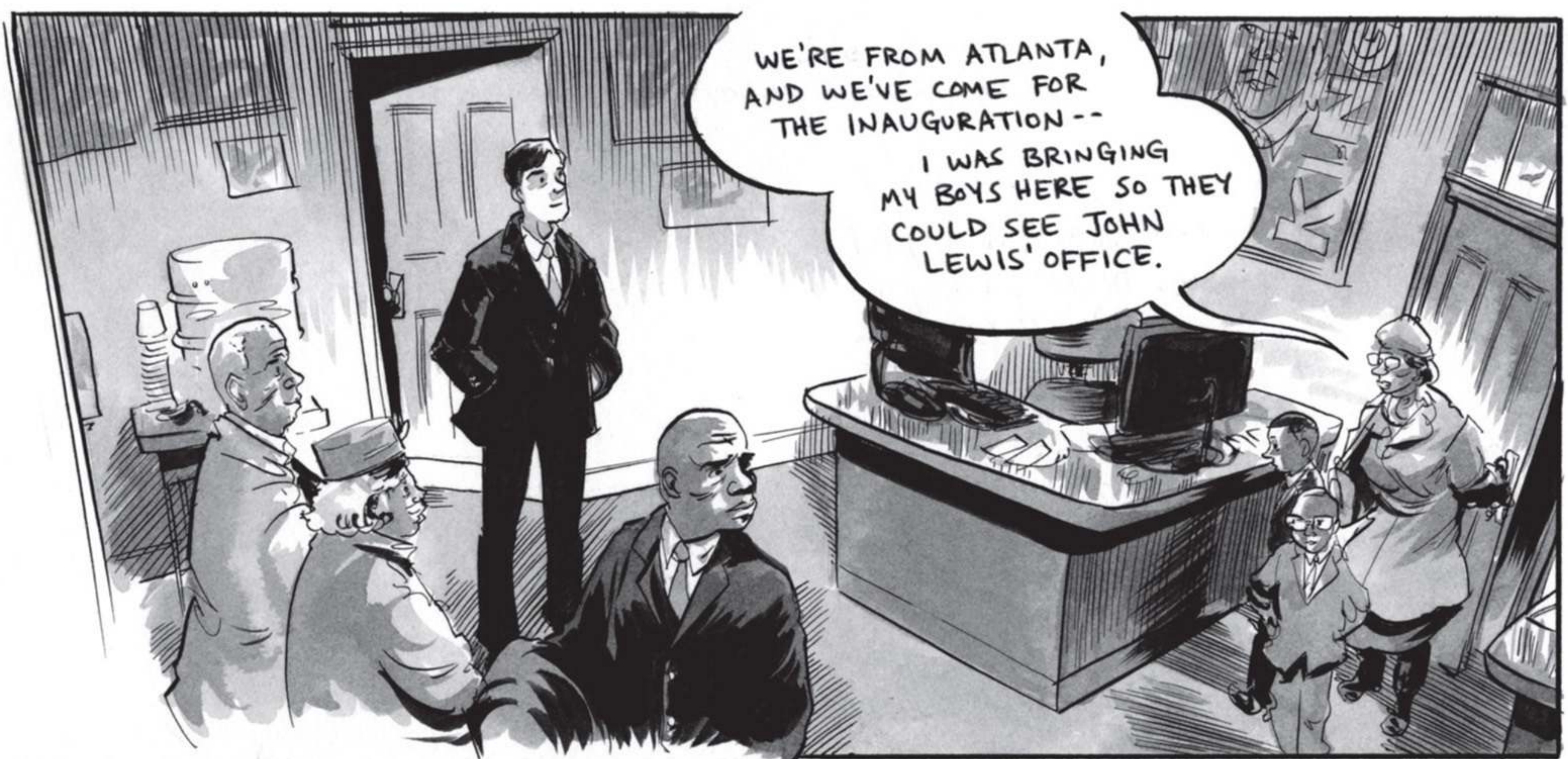




CANNON HOUSE  
OFFICE BUILDING



















AS A CHILD, MY PARENTS GAVE ME THE RESPONSIBILITY OF TAKING CARE OF OUR FAMILY'S CHICKENS.





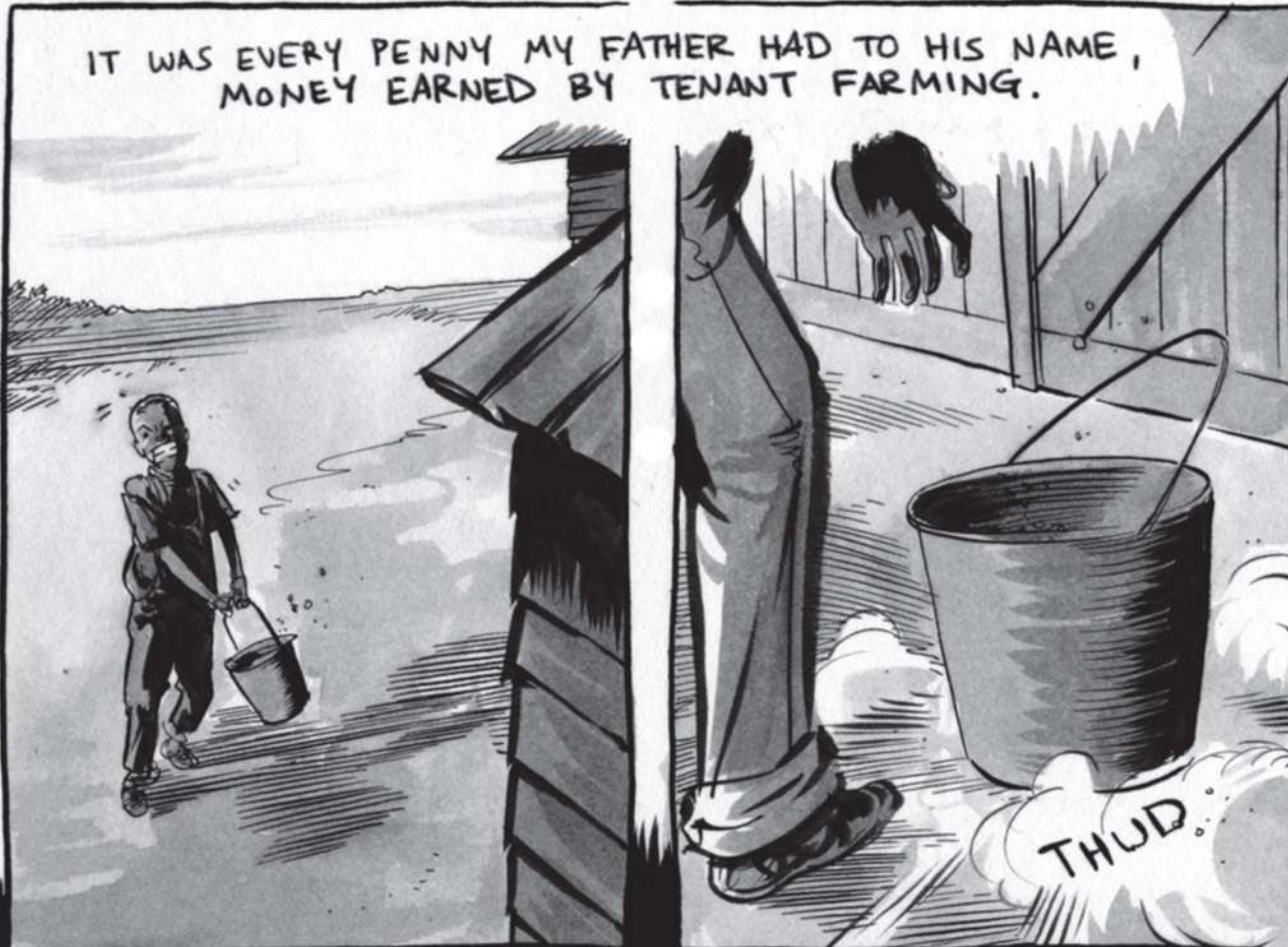


WE LIVED ON 110 ACRES OF  
COTTON, CORN, AND PEANUT FIELDS  
IN A LITTLE CORNER OF  
PIKE COUNTY, ALABAMA.

MY FATHER BOUGHT IT IN  
THE SPRING OF 1940 FOR \$300.

CASH.





I NEVER HAD ANY FEELINGS ABOUT THE  
OTHER ANIMALS ON OUR FARM,

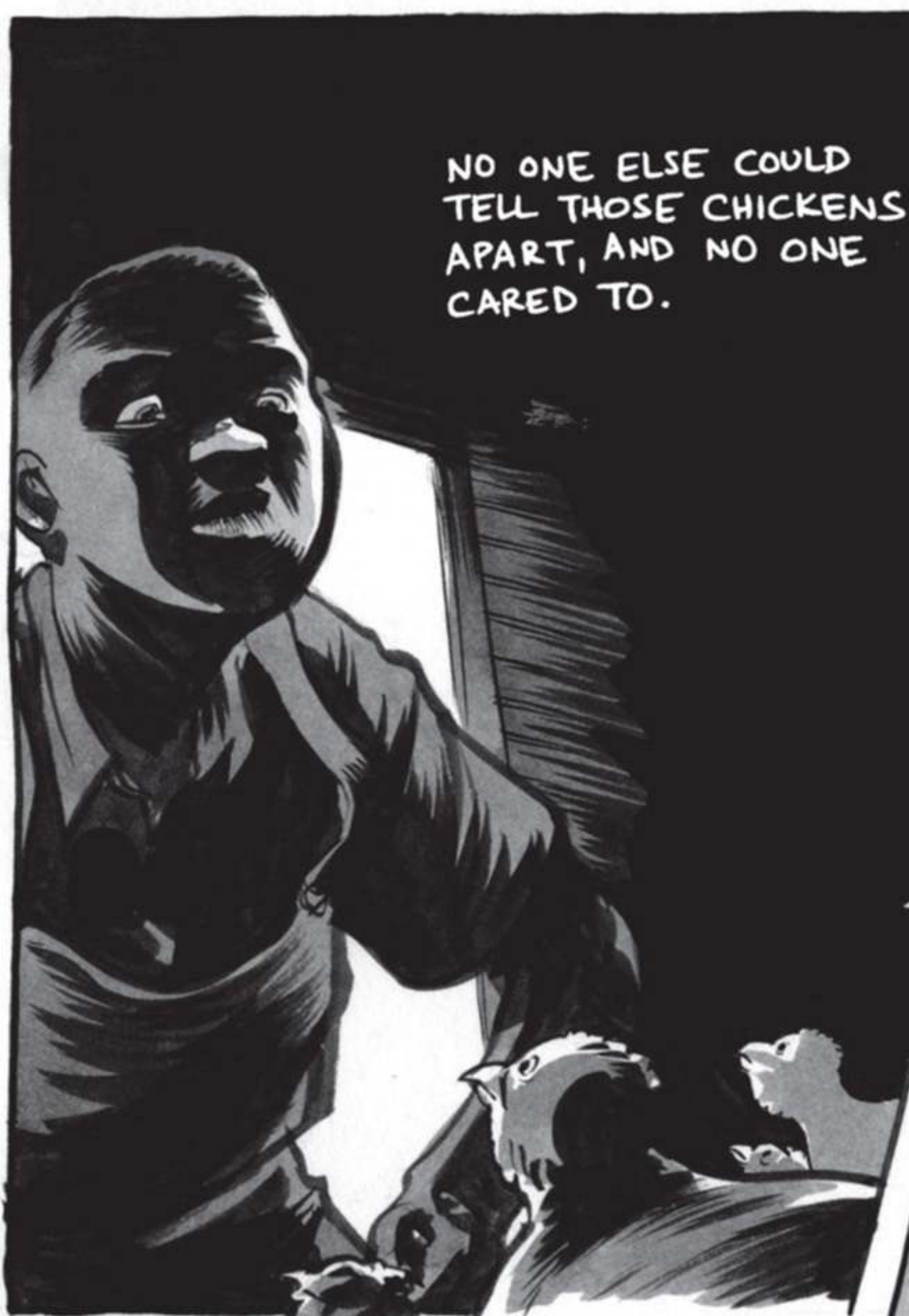


I NEVER TOOK THE CHICKENS  
STRAIGHT TO THE YARD TO FEED THEM--

I FELT THE NEED TO  
TALK TO THEM FIRST.







NO ONE ELSE COULD  
TELL THOSE CHICKENS  
APART, AND NO ONE  
CARED TO.



THERE WERE  
RHODE ISLAND REDS,



DOMINIKES,



and  
BANTAMS.

I KNEW EVERY ONE OF THEM BY  
APPEARANCE AND PERSONALITY.  
THEY WERE EACH INDIVIDUALS TO ME.



SOME I EVEN NAMED.

BIG BELLE,  
FOR INSTANCE--  
SHE FELL DOWN  
THE WELL.



IT TOOK US  
FIVE DAYS TO  
GET HER OUT.

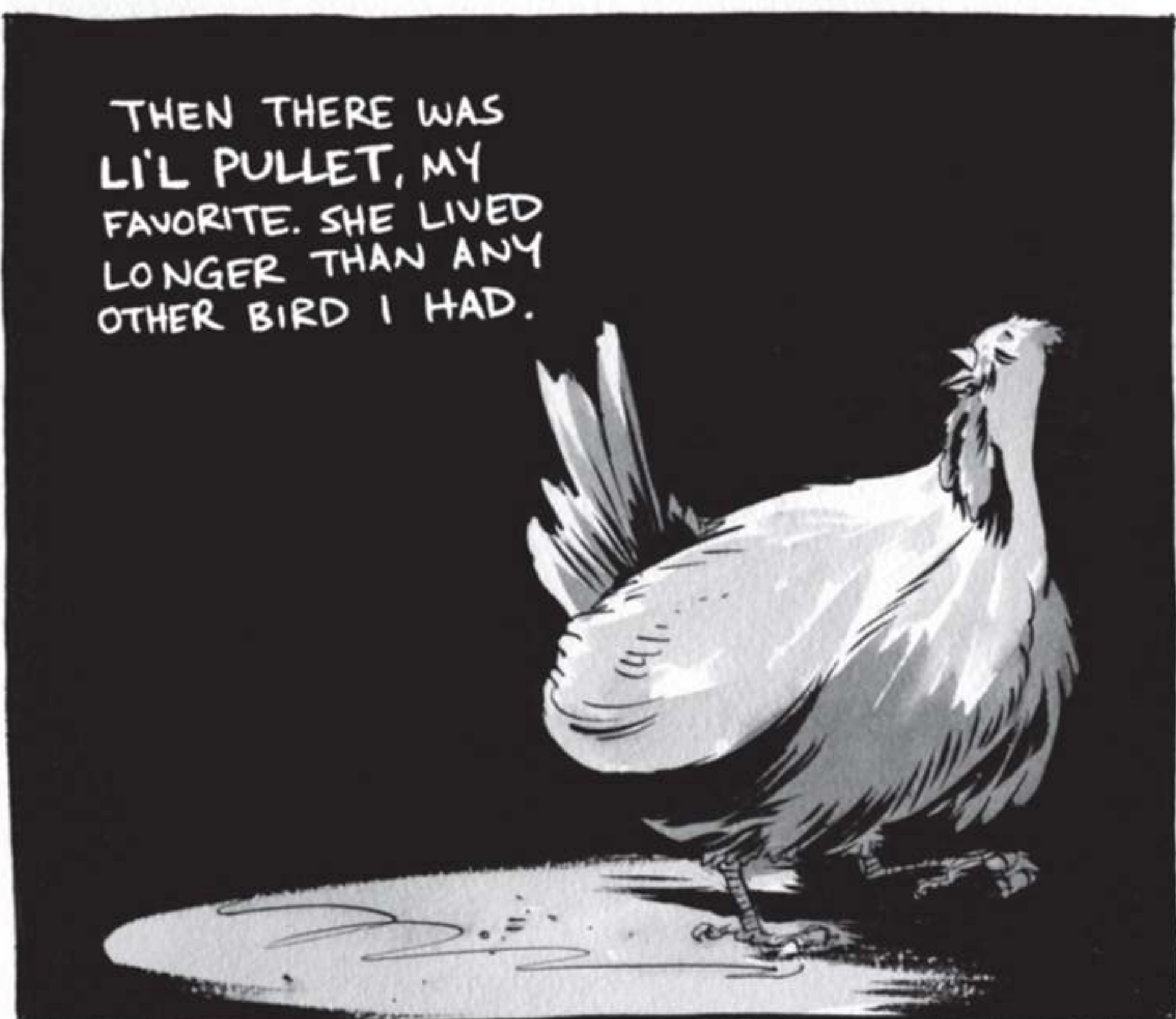


WE FINALLY PUT SOME  
BREAD CRUMBS IN A  
BASKET AND LOWERED  
IT DOWN.

DARNED IF SHE  
DIDN'T CLIMB  
RIGHT IN THAT  
BASKET.



THEN THERE WAS  
LI'L PULLET, MY  
FAVORITE. SHE LIVED  
LONGER THAN ANY  
OTHER BIRD I HAD.



EVERYWHERE I WENT AROUND  
THE CHICKEN YARD, LI'L PULLET  
WOULD BE RIGHT THERE  
BEHIND ME.

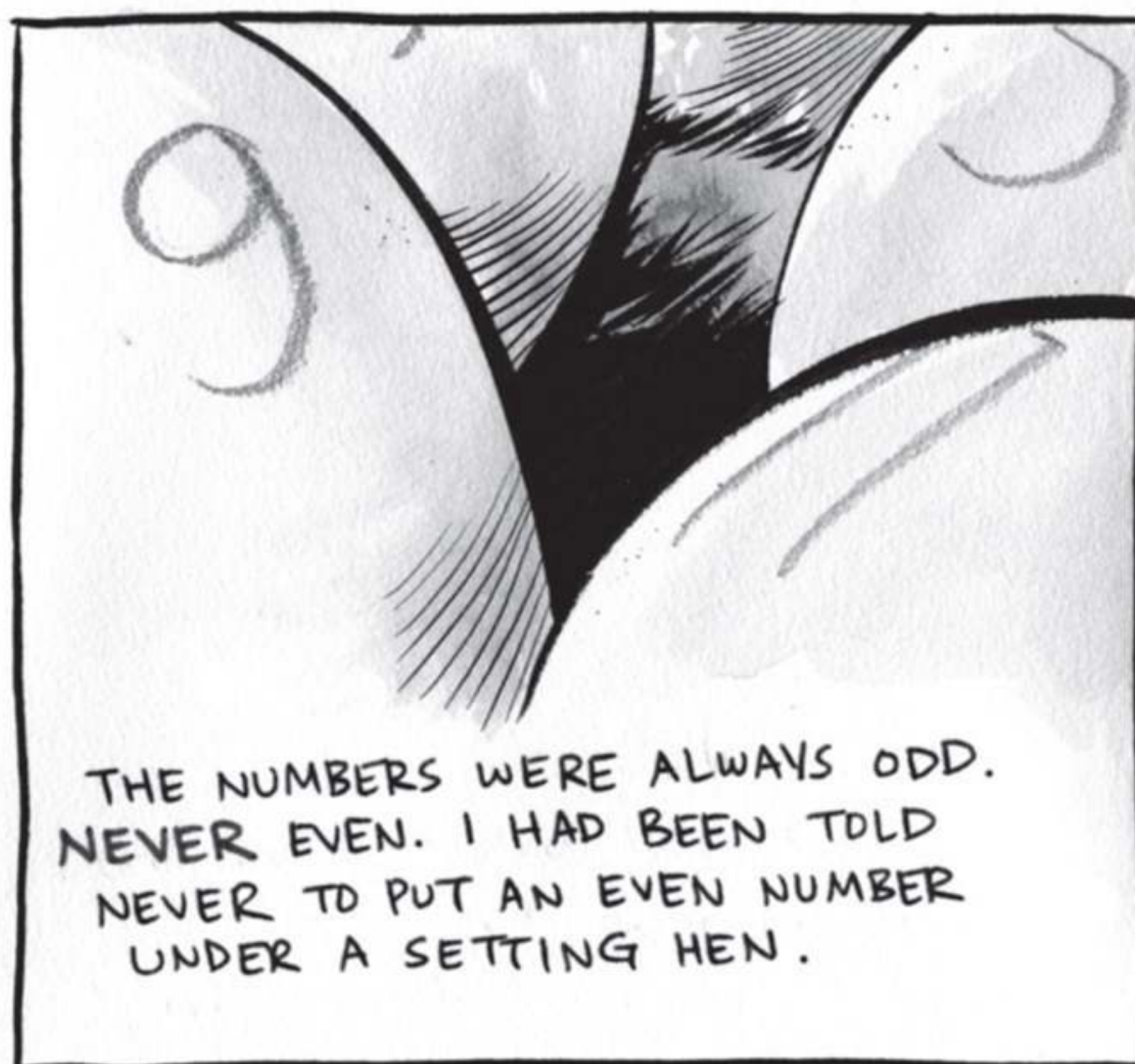


SPRINGTIME WAS MY FAVORITE TIME OF  
YEAR BECAUSE IT WAS THE ONLY SEASON  
WE COULD GET BABY CHICKS.

WHEN THE HENS BEGAN LAYING THEIR  
EGGS, I'D MARK EACH ONE WITH A LIGHTLY  
PENCILLED NUMBER TO HELP KEEP TRACK  
OF ITS PROGRESS DURING THE THREE  
WEEKS IT TOOK TO HATCH.



THE NUMBERS WERE ALWAYS ODD.  
NEVER EVEN. I HAD BEEN TOLD  
NEVER TO PUT AN EVEN NUMBER  
UNDER A SETTING HEN.



IT WAS  
BAD LUCK.



AND I WOULD CHEAT  
ON THOSE SETTING HENS.



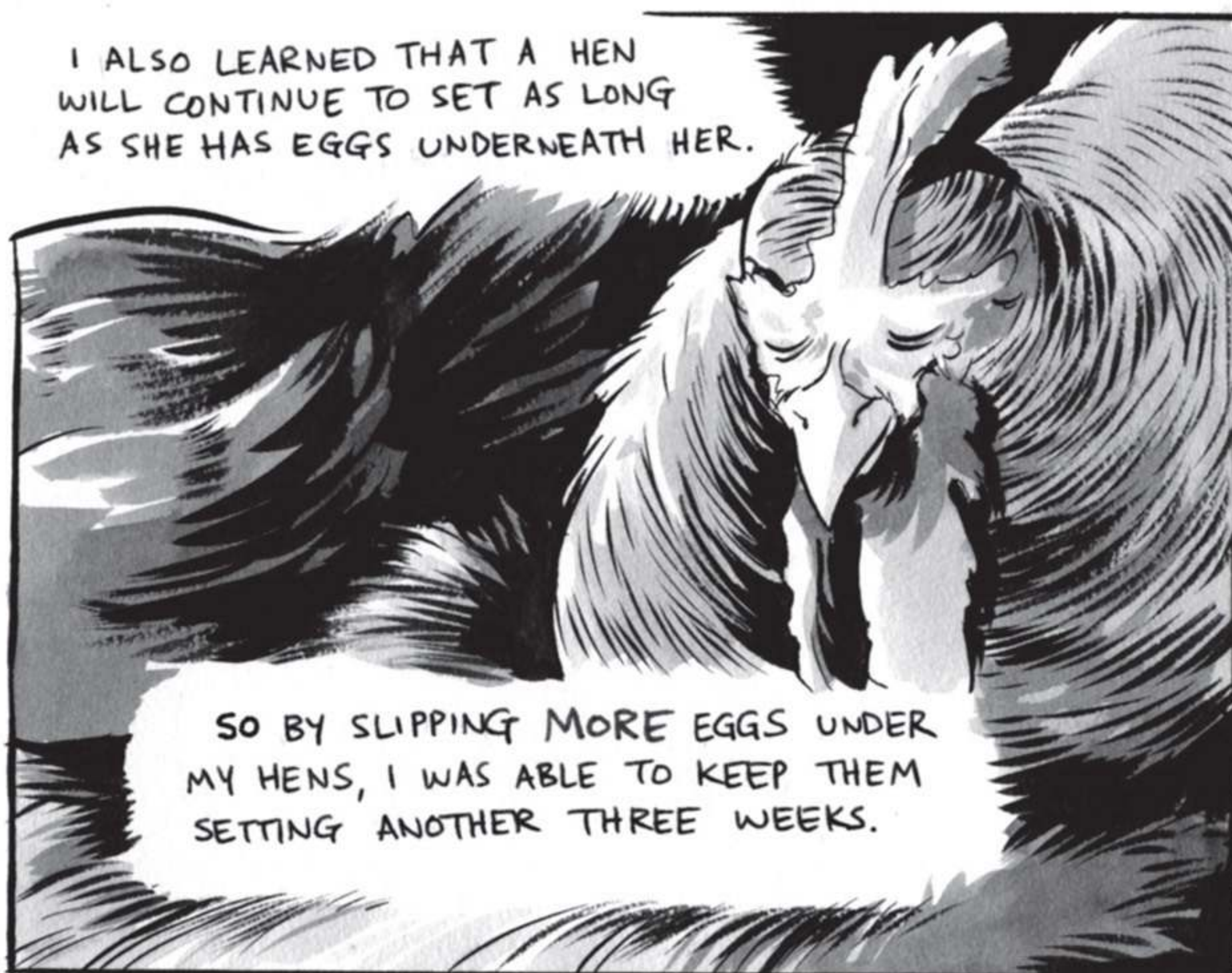
I'D TAKE A FEW FROM THE HENS  
THAT WERE SETTING ON A LARGE  
NUMBER OF EGGS, AND SLIP  
THEM UNDER THE HENS THAT  
WEREN'T.



THIS CUT DOWN ON THE  
NUMBER OF "BAD" EGGS.



I ALSO LEARNED THAT A HEN  
WILL CONTINUE TO SET AS LONG  
AS SHE HAS EGGS UNDERNEATH HER.

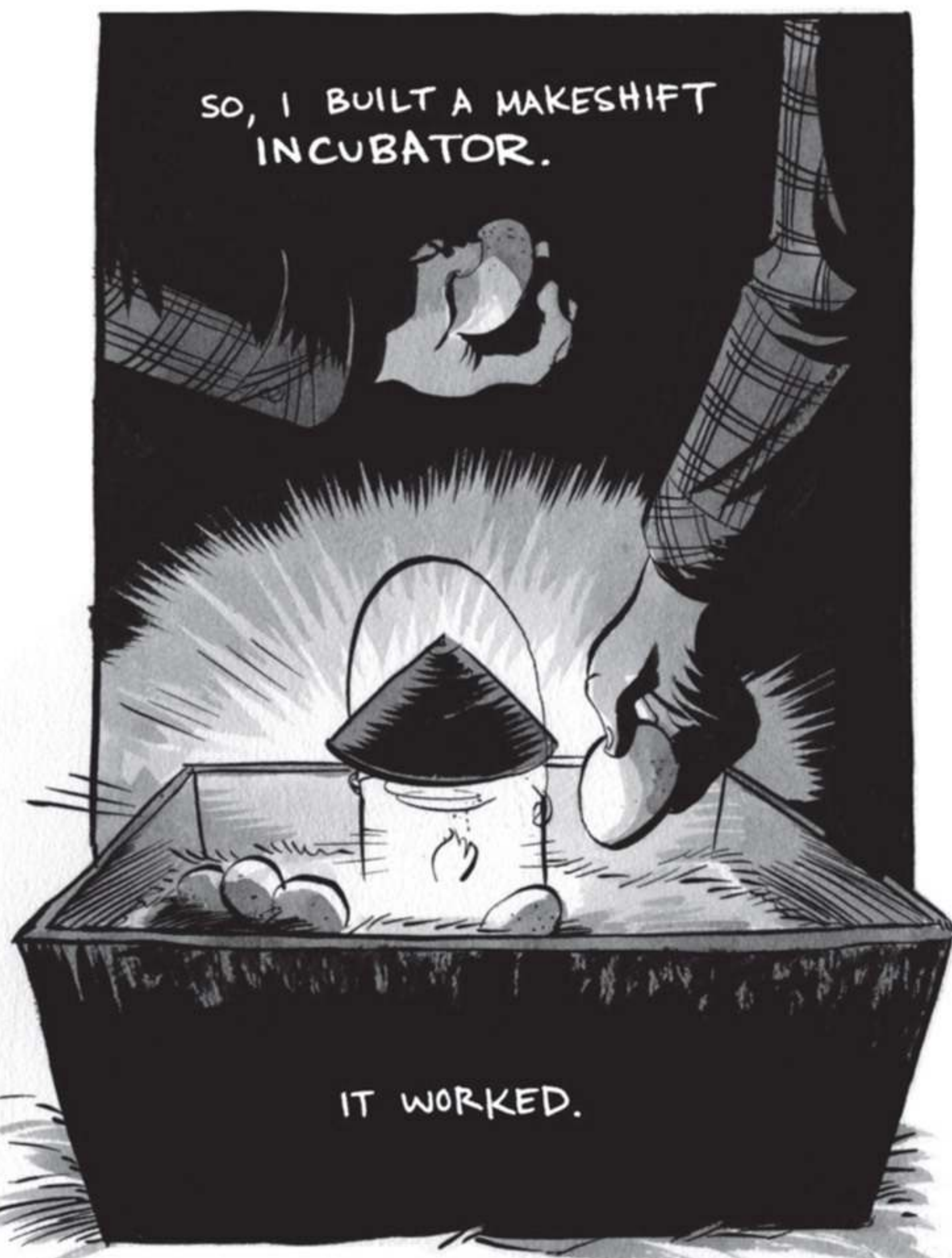


SO BY SLIPPING MORE EGGS UNDER  
MY HENS, I WAS ABLE TO KEEP THEM  
SETTING ANOTHER THREE WEEKS.

STRETCHING OUT THAT PROCESS IS NOT NATURAL, AND IT TOOK A TOLL.



SO, I BUILT A MAKESHIFT  
INCUBATOR.



I ALWAYS HOPED TO SAVE  
ENOUGH MONEY FOR AN ACTUAL  
INCUBATOR, LIKE THE \$18.95  
MODEL ADVERTISED IN THE  
SEARS-ROEBUCK CATALOG.



WE CALLED THAT CATALOG  
OUR WISH BOOK.

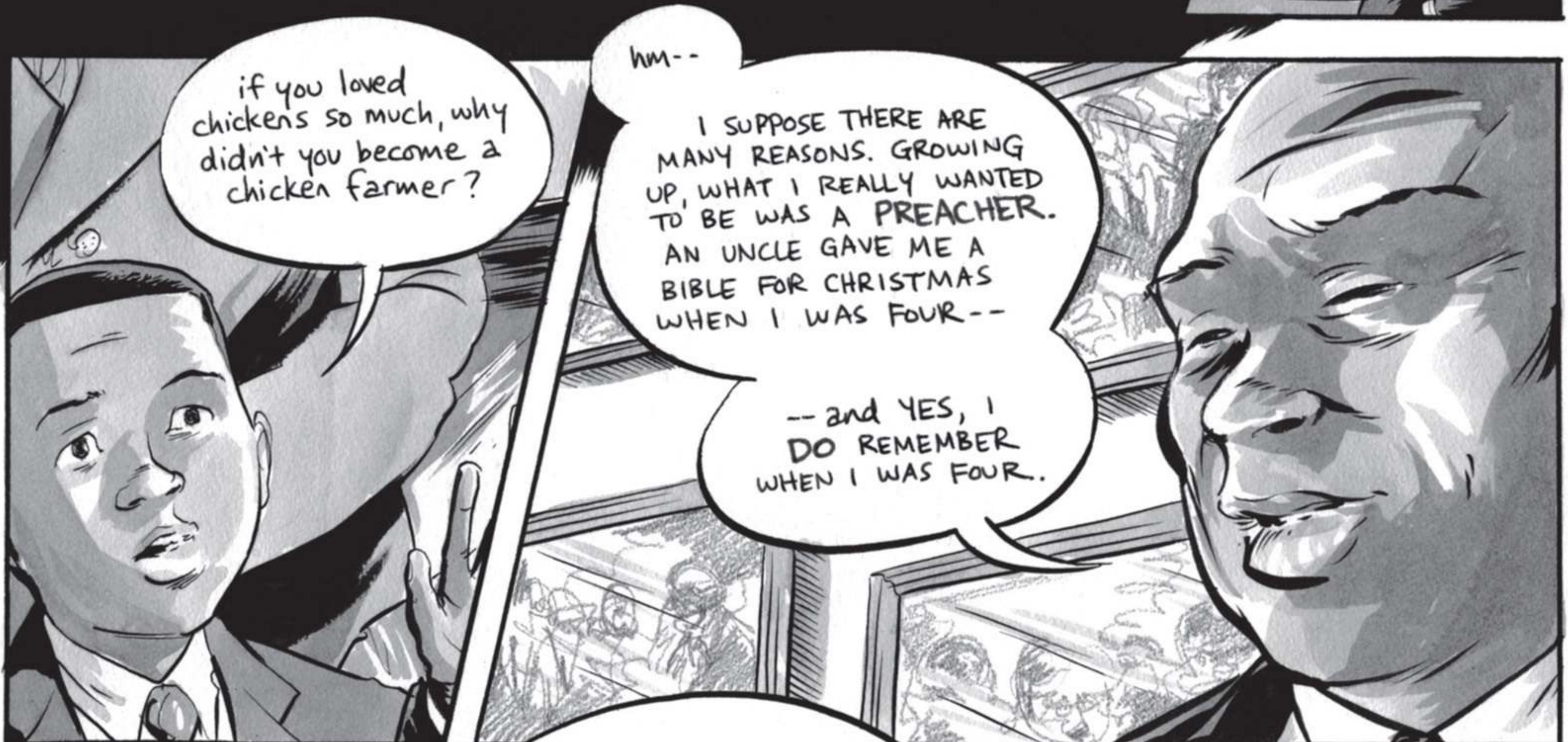




I FELL ASLEEP MANY NIGHTS DREAMING ABOUT IT THE WAY OTHER CHILDREN DREAMED ABOUT BICYCLES AND DOLLHOUSES.

BUT I WAS NEVER ABLE TO AFFORD IT.

yes?



if you loved chickens so much, why didn't you become a chicken farmer?

hm--

I SUPPOSE THERE ARE MANY REASONS. GROWING UP, WHAT I REALLY WANTED TO BE WAS A PREACHER. AN UNCLE GAVE ME A BIBLE FOR CHRISTMAS WHEN I WAS FOUR--

--and YES, I DO REMEMBER WHEN I WAS FOUR..

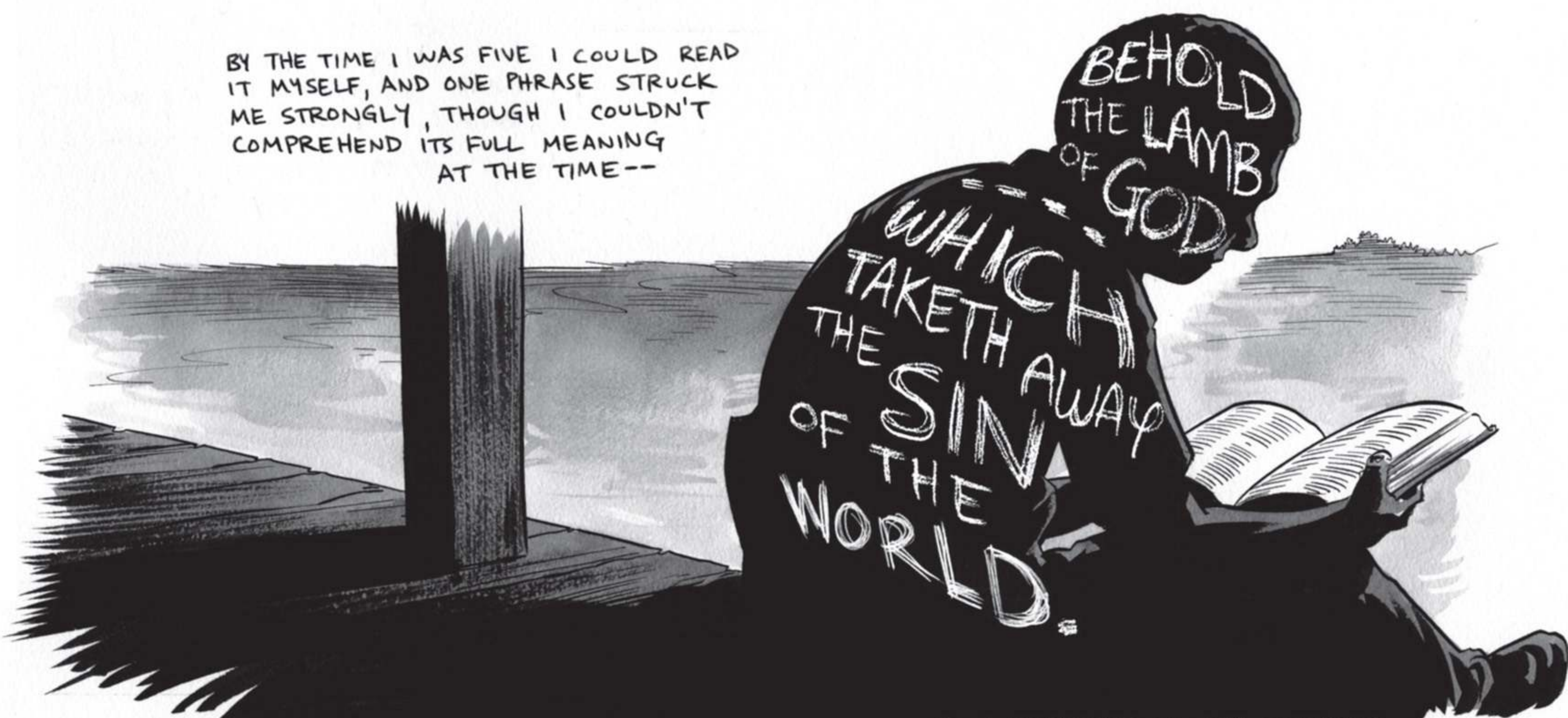


I'LL NEVER FORGET MY MOTHER READING ALOUD TO ME THE FIRST WORDS IN THAT BOOK--

"In the beginning, God created the heaven and the earth."



BY THE TIME I WAS FIVE I COULD READ  
IT MYSELF, AND ONE PHRASE STRUCK  
ME STRONGLY, THOUGH I COULDN'T  
COMPREHEND ITS FULL MEANING  
AT THE TIME--



SO I PREACHED TO MY CHICKENS  
JUST ABOUT EVERY NIGHT.



I WOULD GET THEM ALL INTO THE  
HENHOUSE AND SETTLE THEM ON THEIR ROOSTS.

THEY WOULD SIT QUIETLY.



Blessed are the  
meek: for they shall  
inherit the earth.

Blessed are  
they which do  
hunger and thirst  
after righteousness:  
for they shall  
be filled.

THEY WOULD BOW  
THEIR HEADS,

THEY WOULD SHAKE  
THEIR HEADS,

Blessed are  
the merciful: for  
they shall obtain  
mercy.



Blessed are the  
pure in heart:  
for they shall  
see God.

BUT THEY WOULD NEVER  
QUITE SAY AMEN.







Blessed are the peacemakers: for they shall be called the children of God.

I IMAGINED THAT THEY WERE MY CONGREGATION,



AND ME--

Blessed are they which are persecuted for righteousness' sake:



for theirs is the kingdom of heaven.

I WAS A PREACHER.





OF COURSE, ANYONE CAN  
FIGURE OUT THE DANGER  
OF MAKING PETS OUT  
OF FARM ANIMALS--

ESPECIALLY CHICKENS.



YOU GET EMOTIONALLY ATTACHED TO  
AN ANIMAL DESTINED FOR THE  
DINNER TABLE, AND YOU'RE ASKING  
FOR A BROKEN HEART.

BUT I COULDN'T HELP IT.





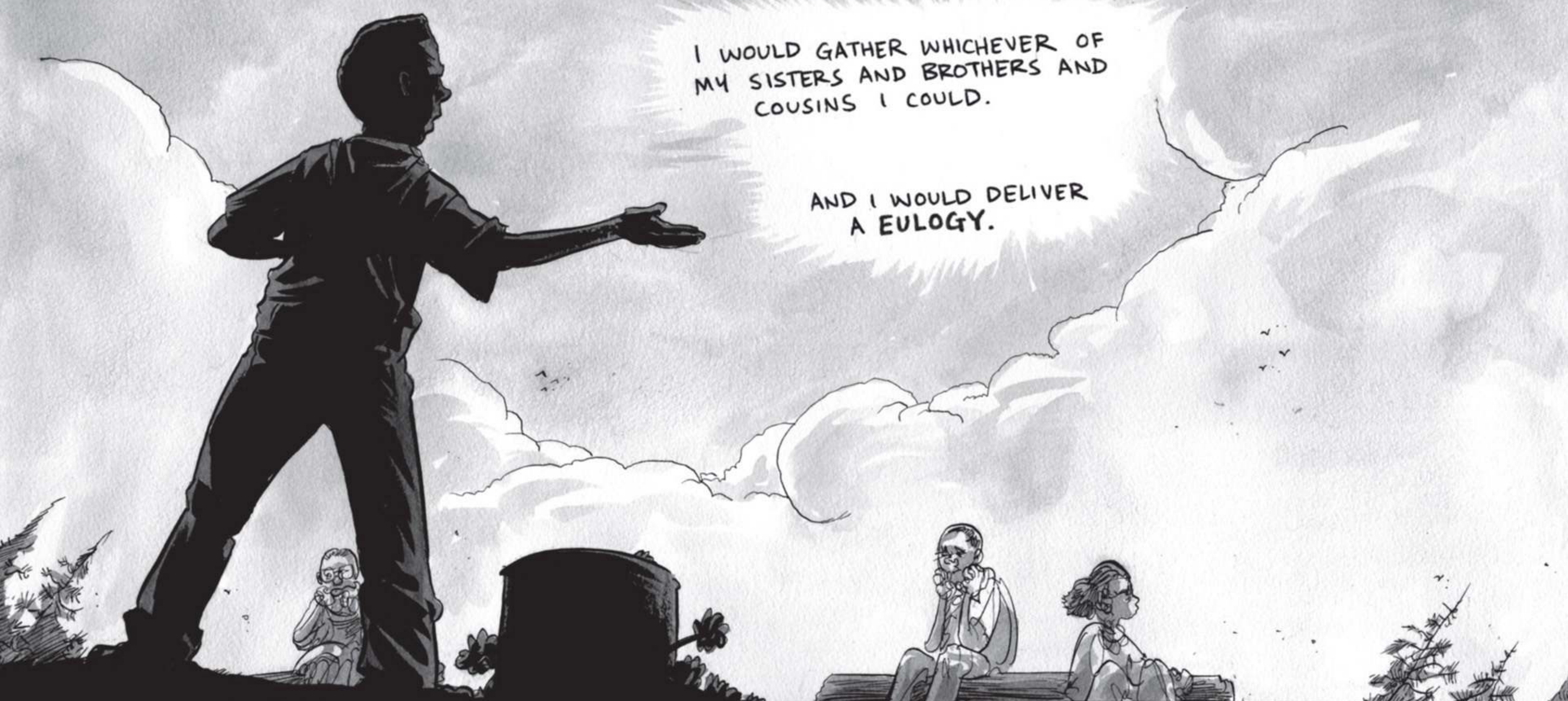
MORE OFTEN THAN I LIKED,  
A GROWN HEN OR EVEN A  
CHICK WOULD DIE OF  
MORE NATURAL CAUSES.



FOR THESE BIRDS,  
I WOULD CONDUCT  
A FUNERAL.



THIS WAS NOT CHILD'S PLAY.  
I WAS GENUINELY GRIEF-  
STRICKEN, AND THE SERVICES  
WERE PAINSTAKINGLY  
PRECISE.



I WOULD GATHER WHICHEVER OF  
MY SISTERS AND BROTHERS AND  
COUSINS I COULD.

AND I WOULD DELIVER  
A EULOGY.



MY PARENTS WOULD WATCH  
THE NEWEST TINY COFFIN JOIN  
THE NEAT ROW OF SMALL  
DIRT-MOUNDED GRAVES,



AND WONDER WHAT KIND  
OF SON THEY HAD.



I EVEN WENT THROUGH  
A PERIOD OF  
PERFORMING BAPTISMS.



I WAS TRULY INTENT  
ON SAVING THE LITTLE  
BIRDS' SOULS.



ON ONE  
OCCASION  
I WAS TOO  
INTENSE.

I GUESS I MISJUDGED THE TIME.



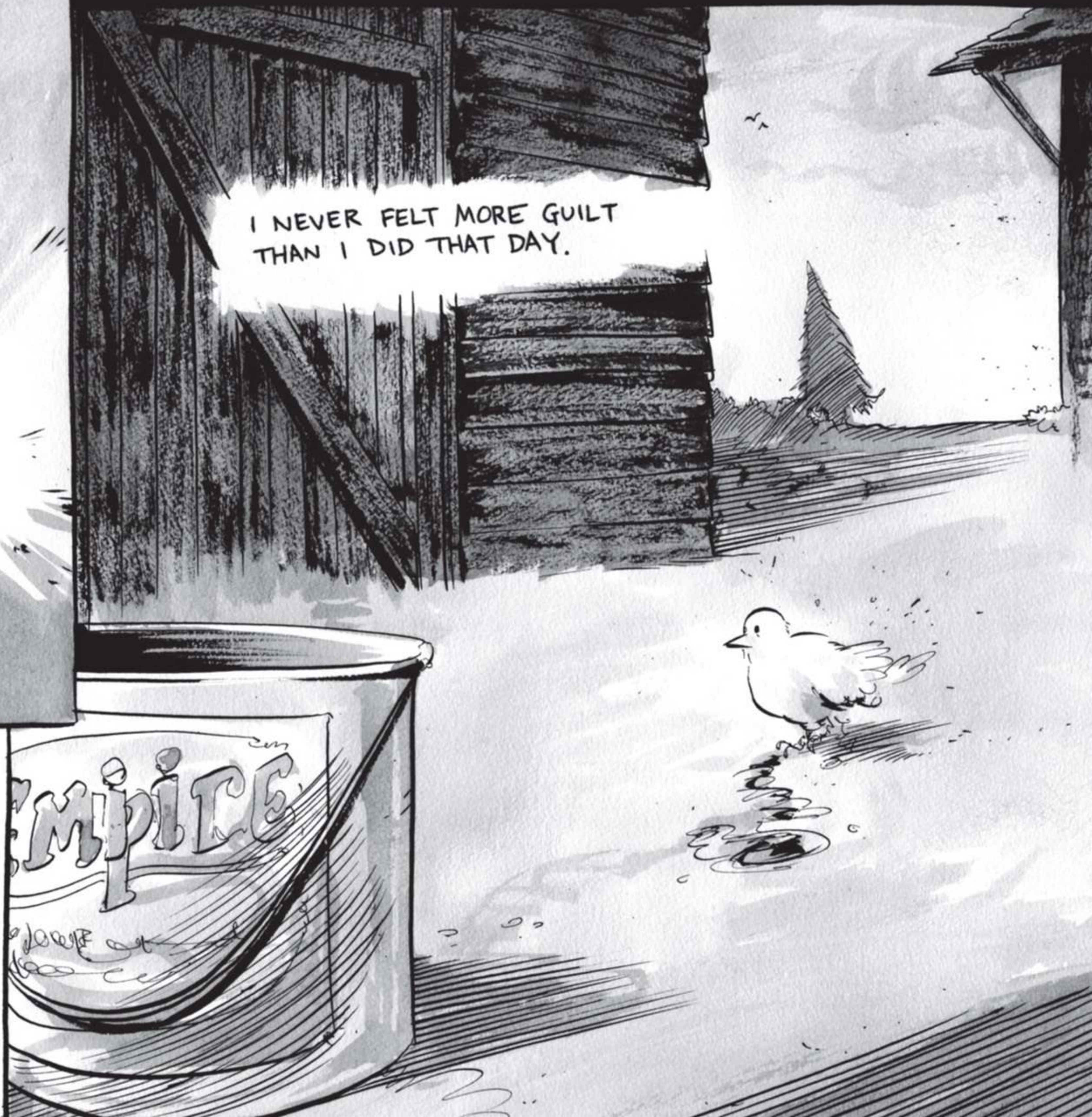
I WAS SHOCKED.  
ABSOLUTELY TERRIFIED.  
I HAD TAKEN ONE OF MY  
INNOCENT BABIES AND  
ACTUALLY KILLED IT.



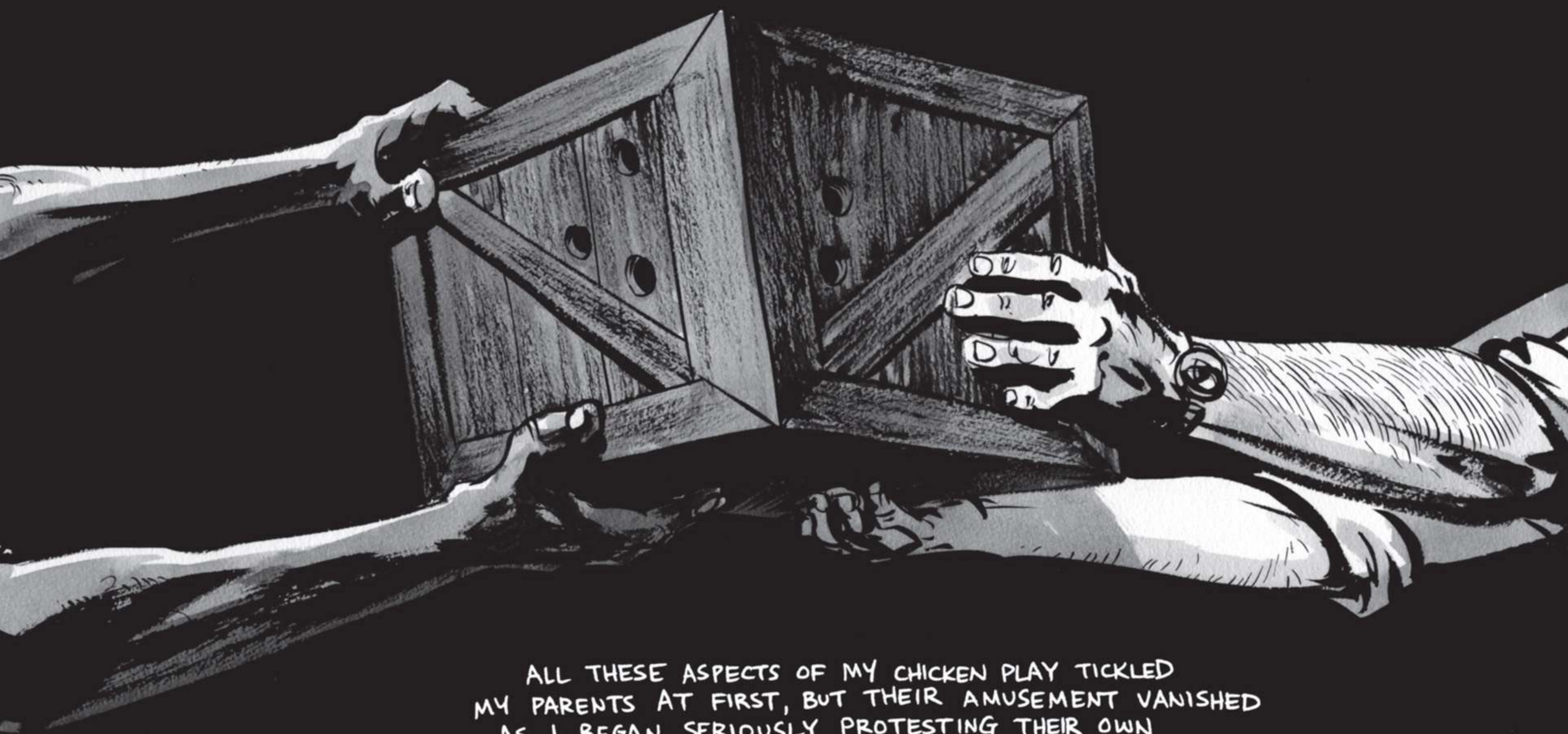
I DIDN'T KNOW WHAT TO DO.











ALL THESE ASPECTS OF MY CHICKEN PLAY TICKLED MY PARENTS AT FIRST, BUT THEIR AMUSEMENT VANISHED AS I BEGAN SERIOUSLY PROTESTING THEIR OWN TREATMENT OF THE BIRDS.

FROM TIME TO TIME, THEY WOULD HAVE NO CASH TO PAY THE ROLLING STONE MAN FOR SOME SORELY-NEEDED SUGAR OR FLOUR, SO THEY WOULD OFFER A BIRD IN BARTER INSTEAD.

ONE OF MY CHICKENS.





I'D CRY, REFUSE TO  
SPEAK TO THEM FOR  
THE REST OF THE DAY--  
EVEN SKIP THAT  
EVENING'S MEAL.



WORSE, THOUGH, WAS  
WATCHING MY MOTHER OR FATHER  
KILL ONE OF THE CHICKENS FOR  
A SPECIAL SUNDAY DINNER.



THEY WOULD EITHER BREAK  
ITS NECK WITH THEIR HANDS,



SPINNING IT AROUND  
UNTIL THE BONE  
SNAPPED



OR SIMPLY CHOP  
THE HEAD OFF.



THEY WOULD THEN DRAIN THE BLOOD FROM ITS BODY AND DIP IT IN BOILING WATER, SCALDING IT TO LOOSEN ITS FEATHERS FOR PLUCKING.

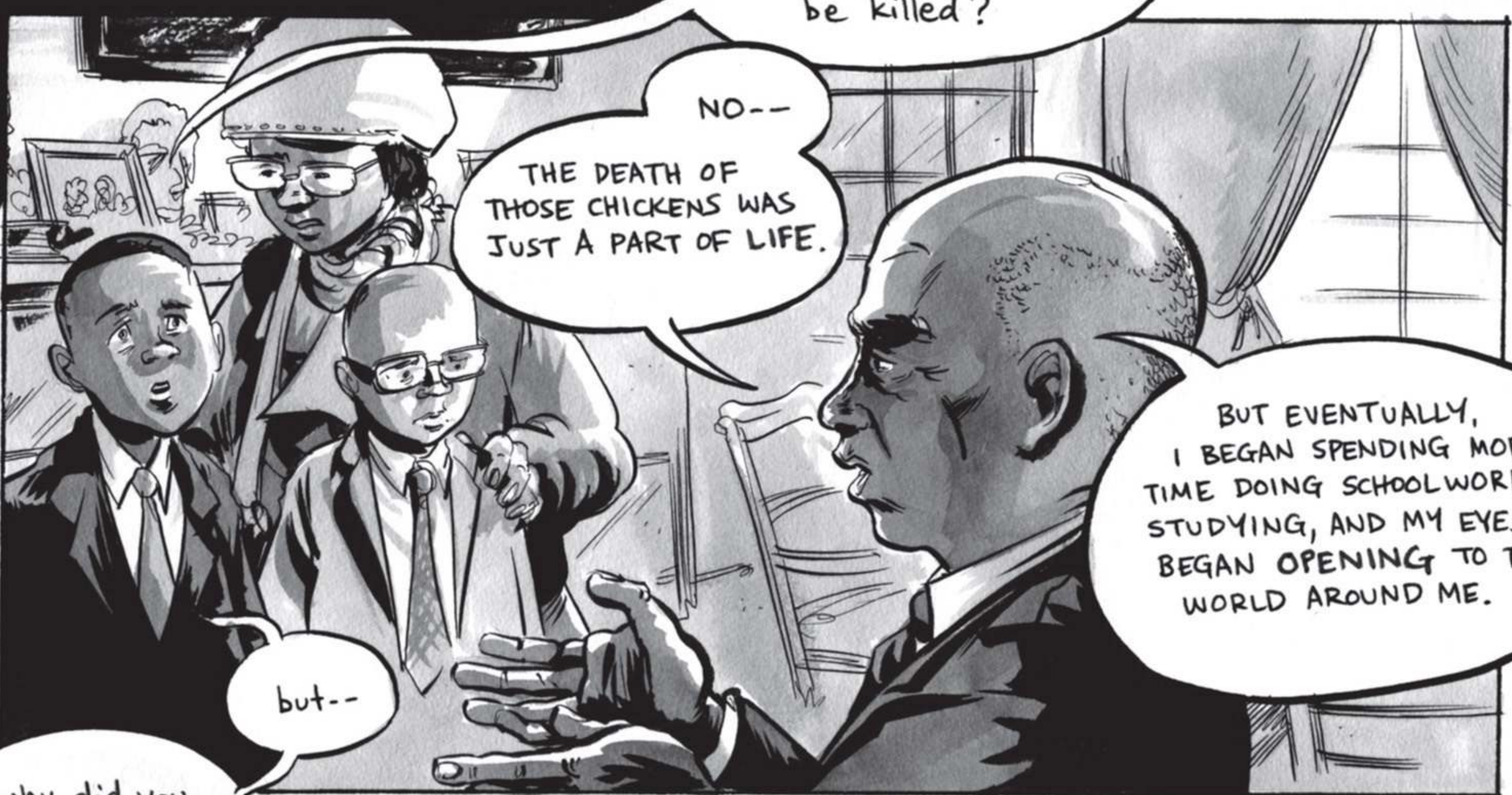
I WAS NOWHERE TO BE SEEN AT THOSE FAMILY MEALS.



so you stopped raising chickens because it was too hard to see them be killed?

NO--  
THE DEATH OF THOSE CHICKENS WAS JUST A PART OF LIFE.

BUT EVENTUALLY, I BEGAN SPENDING MORE TIME DOING SCHOOLWORK, STUDYING, AND MY EYES BEGAN OPENING TO THE WORLD AROUND ME.



but--

why did you need to study more?

did you fail your tests?

JACOBI!  
shhhh!



I DID OKAY. I WASN'T THE BEST.

what?!

BUT SCHOOL WAS IMPORTANT TO ME, AND IT WAS ULTIMATELY THE REASON I GOT INVOLVED IN THE CIVIL RIGHTS MOVEMENT.





THE THING IS, WHEN I WAS YOUNG,  
THERE WASN'T MUCH OF A CIVIL  
RIGHTS MOVEMENT. I WANTED  
TO WORK AT SOMETHING, BUT  
GROWING UP IN RURAL  
ALABAMA, MY PARENTS KNEW  
IT COULD BE DANGEROUS TO  
MAKE ANY WAVES.





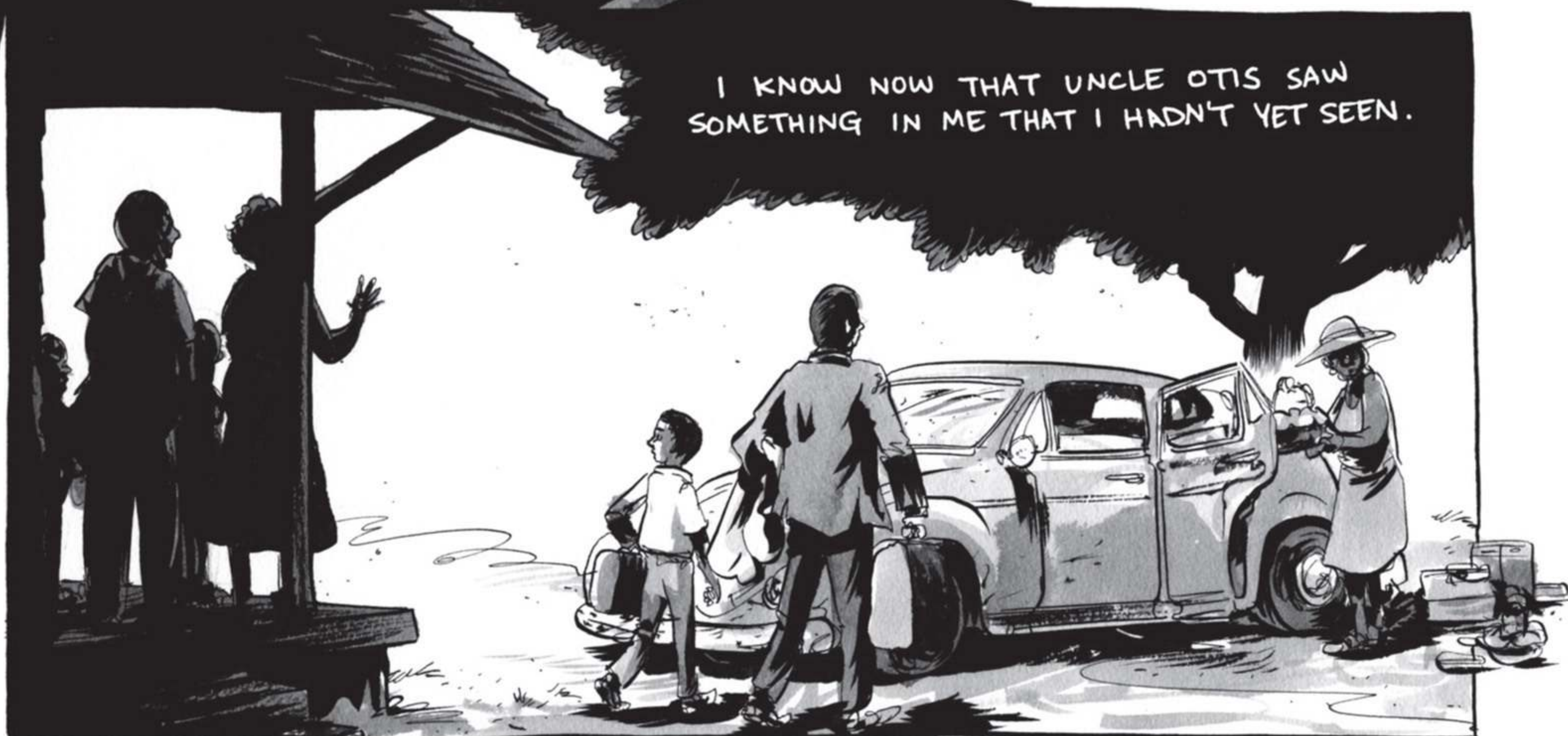


I WAS SO SERIOUS, VERY EARNEST, STILL SERMONIZING WITH MY CHICKENS, STILL PROTESTING WHEN THAT WHITE MEAT WENT ON THE TABLE.

UNCLE OTIS HAD ALWAYS TAKEN A SPECIAL INTEREST IN ME, ESPECIALLY AS I BEGAN TO GROW AND STAND OUT A LITTLE BIT--

NOT JUST WITH MY DEVOTION TO SCHOOLWORK, BUT WITH THE WAY I GENERALLY ACTED.

I WORE A TIE OFTEN, AND SOME OF THE GROWNUPS TEASED ME ABOUT THAT, TELLING ME I DRESSED LIKE A PREACHER.



I KNOW NOW THAT UNCLE OTIS SAW SOMETHING IN ME THAT I HADN'T YET SEEN.



THAT IS WHY WE TOOK OUR TRIP IN JUNE OF '51.



THERE WOULD BE NO RESTAURANTS FOR US TO STOP AT UNTIL WE WERE WELL OUT OF THE SOUTH,

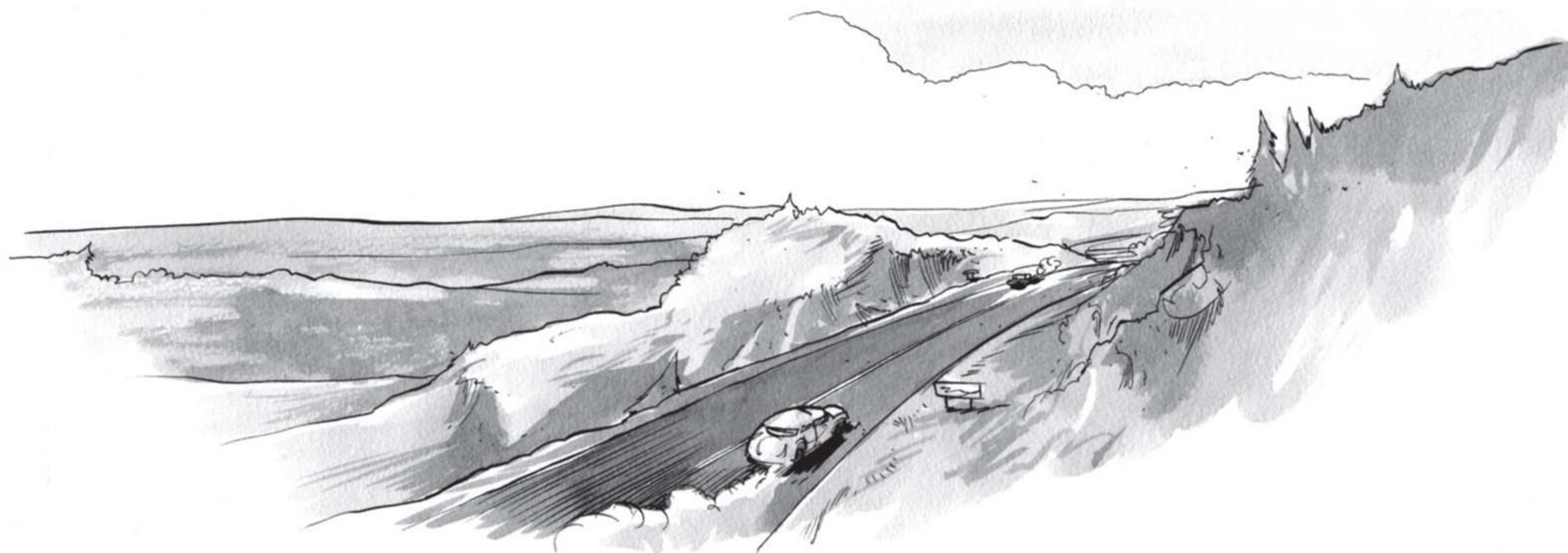
SO WE CARRIED OUR RESTAURANT RIGHT IN THE CAR WITH US.

STOPPING FOR GAS AND BATHROOM BREAKS TOOK CAREFUL PLANNING. UNCLE OTIS HAD MADE THIS TRIP BEFORE, AND HE KNEW WHICH PLACES

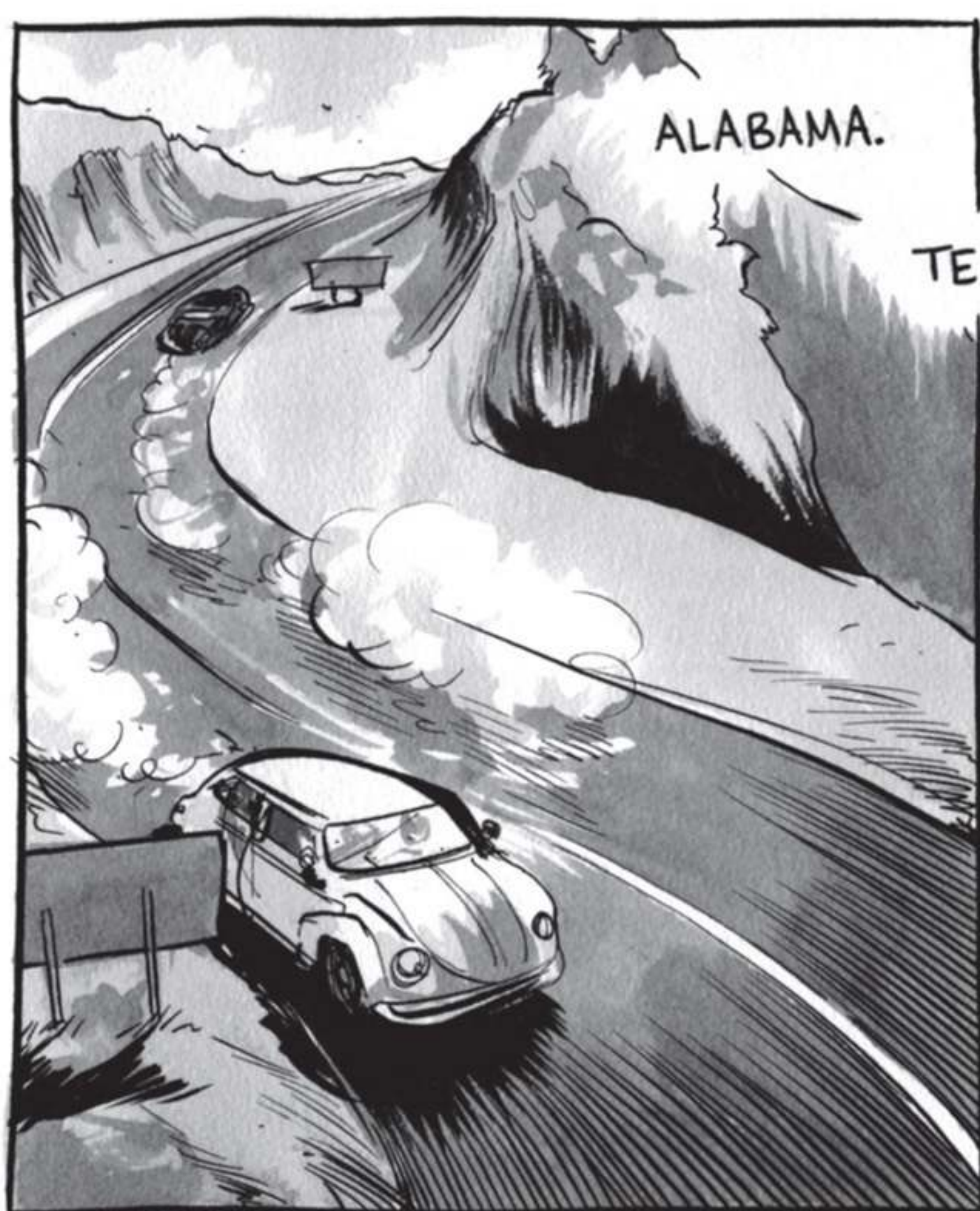
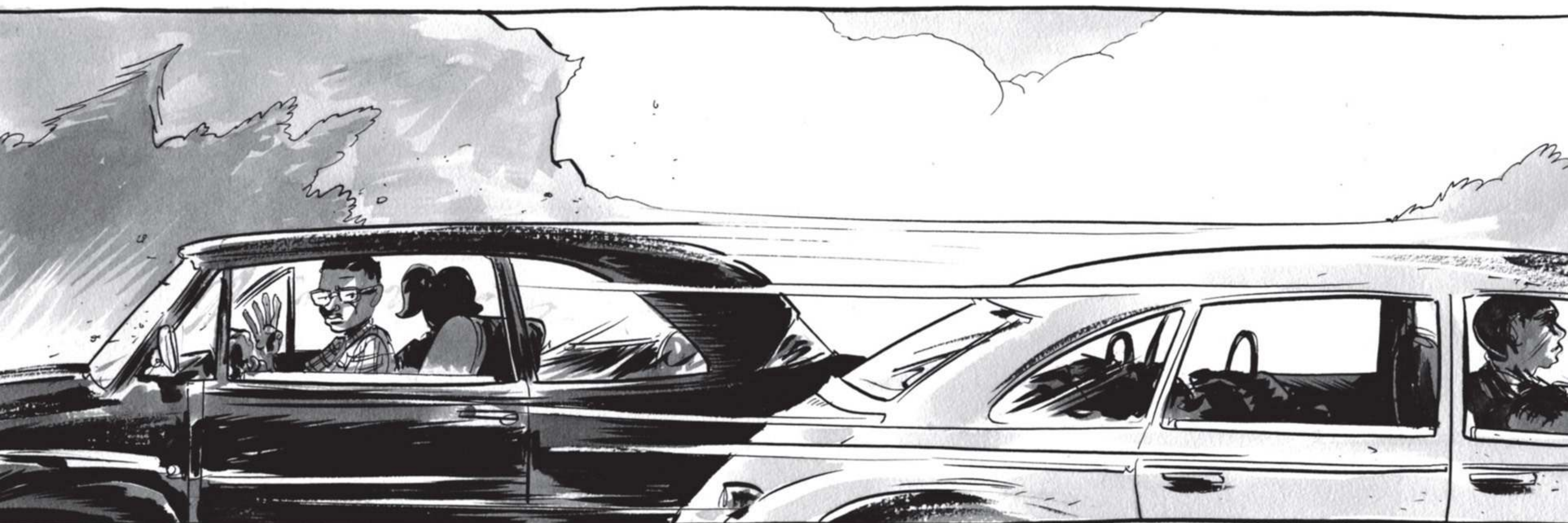
ALONG THE WAY OFFERED "COLORED" BATHROOMS --



AND WHICH WERE SAFER TO JUST PASS ON BY.







ALABAMA.

TENNESSEE.

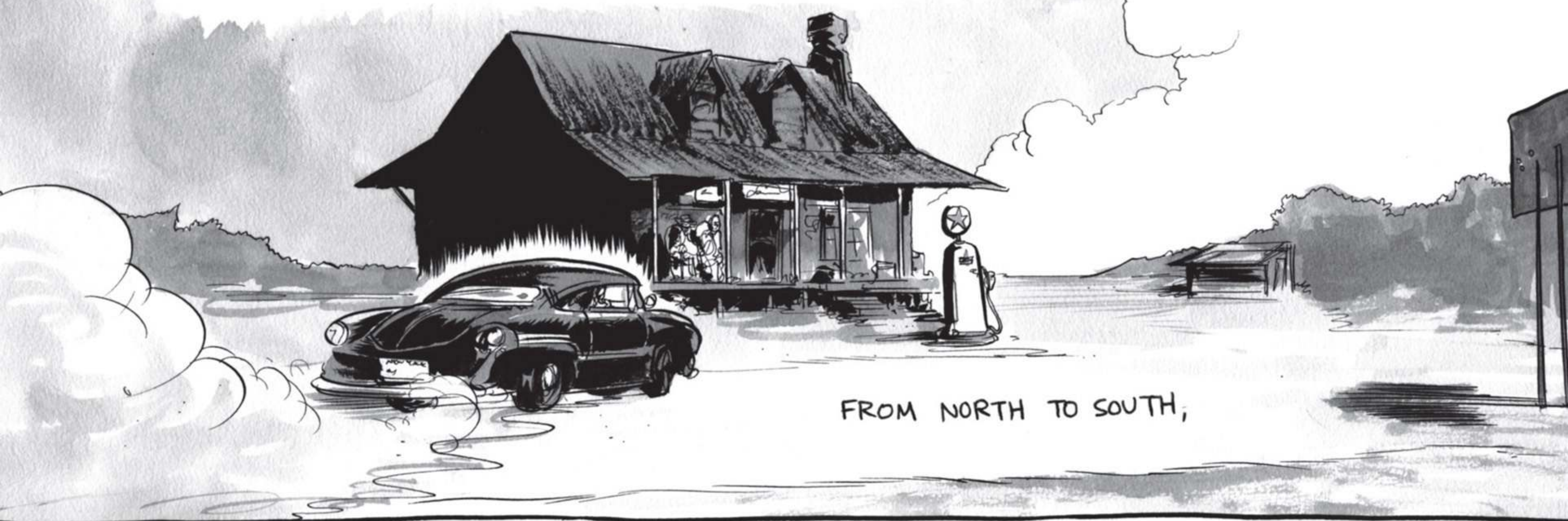
KENTUCKY.

THESE WERE THE STATES WE  
HAD TO BE CAREFUL IN AS WE  
MADE OUR WAY NORTH.





BLACK DRIVERS WE PASSED GOING THE OTHER DIRECTION,



FROM NORTH TO SOUTH,

FACED AN ADDED DANGER,  
THEIR LICENSE PLATES MAKING  
THEM VISIBLE TARGETS.



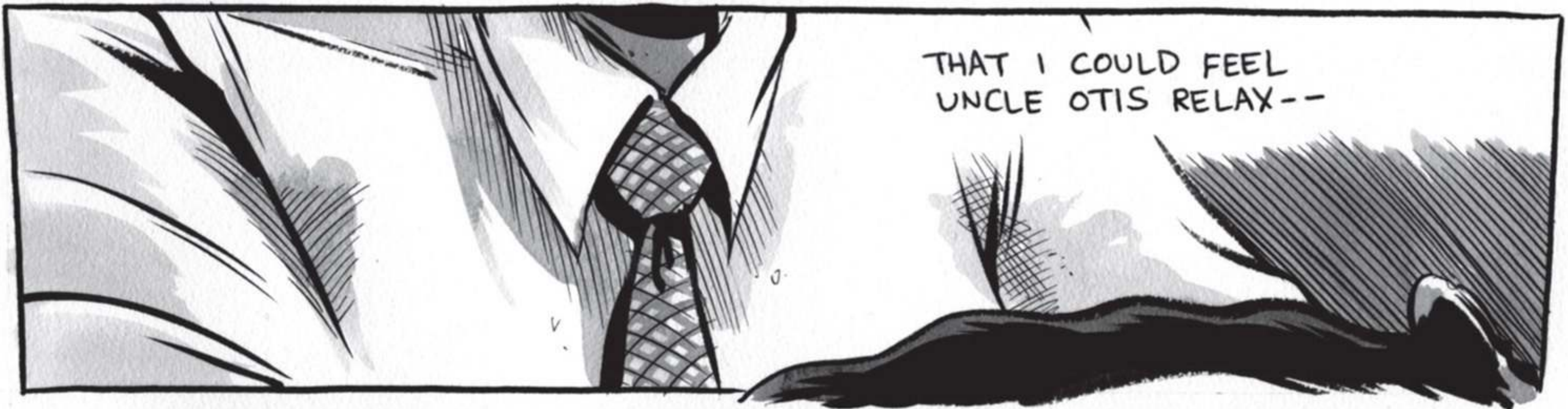
SOMETIMES THEY HAD  
TO FACE WORSE.



What are them  
yankee niggers  
doing with a car  
like that?









BY THE TIME WE REACHED LAKE ERIE AND  
TURNED EAST TOWARD BUFFALO, I WAS ABOUT READY TO BURST WITH EXCITEMENT.



I WAS NOT DISAPPOINTED.







ARRIVING IN BUFFALO AFTER SEVENTEEN HOURS OF TRAVEL WAS AN OTHERWORLDLY EXPERIENCE.

IT WAS SO BUSY, ALMOST FRANTIC.



WHEN WE REACHED MY UNCLE O.C.'S AND DINK'S HOUSE, I COULDN'T BELIEVE IT --

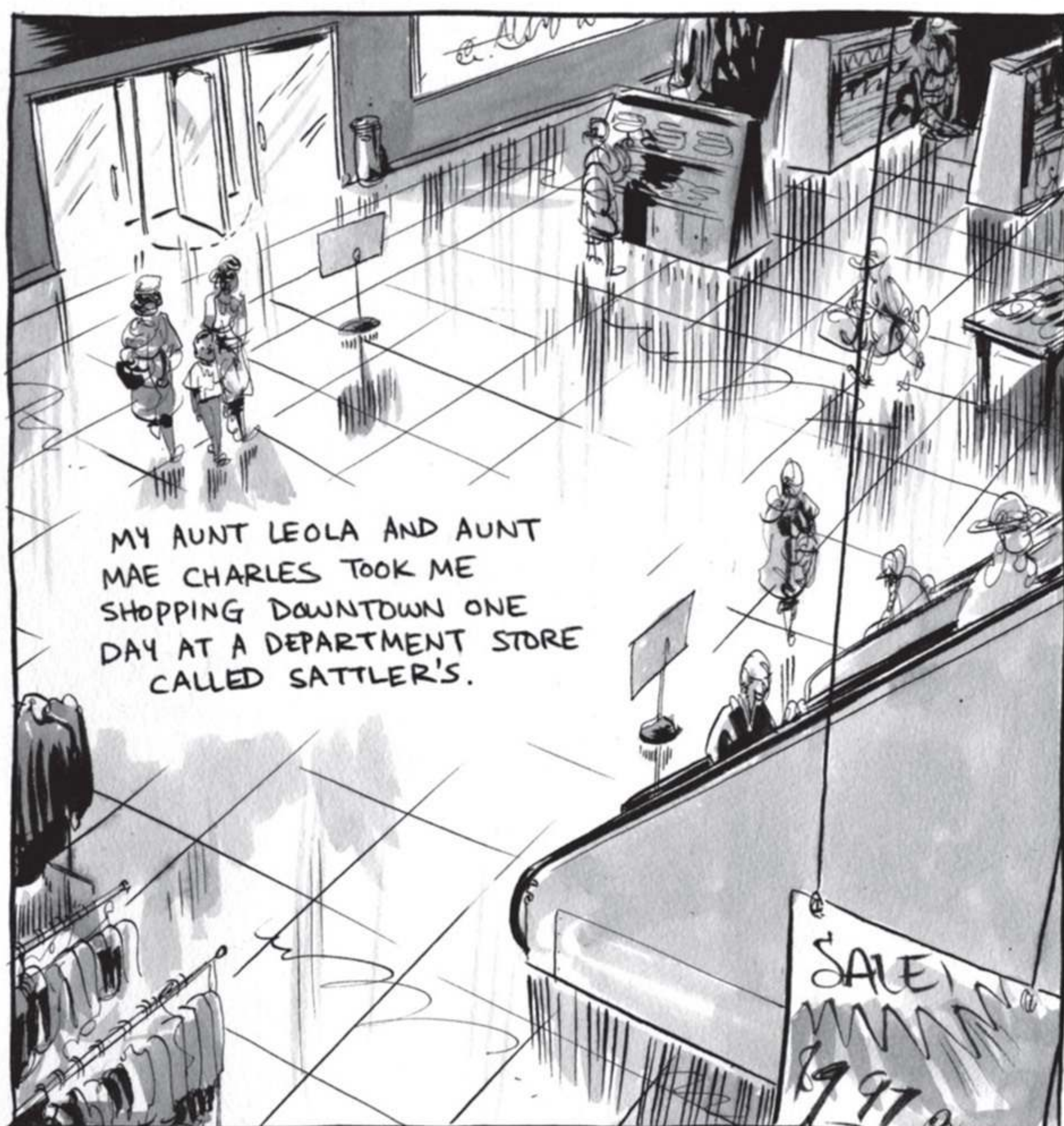


THEY HAD WHITE PEOPLE LIVING NEXT DOOR TO THEM.



ON BOTH SIDES.





MY AUNT LEOLA AND AUNT  
MAE CHARLES TOOK ME  
SHOPPING DOWNTOWN ONE  
DAY AT A DEPARTMENT STORE  
CALLED SATTLER'S.



THERE, FOR THE  
FIRST TIME IN MY  
LIFE, I RODE AN  
ESCALATOR.



I HAD NEVER  
EVEN HEARD  
OF SUCH A THING.



I FOUND MY WAY TO THE CANDY COUNTER  
AND IT WAS LIKE MAGIC.



I TRIED TO MAKE THAT BAG  
OF NEAPOLITAN CANDY  
LAST FOREVER.





ANOTHER TIME, WE WENT TO THE OUTDOOR MARKET AND I WATCHED MY AUNT LEOLA SHOP FOR A CHICKEN.

CITY PEOPLE DIDN'T RAISE THEIR OWN CHICKENS. THEY DID WHAT MY AUNT DID--



I WANT THAT ONE.



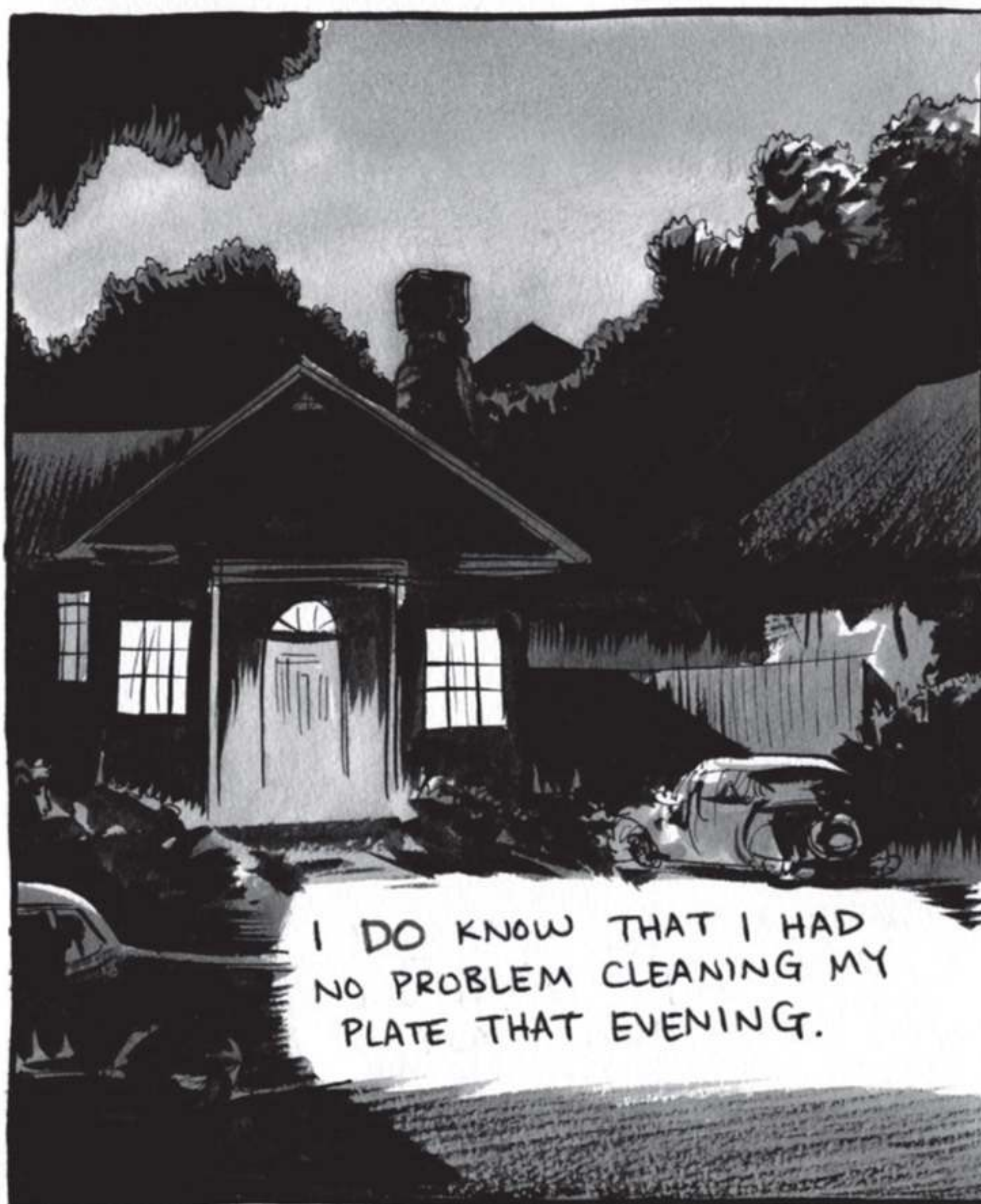
THAT AMAZED ME. IT WAS SO DIFFERENT FROM BACK HOME.



I WASN'T EVEN BOTHERED BY THE FATE OF THESE CHICKENS.



MAYBE THE FACT THAT I DIDN'T KNOW THEM HAD SOMETHING TO DO WITH IT. I DON'T KNOW.



I DO KNOW THAT I HAD NO PROBLEM CLEANING MY PLATE THAT EVENING.



BY LATE AUGUST WHEN IT WAS  
TIME TO RETURN TO ALABAMA,  
I WAS MORE THAN READY.



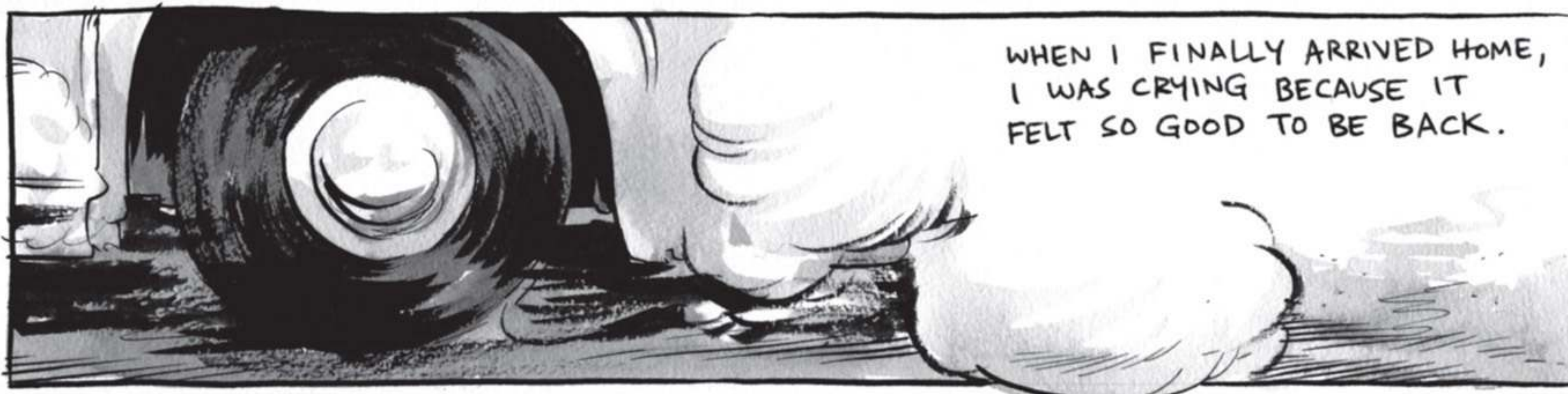
I MISSED MY BROTHERS AND SISTERS.



I MISSED MY PARENTS.



WHEN I FINALLY ARRIVED HOME,  
I WAS CRYING BECAUSE IT  
FELT SO GOOD TO BE BACK.





AFTER THAT TRIP,  
HOME NEVER FELT THE SAME,  
AND NEITHER DID I.

IN THE FALL, I STARTED RIDING  
THE BUS TO SCHOOL, WHICH  
SHOULD'VE BEEN FUN.

BUT IT WAS JUST ANOTHER  
SAD REMINDER OF HOW DIFFERENT  
OUR LIVES WERE FROM THOSE  
OF WHITE CHILDREN.







WE PASSED THEIR SCHOOLHOUSES AS WELL, WITH NICE PLAYGROUND EQUIPMENT OUTSIDE -- NOTHING LIKE OUR CLUSTER OF SMALL CINDERBLOCK BUILDINGS WITH A DIRT FIELD OUT BACK FOR RECESS.





WE DROVE PAST PRISON WORK GANGS  
ALMOST EVERY DAY. THE PRISONERS  
WERE ALWAYS BLACK.

AS WERE THE FOLKS WORKING  
IN THE FIELDS BEYOND THEM.



YOU COULDN'T HELP  
BUT NOTICE.



DESPITE EVERYTHING THAT CONFRONTED  
ME ON THE WAY TO SCHOOL,

I WAS IN HEAVEN ONCE I  
STEPPED INSIDE IT.

I LOVED GOING TO THE LIBRARY. IT WAS THE  
FIRST TIME I EVER SAW BLACK NEWSPAPERS  
AND MAGAZINES LIKE JET, EBONY, THE  
BALTIMORE AFRO-AMERICAN, OR  
THE CHICAGO DEFENDER.

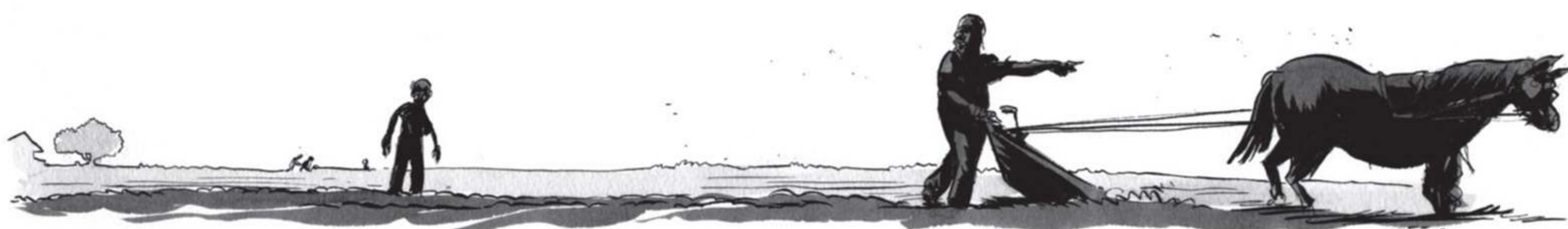
AND I'LL NEVER FORGET MY  
LIBRARIAN, COREEN HARVEY.



MY DEAR CHILDREN,  
READ. READ  
EVERYTHING.



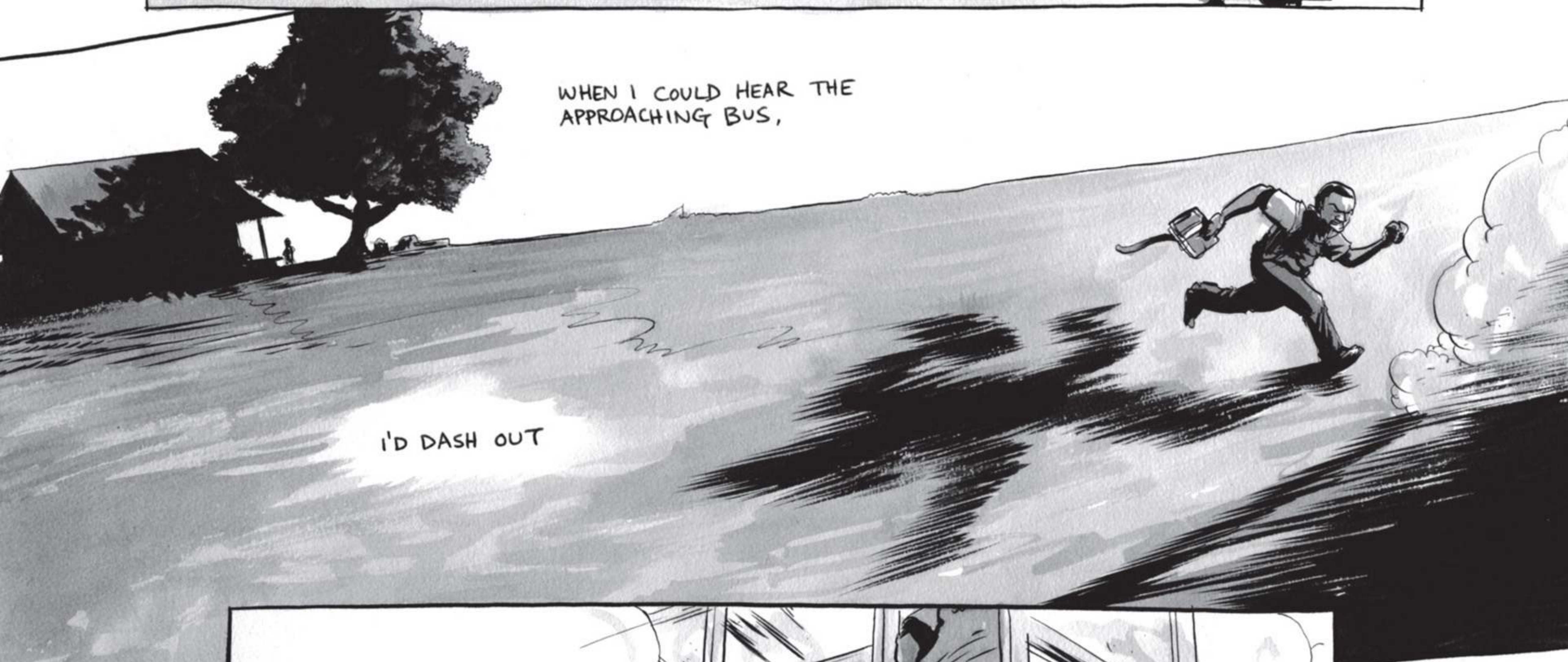
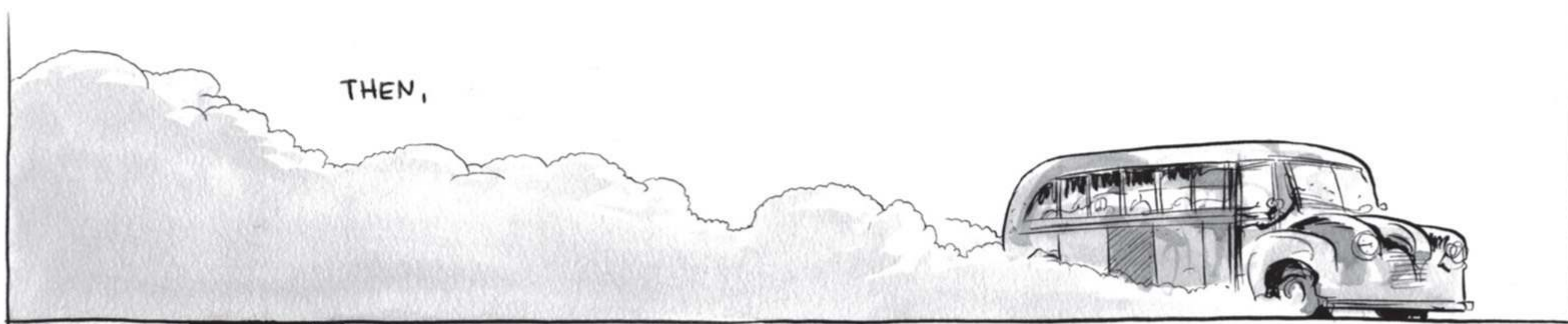
BUT SOMETIMES GOING TO SCHOOL WAS A LUXURY MY FAMILY COULDN'T AFFORD. WHEN PLANTING AND HARVESTING SEASONS ARRIVED, THE REALITY OF THOSE FIELDS DISPLACED ANY DREAMS ABOUT THE FUTURE.



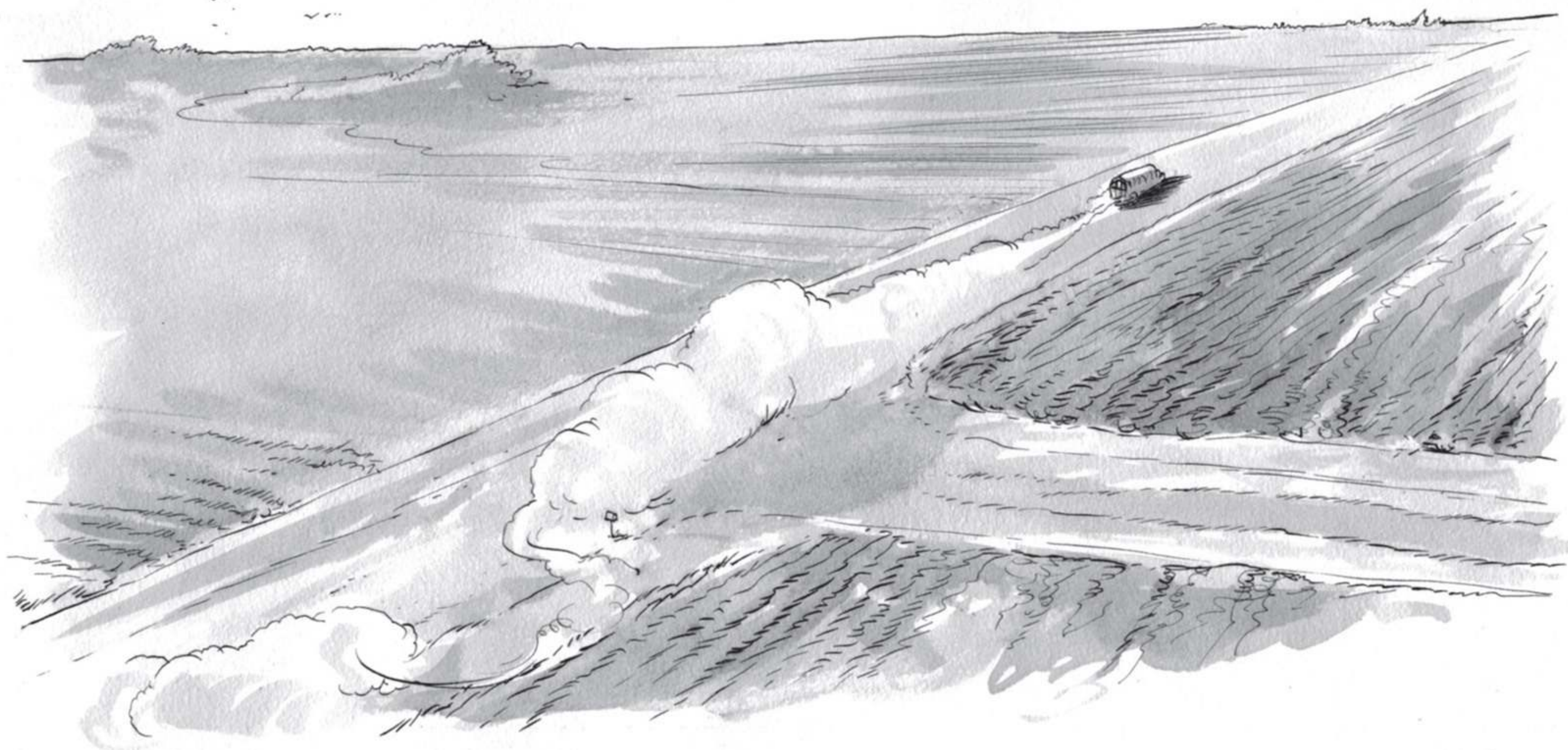








AND BE OFF.







WHEN I GOT HOME, MY FATHER WOULD BE FURIOUS.



I WAS CERTAIN HE'D TAN MY HIDE.



NEVER DO IT AGAIN.

BUT HE NEVER DID WHIP ME-- NOT OVER THAT.



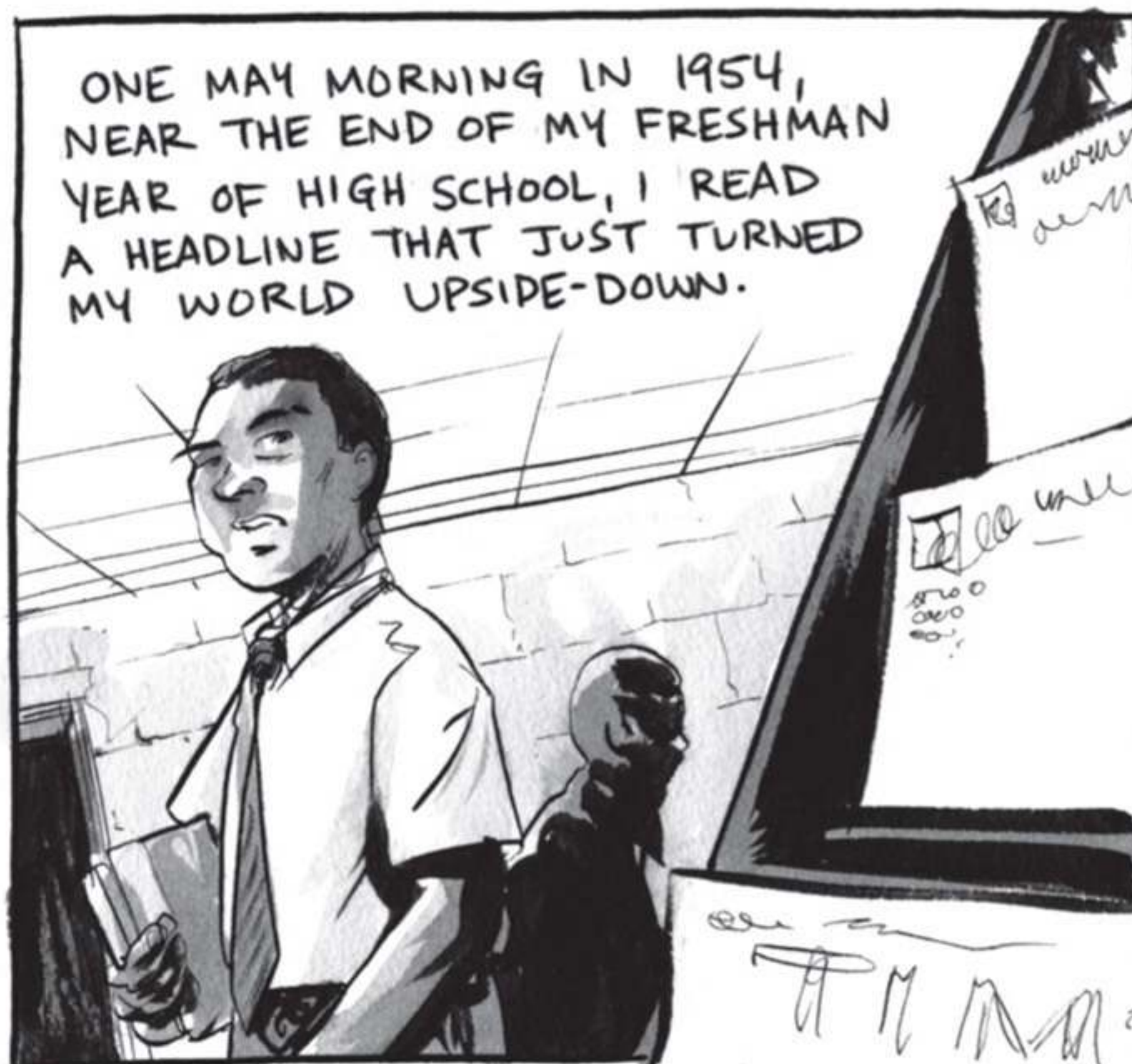
I DID IT AGAIN, AND OF COURSE HE WOULD SCOLD ME AGAIN.

BUT DEEP INSIDE I THINK HE KNEW THERE WAS NO STOPPING ME.

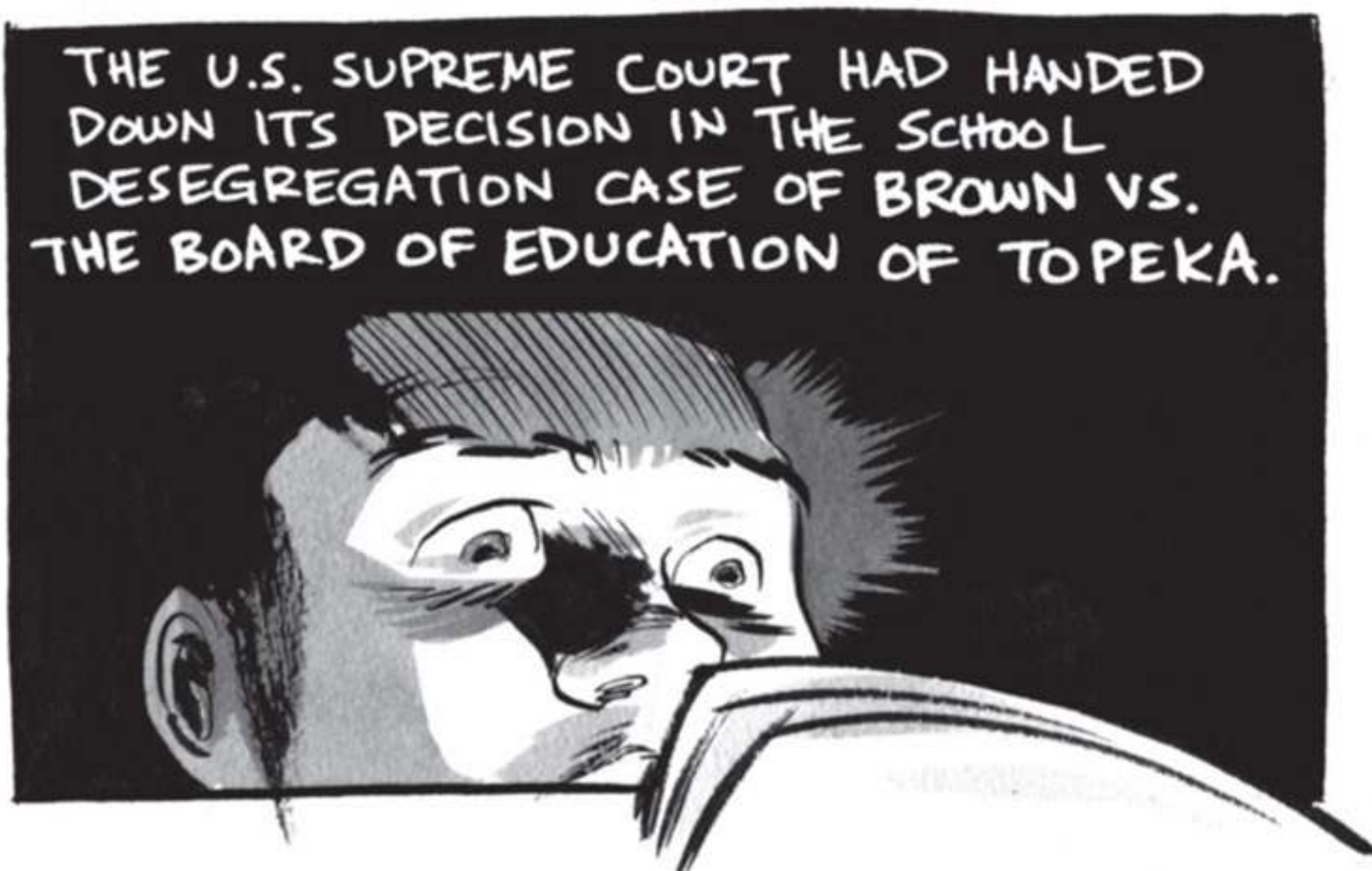
THIS WAS A LIFE DECISION I HAD MADE, AND IT WAS NEAR-IMPOSSIBLE TO TURN ME AWAY FROM IT.



ONE MAY MORNING IN 1954, NEAR THE END OF MY FRESHMAN YEAR OF HIGH SCHOOL, I READ A HEADLINE THAT JUST TURNED MY WORLD UPSIDE-DOWN.

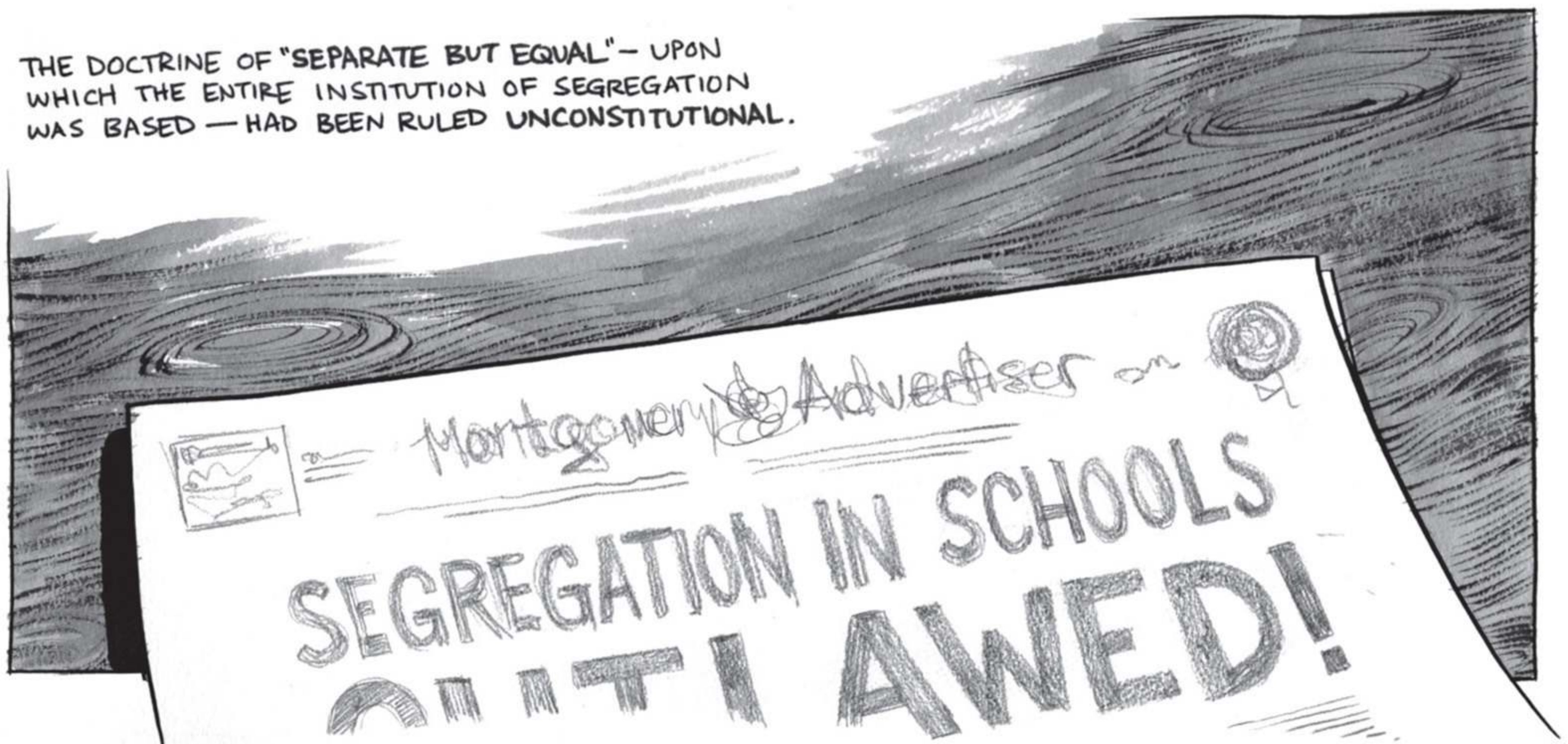


THE U.S. SUPREME COURT HAD HANDED DOWN ITS DECISION IN THE SCHOOL DESEGREGATION CASE OF BROWN VS. THE BOARD OF EDUCATION OF TOPEKA.





THE DOCTRINE OF "SEPARATE BUT EQUAL"—UPON WHICH THE ENTIRE INSTITUTION OF SEGREGATION WAS BASED—HAD BEEN RULED UNCONSTITUTIONAL.



I WAS SO EXCITED--SURELY EVERYTHING WAS GOING TO CHANGE.



I THOUGHT THAT, COME FALL, I'D BE RIDING A STATE-OF-THE-ART BUS TO A STATE-OF-THE-ART SCHOOL.

AN INTEGRATED SCHOOL.



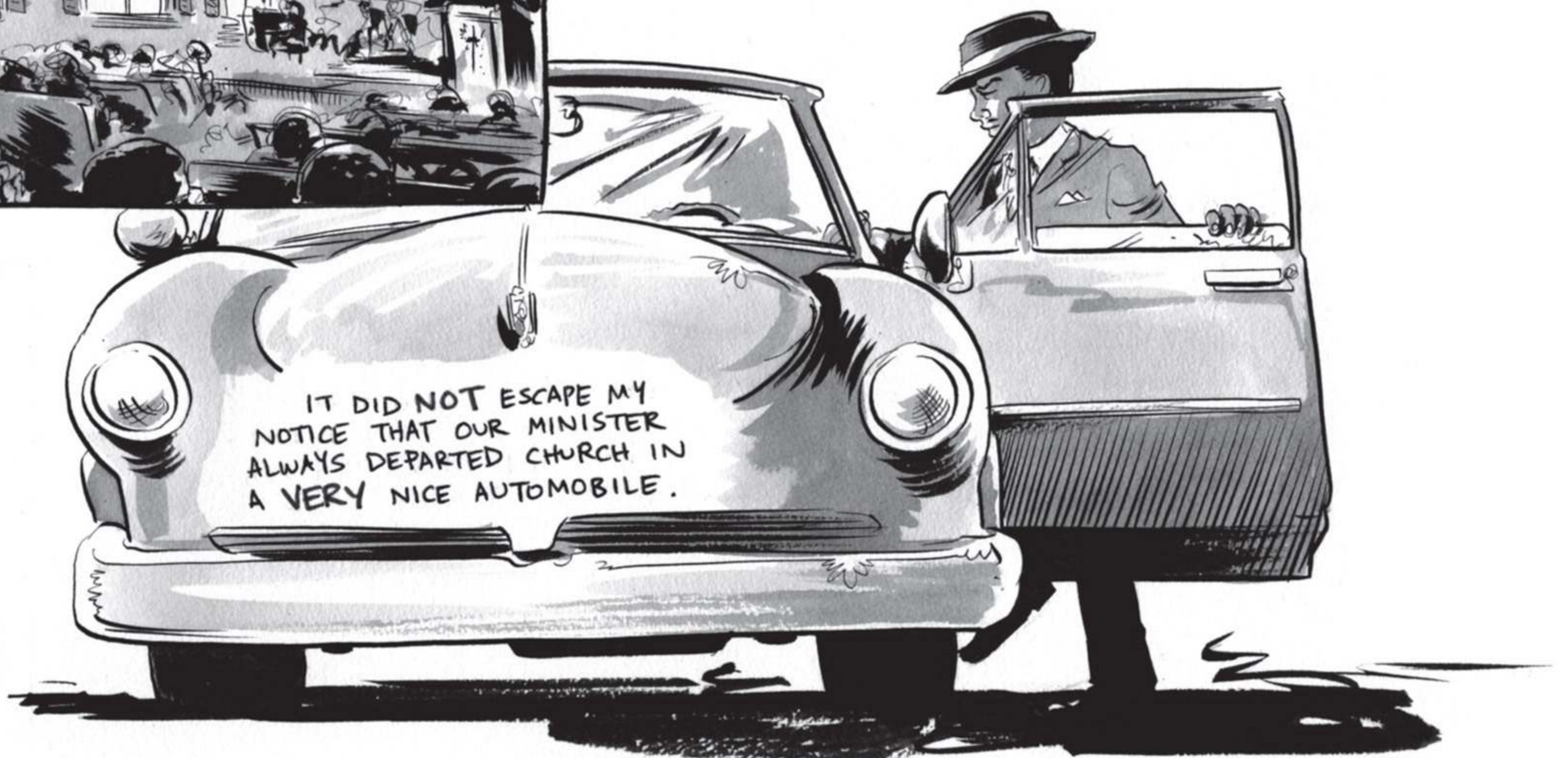
NOT EVERYBODY WAS SO EXCITED.

don't get in trouble.

don't you get in the way.



BUT MY PARENTS' ATTITUDE DIDN'T BOTHER ME NEARLY AS MUCH AS THOSE AMONG THE MINISTERS AT THE CHURCH, WHO NEVER MENTIONED THESE INJUSTICES IN THEIR SERMONS.



IT DID NOT ESCAPE MY NOTICE THAT OUR MINISTER ALWAYS DEPARTED CHURCH IN A VERY NICE AUTOMOBILE.



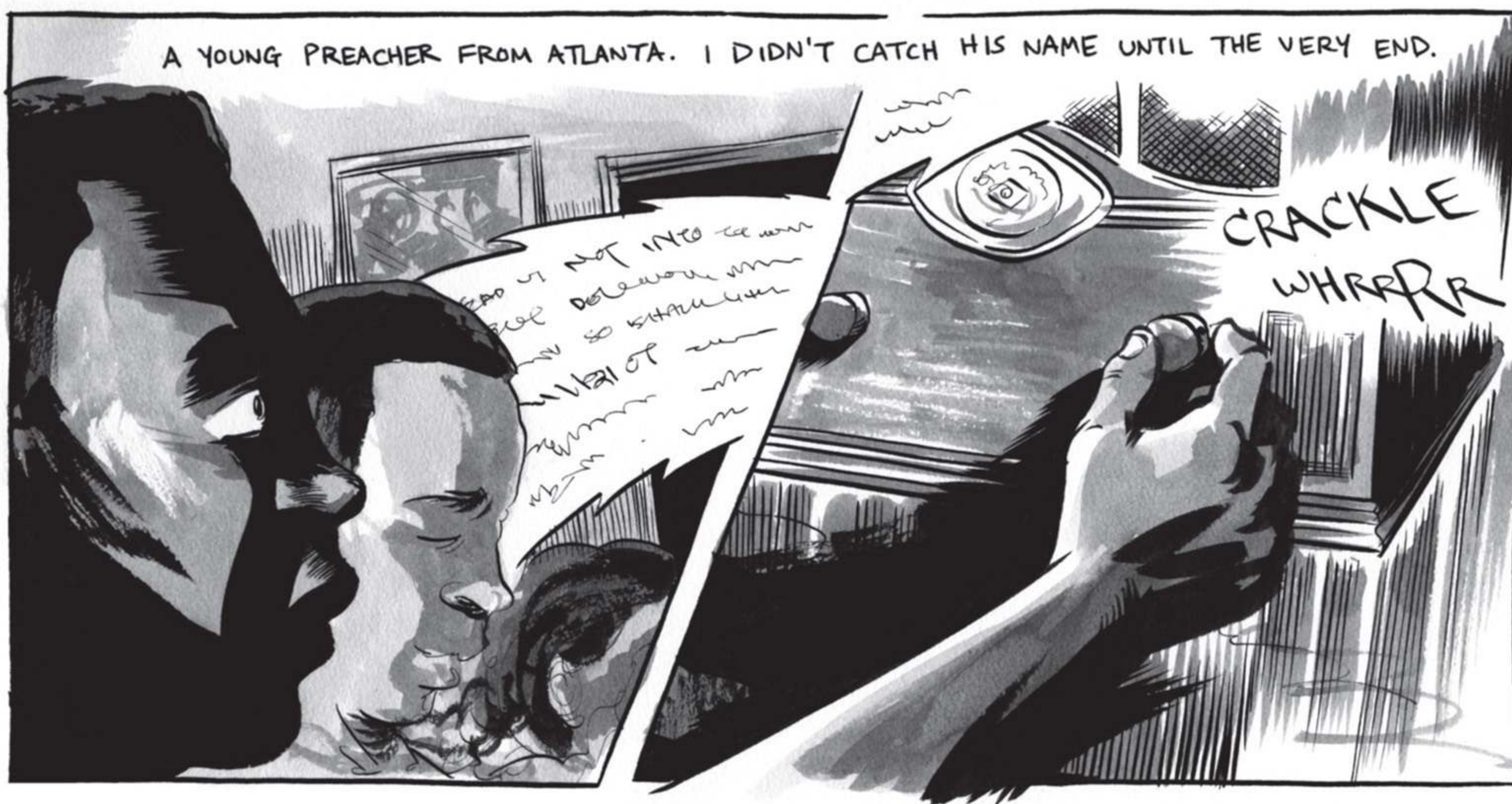


THEN, ONE SUNDAY MORNING IN EARLY 1955, I WAS LISTENING TO **WRMA** OUT OF MONTGOMERY WHEN I HEARD A SERMON BY SOMEONE UNKNOWN TO ME--



What's the difference between  
the two? The first is the  
one that is the most common  
and the second is the one  
that is the least common.

A YOUNG PREACHER FROM ATLANTA. I DIDN'T CATCH HIS NAME UNTIL THE VERY END.



CRACKLE  
WHRRR



and so thank you, and  
again, you just heard  
**DR. MARTIN  
LUTHER KING, JR.**  
coming up next  
at next we've got  
real treat for you  
this Sunday



DR. KING'S MESSAGE HIT ME LIKE A BOLT OF LIGHTNING. HE APPLIED THE PRINCIPLES OF THE CHURCH TO WHAT WAS HAPPENING NOW, TODAY. IT WAS CALLED THE SOCIAL GOSPEL--



-- AND I FELT LIKE HE WAS PREACHING DIRECTLY TO ME.

I WENT TO THE SCHOOL LIBRARY ON MONDAY TO FIND OUT EVERYTHING I COULD ABOUT THIS MAN.



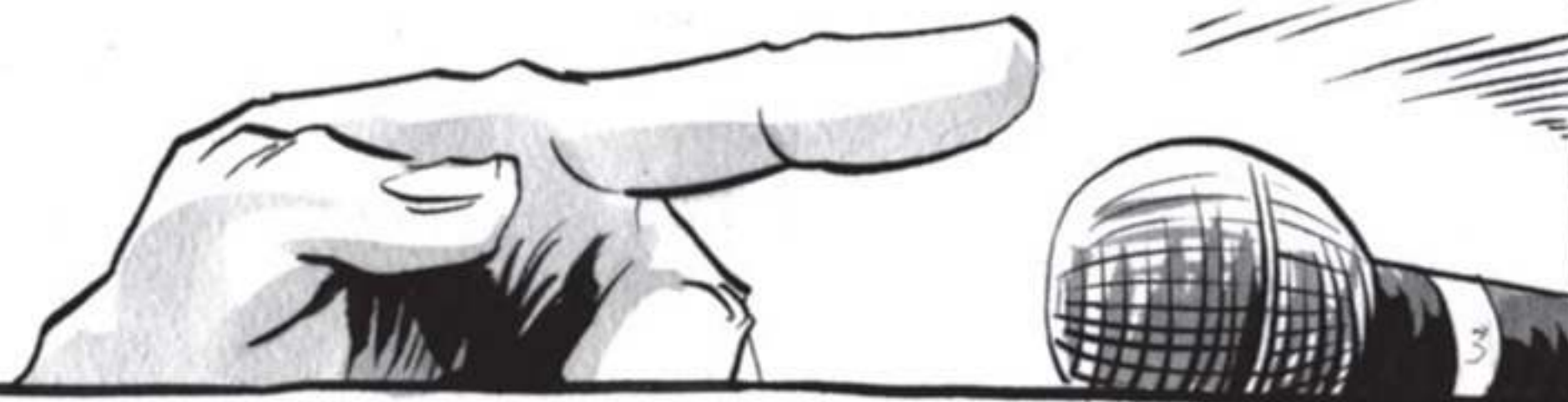
AT THE TIME, I COULD ONLY FIND ONE NEWSPAPER ARTICLE. BUT 1955 WAS A WATERSHED YEAR.

to be the  
at Dr. Martin L.  
King, Jr., a graduate  
of Morehouse College in  
Atlanta, GA was appointed  
resident pastor of Dexter  
Avenue Baptist Church.

ARBON HILL - 81-year  
cedell Rogers is  
the first  
ation of a



IN MAY, A SECOND SUPREME COURT RULING IN **BROWN V. BOARD** PROMPTED SEGREGATIONIST ELECTED OFFICIALS, LIKE SENATORS JAMES EASTLAND OF MISSISSIPPI AND STROM THURMOND OF SOUTH CAROLINA, TO SWEAR TO THE DEATH THEIR CONTINUED DEFIANCE OF THE COURT.



LINES HAD BEEN DRAWN. BLOOD WAS BEGINNING TO SPILL.

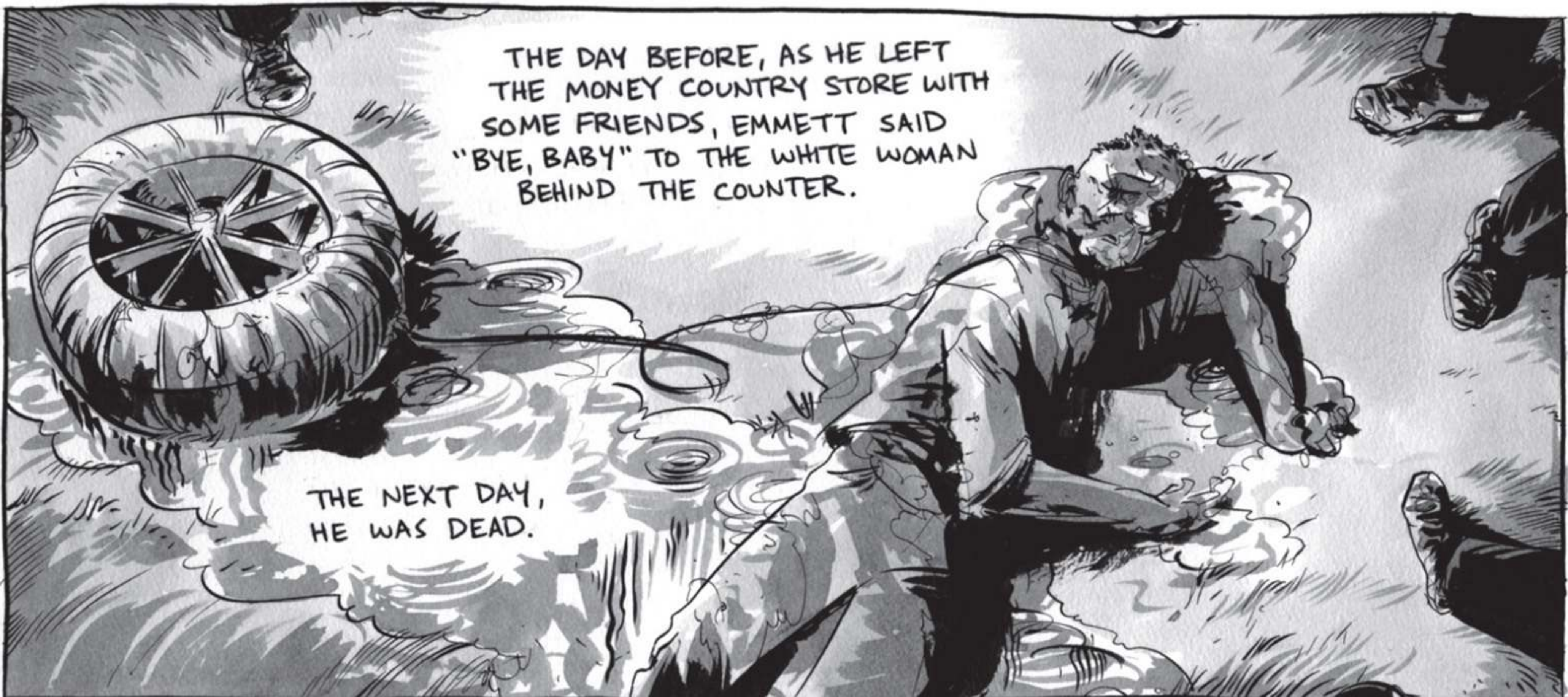




THAT AUGUST, AN INCIDENT OCCURRED  
WHICH NO ONE COULD IGNORE.



IN MONEY, MISSISSIPPI, THE BODY OF  
FOURTEEN-YEAR OLD EMMETT TILL,  
WHO WAS DOWN FROM CHICAGO  
VISITING RELATIVES, WAS PULLED  
FROM THE BOTTOM OF THE  
TALLAHATCHIE RIVER.



THE DAY BEFORE, AS HE LEFT  
THE MONEY COUNTRY STORE WITH  
SOME FRIENDS, EMMETT SAID  
"BYE, BABY" TO THE WHITE WOMAN  
BEHIND THE COUNTER.

THE NEXT DAY,  
HE WAS DEAD.

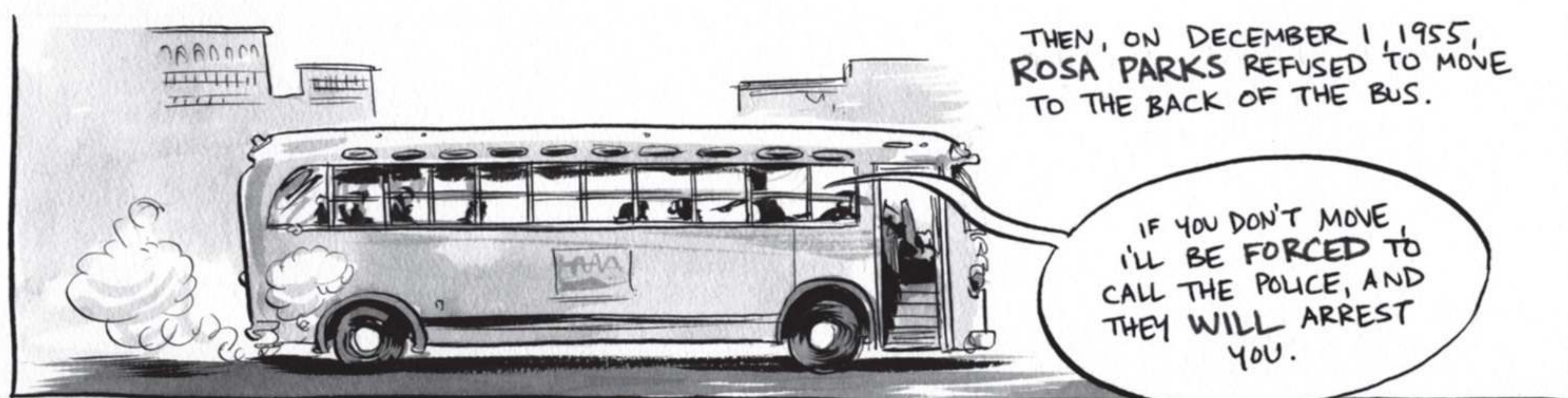


A BLACK FARMER NAMED MOSES WRIGHT  
WITNESSED THE TWO WHITE MEN DRAGGING  
EMMETT TILL FROM HIS RELATIVES' HOME,  
AND HAD THE COURAGE TO TESTIFY  
AGAINST THEM IN OPEN COURT.

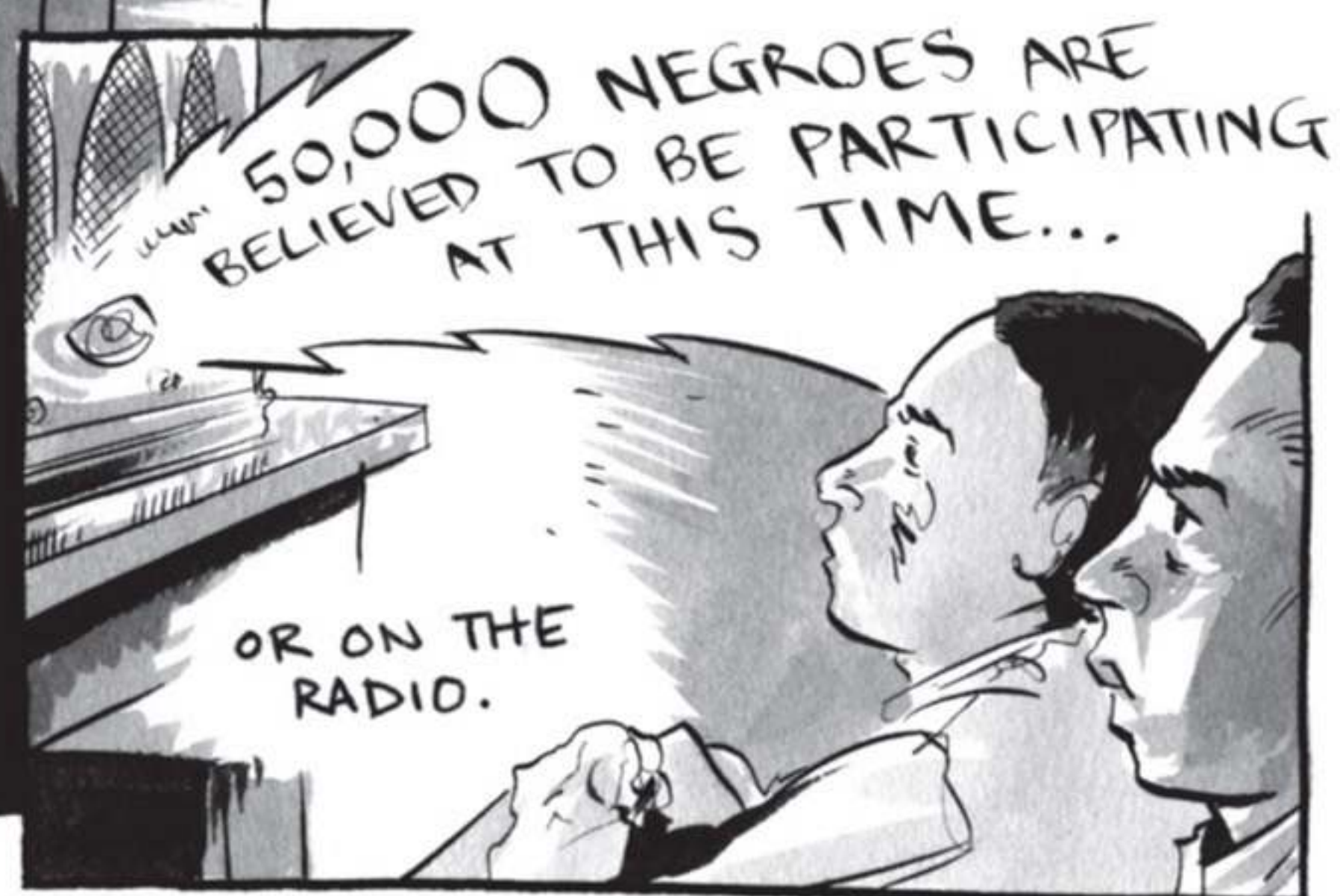
THE ALL-WHITE JURY FOUND THOSE TWO  
WHITE DEFENDANTS NOT GUILTY.

A FEW MONTHS LATER, THEY EVEN CONFESSED  
TO THE MURDER IN LOOK MAGAZINE, BUT THERE  
WAS NOTHING TO BE DONE — THEY HAD ALREADY BEEN TRIED.









DR. KING'S EXAMPLE SHOWED ME THAT IT WAS POSSIBLE TO DO MORE AS A MINISTER THAN WHAT I HAD WITNESSED IN MY OWN CHURCH.

I WAS INSPIRED.





SO, FIVE DAYS BEFORE MY SIXTEENTH BIRTHDAY,  
I PREACHED MY FIRST PUBLIC SERMON--



"A PRAYING MOTHER", FROM THE  
FIRST BOOK OF SAMUEL.



I WAS  
NERVOUS,



BUT ONCE I  
WARMED UP



THE CONGREGATION  
WARMED UP TOO,

AND OUT POURED THE EMOTIONS.







THAT WAS THE FIRST TIME  
I EVER SAW MY NAME IN PRINT.







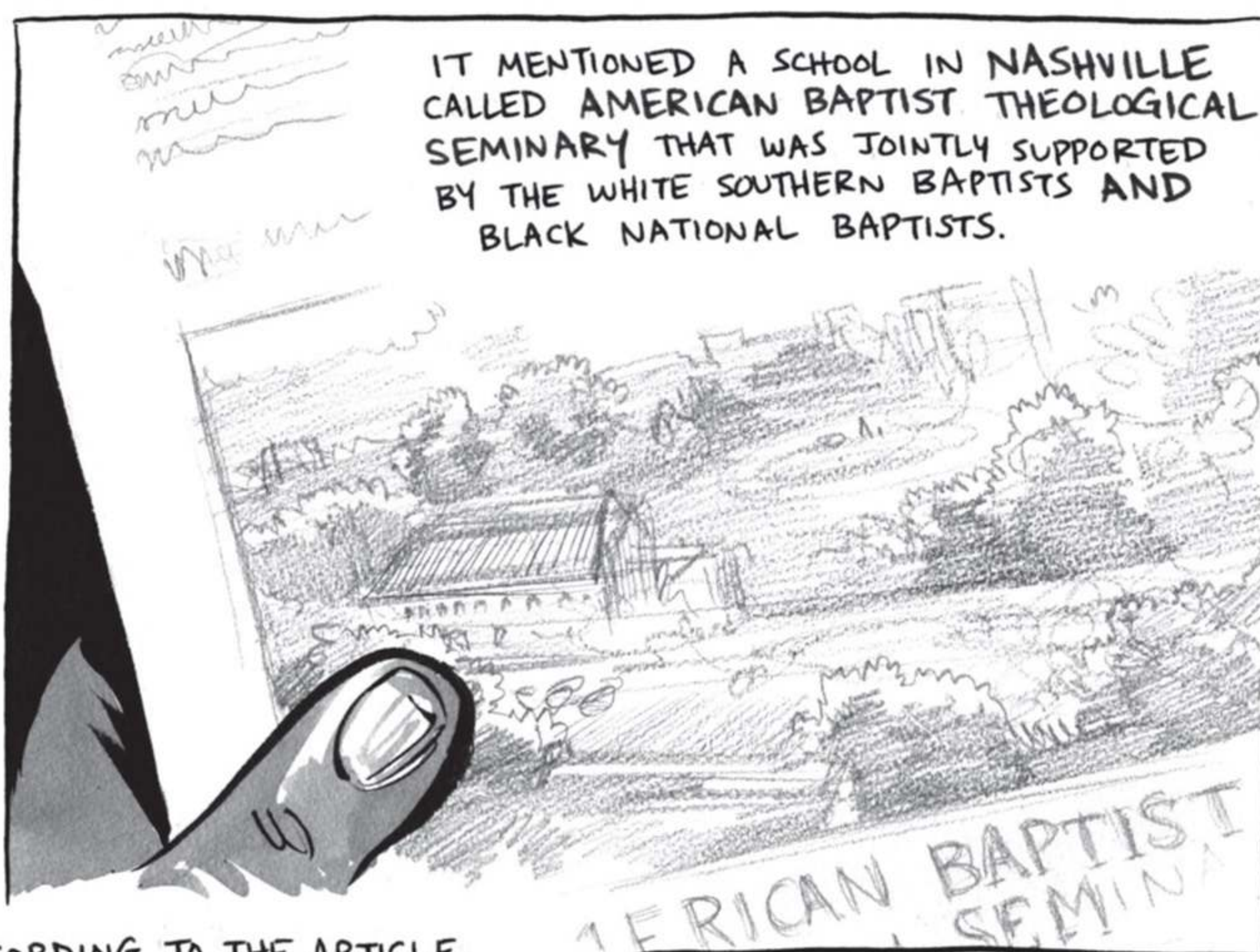








MY MOTHER HAD A PART-TIME JOB WORKING AT THE WHITE BAPTIST OFFERING HOME IN DOWNTOWN TROY, ALABAMA.



ACCORDING TO THE ARTICLE, IT WAS A SCHOOL FOR BLACK MEN AND WOMEN TO STUDY TO BECOME MINISTERS OR MISSIONARIES -- AND IT OFFERED A WORK-STUDY PROGRAM ON CAMPUS.

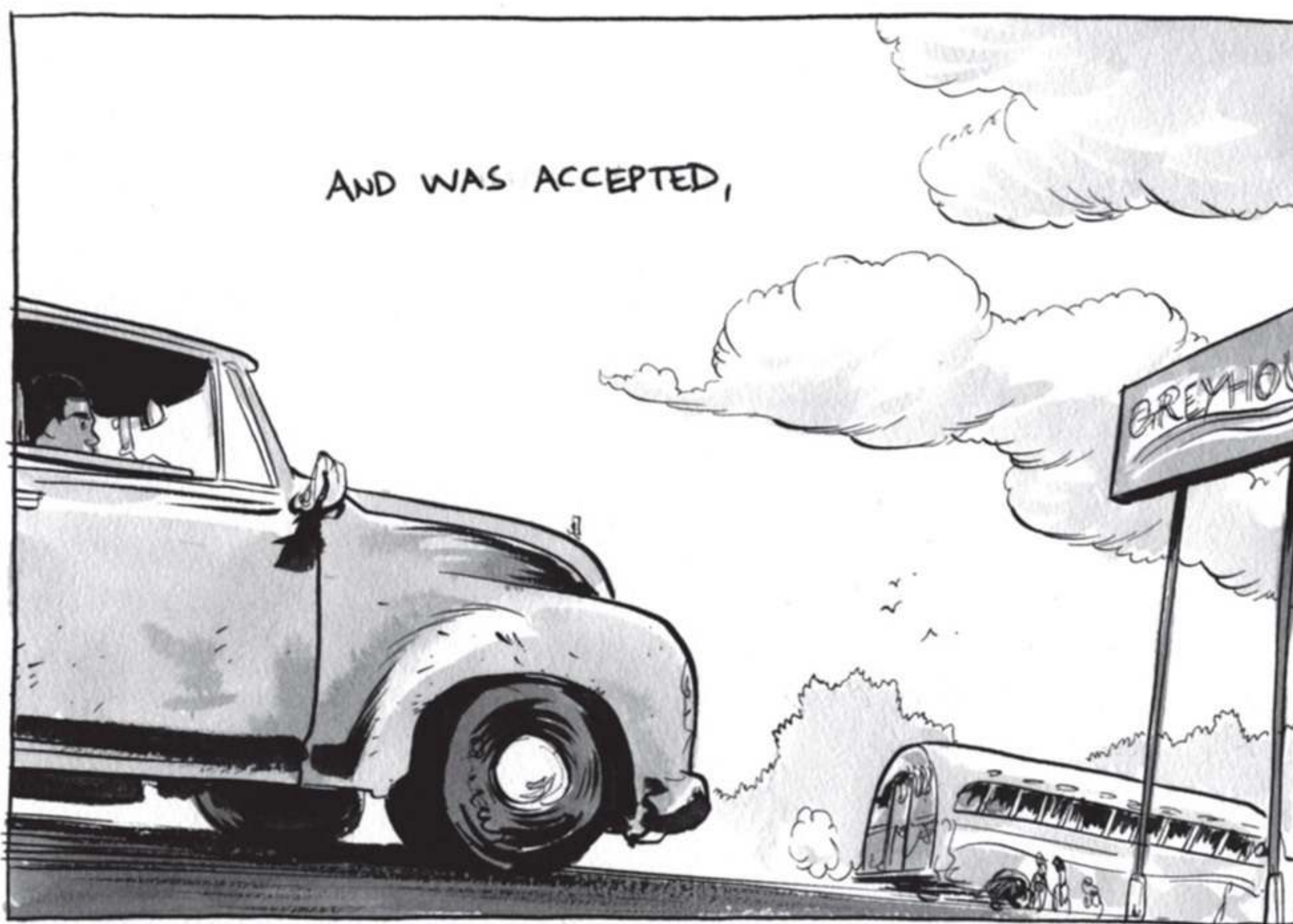




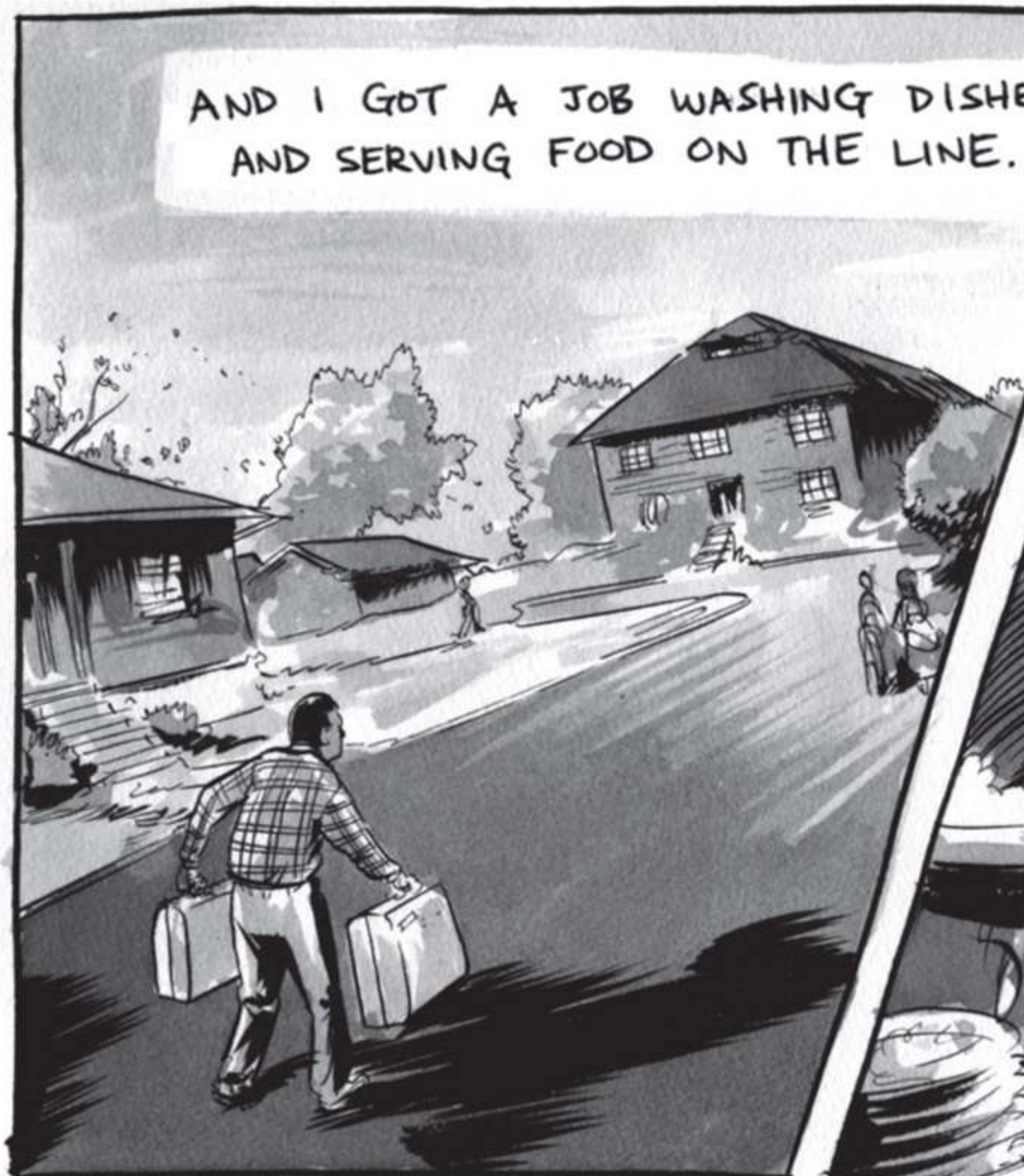
SO I APPLIED TO  
GO TO SCHOOL THERE,



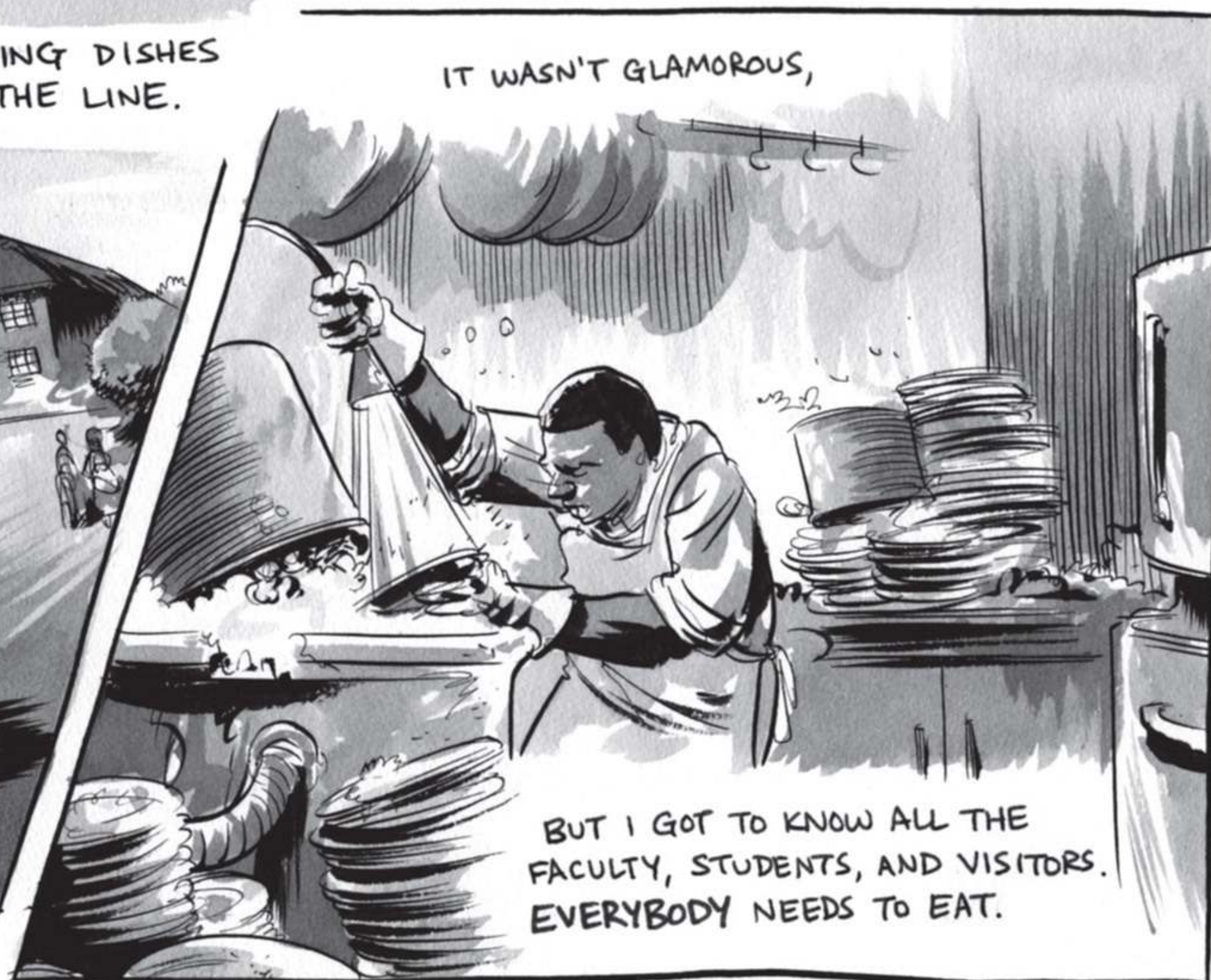
AND WAS ACCEPTED,



AND I GOT A JOB WASHING DISHES  
AND SERVING FOOD ON THE LINE.



IT WASN'T GLAMOROUS,



BUT I GOT TO KNOW ALL THE  
FACULTY, STUDENTS, AND VISITORS.  
EVERYBODY NEEDS TO EAT.

I LOVED THE NEW IDEAS COLLEGE  
WAS INTRODUCING ME TO, IN  
RELIGION AND PHILOSOPHY--  
BUT I COULDN'T STOP THINKING  
ABOUT THE SOCIAL GOSPEL.

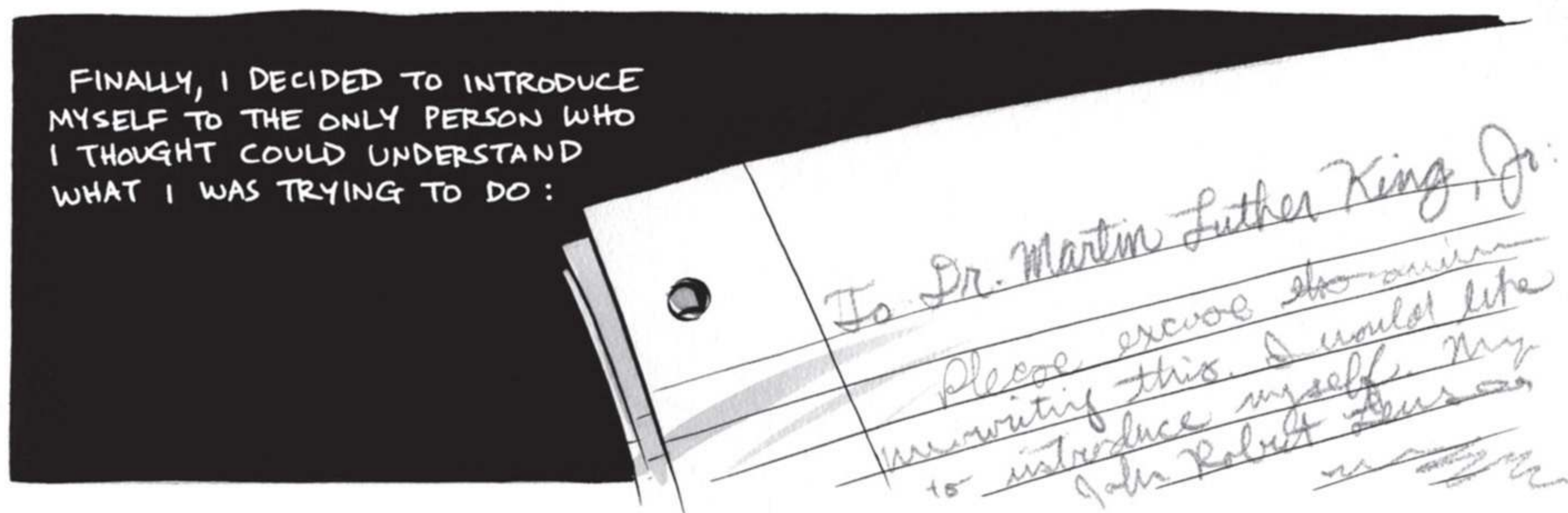
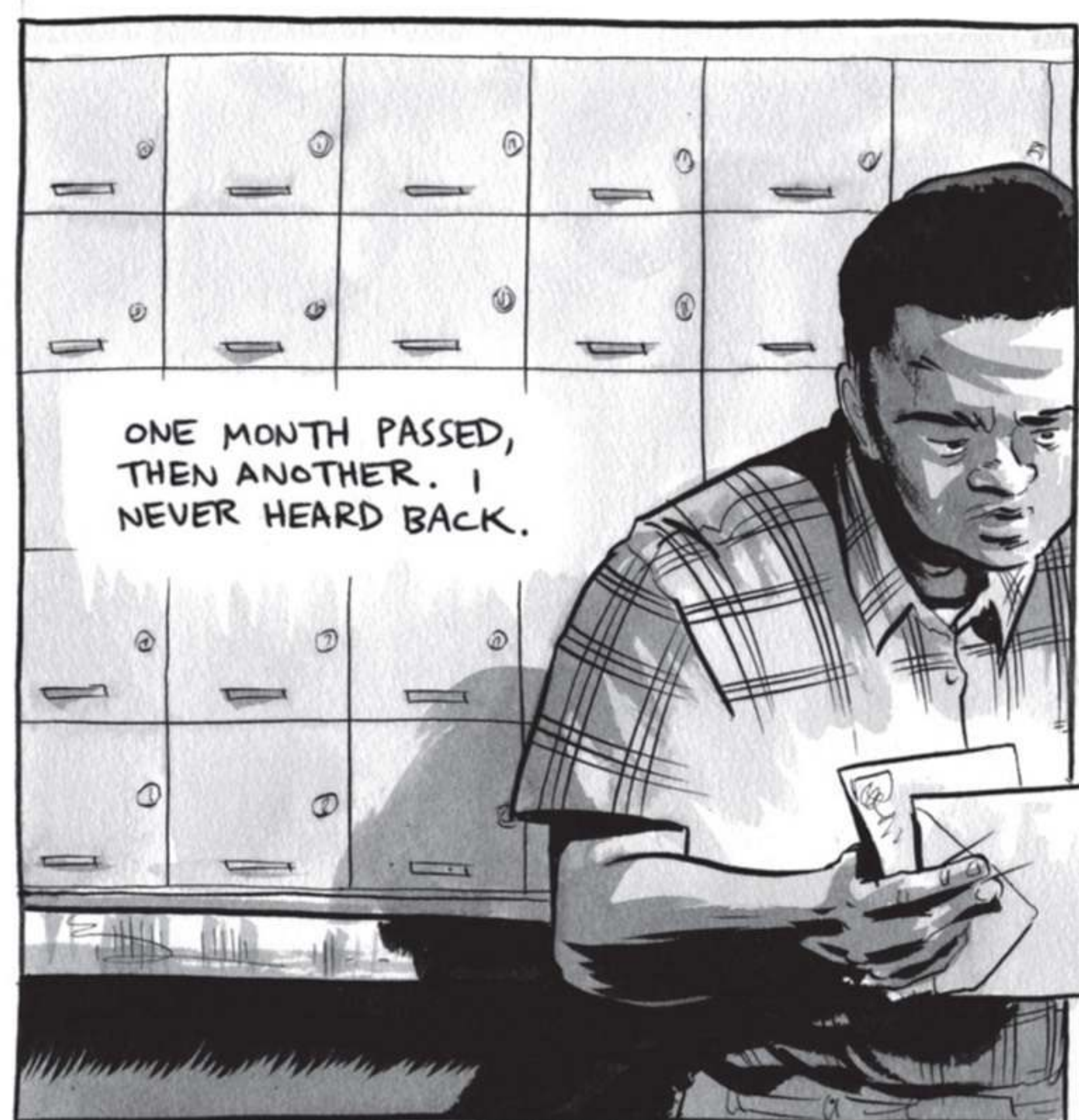
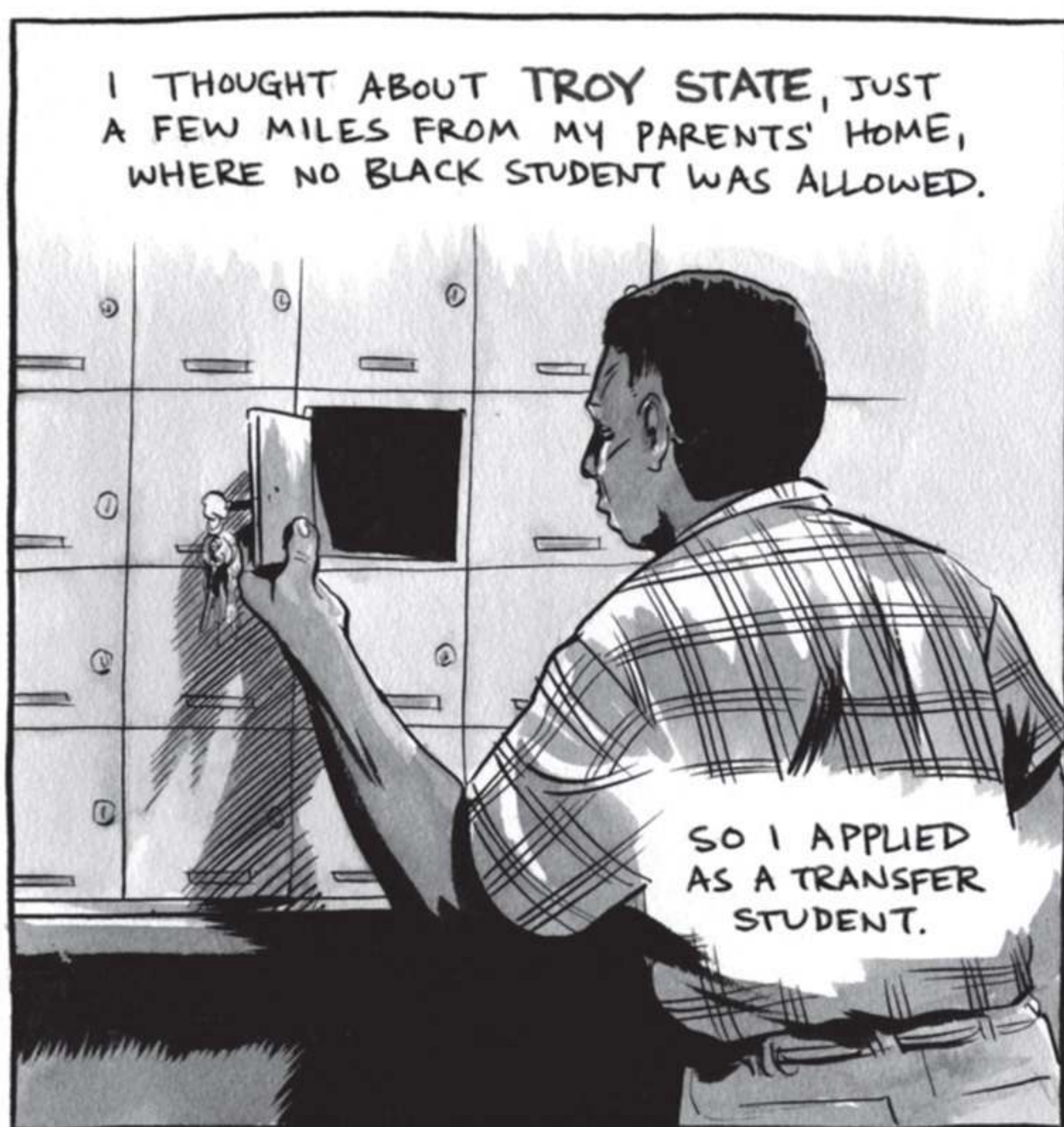
HERE I WAS READING ABOUT  
JUSTICE, WHEN THERE WERE  
BRAVE PEOPLE OUT THERE  
WORKING TO MAKE IT HAPPEN.



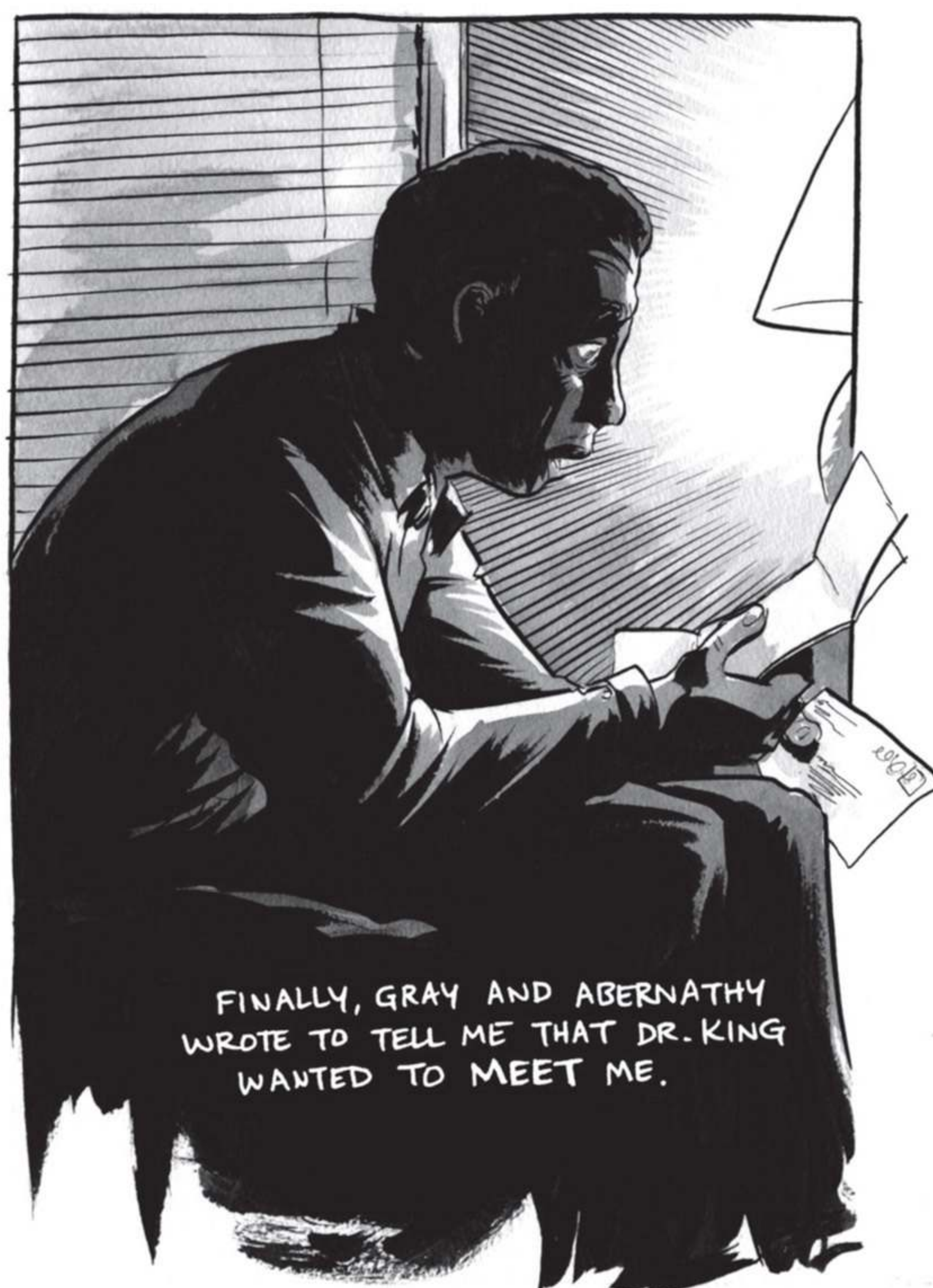
I STARTED TO FEEL GUILTY  
FOR NOT DOING MORE.  
I BECAME RESTLESS.







OVER THE NEXT SEVERAL WEEKS I EXCHANGED A SERIES OF LETTERS AND PHONE CALLS WITH REV. RALPH ABERNATHY AND A LAWYER NAMED FRED GRAY.







ONE SATURDAY MORNING IN THE SPRING OF 1958, MY FATHER DROVE ME TO THE GREYHOUND BUS STATION AGAIN.

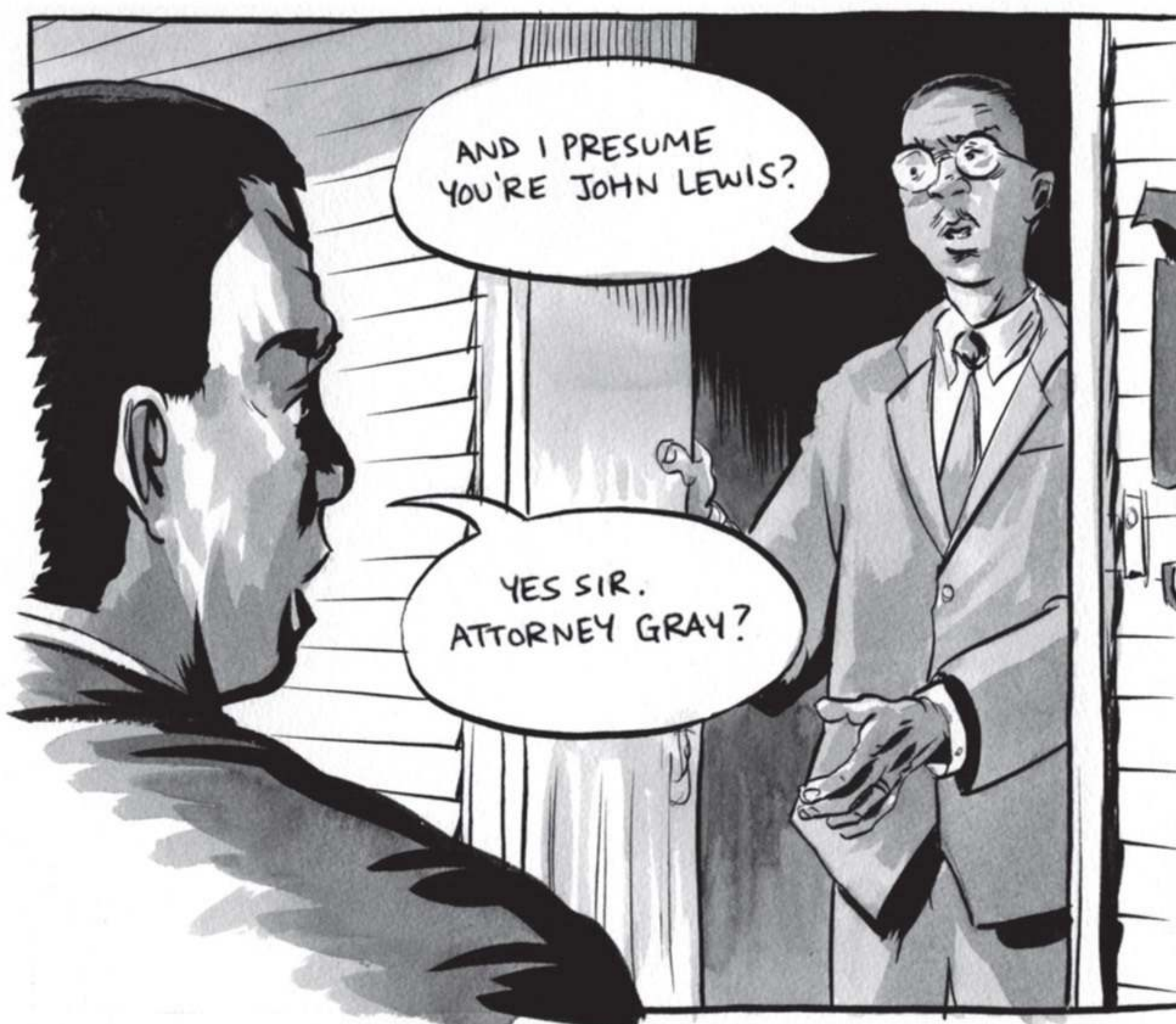
NEITHER OF US SAID A WORD.



I BOARDED A BUS, AND TRAVELED THE FIFTY MILES FROM TROY TO MONTGOMERY.



I'D NEVER SEEN A LAWYER BEFORE-- BLACK OR WHITE.



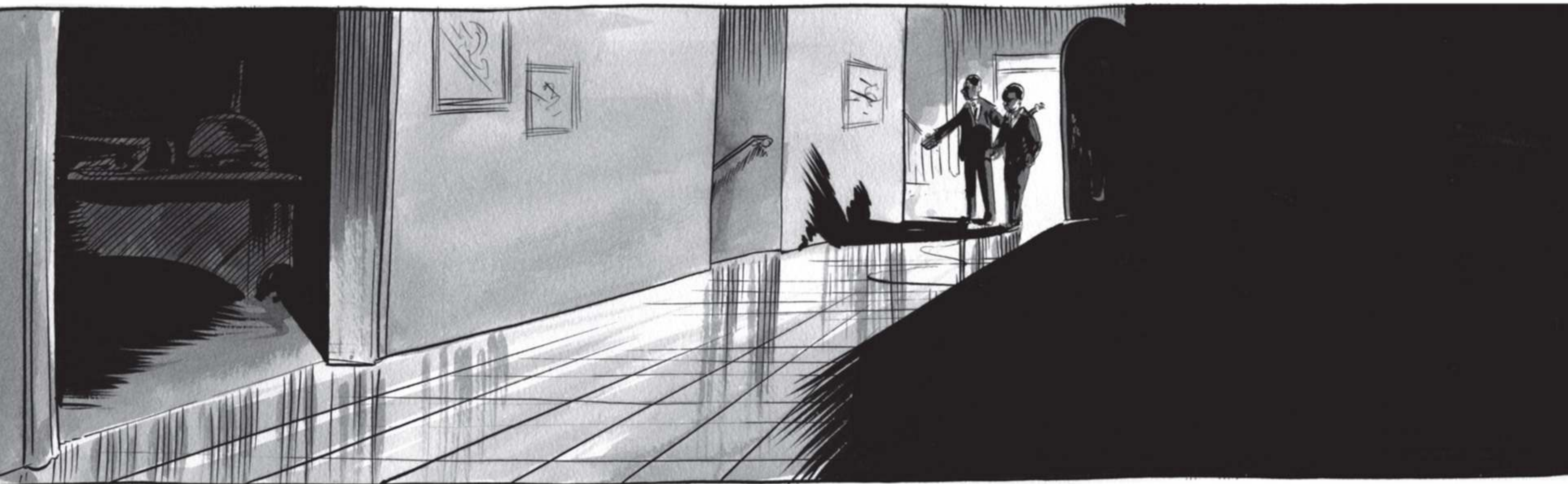
AND I PRESUME YOU'RE JOHN LEWIS?

YES SIR. ATTORNEY GRAY?



WE'RE GOING TO HAVE TO DRIVE OVER TO THE CHURCH.

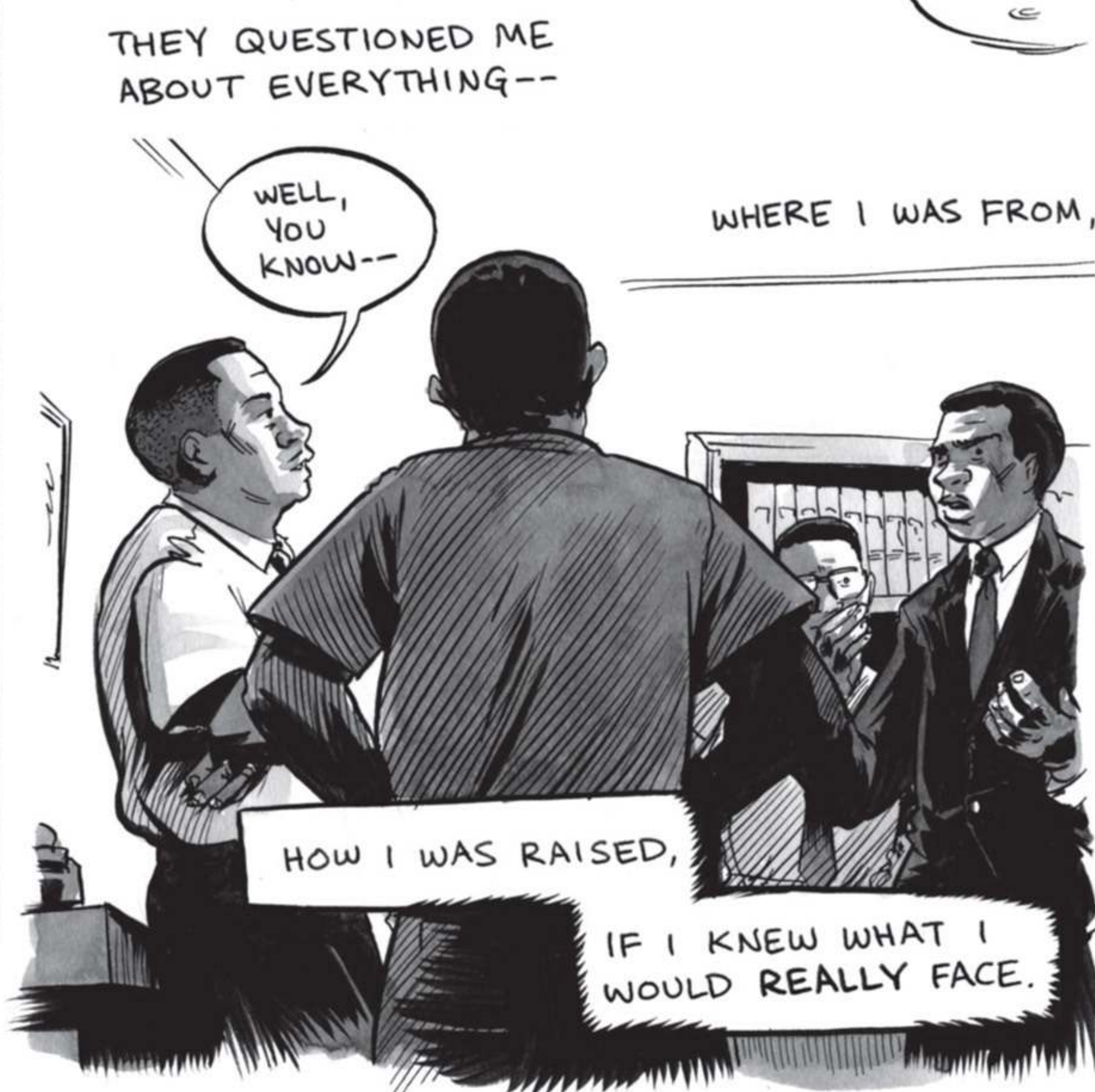
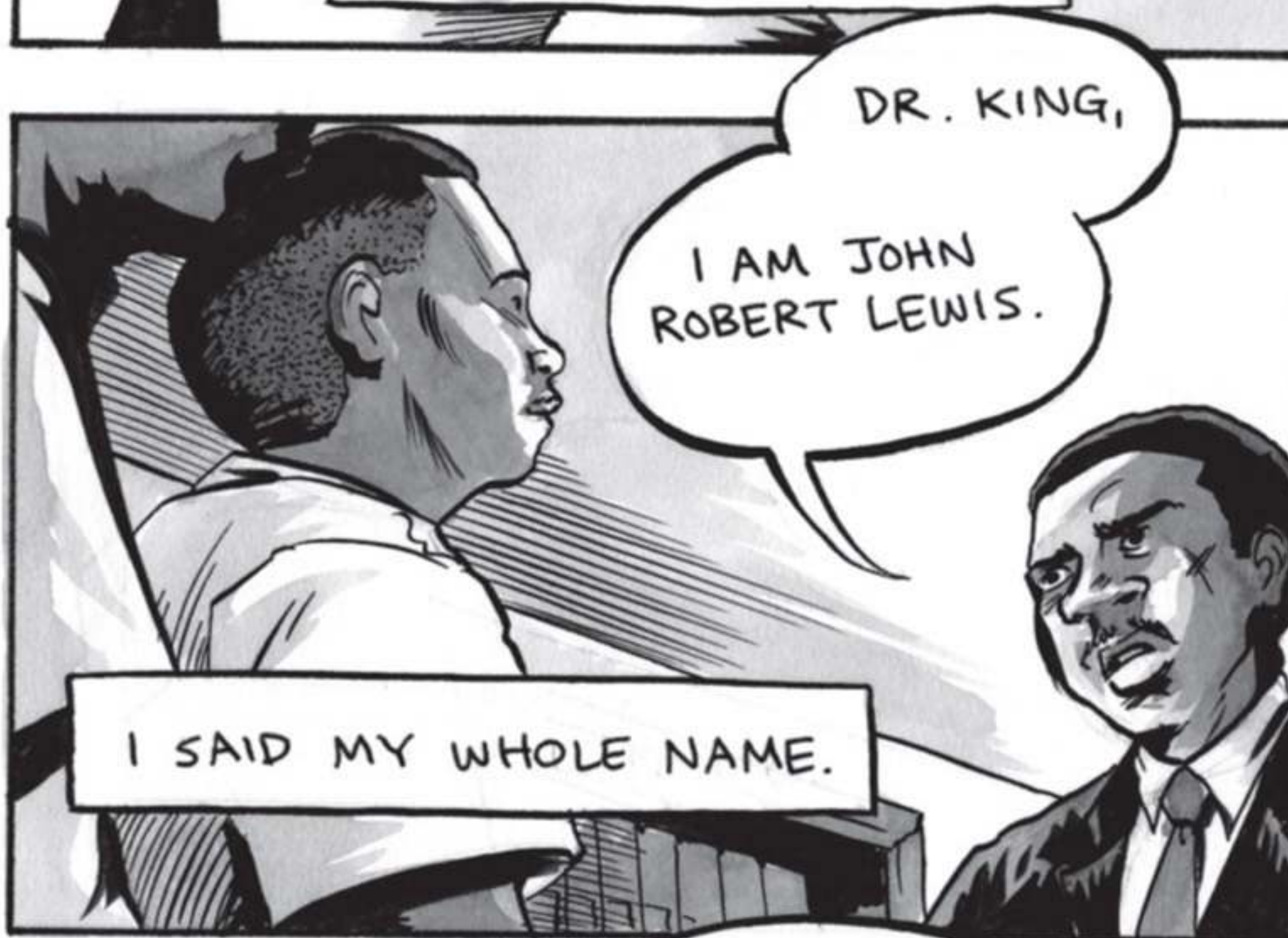
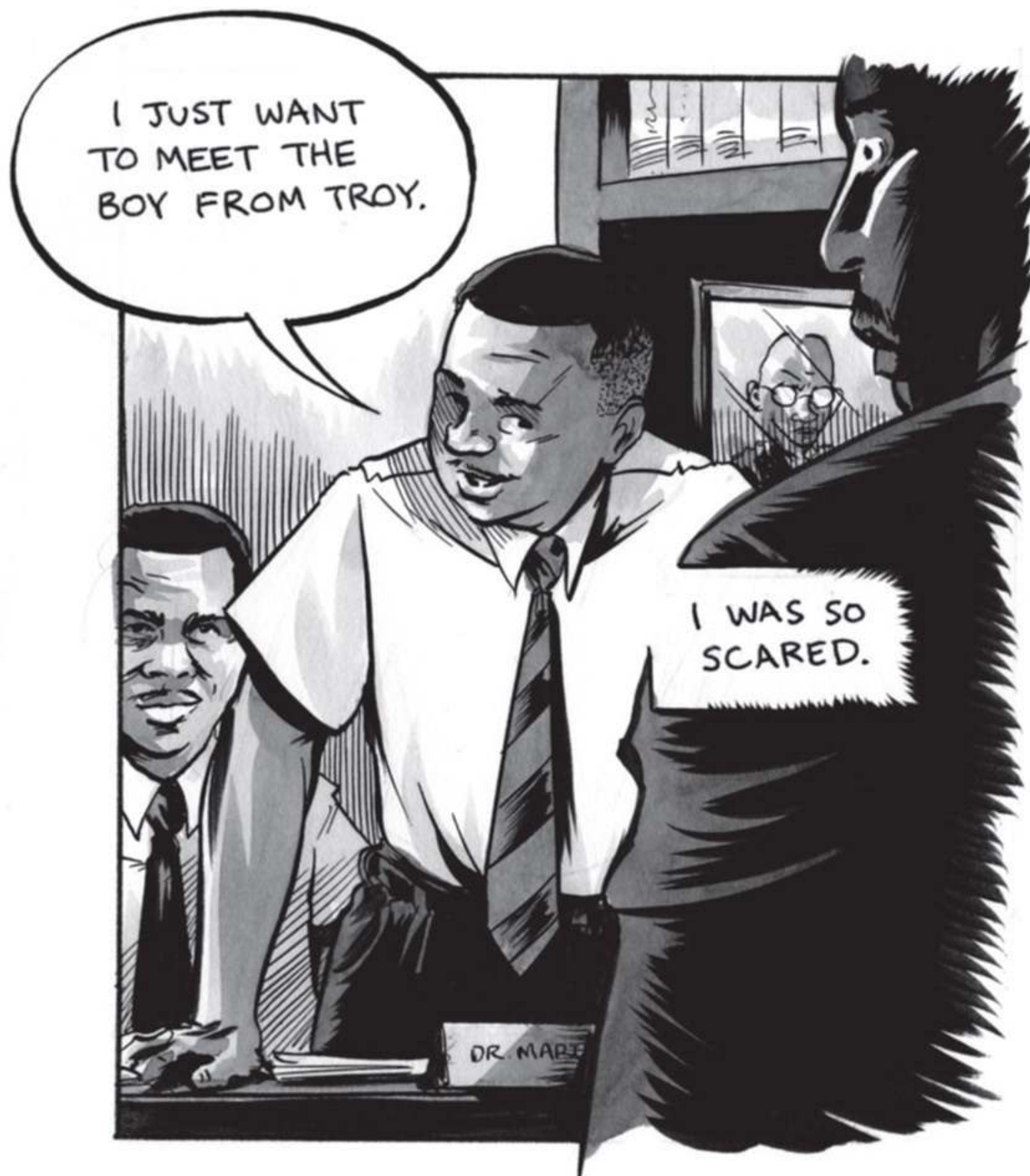




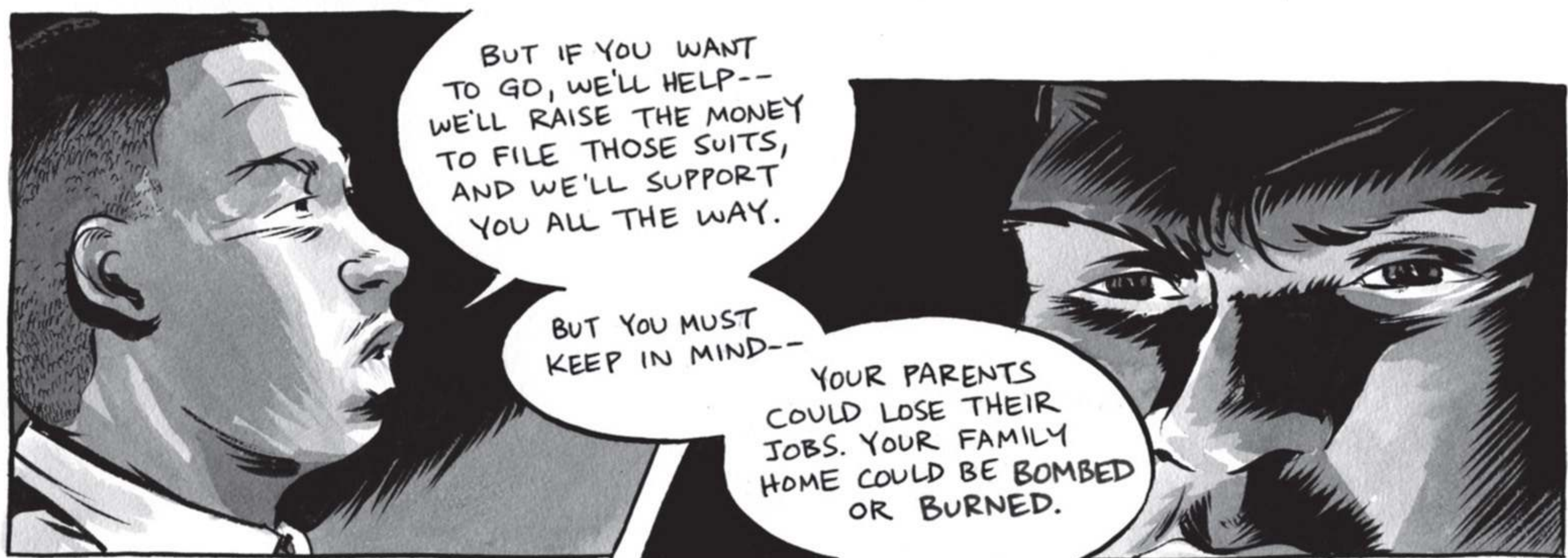








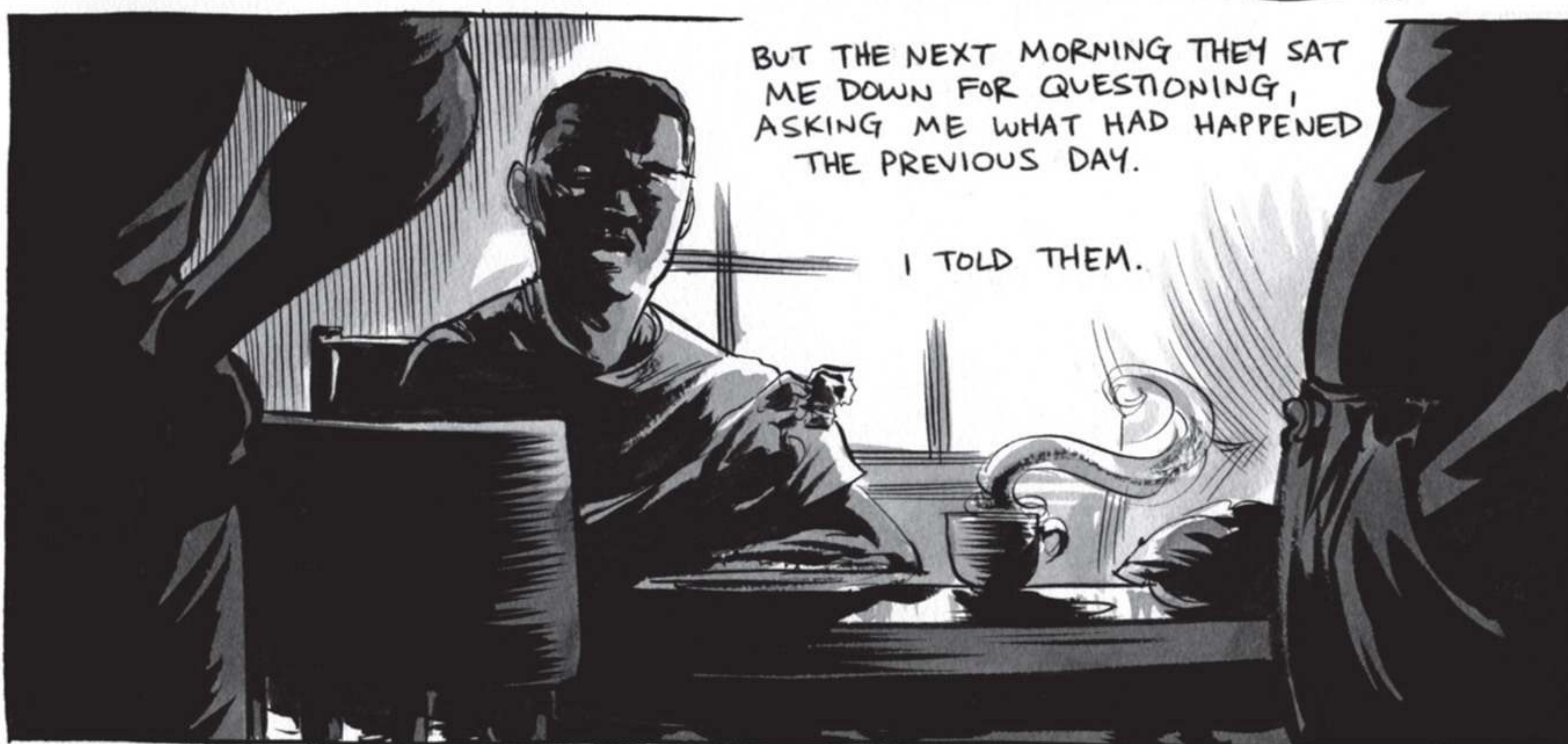








MY FATHER DIDN'T SAY A WORD TO ME ON THE RIDE BACK FROM THE BUS STATION, EITHER.



BUT THE NEXT MORNING THEY SAT ME DOWN FOR QUESTIONING, ASKING ME WHAT HAD HAPPENED THE PREVIOUS DAY.

I TOLD THEM.



AT FIRST THEY WANTED TO BE SUPPORTIVE. BUT THEY WERE AFRAID. NOT JUST FOR THEMSELVES, BUT FOR THOSE AROUND US, OUR FRIENDS AND NEIGHBORS.

THEY SAID THEY DIDN'T WANT ANYTHING TO DO WITH FILING A SUIT AGAINST THE STATE OF ALABAMA. NOTHING. NOT ONE THING.

I WAS HEARTBROKEN, BUT IT WAS THEIR DECISION.



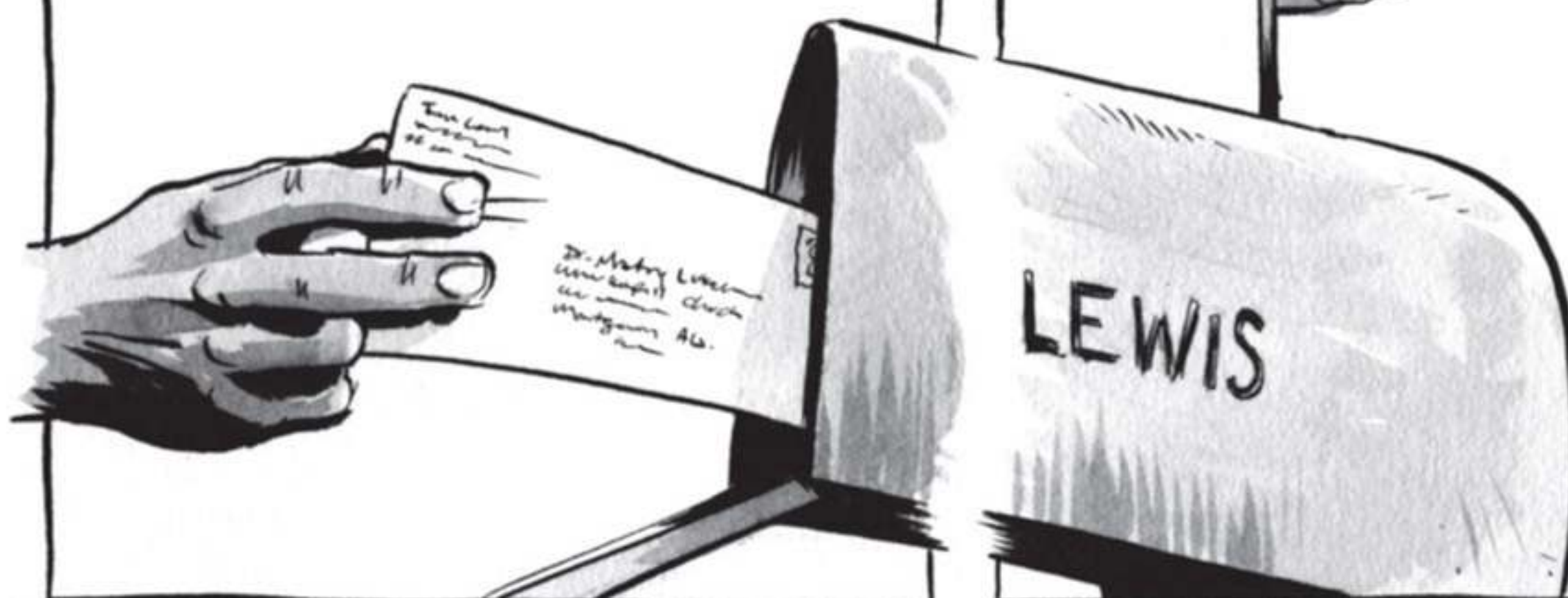


I WROTE DR. KING A LETTER EXPLAINING THAT I  
WOULD BE RETURNING TO NASHVILLE IN THE FALL.



LOOKING BACK, IT MUST'VE BEEN  
THE SPIRIT OF HISTORY TAKING  
HOLD OF MY LIFE--

BECAUSE IN NASHVILLE I'D  
MEET PEOPLE WHO OPENED  
MY EYES TO A SENSE OF  
VALUES THAT WOULD FOREVER  
DOMINATE MY MORAL  
PHILOSOPHY--



THE WAY OF PEACE,

THE WAY OF LOVE,



THE WAY OF NON-VIOLENCE.



== KNOCK  
KNOCK ==

COME IN?











MARCH 26, 1958.

I WAS ATTENDING FIRST BAPTIST CHURCH IN DOWNTOWN NASHVILLE.

YOU COULD LITERALLY STAND ON THE STEPS, THROW A BASEBALL, AND HIT THE STEPS OF THE TENNESSEE STATE CAPITOL.

A YOUNG MAN WILL BE JOINING US THIS EVENING, IF YOU'RE INTERESTED.

HE'LL BE CONDUCTING A WORKSHOP ON NON-VIOLENCE HERE AT FIRST BAPTIST--

HIS NAME IS JIM LAWSON.

THE CONGREGATION, LED BY KELLY MILLER SMITH, WERE BLACK BAPTISTS WHO'D LEFT THE WHITE CHURCH BECAUSE THEY HAD BEEN FORCED TO WORSHIP IN THE BALCONY.



I WAS ONE OF THE FIRST VOLUNTEERS TO ATTEND.



YES?

IT WASN'T A VERY LARGE MEETING. I WAS THE ONLY STUDENT TO GO FROM MY LITTLE SCHOOL.



THERE WERE YOUNG PEOPLE LIKE DIANE NASH FROM FISK UNIVERSITY. OTHERS CAME FROM MEHARRY MEDICAL COLLEGE AND TENNESSEE STATE.



AT THE TIME, JIM LAWSON WAS A GRADUATE STUDENT IN THE DIVINITY SCHOOL AT VANDERBILT.

HE ALSO REPRESENTED AN ORGANIZATION CALLED THE FELLOWSHIP OF RECONCILIATION, BETTER KNOWN AS F.O.R., A PACIFIST GROUP COMMITTED TO THE PHILOSOPHY AND DISCIPLINE OF NON-VIOLENCE.



MARTIN LUTHER KING  
AND THE MONTGOMERY

F.O.R. HAD ALSO PUBLISHED A POPULAR COMIC BOOK CALLED MARTIN LUTHER KING AND THE MONTGOMERY STORY, WHICH EXPLAINED THE BASICS OF PASSIVE RESISTANCE AND NON-VIOLENT ACTION AS TOOLS FOR DESEGREGATION.

10¢

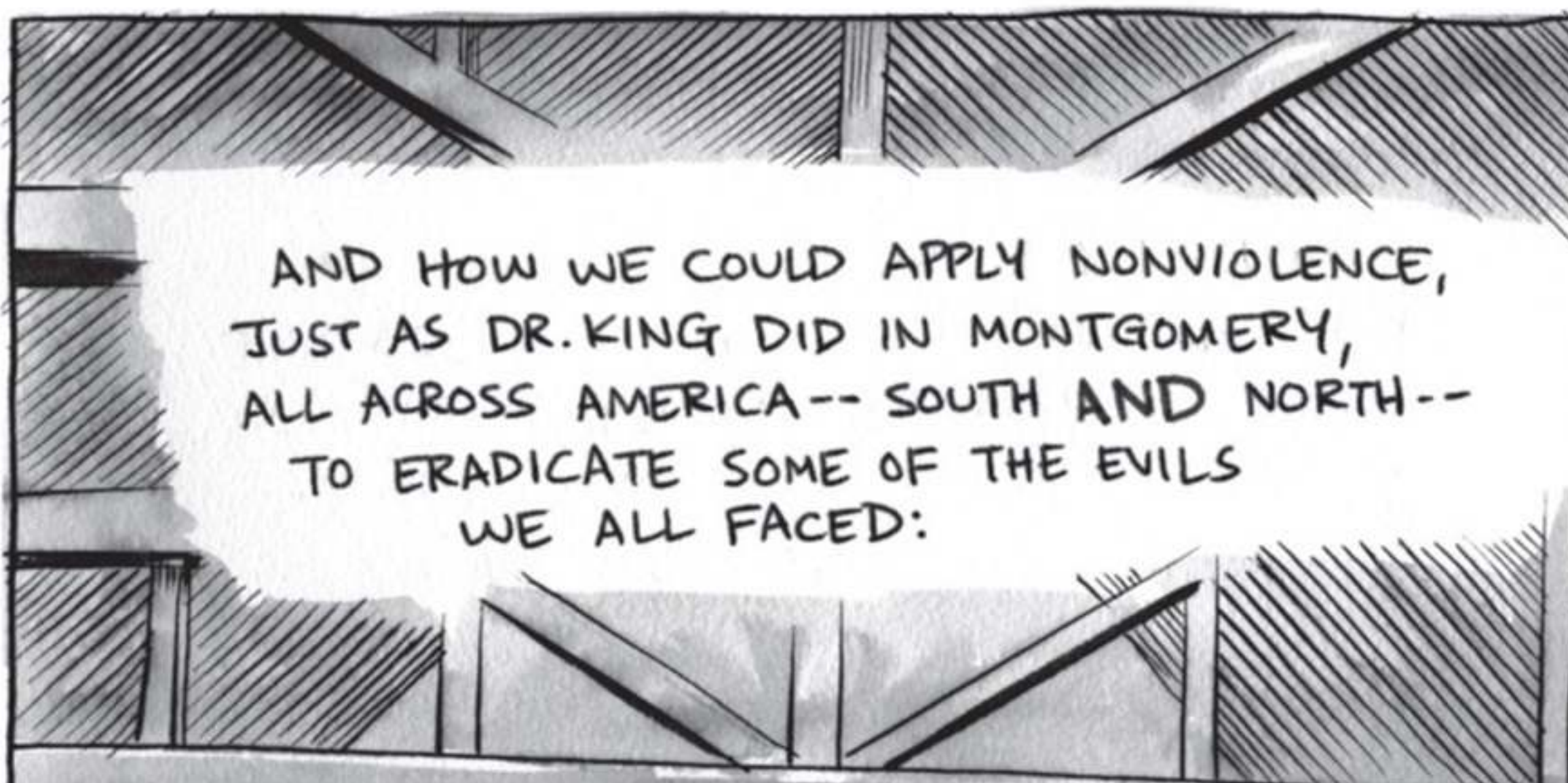
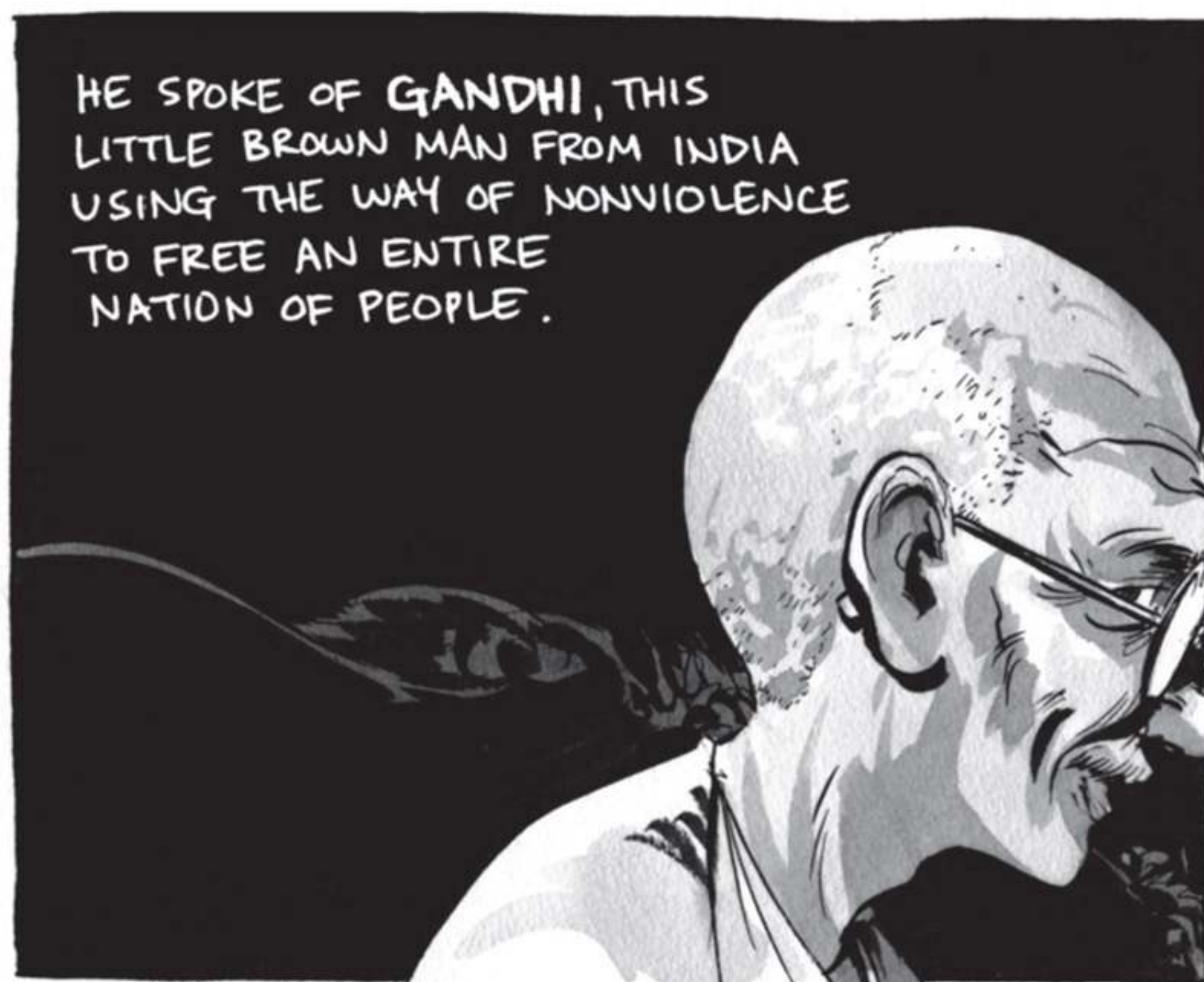
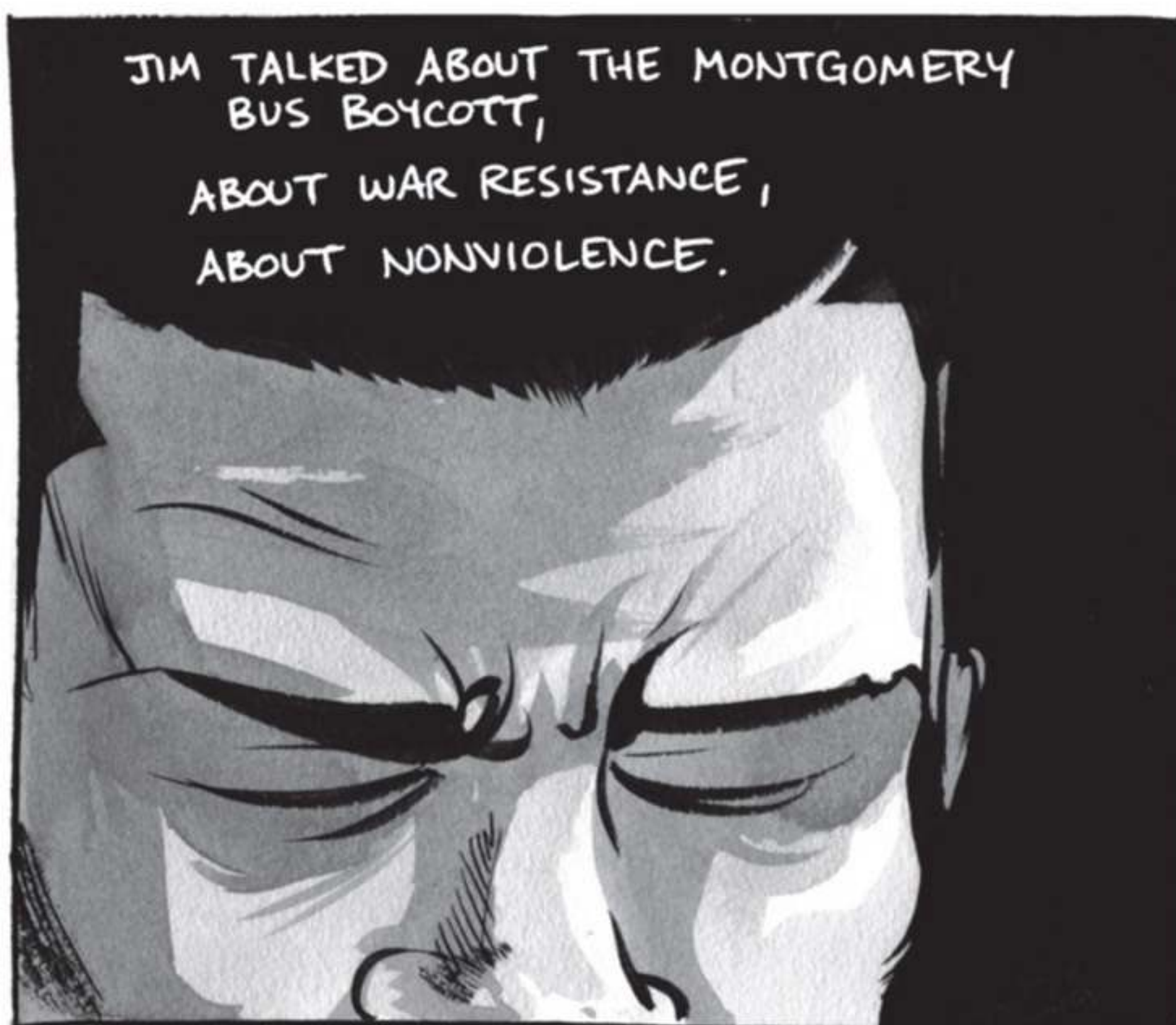
NEGROES  
NEW WAY TO  
RACIAL-  
DISCRIMINATION.



I WANT TO START WORKING WITH YOUNG PEOPLE, WITH STUDENTS-- HIGH SCHOOL AND COLLEGE STUDENTS.









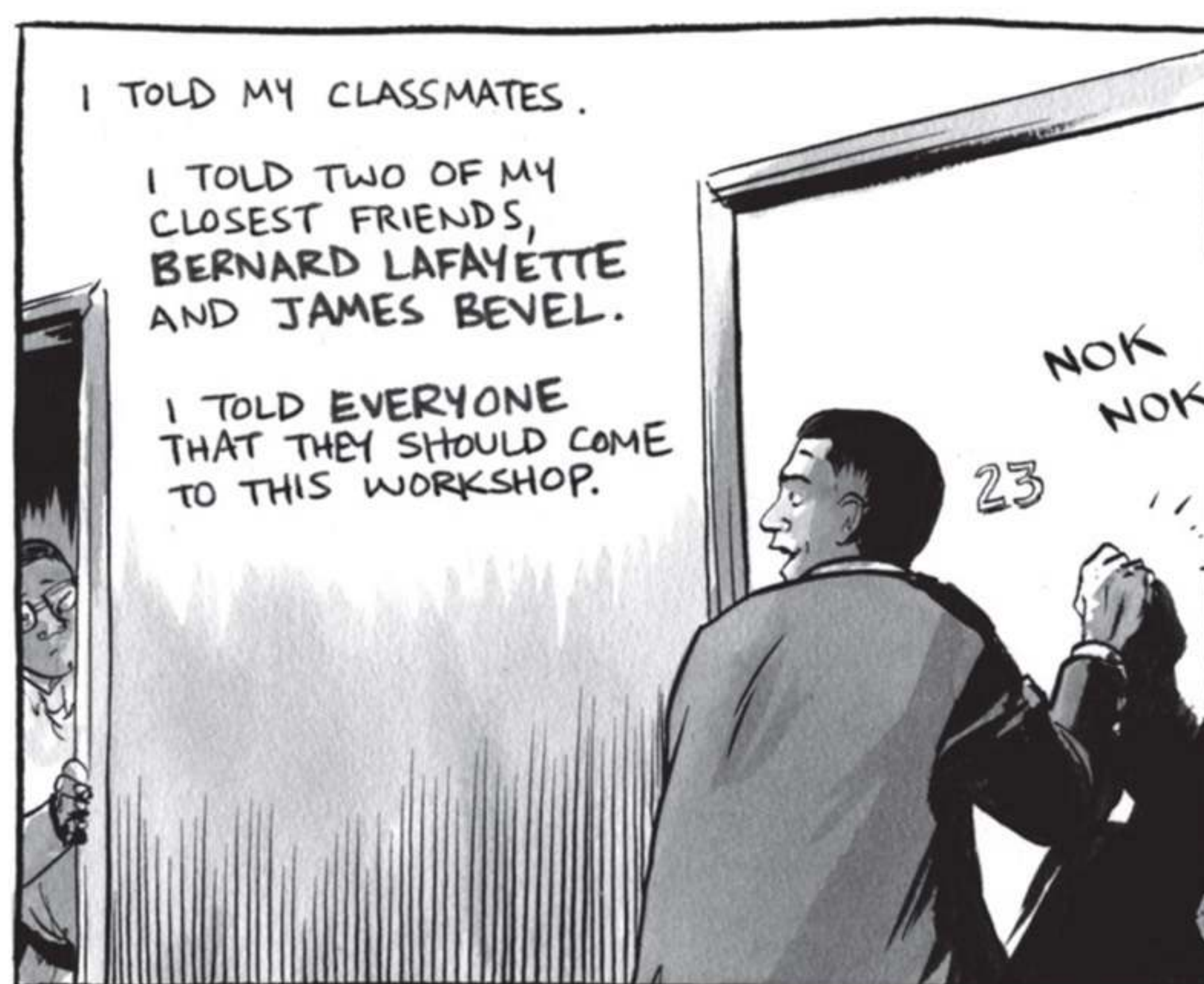
HIS WORDS LIBERATED ME.

I THOUGHT, THIS IS IT...

THIS IS THE WAY OUT.







I TOLD MY CLASSMATES.

I TOLD TWO OF MY  
CLOSEST FRIENDS,  
BERNARD LAFAYETTE  
AND JAMES BEVEL.

I TOLD EVERYONE  
THAT THEY SHOULD COME  
TO THIS WORKSHOP.

NOK  
NOK

23



A FEW DAYS LATER WE HAD  
ANOTHER NON-VIOLENCE  
WORKSHOP, THIS TIME WITH  
MINISTERS AND STUDENTS  
FROM A NUMBER OF DIFFERENT  
SCHOOLS NEARBY.

BERNARD LAFAYETTE WAS  
ONE OF THE FIRST PEOPLE  
TO ATTEND WITH ME.



WE CALLED EACH OTHER NAMES,

YOU SON OF  
A BITCH!



OVER AND OVER AGAIN.

NIGGER  
LOVER!



nigger.







SOMETIMES I COULDN'T HELP BUT SMILE--  
EVEN LAUGH-- WHEN SOMEONE PLAYED SUCH  
AN UNNATURAL ROLE.



BUT SOMETIMES IT WAS ONE OF YOUR  
FRIENDS CALLING YOU NAMES, KNOCKING  
YOU DOWN, SPITTING ON YOU.

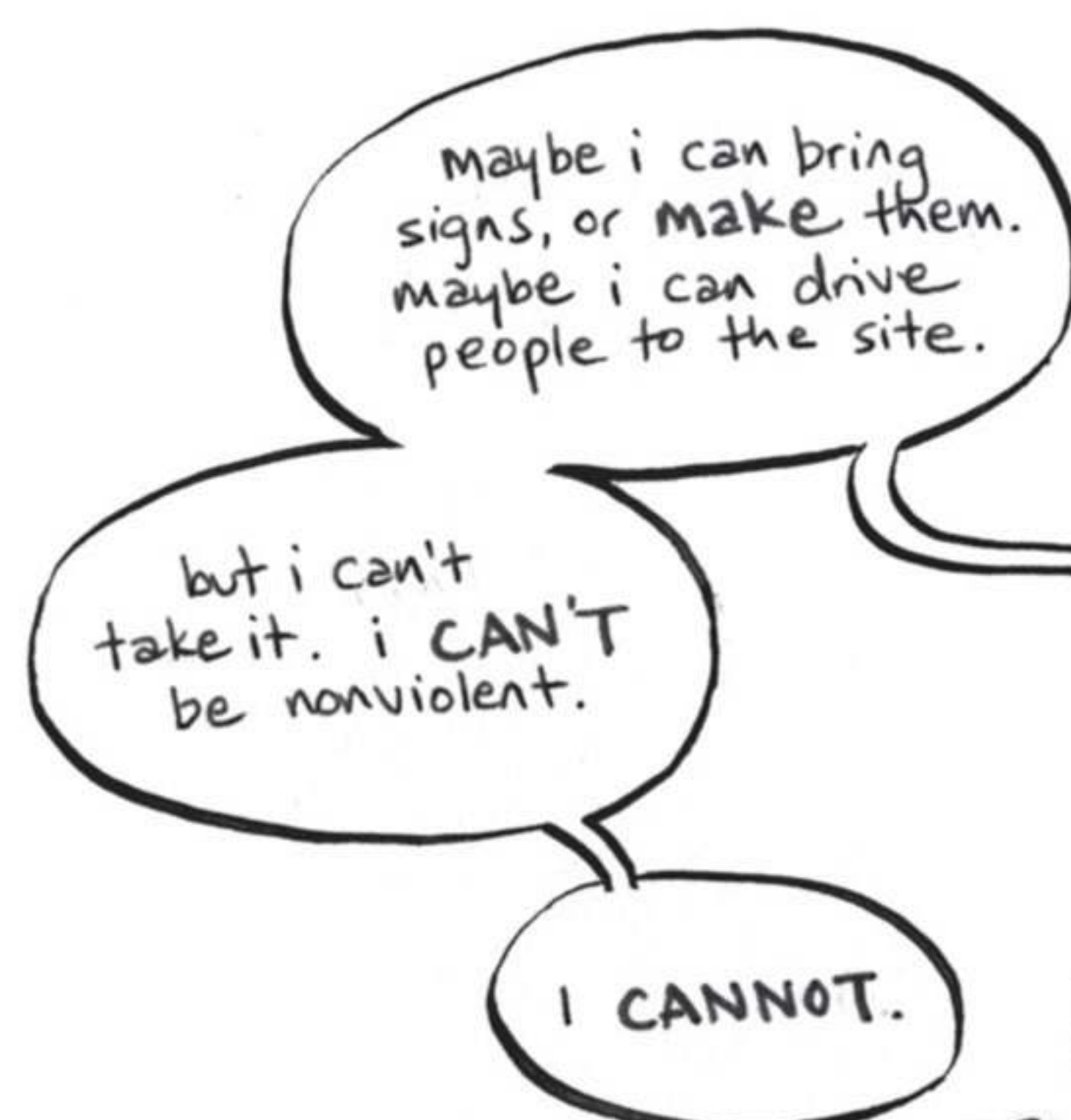


you okay,  
charles?



i don't think  
i can do it.

i just  
can't.



maybe i can bring  
signs, or make them.  
maybe i can drive  
people to the site.

but i can't  
take it. i CAN'T  
be nonviolent.

I CANNOT.

FOR SOME, IT WAS TOO MUCH.



BUT WE NEEDED TO SEE HOW EACH OF US  
WOULD REACT UNDER STRESS.



LAWSON TAUGHT US HOW TO PROTECT OURSELVES,

HOW TO DISARM OUR ATTACKERS  
BY CONNECTING WITH THEIR  
HUMANITY,

MAINTAIN  
EYE CONTACT,  
JOHN!

HOW TO PROTECT  
EACH OTHER,

HOW TO SURVIVE.

BUT THE HARDEST PART TO LEARN--  
TO TRULY UNDERSTAND, DEEP IN  
YOUR HEART--

WAS HOW TO FIND LOVE FOR YOUR ATTACKER.

DO NOT LET THEM  
SHAKE YOUR FAITH  
IN NONVIOLENCE--  
LOVE THEM!



WE TOOK A NAME-- THE NASHVILLE  
STUDENT MOVEMENT. BECAUSE OF OUR  
DISTRUST OF CENTRALIZED POWER,  
WE INSISTED ON A ROTATING  
LEADERSHIP.



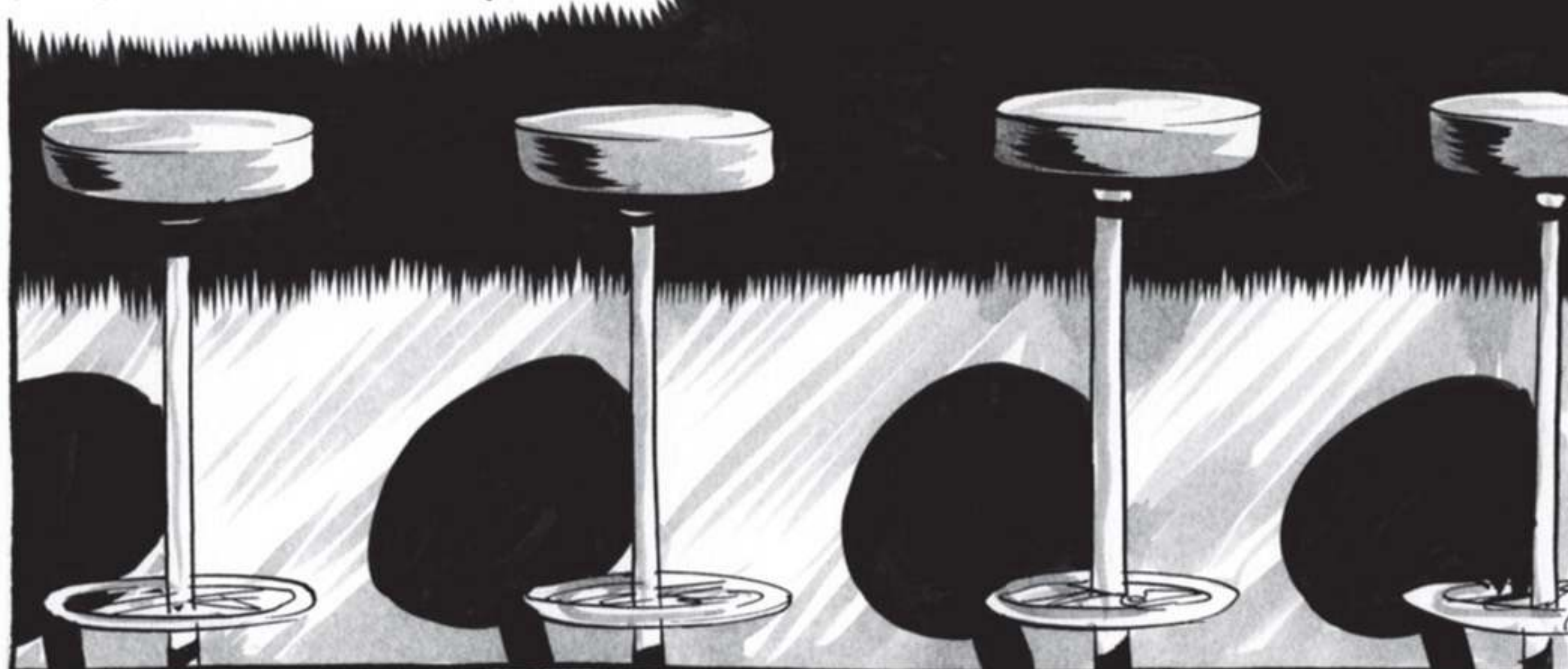
WE WERE ALL IN THIS  
TOGETHER.

AND WE WERE  
READY TO ACT.

SEGREGATION AT THE DOWNTOWN STORES BOTHERED US THE MOST.

WE COULD SHOP THERE AND PAY THE  
SAME PRICES AS WHITE CUSTOMERS,  
BUT WE COULDN'T USE THE  
DRESSING ROOMS, OR SIT AT THE  
LUNCH COUNTER TO EAT.

IT WAS HUMILIATING.



SO WE DECIDED THE DEPARTMENT STORE LUNCH COUNTERS  
WOULD BE OUR FIRST TARGET.





NOVEMBER 28, 1959.

WE STARTED WITH "TEST SIT-INS" TO TEST THE LOCAL STORES' POLICIES, ESTABLISHING THAT THEY WOULD NOT SERVE AN INTERRACIAL OR ALL-BLACK GROUP.

OUR PLAN WAS SIMPLE. ENTER A STORE, ASK TO BE SERVED, AND IF--OR WHEN-- WE WERE REFUSED, WE WOULD LEAVE.



I WAS NERVOUS.

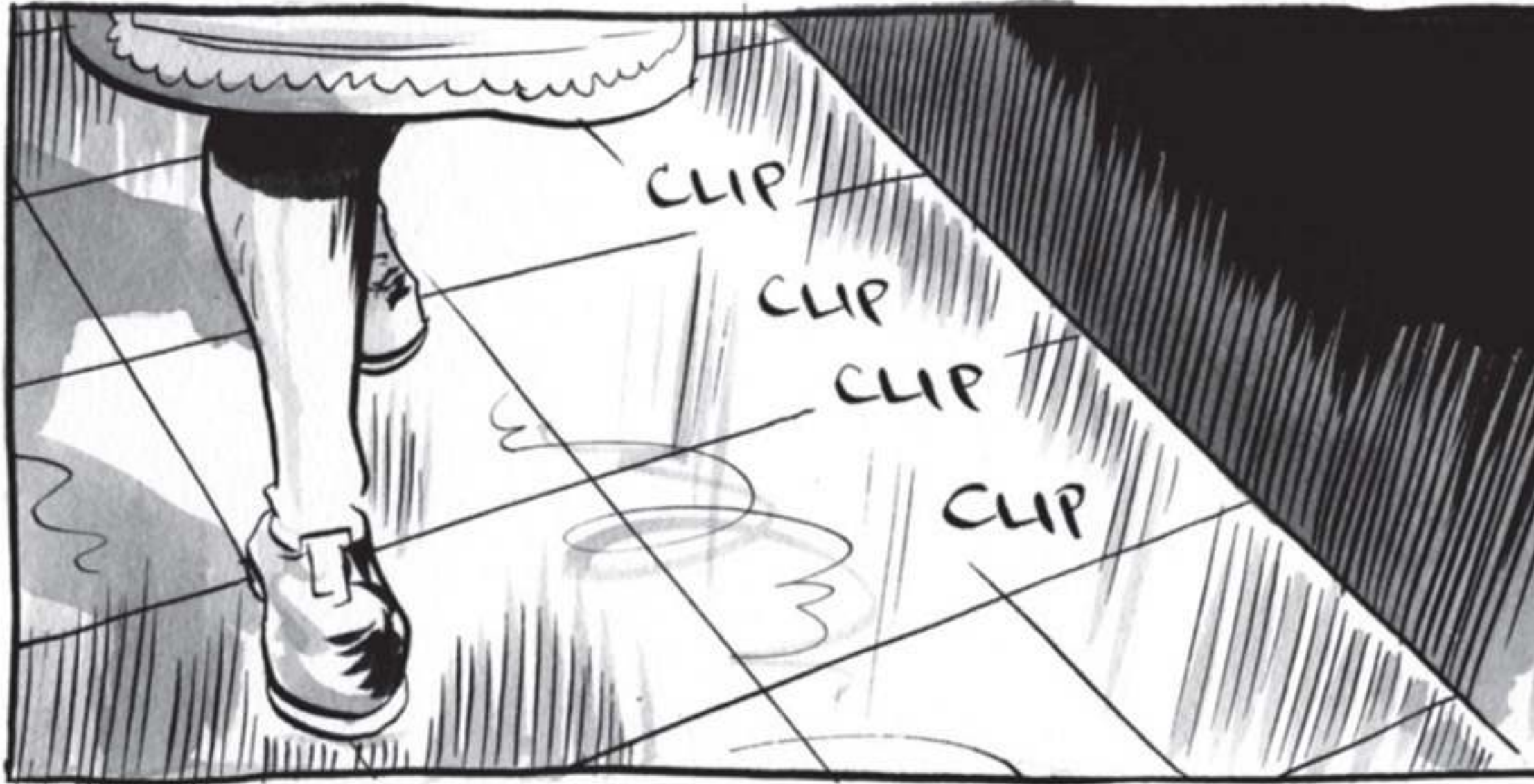
WE WERE ALL NERVOUS.



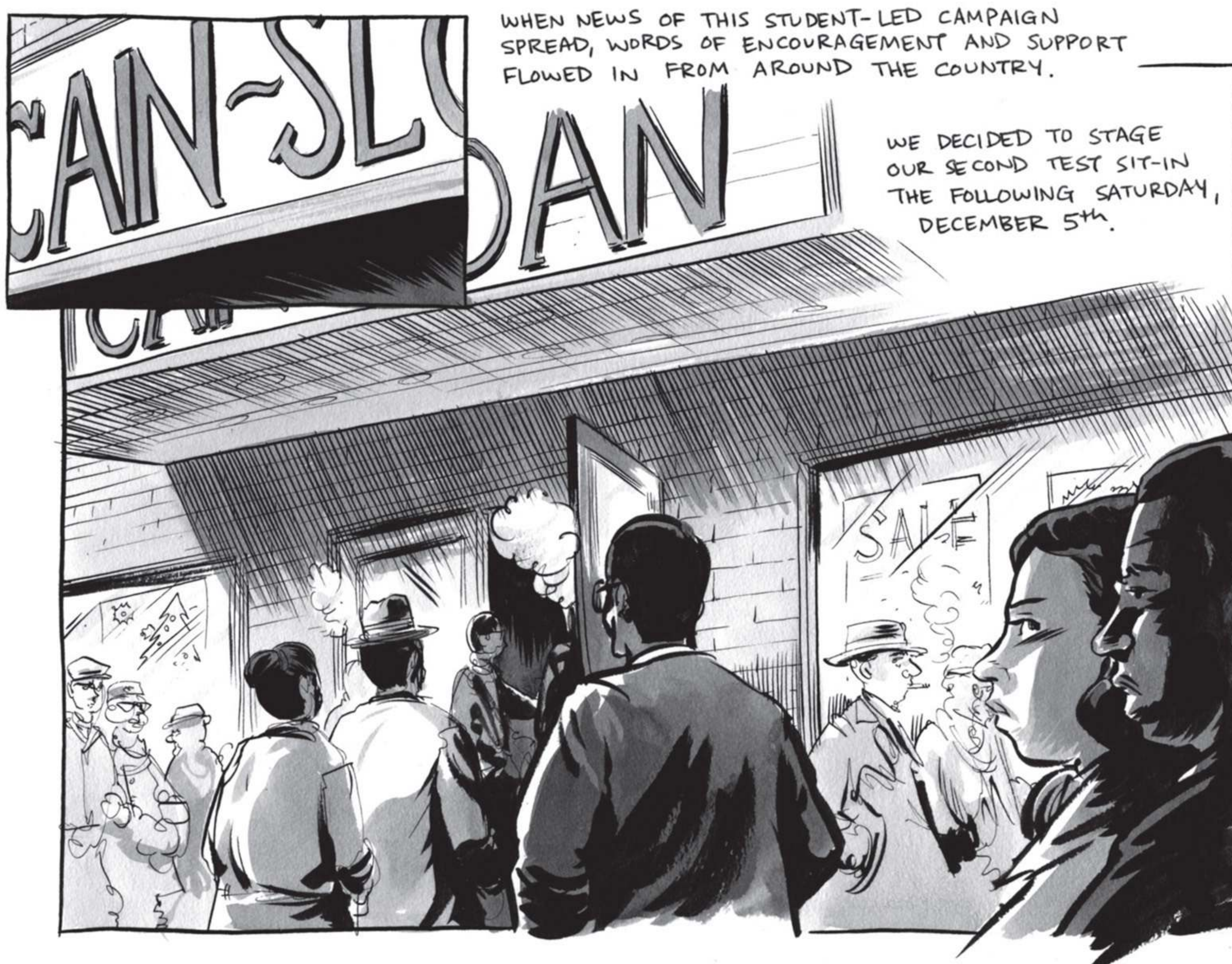
WE EACH PURCHASED SOMETHING, ESTABLISHING US AS LEGITIMATE PAYING CUSTOMERS, AND THEN SAT DOWN AT THE LUNCH COUNTER FOR A BITE TO EAT.













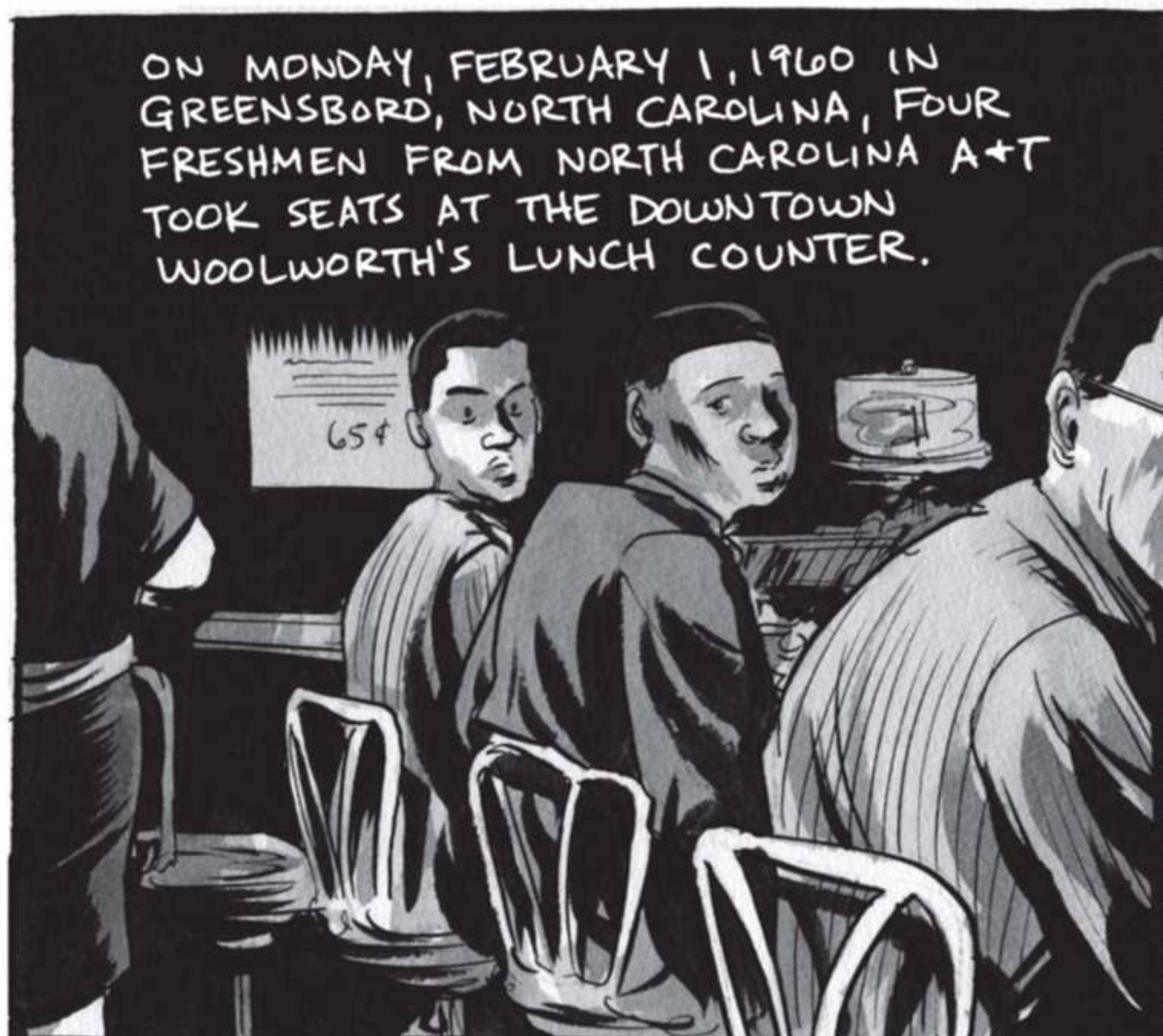


IN JANUARY, FOLLOWING THE WINTER  
BREAK FROM SCHOOL, OUR WEEKLY  
WORKSHOP NUMBERS SWELLED.

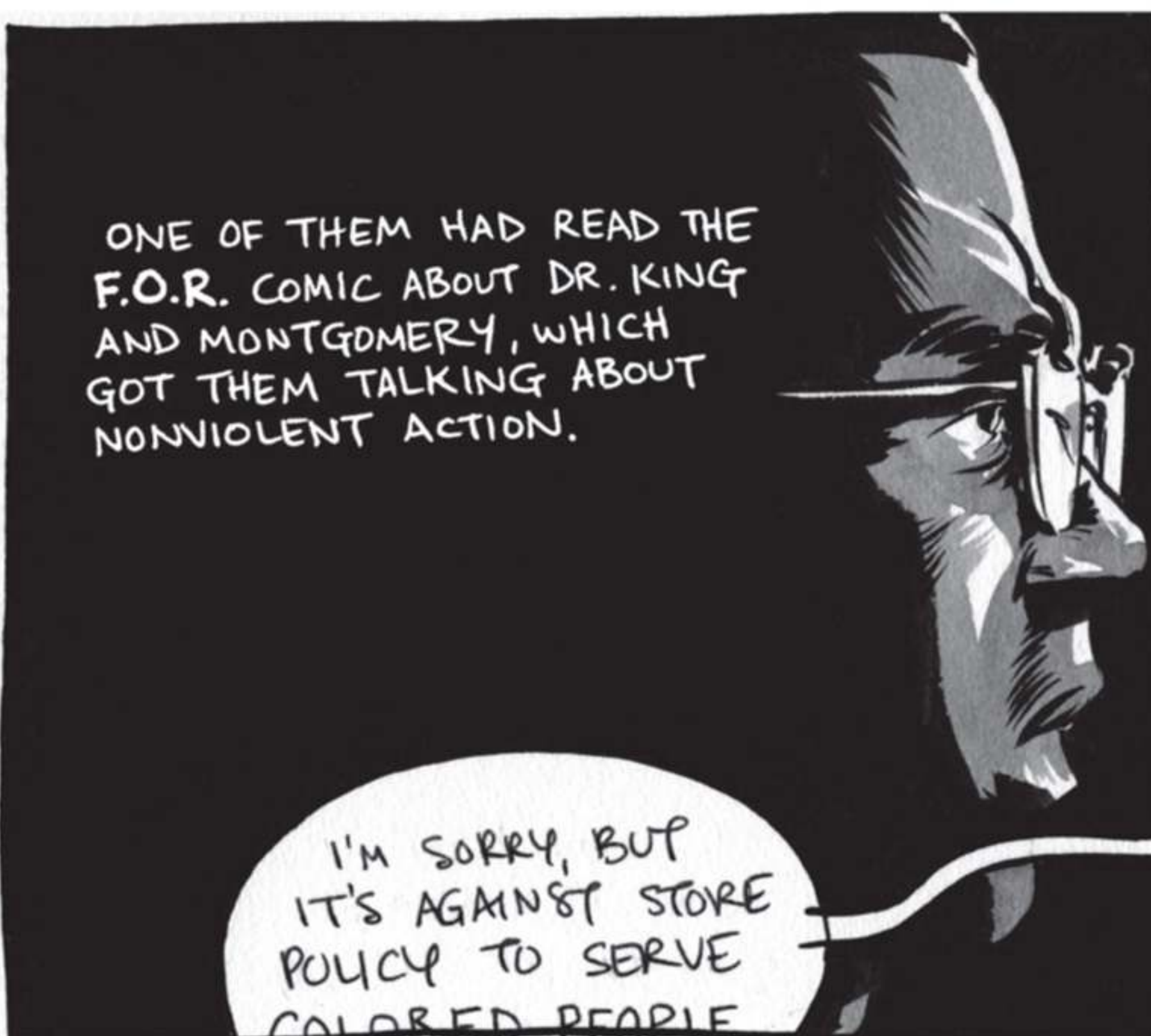
WE WERE CLOSE TO READY, THOUGH  
NO SPECIFIC DATE HAD YET BEEN  
SET FOR OUR FIRST SIT-IN.  
AS FATE--OR THE SPIRIT OF HISTORY--  
WOULD HAVE IT, SOMEONE ELSE  
MADE THE MOVE FOR US.



ON MONDAY, FEBRUARY 1, 1960 IN  
GREENSBORO, NORTH CAROLINA, FOUR  
FRESHMEN FROM NORTH CAROLINA A&T  
TOOK SEATS AT THE DOWNTOWN  
WOOLWORTH'S LUNCH COUNTER.



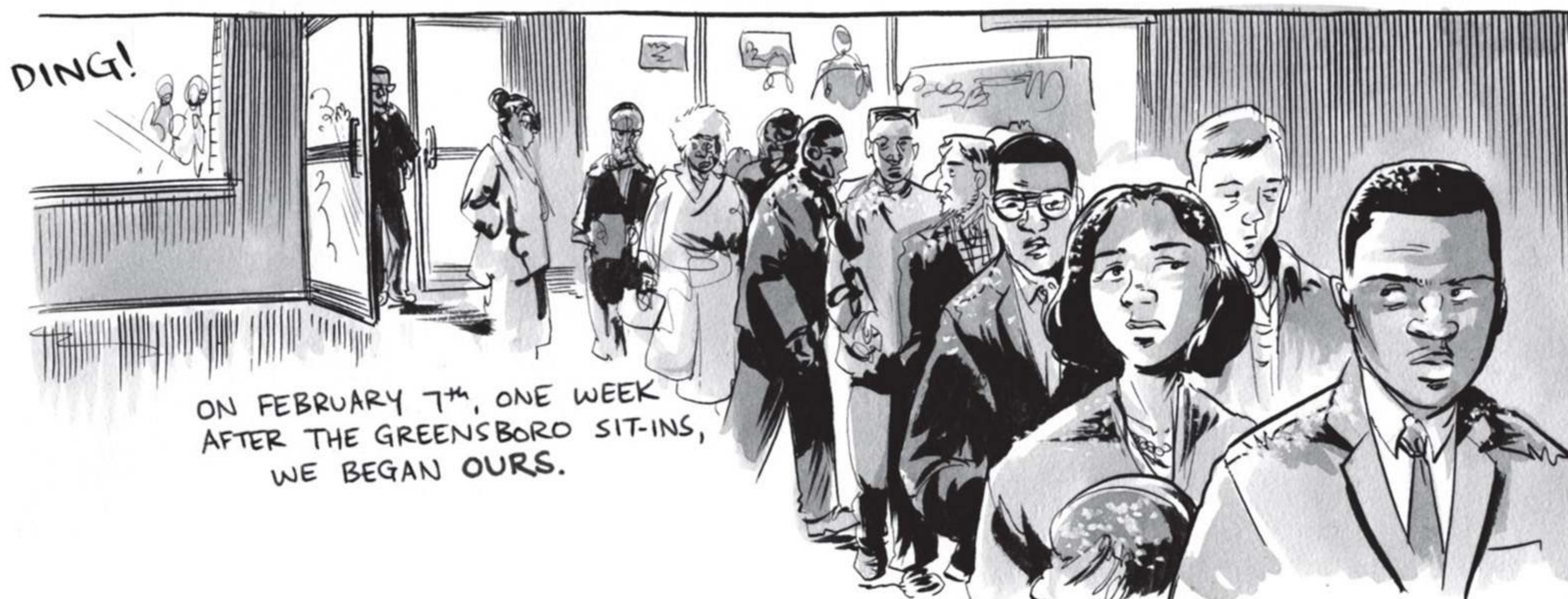
ONE OF THEM HAD READ THE  
F.O.R. COMIC ABOUT DR. KING  
AND MONTGOMERY, WHICH  
GOT THEM TALKING ABOUT  
NONVIOLENT ACTION.





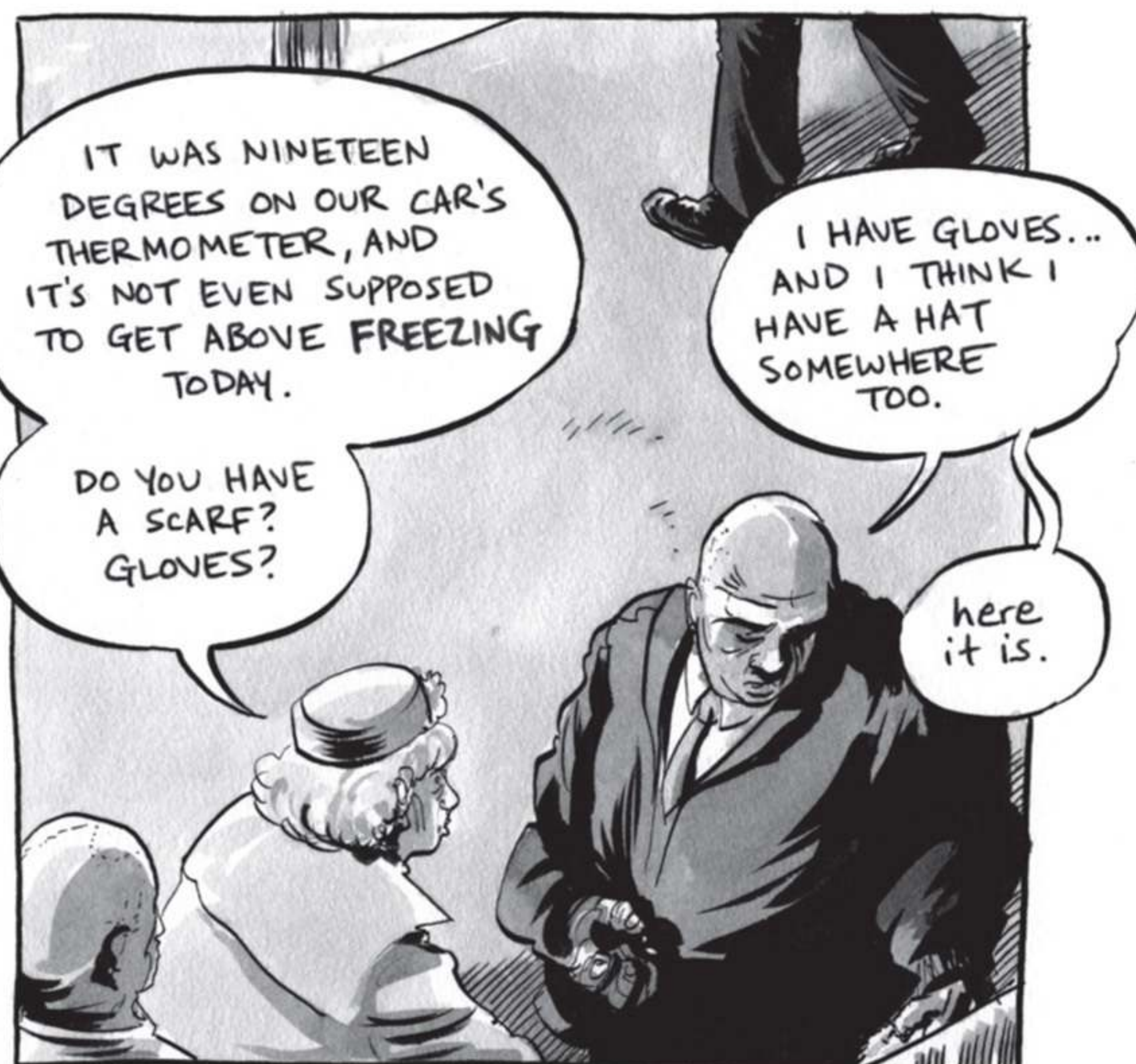
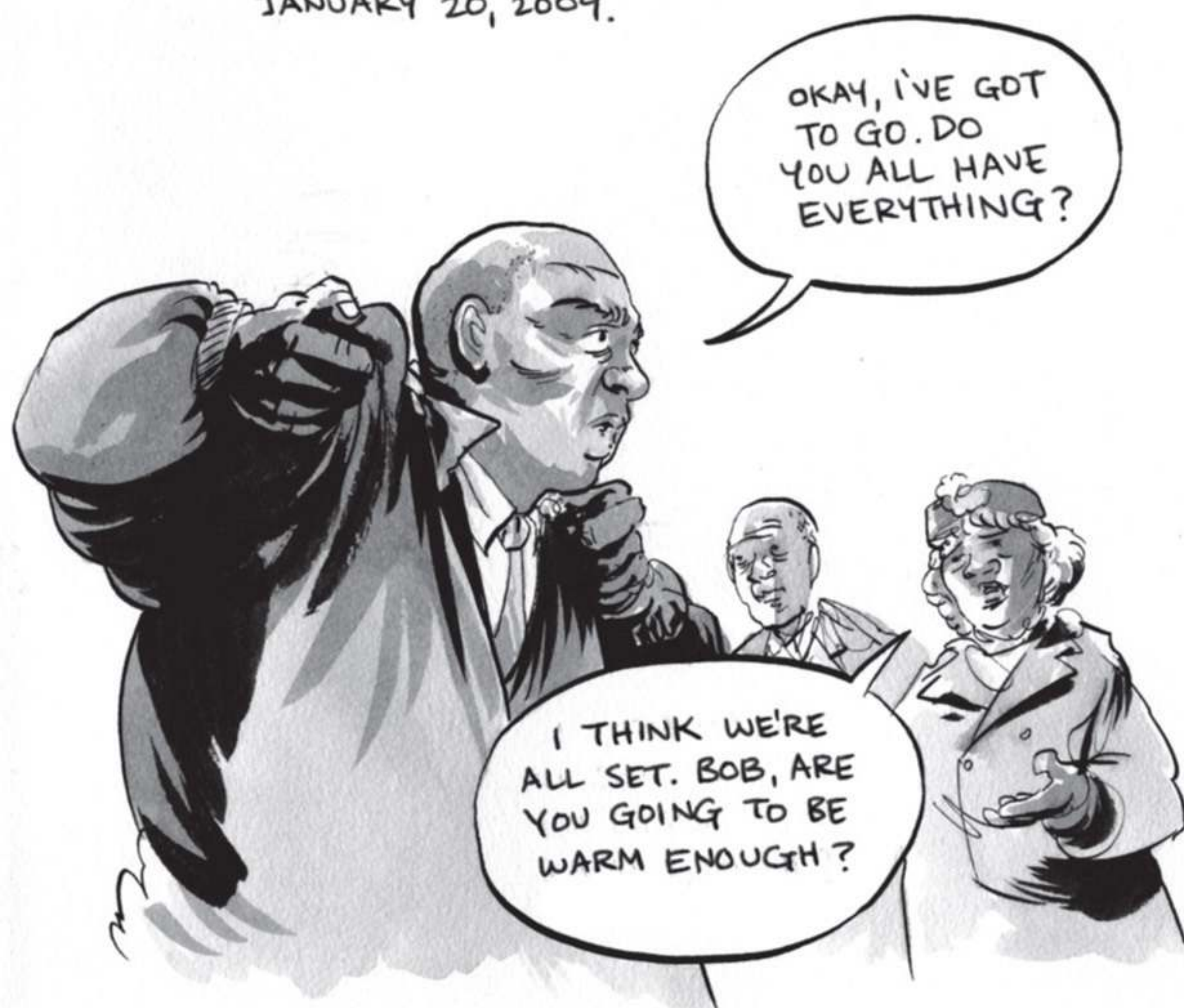


BY WEDNESDAY, THE NUMBER SWELLED TO 85, AND SIMILAR SIT-INS HAD FORMED IN RALEIGH AND DURHAM.

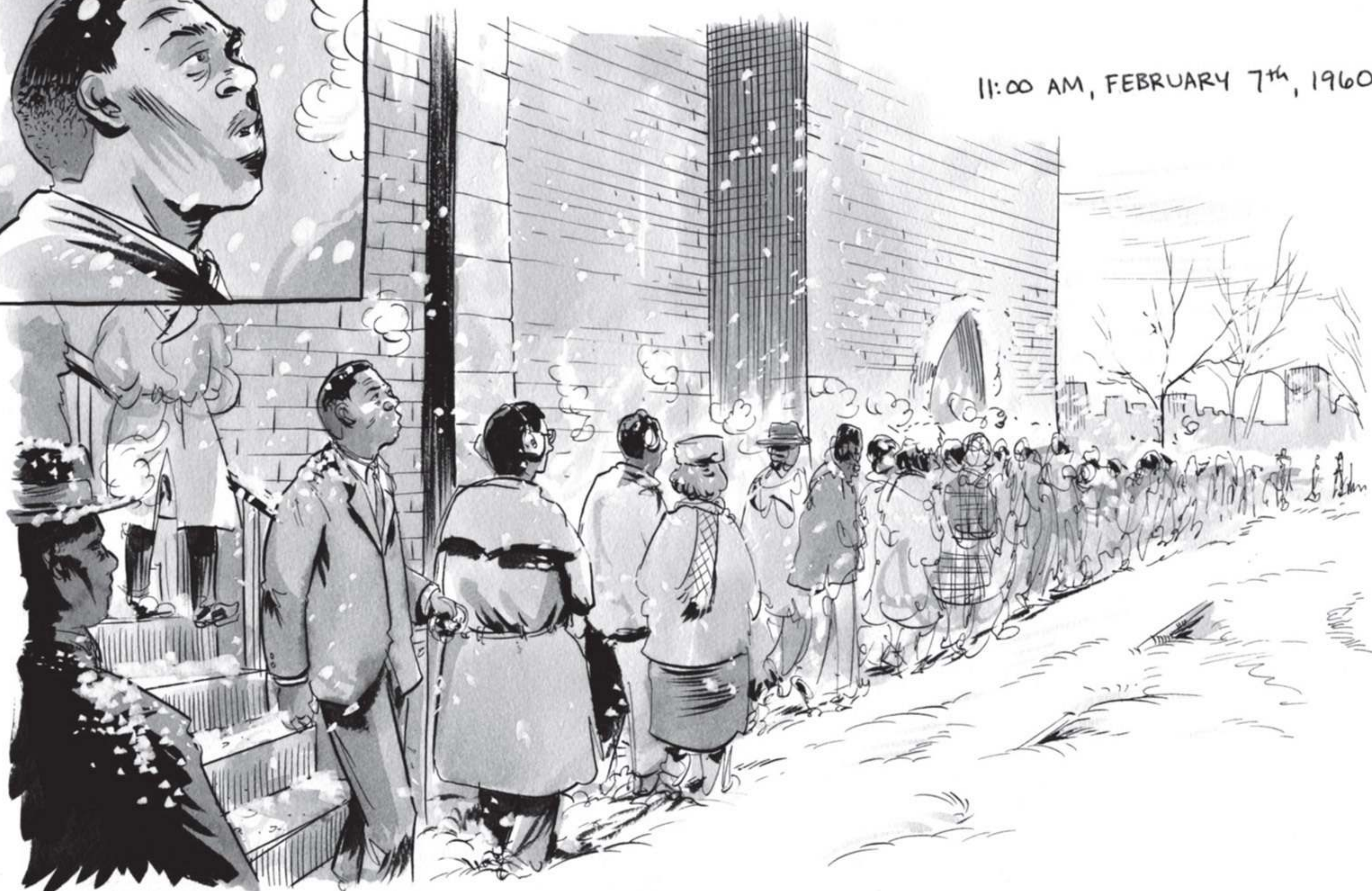




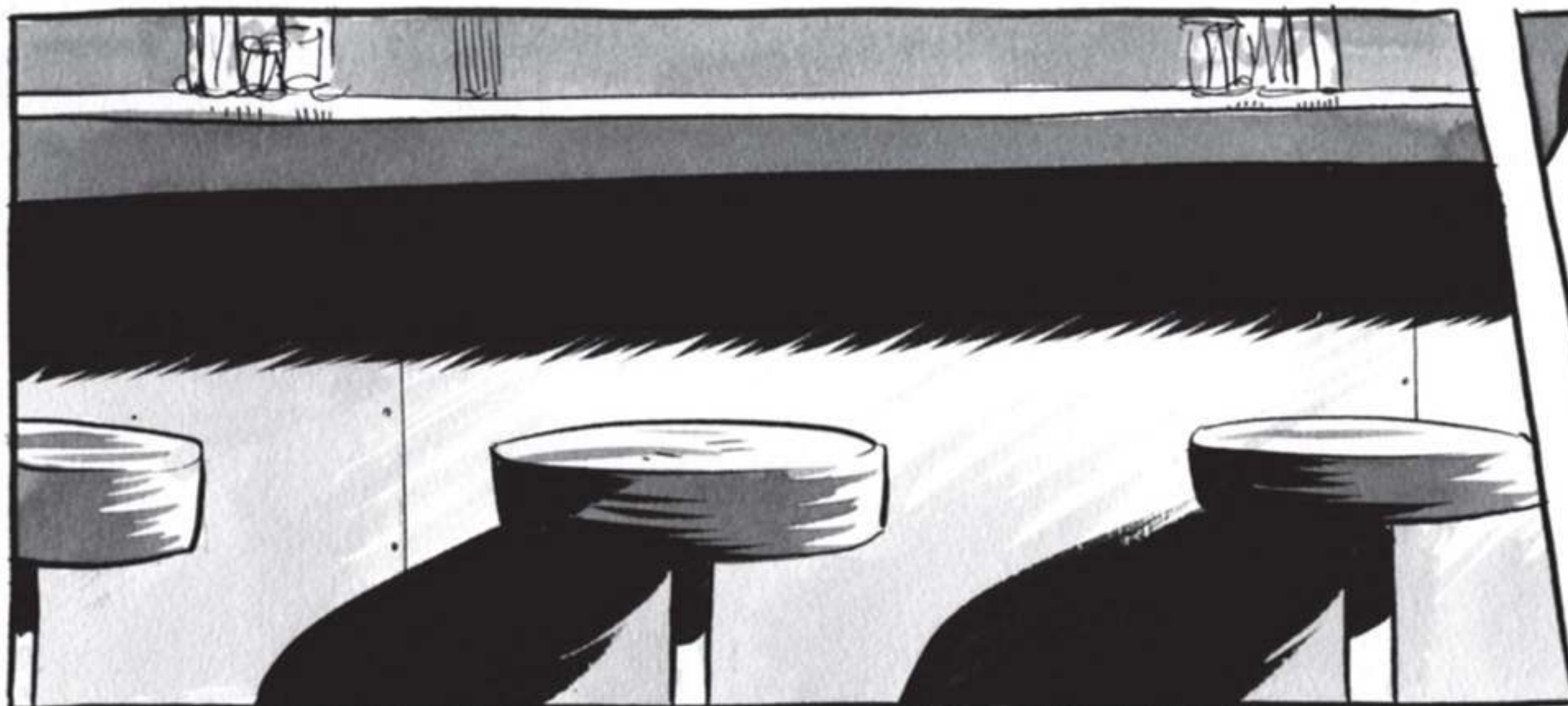
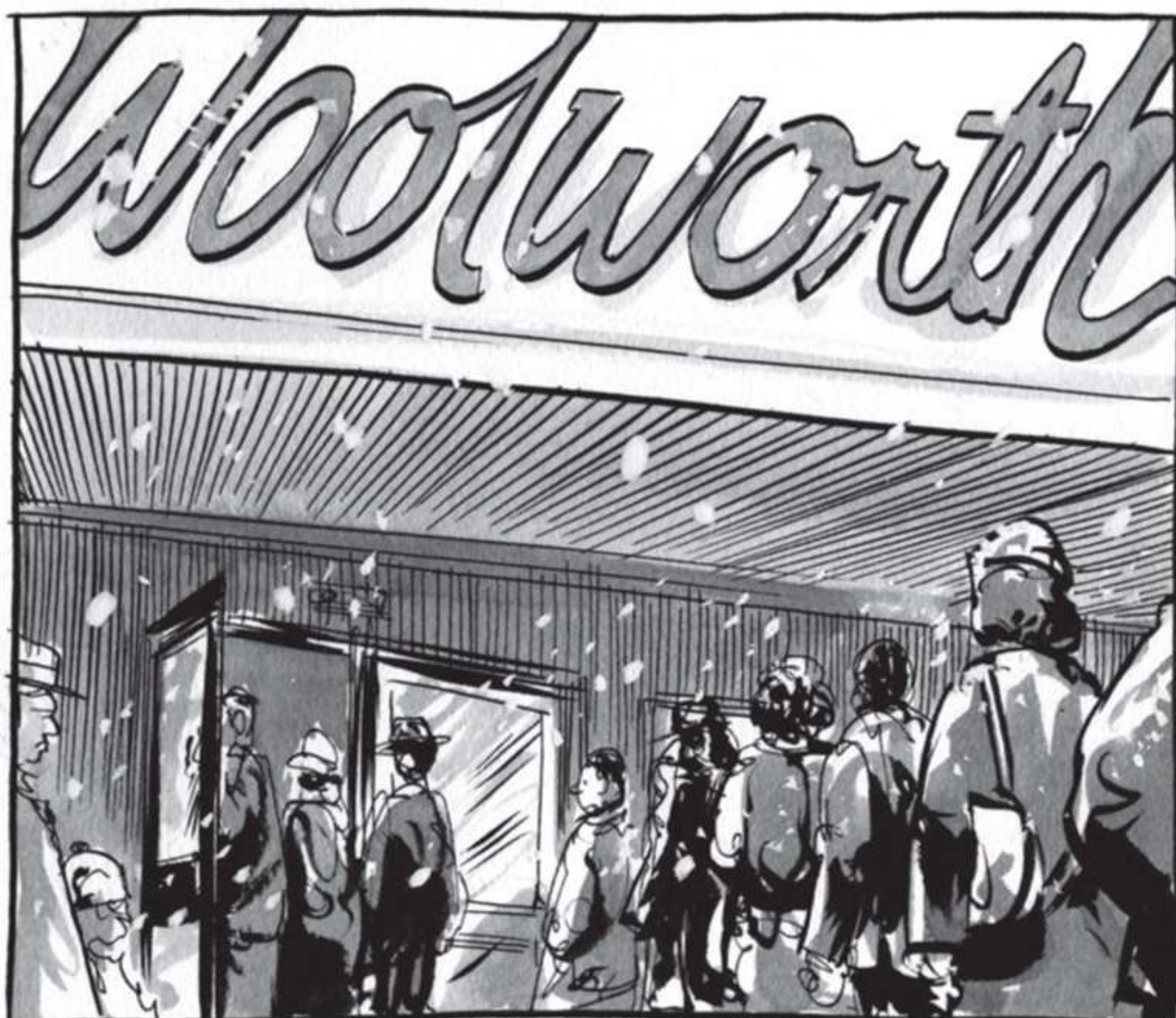
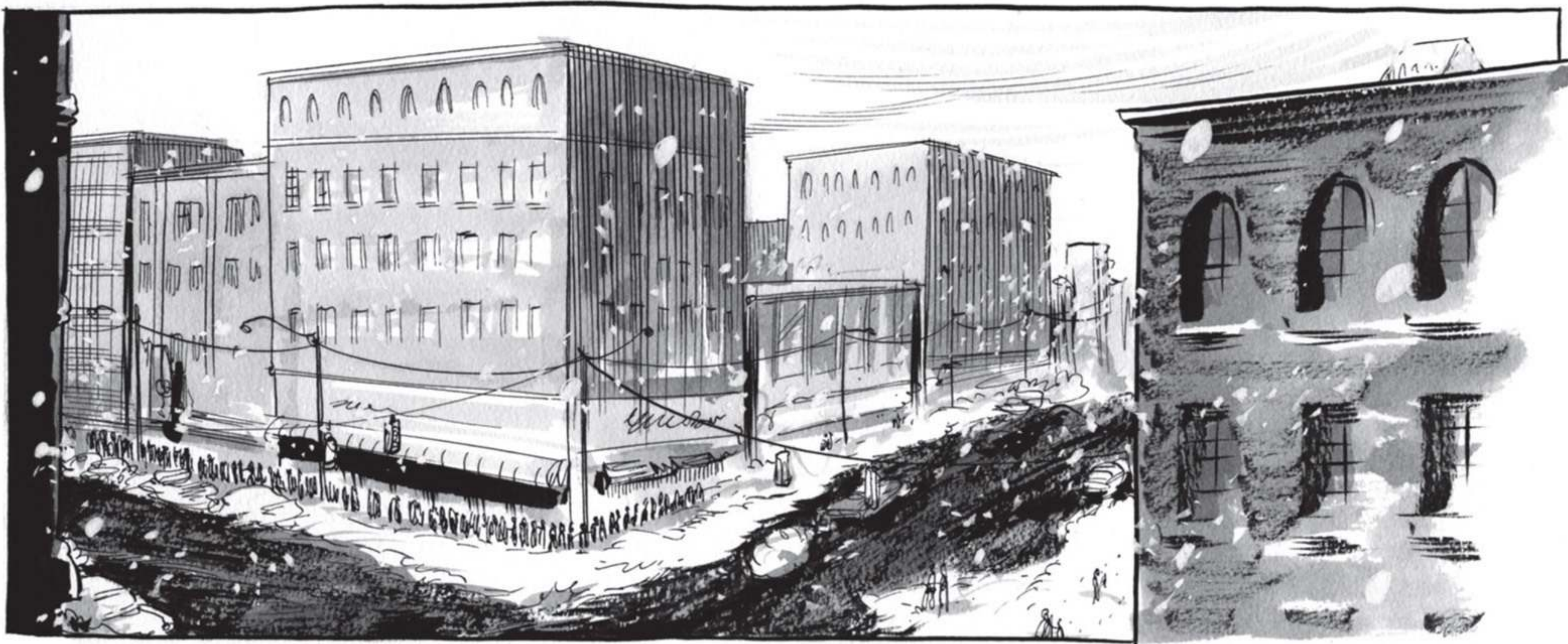
WASHINGTON, DC -- 8:57 AM,  
JANUARY 20, 2009.



















KLIK

COUNTER  
CLOSED







WHEN WE GOT BACK TO FIRST BAPTIST CHURCH, IT WAS LIKE NEW YEAR'S EVE.



THE OTHER TEAMS AT KRESS'S AND MCCLELLAN'S HAD BEEN JUST AS SUCCESSFUL.

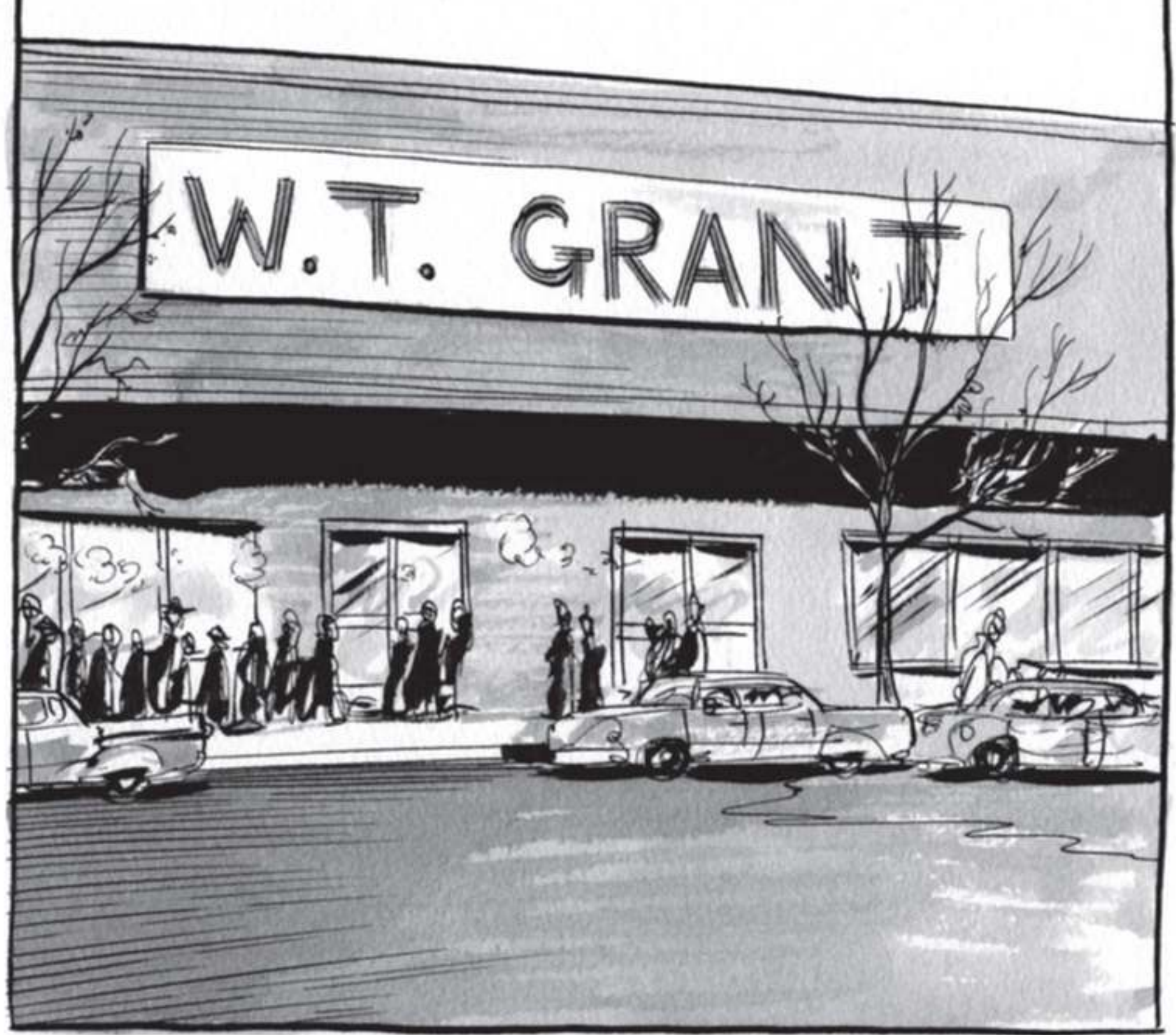




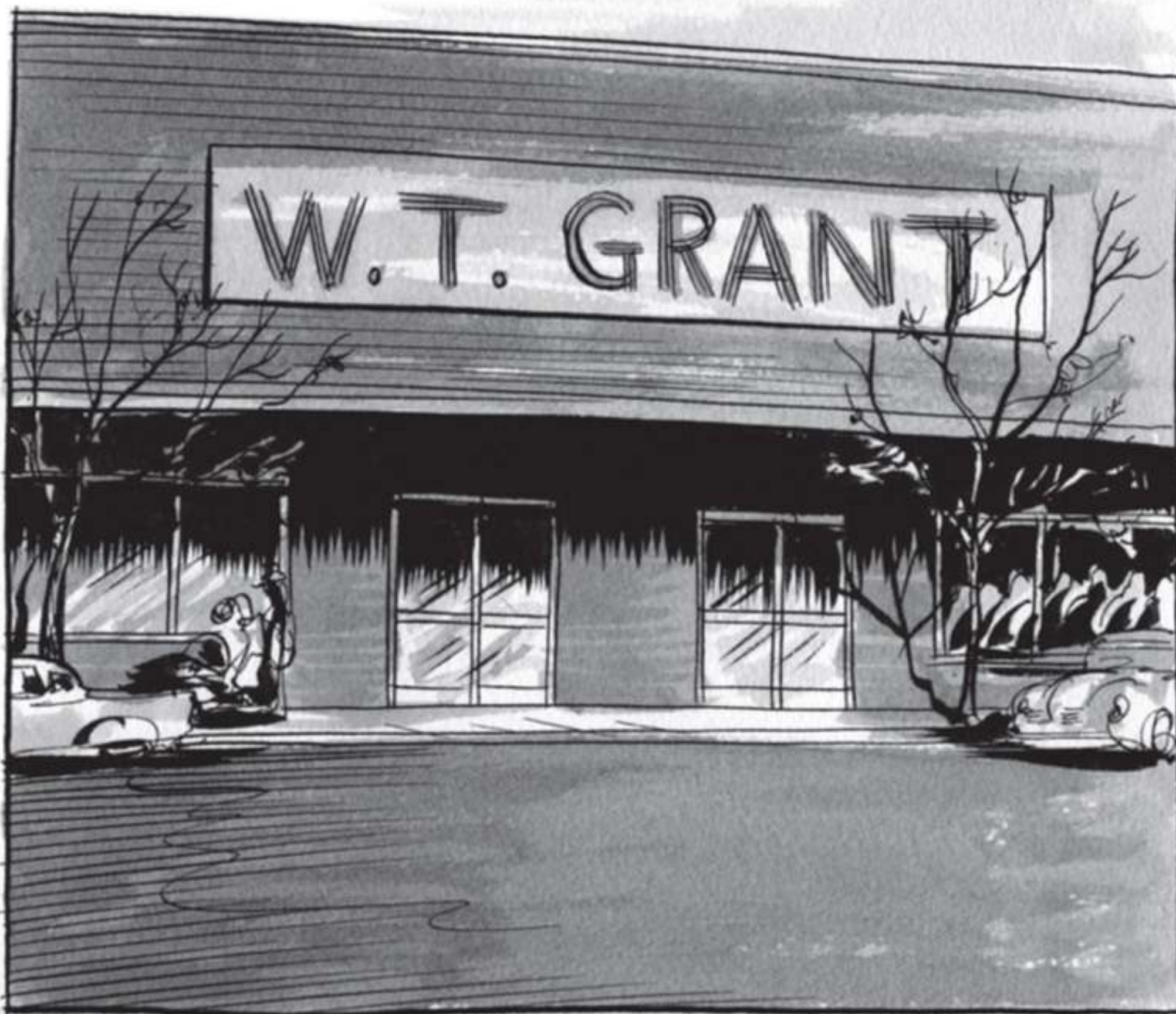
OUR NUMBERS SWELLED TO OVER 200 STUDENTS FOR OUR NEXT SIT-IN ON THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 18<sup>th</sup>.



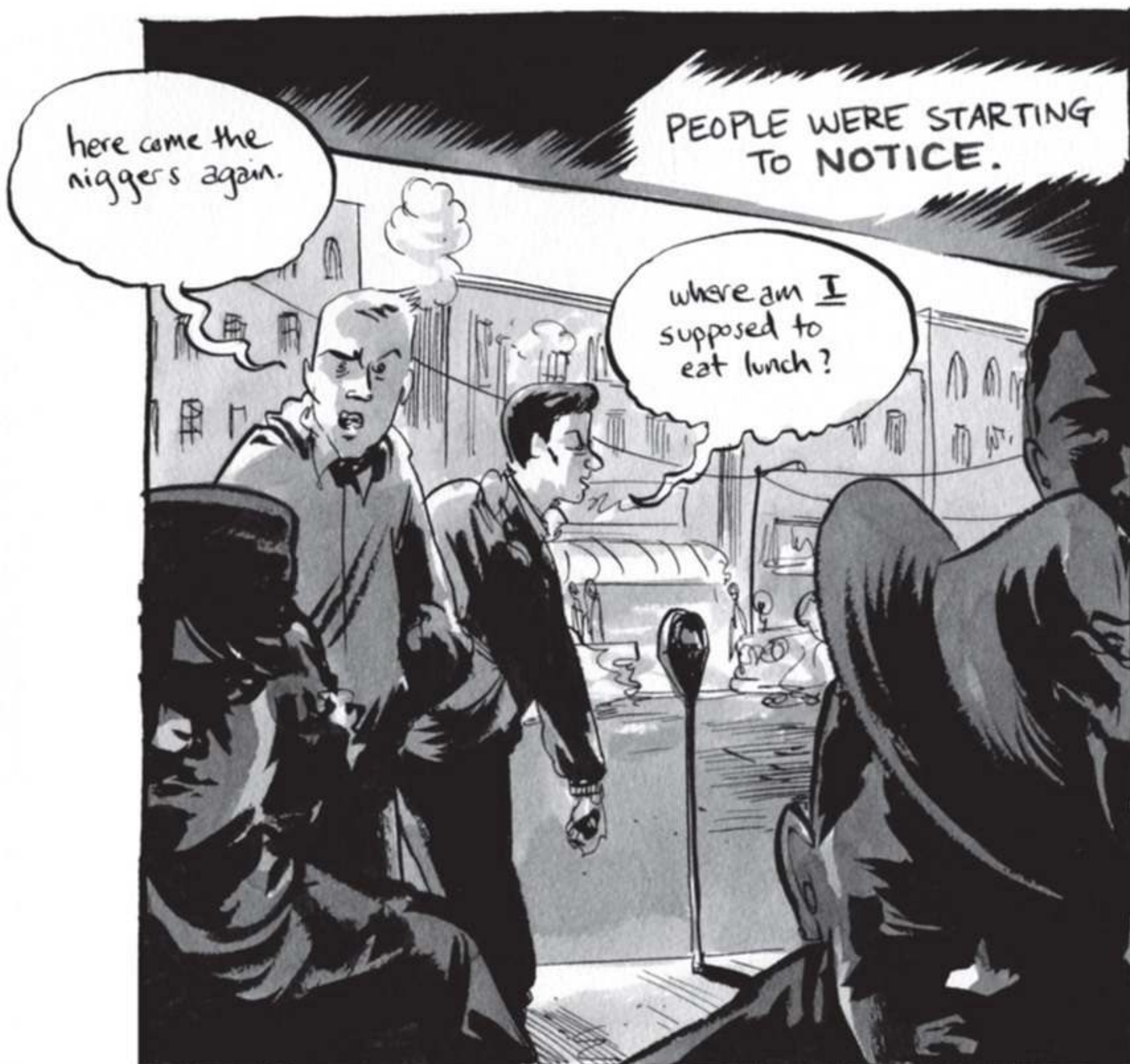
AGAIN, THE COUNTER WAS CLOSED.



THAT AFTERNOON, WE STAYED FOR HOURS WITHOUT INCIDENT.



TWO DAYS LATER, WE MARCHED AGAIN.







OUR NUMBERS WERE MULTIPLYING SO FAST THAT HUNDREDS OF VOLUNTEERS HAD NOT YET BEEN TRAINED IN THE WAY OF NONVIOLENCE, SO I WROTE UP A BASIC LIST OF "DO'S AND DON'T'S" TO BE DISTRIBUTED.

### DO NOT:

1. Strike back or curse if abused.
2. Laugh out.
3. Hold conversations with floor walker.
4. Leave your seat until your leader has given you permission to do so.
5. Block entrances to stores outside or the aisles inside.

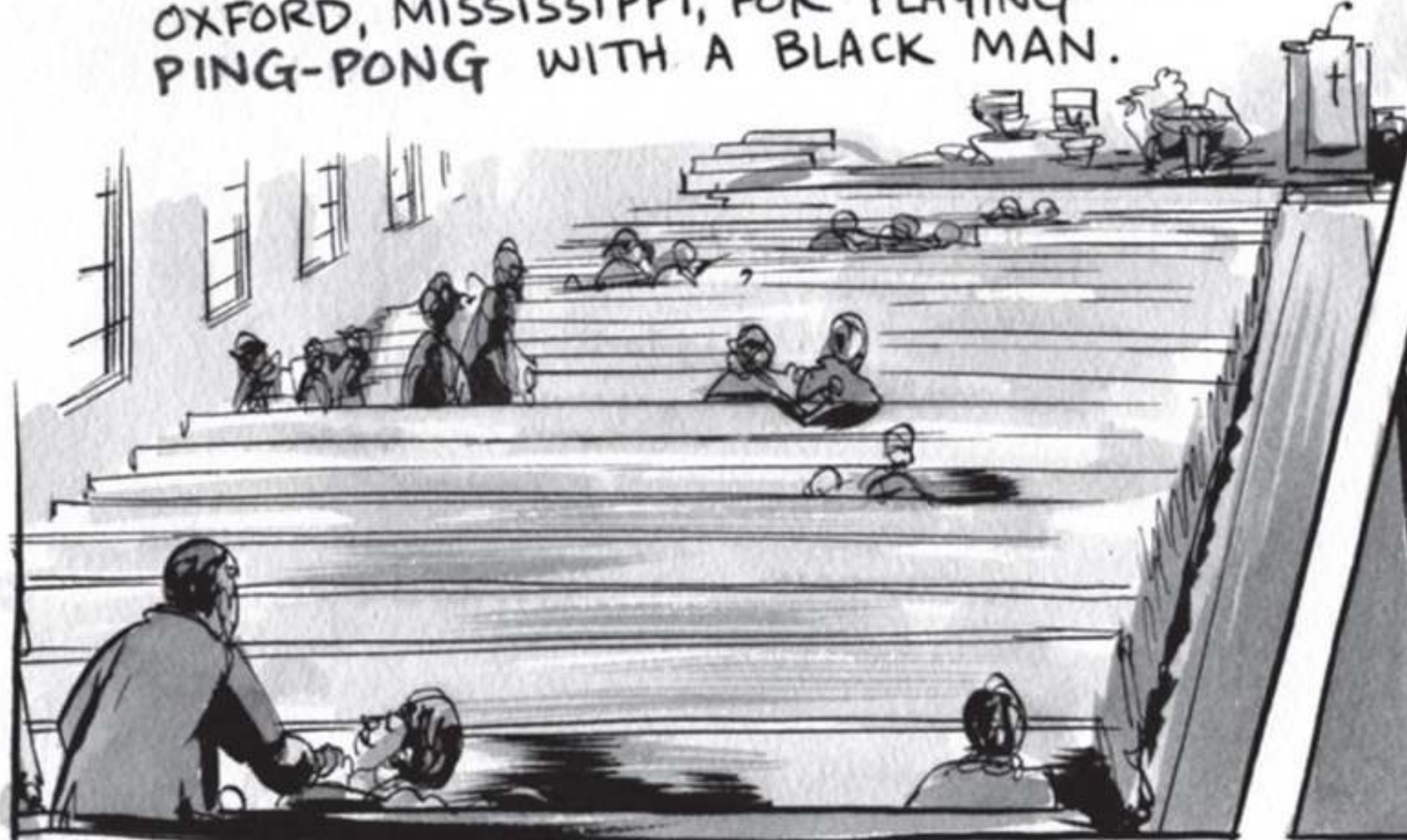
### DO:

1. Show yourself friendly and courteous at all times.
2. Sit straight; always face the counter.
3. Report all serious incidents to your leader.
4. Refer information seekers to your leader in a polite manner.
5. Remember the teachings of Jesus Christ, Mahatma Gandhi, and Martin Luther King. Love and nonviolence is the way.

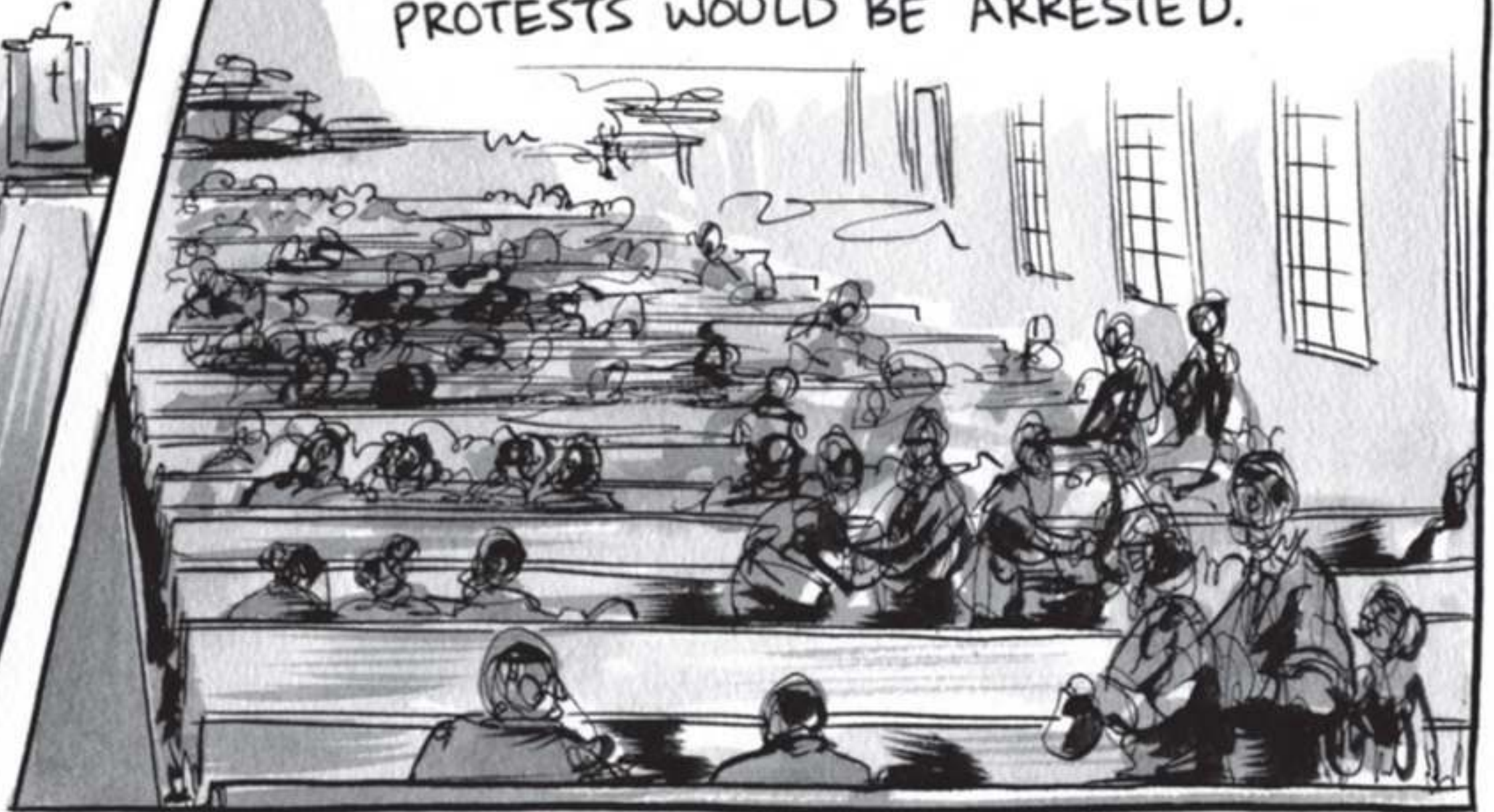
MAY GOD BLESS EACH OF YOU



ON THE MORNING OF FEBRUARY 27<sup>th</sup>, 1960, WE GATHERED TO HEAR WILL CAMPBELL, A WHITE MINISTER WHO'D BEEN RUN OUT OF OXFORD, MISSISSIPPI, FOR PLAYING PING-PONG WITH A BLACK MAN.



THE DAY BEFORE, WE'D GOTTEN WORD FROM NASHVILLE'S CHIEF OF POLICE THAT ANYONE INVOLVED IN FURTHER PROTESTS WOULD BE ARRESTED.

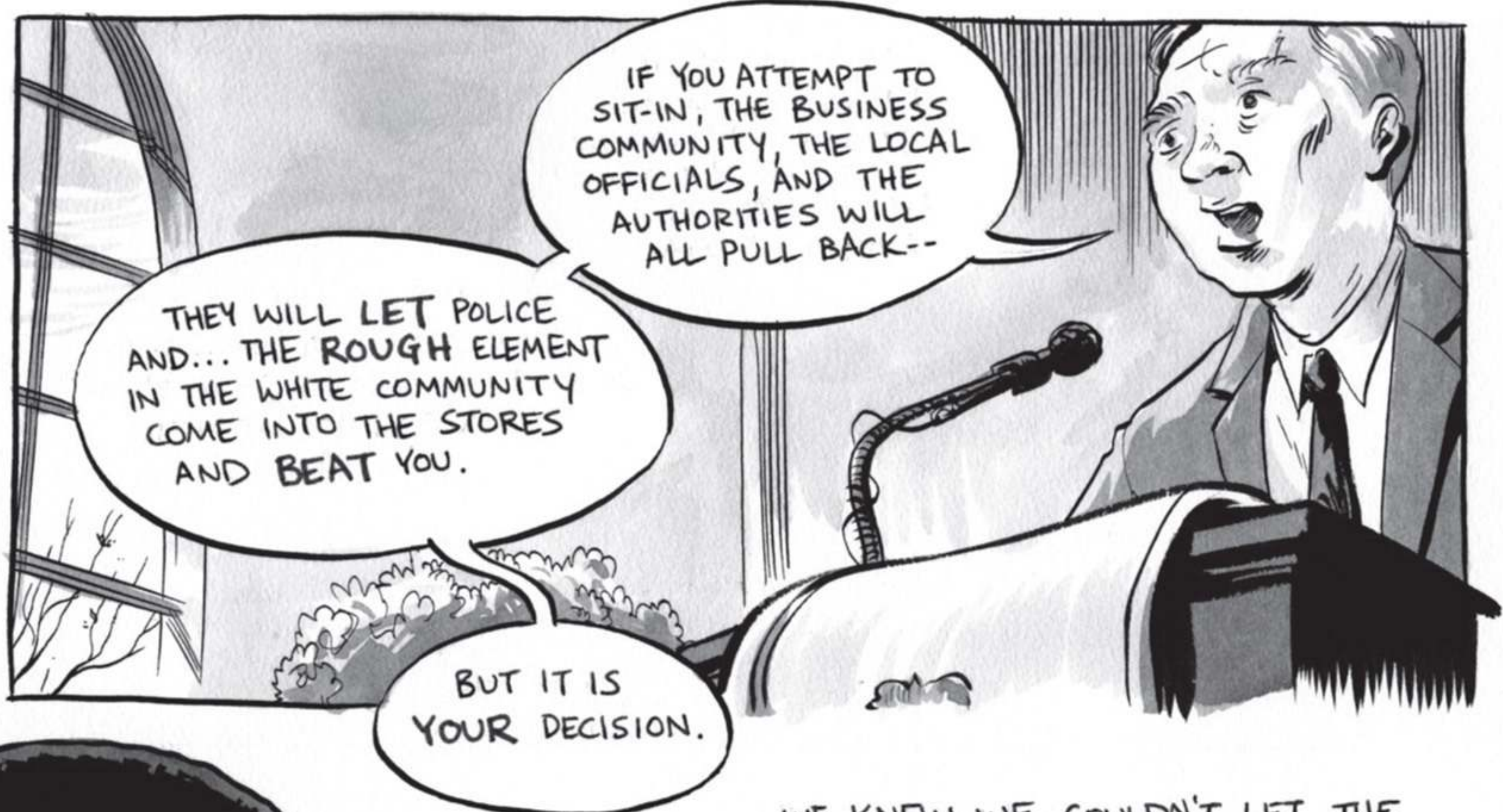


THERE WERE ALSO RUMORS OF PLANNED ATTACKS BY YOUNG WHITES, WHICH THE POLICE DID NOT INTEND TO STOP.



I want to thank you all for being here today. I do have some news and a little information from these other areas that might concern that night concern

SO ON THIS PARTICULAR MORNING, WILL CAMPBELL HAD COME TO TELL US WHAT HE HAD HEARD FROM HIS CONTACTS IN THE WHITE COMMUNITY.



IF YOU ATTEMPT TO SIT-IN, THE BUSINESS COMMUNITY, THE LOCAL OFFICIALS, AND THE AUTHORITIES WILL ALL PULL BACK--

THEY WILL LET POLICE AND... THE ROUGH ELEMENT IN THE WHITE COMMUNITY COME INTO THE STORES AND BEAT YOU.

BUT IT IS YOUR DECISION.

WE KNEW WE COULDN'T LET THE THREAT OF VIOLENCE STOP US.

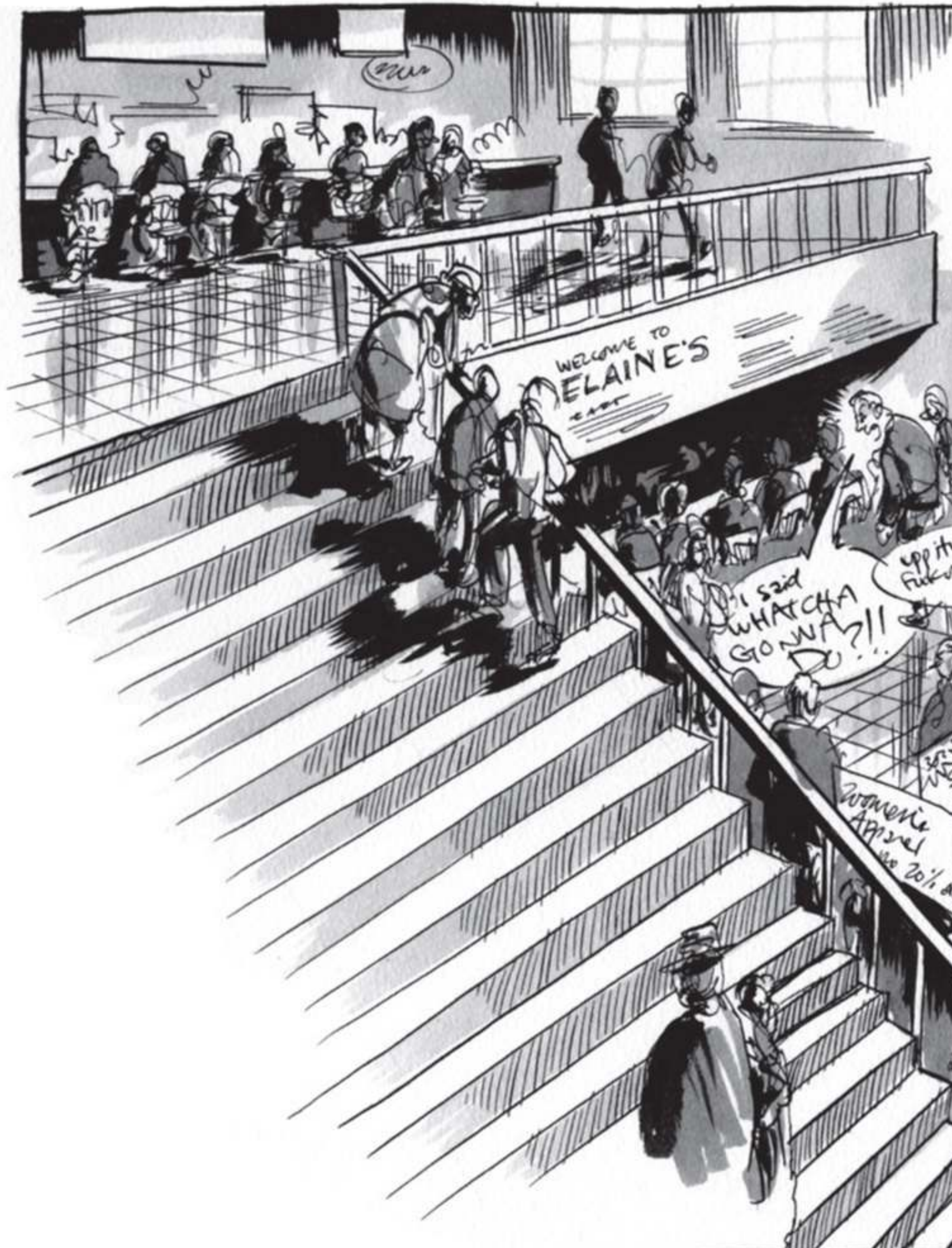


WE WERE GOING TO SIT-IN.





MY GROUP TARGETED WOOLWORTH'S.



NO SOONER DID WE TAKE OUR SEATS AT THE UPSTAIRS COUNTER THAN SOME YOUNG MEN BEGAN ATTACKING THE GROUP DOWNSTAIRS.



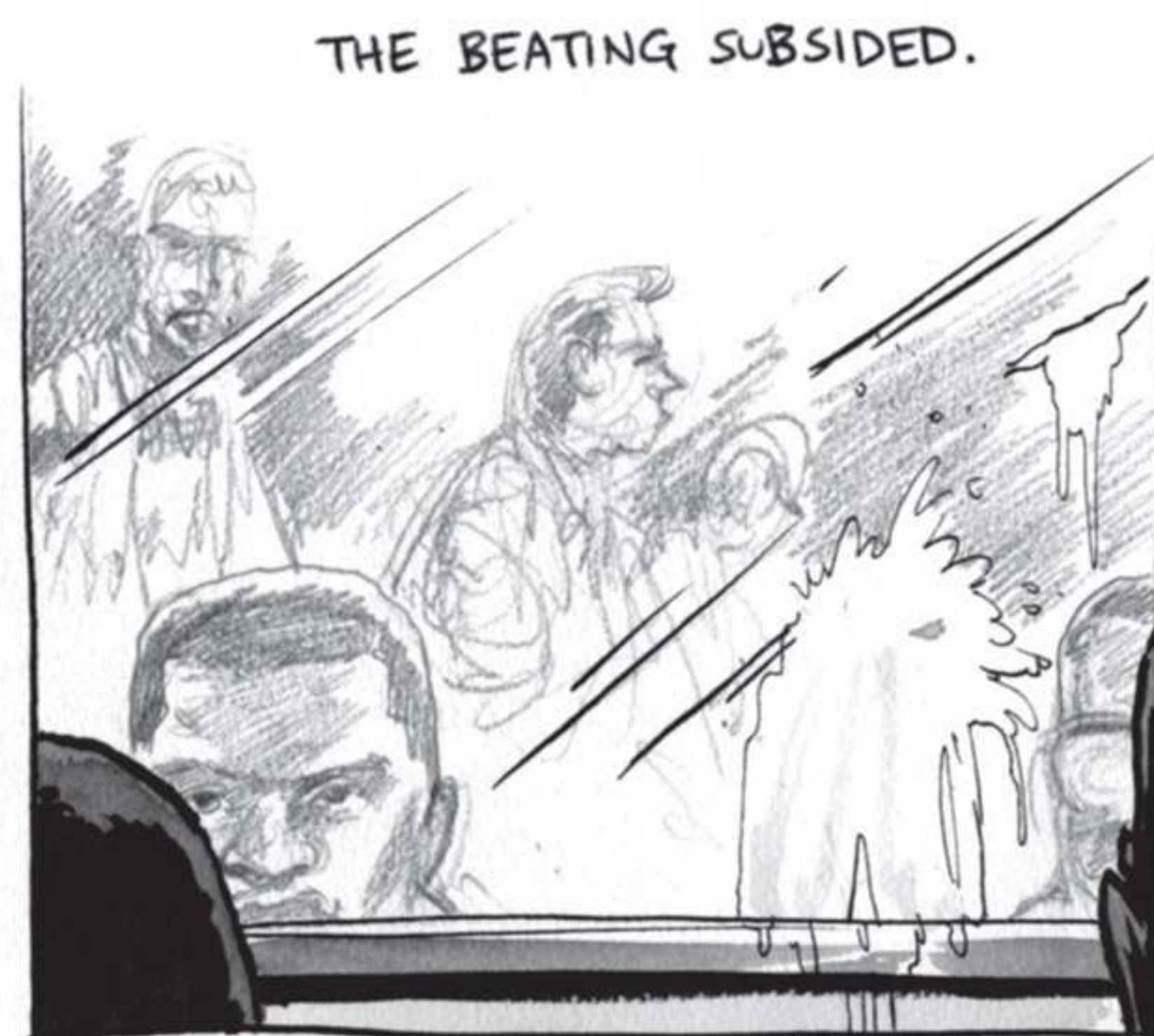
WE IMMEDIATELY WENT DOWN TO JOIN OUR BROTHERS AND SISTERS.



















FEBRUARY 27, 1960 WAS MY FIRST ARREST,







WE WERE JUBILANT  
AS WE FILLED THE  
JAIL CELLS.

we shall all  
be free

we shall all  
be free

we shall all  
be free someday

SURROUNDED BY SO MANY OF OUR FRIENDS,  
WE FELT LIKE PRISONERS IN A HOLY WAR.



we are  
ALONE

BACK AT THE LUNCH COUNTERS, POLICE COULD  
HARDLY KEEP UP WITH THE WAVES OF STUDENTS  
QUICKLY FILLING THE EMPTY SEATS. NO SOONER  
WOULD ONE GROUP BE ARRESTED THAN  
ANOTHER WOULD TAKE ITS PLACE.



we are not  
ALONE

82 OF US WENT TO JAIL THAT DAY.



we are not  
ALONE

we are not  
ALONE  
someday



THE POLICE WANTED NOTHING MORE THAN TO BE RID OF US, SO THEY REDUCED THE BAIL FROM \$100 TO \$5 APIECE.

BUT IT DIDN'T MATTER.

WE SHALL OVERCOME

WE SHALL OVERCOME

WE SHALL OVERCOME SOMEDAY

WE WEREN'T ABOUT TO COOPERATE IN ANY WAY WITH THE SYSTEM ALLOWING THE VERY DISCRIMINATION WE WERE PROTESTING.

WE SHALL ALL BE FREE

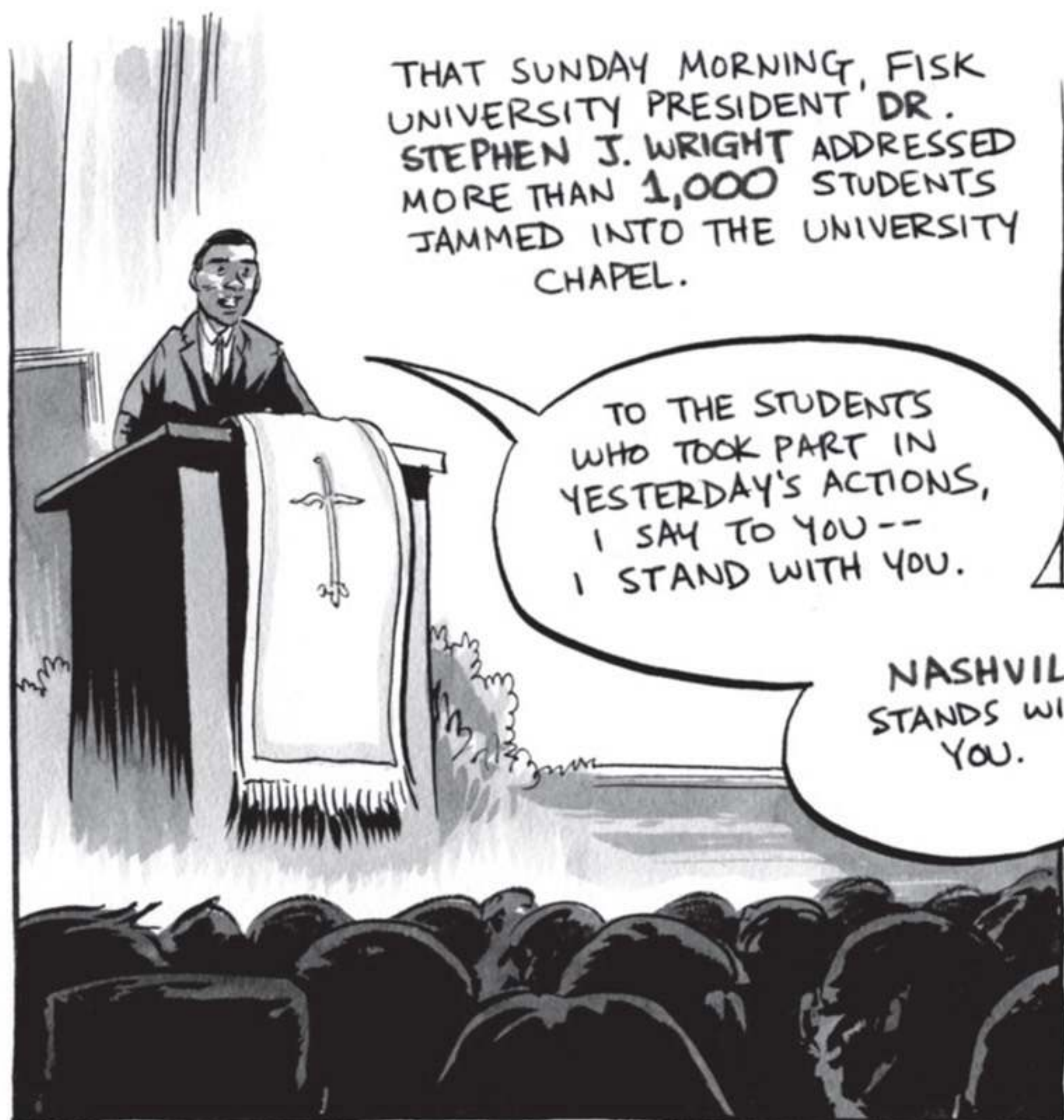
IT DIDN'T TAKE NASHVILLE'S POWERS-THAT-BE LONG TO REALIZE IT WAS IMPOSSIBLE TO FORCE US TO PAY OUR WAY OUT.

AROUND 11:00 P.M., WE WERE ALL RELEASED.

CLANK  
CLANK







THAT SUNDAY MORNING, FISK UNIVERSITY PRESIDENT DR. STEPHEN J. WRIGHT ADDRESSED MORE THAN 1,000 STUDENTS JAMMED INTO THE UNIVERSITY CHAPEL.

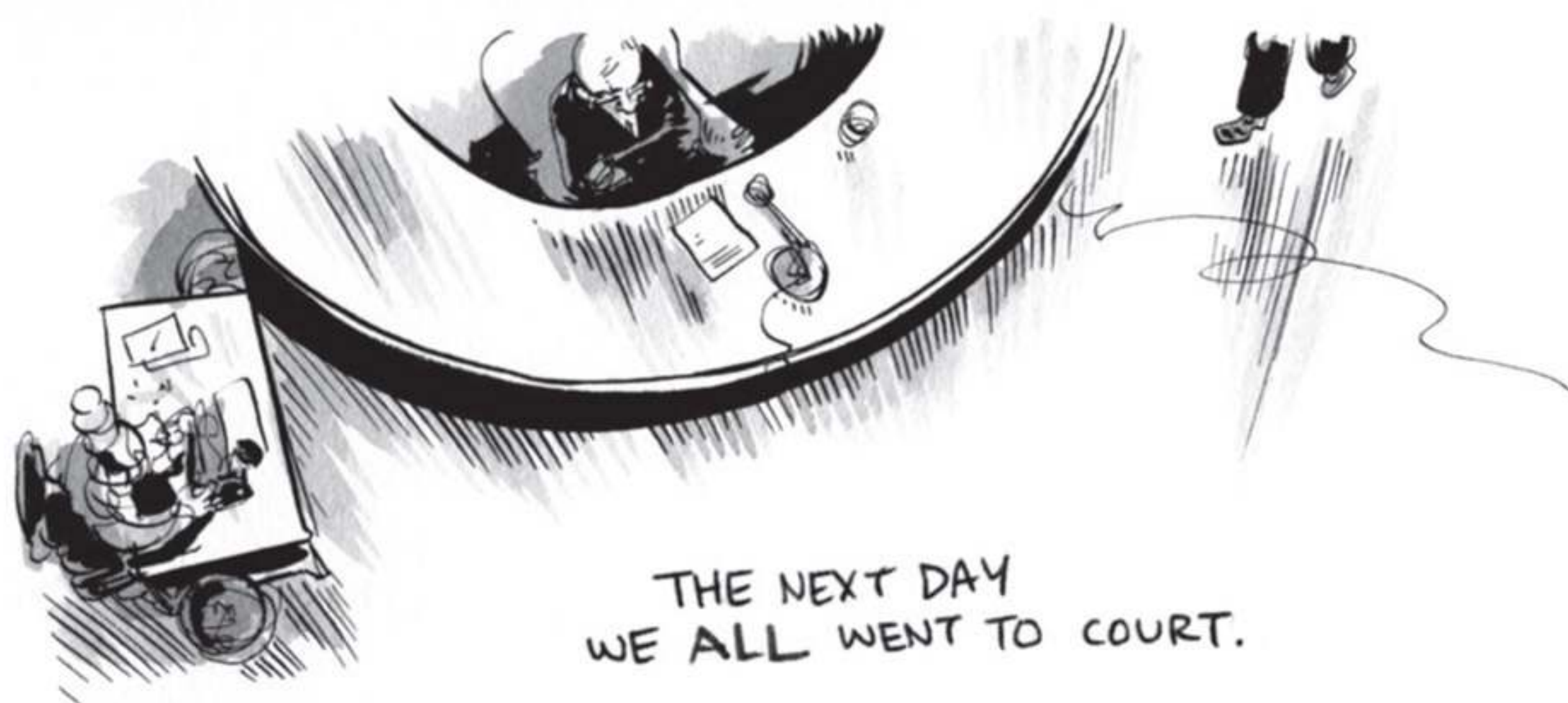
TO THE STUDENTS WHO TOOK PART IN YESTERDAY'S ACTIONS, I SAY TO YOU -- I STAND WITH YOU.

NASHVILLE STANDS WITH YOU.



DR. WRIGHT WAS THE FIRST BLACK COLLEGE PRESIDENT IN THE COUNTRY TO TAKE SUCH A STAND.

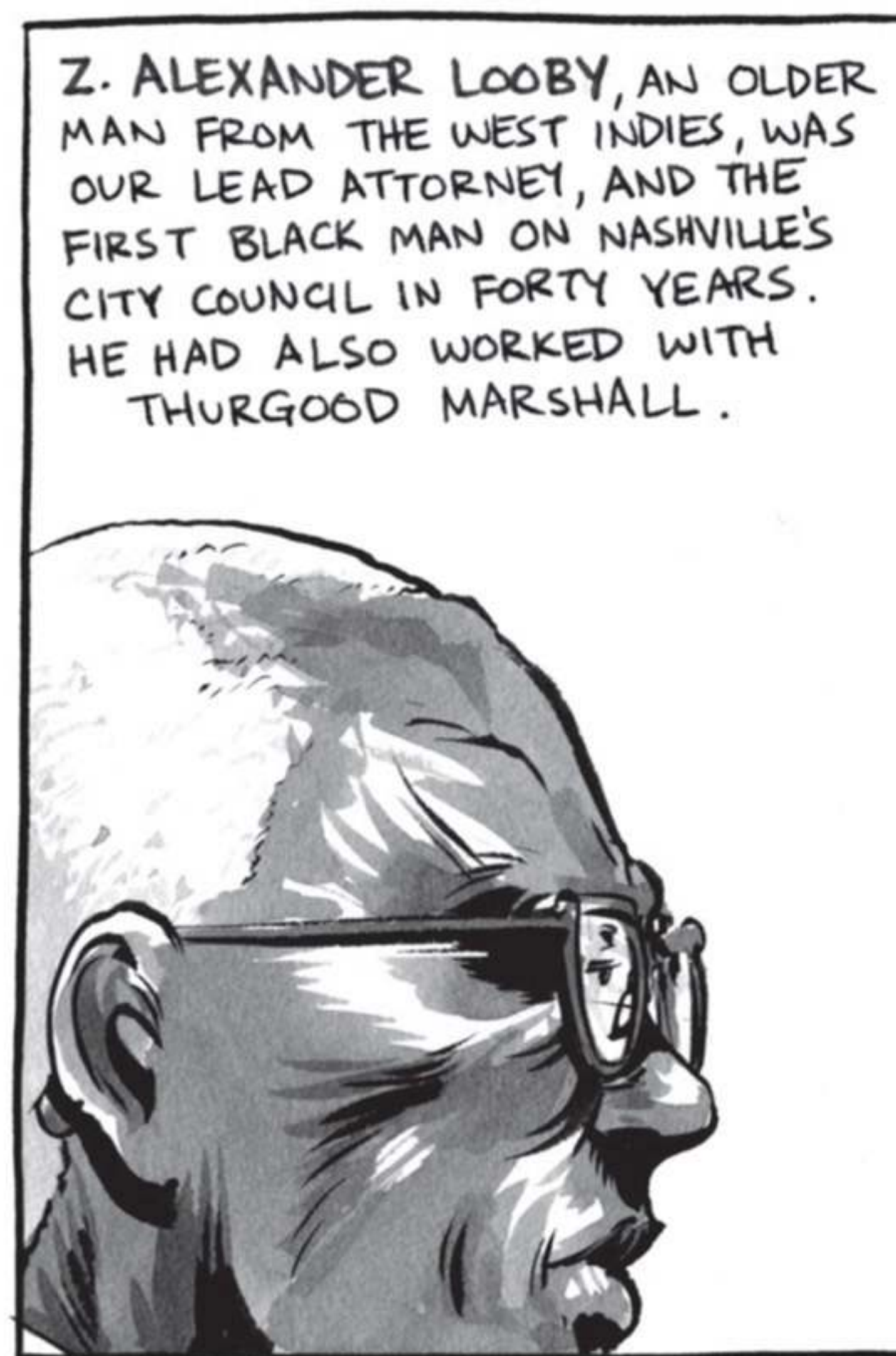
WE WERE EUPHORIC.



THE NEXT DAY WE ALL WENT TO COURT.

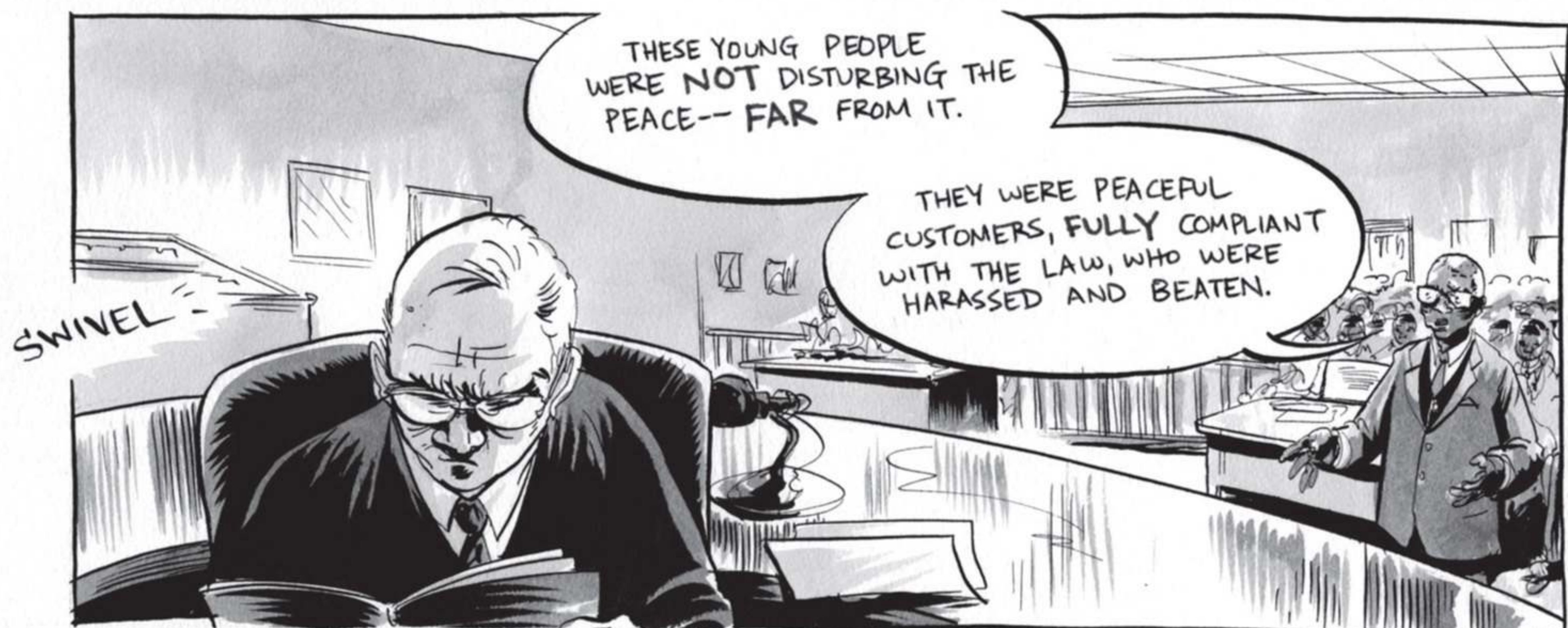
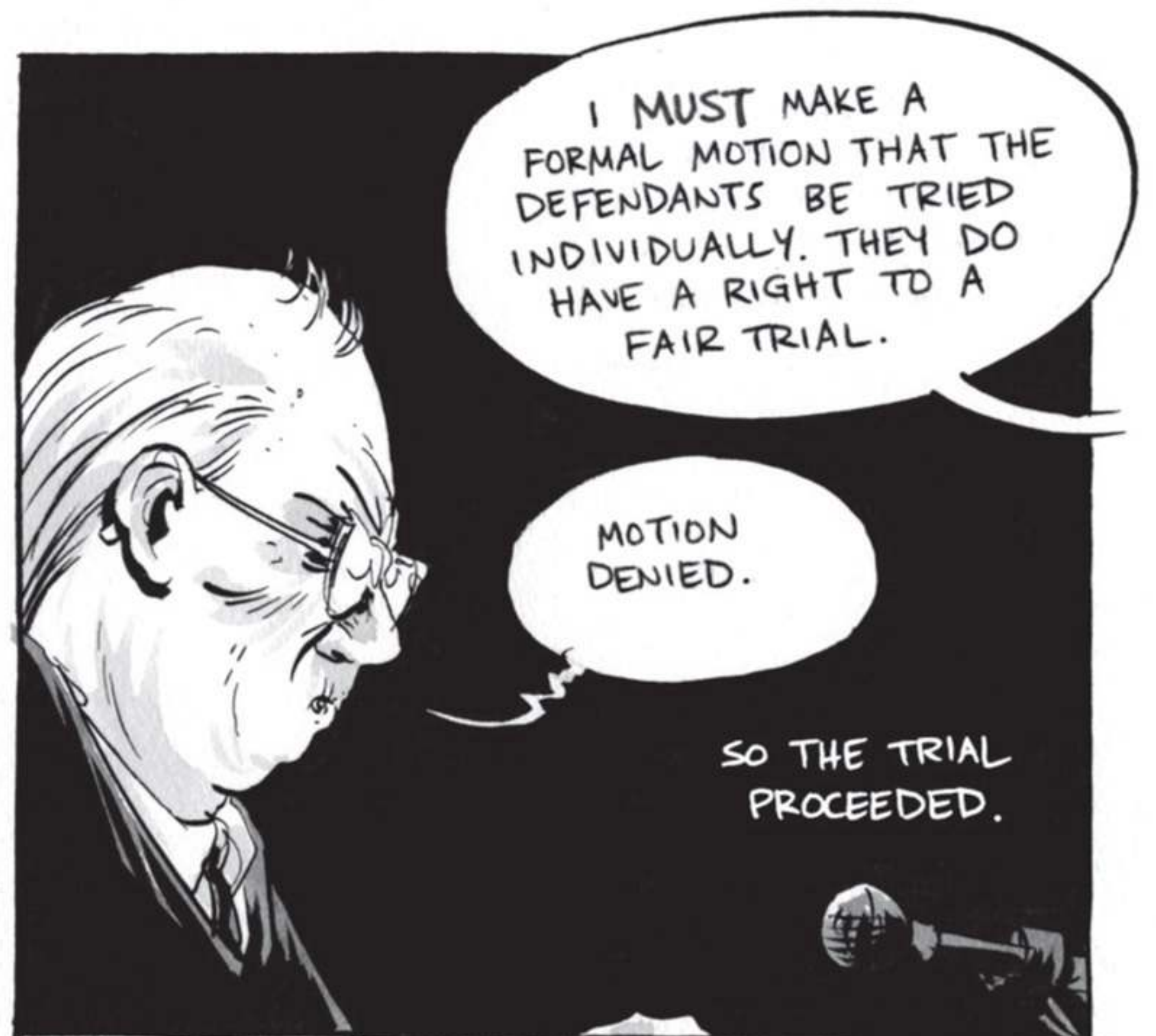
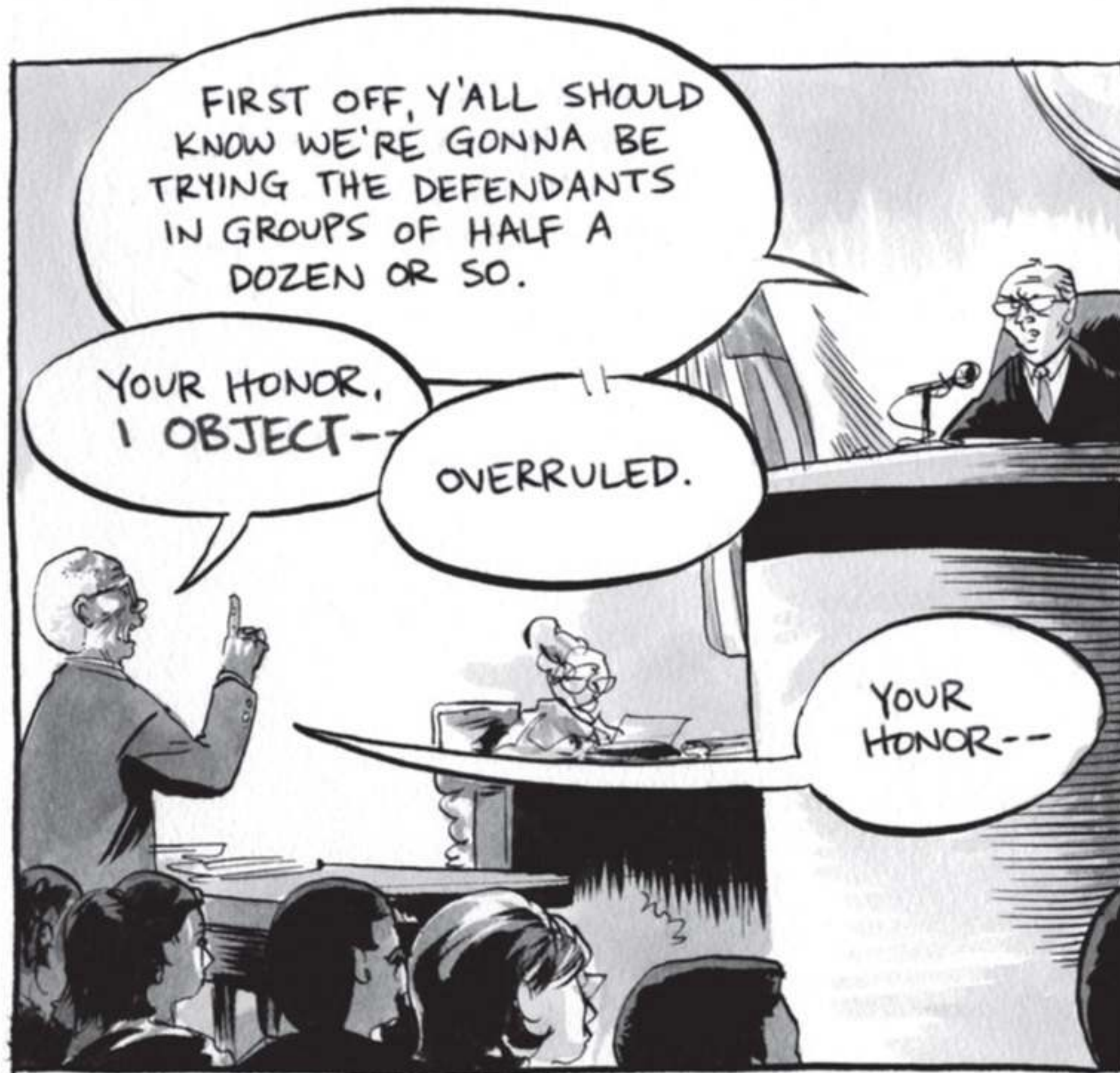


THREE AMAZING LAWYERS CAME TO OUR DEFENSE, REFUSING TO CHARGE EVEN A DIME.

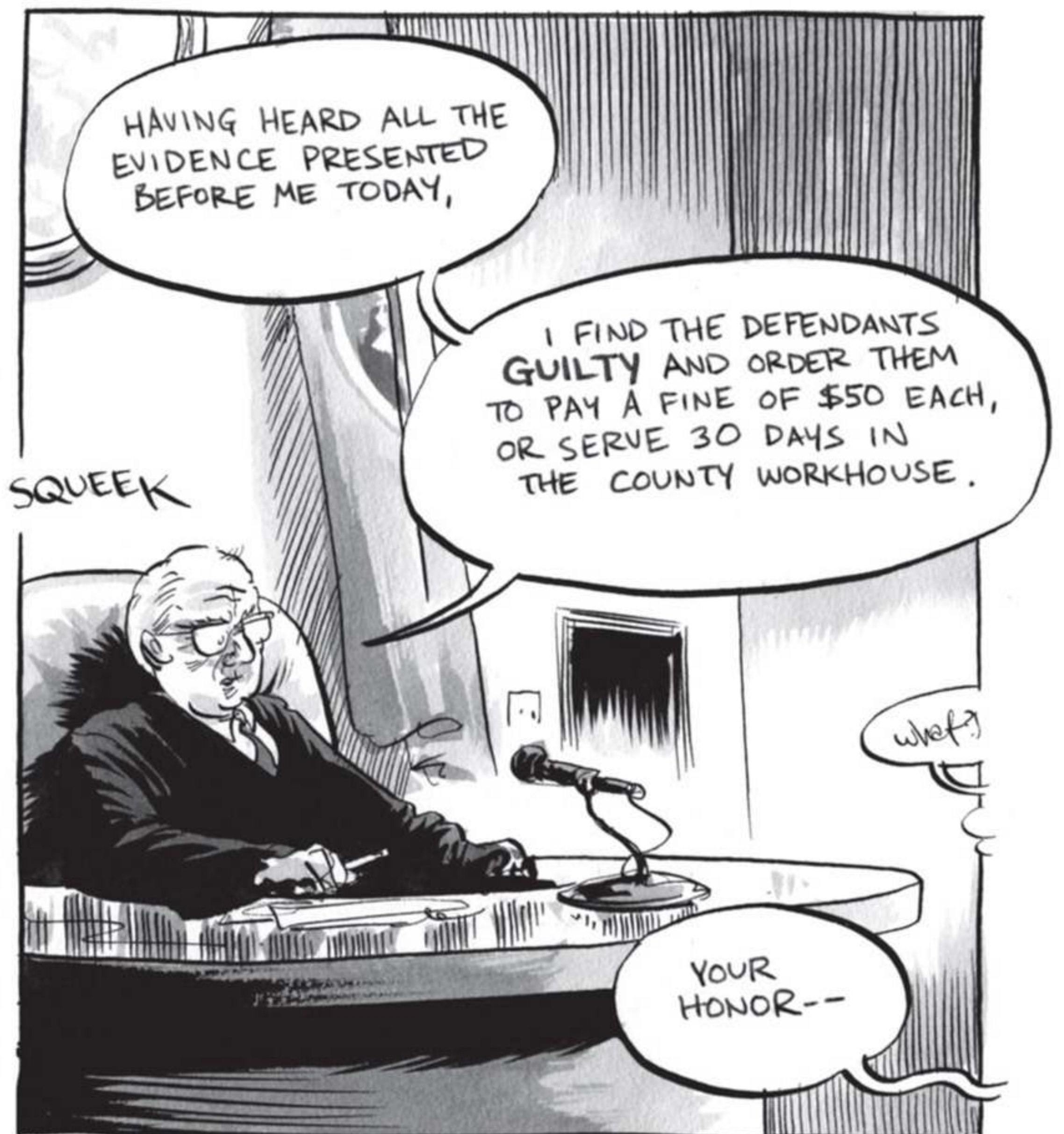


Z. ALEXANDER LOOBY, AN OLDER MAN FROM THE WEST INDIES, WAS OUR LEAD ATTORNEY, AND THE FIRST BLACK MAN ON NASHVILLE'S CITY COUNCIL IN FORTY YEARS. HE HAD ALSO WORKED WITH THURGOOD MARSHALL.











WHEN THE CITY FOLLOWED THROUGH WITH ITS WORKHOUSE ROUTINE, IT PROMPTED OUTRAGE FROM ALL OVER THE COUNTRY. TELEGRAMS OF SUPPORT ARRIVED FROM RALPH BUNCHE, ELEANOR ROOSEVELT, AND HARRY BELAFONTE.



AT THE SAME TIME, MORE STUDENTS VOLUNTEERED AND THE SIT-INS CONTINUED.

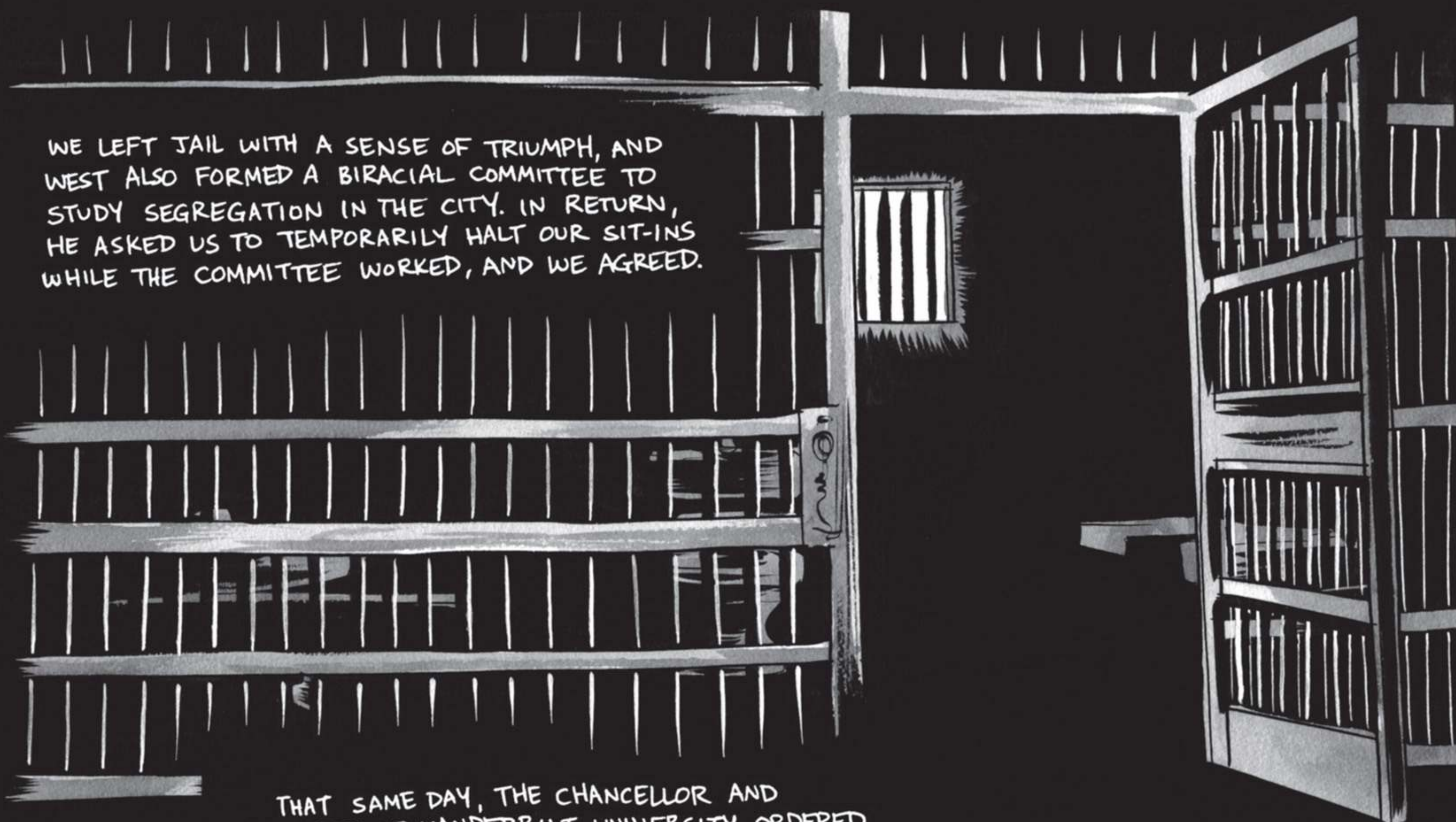


MUCH LIKE NASHVILLE ITSELF, MAYOR BEN WEST HAD A RELATIVELY PROGRESSIVE REPUTATION ON RACE. IT DID NOT, HOWEVER, NECESSARILY MEAN HE WAS WILLING TO RISK HIS JOB AND REPUTATION TO HELP.

BUT ON MARCH 3rd, MAYOR WEST ORDERED OUR RELEASE.



WE LEFT JAIL WITH A SENSE OF TRIUMPH, AND WEST ALSO FORMED A BIRACIAL COMMITTEE TO STUDY SEGREGATION IN THE CITY. IN RETURN, HE ASKED US TO TEMPORARILY HALT OUR SIT-INS WHILE THE COMMITTEE WORKED, AND WE AGREED.



THAT SAME DAY, THE CHANCELLOR AND TRUSTEES OF VANDERBILT UNIVERSITY ORDERED THE DEAN OF THE DIVINITY SCHOOL TO DISMISS JIM LAWSON.

CUT OFF THE HEAD, THE THINKING WENT, AND THE BODY WOULD FALL.



BUT FOR VANDERBILT, THINGS DIDN'T  
WORK OUT AS PLANNED.

INSTEAD, DOZENS OF FACULTY AND STAFF THREATENED TO  
RESIGN IN PROTEST, MAKING NATIONAL HEADLINES.



BY THE END OF THE MONTH WE DECIDED WE'D WAITED LONG  
ENOUGH, SO ON FRIDAY THE 25<sup>TH</sup>, MORE THAN A HUNDRED OF  
US MARCHED FROM FIRST BAPTIST CHURCH TO NINE DOWNTOWN STORES.

THERE WERE NO ARRESTS THAT DAY, BUT AFTER  
TENNESSEE GOVERNOR BUFORD ELLINGTON SAW  
FOOTAGE OF THE DAY'S PROTEST ON THE NATIONAL  
NEWS, HE WAS IRATE.

THESE SIT-INS ARE  
INSTIGATED BY, AND STAGED  
FOR THE CONVENIENCE  
OF, THE COLUMBIA  
BROADCAST SYSTEM.



QUIETLY-- ALMOST INVISIBLY-- WITHIN THE LOCAL  
CHURCHES, A BLACK COMMUNITY **BOYCOTT** OF ALL  
DOWNTOWN STORES BEGAN-- WHAT SOME PEOPLE  
CALLED A "SELECTIVE BUYING CAMPAIGN."

WOULD EVERYONE IN THE  
CONGREGATION WHO HAS NOT  
SPENT ANY MONEY DOWNTOWN  
PLEASE STAND?



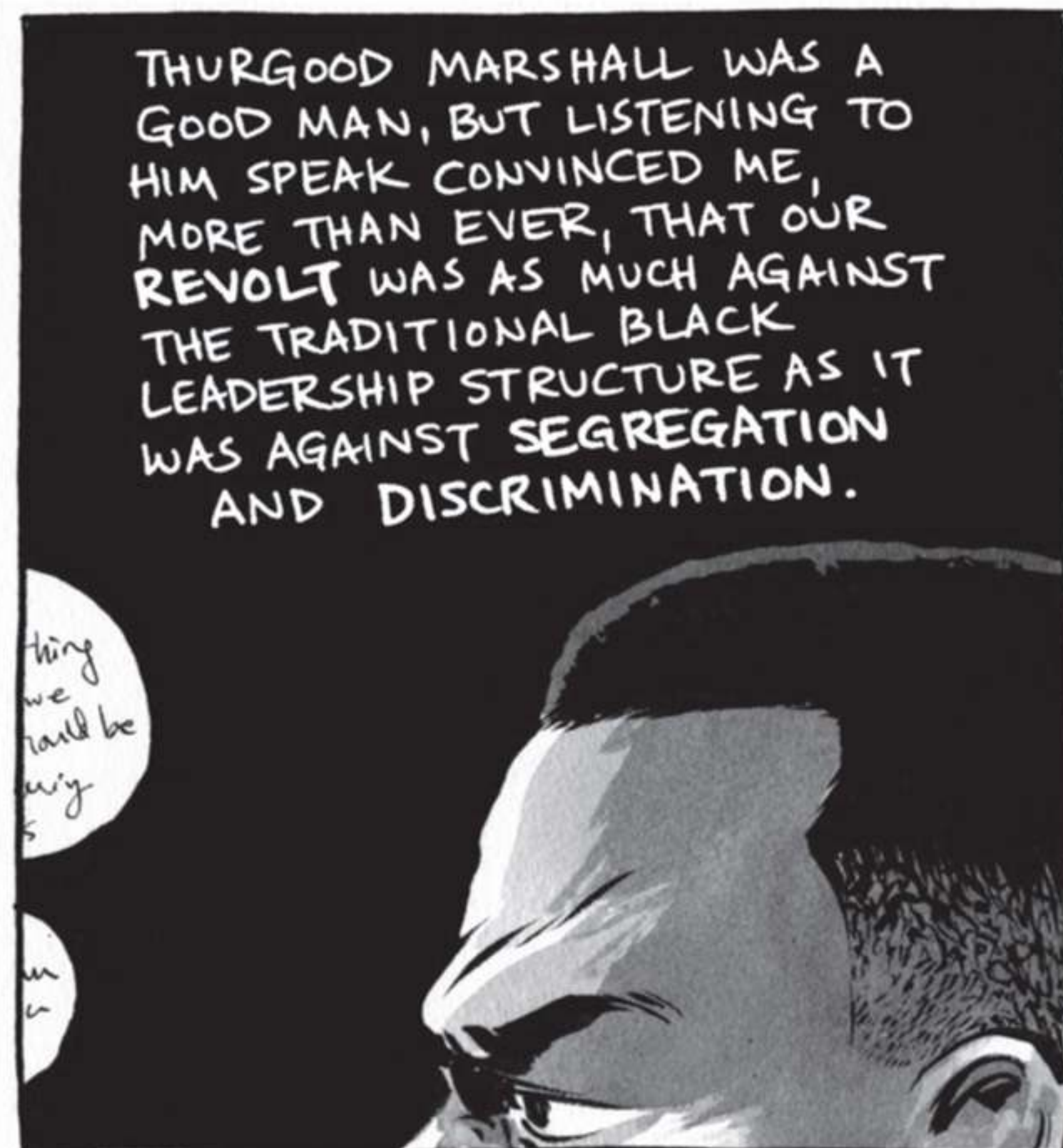
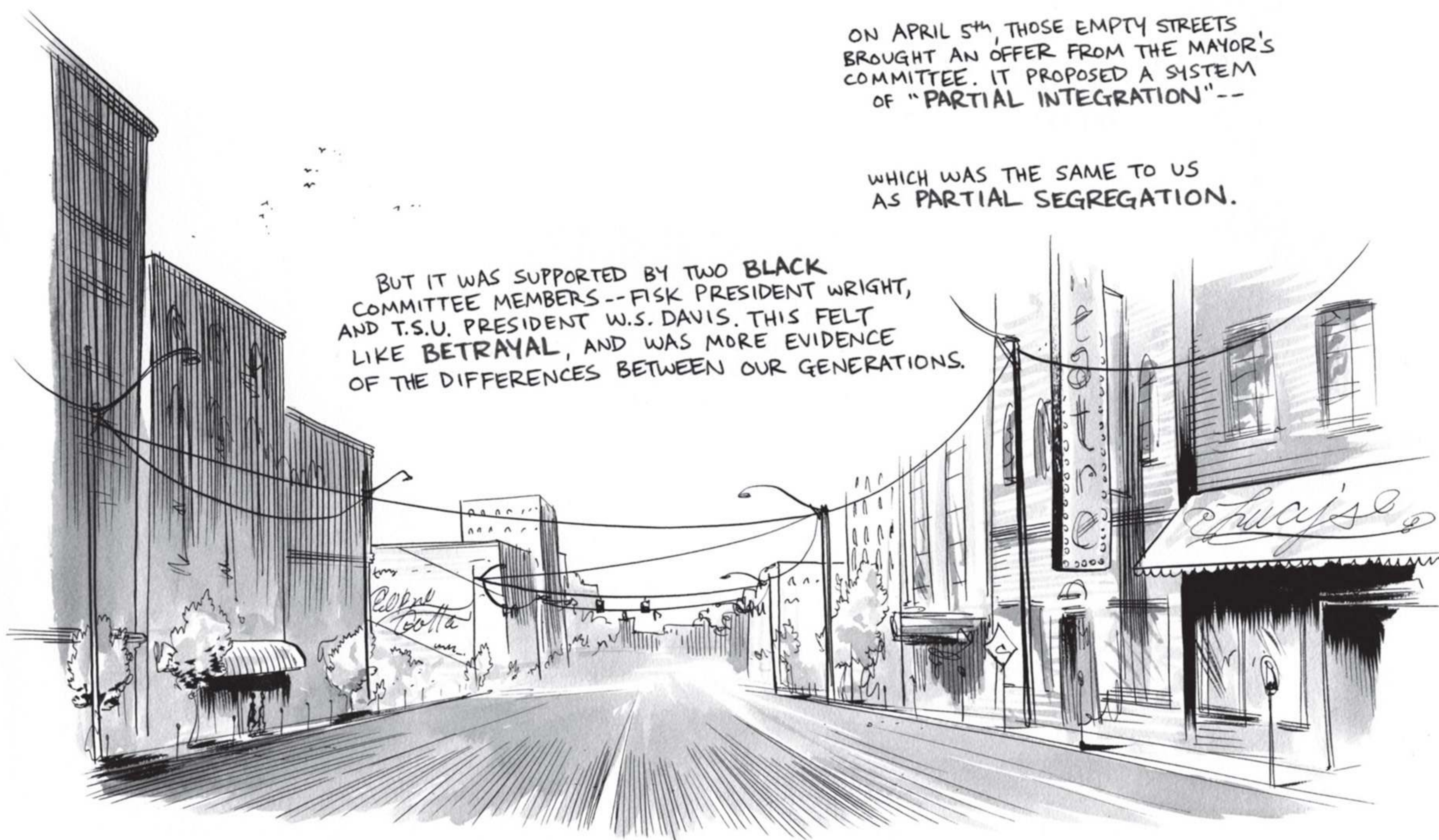




ON APRIL 5<sup>TH</sup>, THOSE EMPTY STREETS BROUGHT AN OFFER FROM THE MAYOR'S COMMITTEE. IT PROPOSED A SYSTEM OF "PARTIAL INTEGRATION"--

WHICH WAS THE SAME TO US AS PARTIAL SEGREGATION.

BUT IT WAS SUPPORTED BY TWO BLACK COMMITTEE MEMBERS--FISK PRESIDENT WRIGHT, AND T.S.U. PRESIDENT W.S. DAVIS. THIS FELT LIKE BETRAYAL, AND WAS MORE EVIDENCE OF THE DIFFERENCES BETWEEN OUR GENERATIONS.





FIVE DAYS AFTER MARSHALL SPOKE, WE RESUMED THE SIT-INS.



THE NEXT WEEKEND--EASTER--A CONFERENCE ORGANIZED BY ELLA BAKER OF SCLC\* WAS HELD AT SHAW UNIVERSITY IN RALEIGH.

BAKER ASKED JIM LAWSON, WHOSE MESSAGE APPEALED TO THE YOUNG PEOPLE LISTENING, TO GIVE THE KEYNOTE SPEECH.



THE NAACP\*\* IS TOO CONSERVATIVE--

WE MUST TAP INTO OUR GREATEST RESOURCE, A PEOPLE NO LONGER THE VICTIMS OF RACIAL EVIL, WHO CAN ACT IN A DISCIPLINED MANNER TO IMPLEMENT THE CONSTITUTION.



THE WEEKEND CLOSED WITH THE CREATION OF A STUDENT-RUN GROUP THAT WOULD COORDINATE AND ORGANIZE THE ENTIRE SIT-IN MOVEMENT,

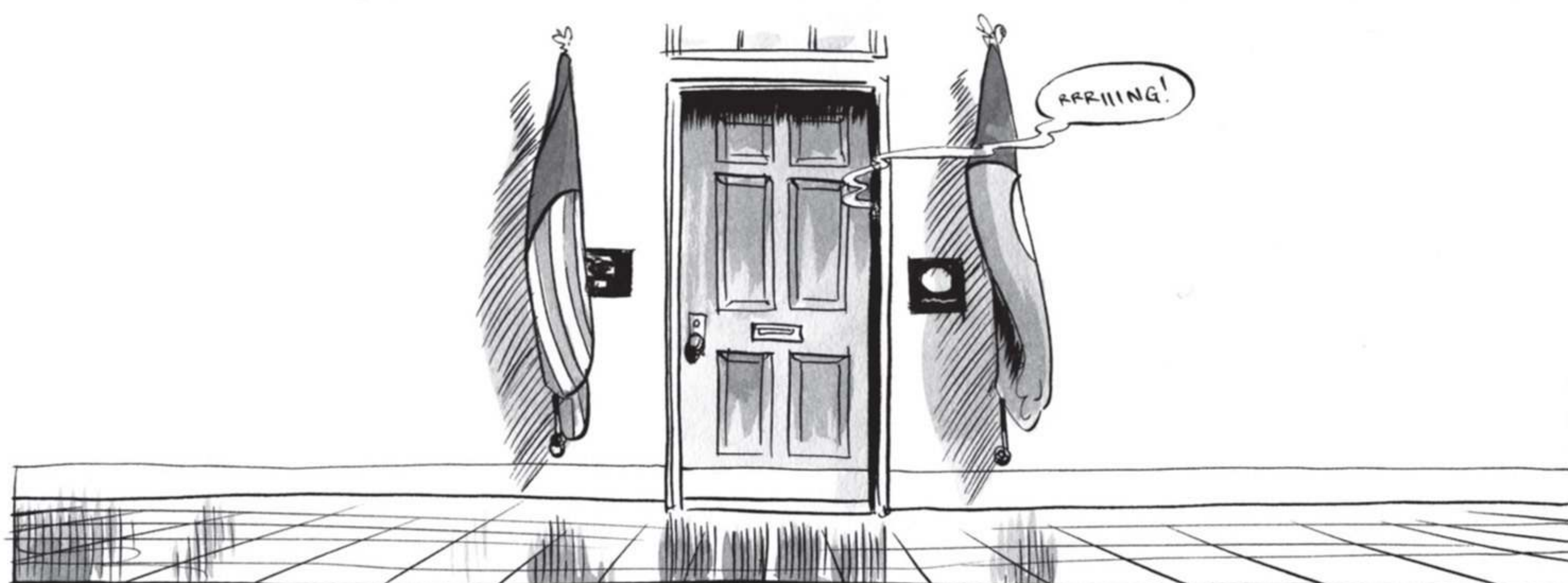
AND WHATEVER LAY BEYOND.

\* SOUTHERN CHRISTIAN LEADERSHIP CONFERENCE  
\*\* NATIONAL ASSOCIATION FOR THE ADVANCEMENT OF COLORED PEOPLE



THAT ORGANIZATION BECAME KNOWN AS THE STUDENT NONVIOLENT COORDINATING COMMITTEE, OR SNCC-- WHICH WE PRONOUNCED SIMPLY AS "SNICK".







APRIL 19, 1960.

BRRRIIINNNING

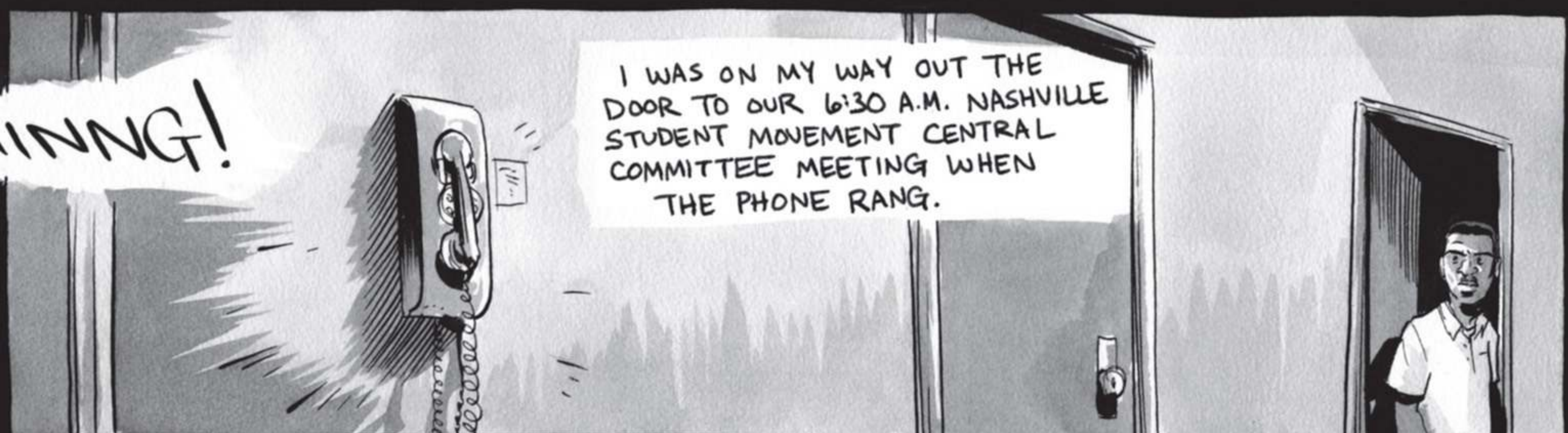


STUDENTS:  
"please" be  
mindful of  
others who  
are studying.  
Thank you!



RRIIING!

I WAS ON MY WAY OUT THE DOOR TO OUR 6:30 A.M. NASHVILLE STUDENT MOVEMENT CENTRAL COMMITTEE MEETING WHEN THE PHONE RANG.



RRIIN

hello?



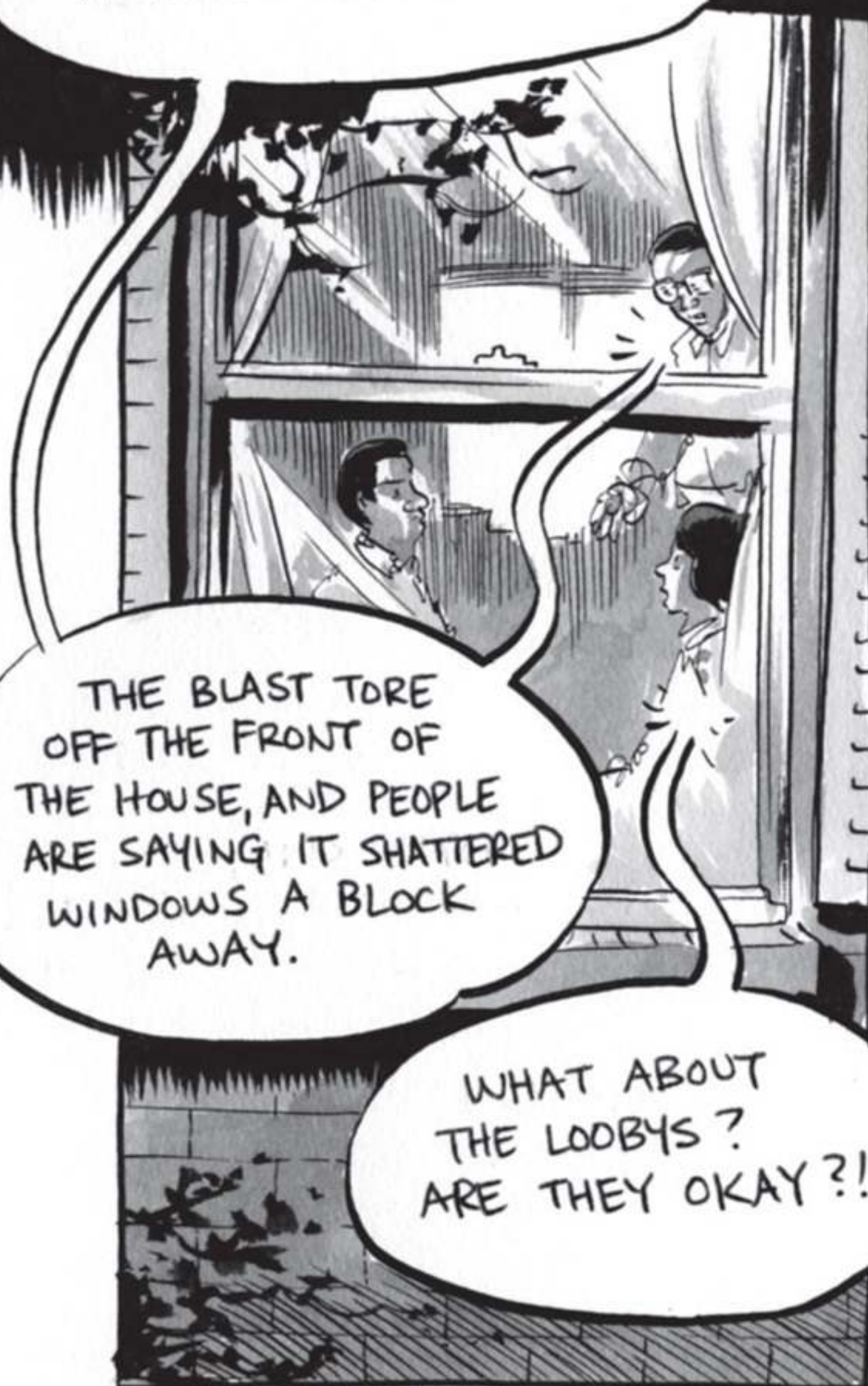


BERNARD!  
WE'VE GOTTA  
GO--

THEY'VE  
BOMBED THE  
LOOBY'S HOUSE!



Well, AT 5:30 A.M.,  
SOMEONE THREW DYNAMITE  
AT THE LOOBY'S HOUSE FROM  
A PASSING CAR--



THE BLAST TORE  
OFF THE FRONT OF  
THE HOUSE, AND PEOPLE  
ARE SAYING IT SHATTERED  
WINDOWS A BLOCK  
AWAY.

WHAT ABOUT  
THE LOOBY'S?  
ARE THEY OKAY?!

I THINK SO.  
IT LOOKS LIKE,  
MIRACULOUSLY,  
NO ONE WAS  
INJURED.

WE CAN'T LET  
THIS INTIMIDATE  
US.



WE'VE GOT TO  
DO SOMETHING,  
AND IT'S GOTTA  
BE NOW.

IF WE'RE TO  
MAKE OURSELVES  
HEARD, WE MUST  
DRAMATIZE THE SITU-  
ATION, AND WE HAVE  
TO STAND TOGETHER.  
OUR OWN GOVERNMENT  
CANNOT ALLOW  
THIS VIOLENCE.

we have  
to march.



AGREED.

LET'S GET THE WORD  
OUT TO OUR PEOPLE AND  
SEND A TELEGRAM TO  
MAYOR WEST--

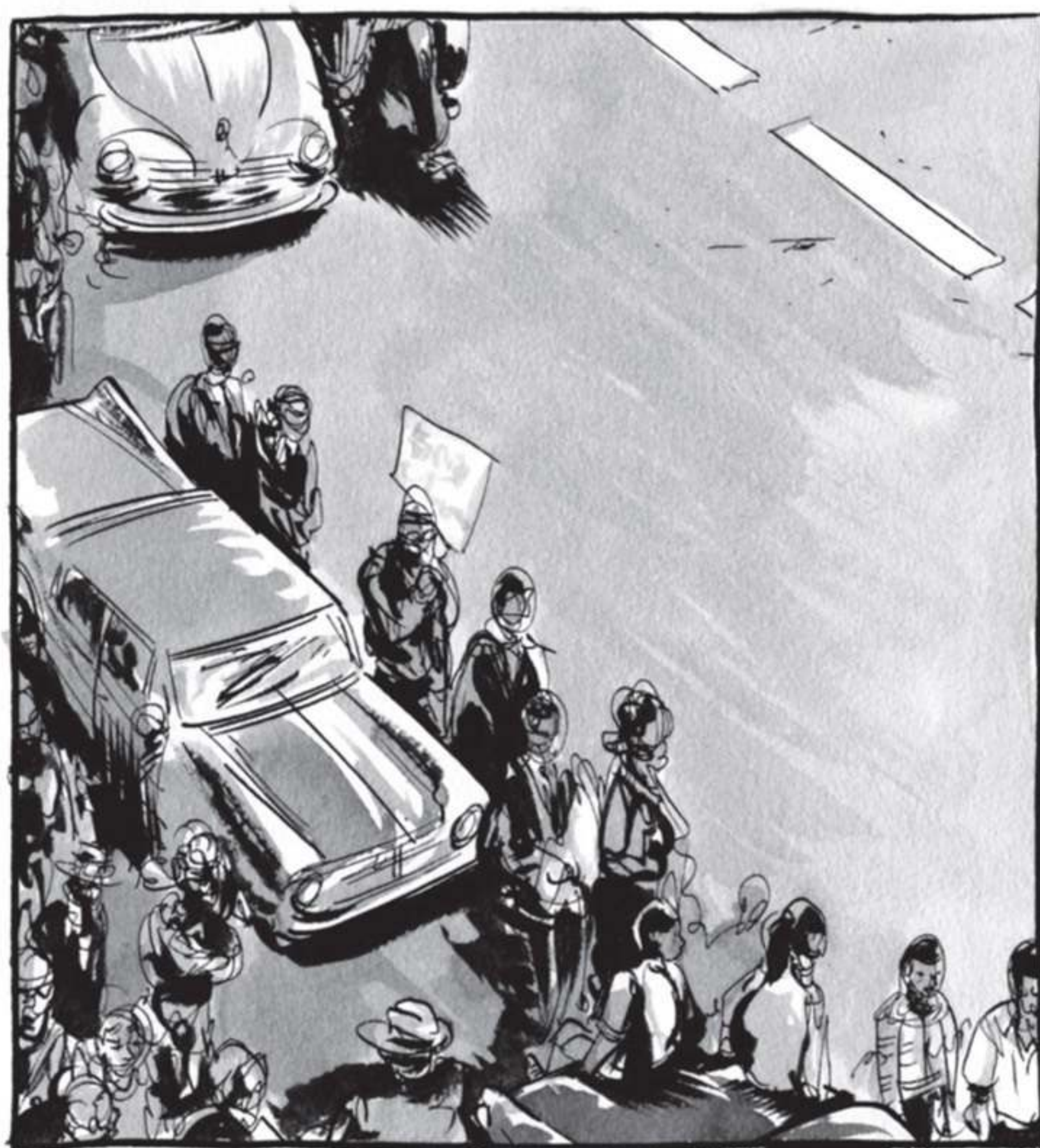
LET HIM KNOW  
WE'RE ON OUR WAY  
TO SEE HIM.







BY NOON, THOUSANDS OF PEOPLE  
HAD GATHERED AT TENNESSEE STATE  
TO MARCH ON CITY HALL.













THE NEXT EVENING, DR. KING  
ARRIVED TO SPEAK--



AND AT 3:15 pm ON MAY 10, 1960, THOSE  
SIX DOWNTOWN NASHVILLE STORES SERVED  
FOOD TO BLACK CUSTOMERS FOR THE  
FIRST TIME IN THE CITY'S HISTORY.

-- I CAME TO NASHVILLE  
NOT TO BRING INSPIRATION,  
BUT TO GAIN INSPIRATION  
FROM THE GREAT MOVEMENT  
THAT HAS TAKEN PLACE  
IN THIS COMMUNITY.



NO LIE CAN  
LIVE FOREVER.



LET US NOT  
DESPAIR.







X  
end book one.















# ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS

I am deeply grateful to Andrew Aydin for all of his hard work. He had a vision, and he never gave up. I believe together we have created something truly meaningful. I want to thank Nate Powell for his unbelievable talent, kind spirit, and hard work. He is a wonderful collaborator. And I want to thank Chris Staros, Brett Warnock, Leigh Walton, Chris Ross, and everyone at Top Shelf for their openness, their support, and their powerful work.

*John Lewis*

I want to thank my Mom for the opportunities in my life that her hard work and sacrifice made possible. I am forever indebted to John Lewis for his remarkable life, his trust, his faith, and his friendship. I am in awe of Nate Powell's talent and grateful to work with him. I want to thank Sara for her patience and support, Vaughn for his guidance and friendship, and Dom for reminding me to have fun. I wish Jordan could see this. And thank you Mr. Parker, Mrs. Fuentes, Jacob Gillison, A.D., Professor Uchimura and all of the teachers and mentors that gave me the courage to walk this road.

*Andrew Aydin*

I'd like to dedicate my work on this book to the memory of Sarah Kirsch (1970–2012), whose compassion, humanity, vision, and talent deeply shaped the direction of my life from my early teenage years; to my wife Rachel, a true original and cranky do-gooder committed to helping those who need a hand; and to our amazing daughter Harper, in hopes of her growing into a world more humane, more considerate, more loving—a world she and her entire generation will inherit. Let's make the world worth it.

*Nate Powell*



# ABOUT THE AUTHORS

**JOHN LEWIS** is the U.S. Representative for Georgia's fifth congressional district and an American icon widely known for his role in the civil rights movement.

As a student at American Baptist Theological Seminary in 1959, Lewis organized sit-in demonstrations at segregated lunch counters in Nashville, Tennessee. In 1961, he volunteered to participate in the Freedom Rides, which challenged segregation at interstate bus terminals across the South. He was beaten severely by angry mobs and arrested by police for challenging the injustice of "Jim Crow" segregation in the South.

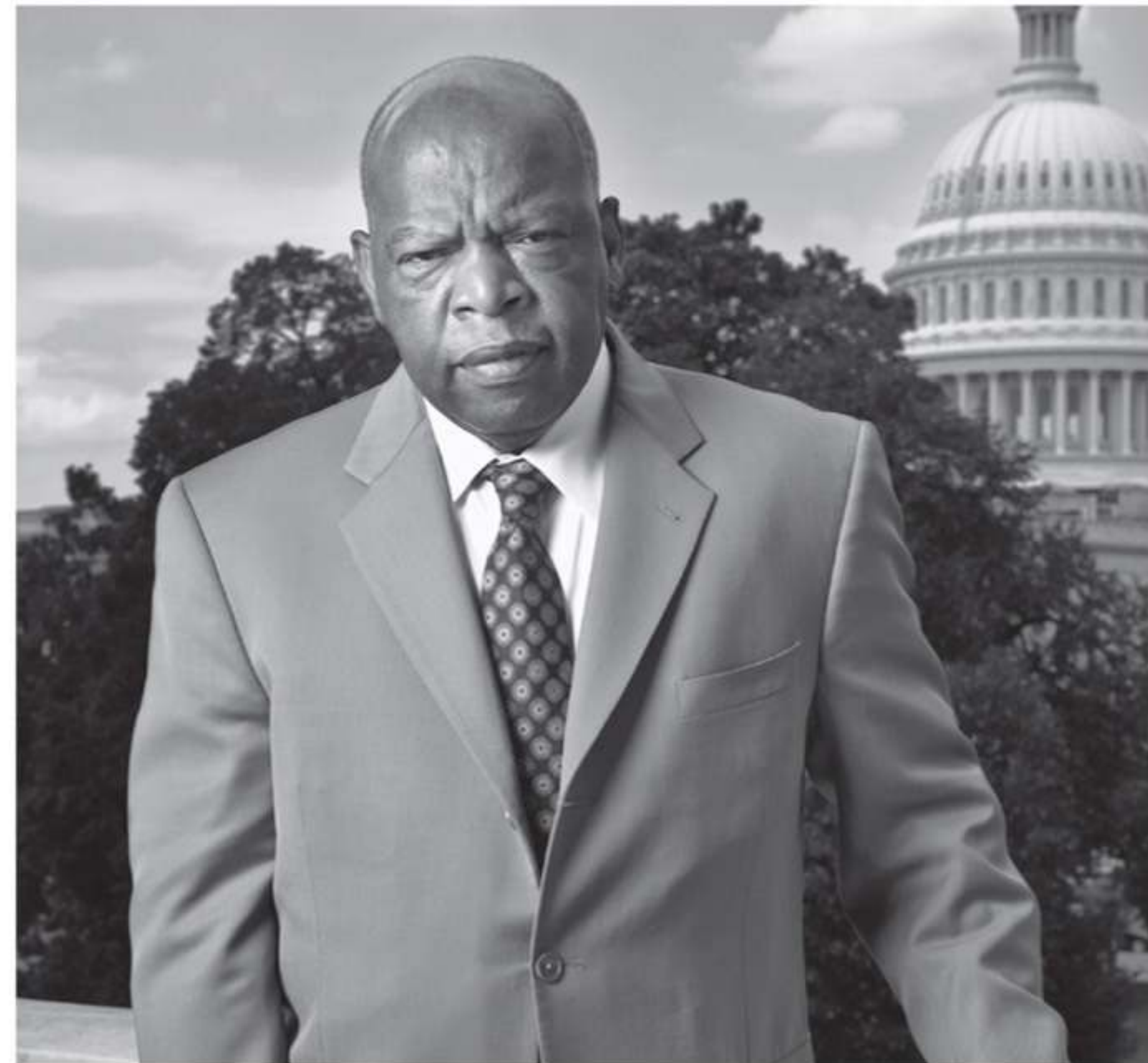


Photo by Eric Etheridge

From 1963 to 1966, Lewis was Chairman of the Student Nonviolent Coordinating Committee (SNCC). As head of SNCC, Lewis became a nationally recognized figure, dubbed one of the "Big Six" leaders of the civil rights movement. At the age of 23, he was an architect of and a keynote speaker at the historic March on Washington in August 1963.

In 1964, John Lewis coordinated SNCC efforts to organize voter registration drives and community action programs during the Mississippi Freedom Summer. The following year, Lewis helped spearhead one of the most seminal moments of the civil rights movement. Together with Hosea Williams, another notable civil rights leader, John Lewis led over 600 peaceful, orderly protestors across the Edmund Pettus Bridge in Selma, Alabama on March 7, 1965. They intended to march from Selma to Montgomery to demonstrate the need for voting rights in the state. The marchers were attacked by Alabama state troopers in a brutal confrontation that became known as "Bloody Sunday." News broadcasts and photographs revealing the senseless cruelty of the segregated South helped hasten the passage of the Voting Rights Act of 1965.

Despite physical attacks, serious injuries, and more than 40 arrests, John Lewis remained a devoted advocate of the philosophy of nonviolence. After leaving SNCC in 1966, he continued to work for civil rights, first as Associate Director of the Field Foundation, then with the Southern Regional Council, where he became Executive Director of the Voter Education Project (VEP). In 1977, Lewis was appointed by President Jimmy Carter to direct more than 250,000 volunteers of ACTION, the federal volunteer agency.

In 1981, Lewis was elected to the Atlanta City Council. He was elected to the U.S. House of Representatives in November 1986 and represented Georgia's fifth district there ever since. In 2011 he was awarded the Medal of Freedom by President Barack Obama.

Lewis' 1998 memoir *Walking with the Wind: A Memoir of the Movement* won numerous honors, including the Robert F. Kennedy, Lillian Smith, and Anisfield-Wolf Book Awards. His most recent book, *Across That Bridge: Life Lessons and a Vision for Change*, has won the NAACP Image Award.





(From left to right): Nate Powell, Congressman John Lewis, Andrew Aydin.

Photo by Sandi Villarreal

**ANDREW AYDIN**, an Atlanta native, currently serves in Rep. John Lewis' Washington, D.C. office handling telecommunications and technology policy as well as new media. Previously, he served as communications director and press secretary during Lewis' 2008 and 2010 re-election campaigns, as district aide to Rep. John Larson, and as special assistant to Connecticut Lt. Governor Kevin Sullivan. Andrew is a graduate of the Lovett School in Atlanta, Trinity College in Hartford, and Georgetown University in Washington, D.C.

**NATE POWELL** is a New York Times best-selling graphic novelist born in Little Rock, Arkansas in 1978. He began self-publishing at age 14, and graduated from the School of Visual Arts in 2000. His work includes the critically acclaimed *Any Empire*, *Swallow Me Whole* (winner of the Eisner Award and Ignatz Award, finalist for the LA Times Book Prize), *The Year of the Beasts*, *The Silence of Our Friends*, and *Sounds of Your Name*.

Powell appeared at the United Nations in 2011, discussing his contribution to the fiction anthology *What You Wish For: A Book for Darfur* alongside some of the world's foremost writers of young adult fiction.

In addition to *March*, Powell is also currently drawing the graphic novel adaptation of Rick Riordan's #1 international bestseller *Heroes of Olympus: The Lost Hero*, while writing and drawing his own forthcoming graphic novel *Cover* and assembling the short story collection *You Don't Say*.



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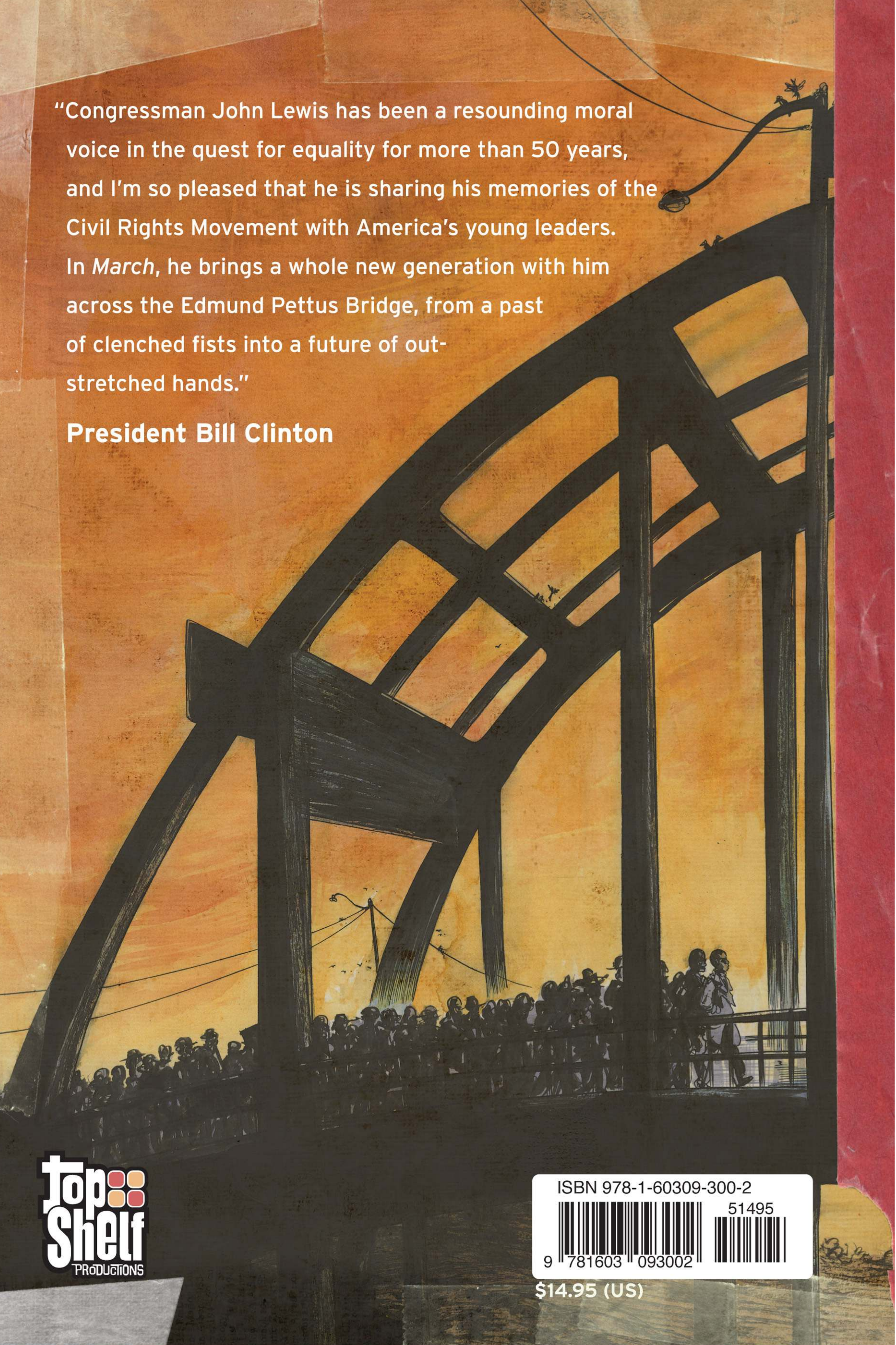
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"Congressman John Lewis has been a resounding moral voice in the quest for equality for more than 50 years, and I'm so pleased that he is sharing his memories of the Civil Rights Movement with America's young leaders. In *March*, he brings a whole new generation with him across the Edmund Pettus Bridge, from a past of clenched fists into a future of out-stretched hands."

**President Bill Clinton**

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