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## Document A

They stood; they listened. They gave no sign.

“Very well, so I’ll tell you. His name was Clifton and he was young and he was a leader and when he fell there was a hole in the heel of his sock and when he stretched forward he seemed not as tall as when he stood. So he died; and we who loved him are gathered here to mourn him. It’s as simple as that and as short as that. His name was Clifton and he was black and they shot him. Isn’t that enough to tell? Isn’t it all you need to know? Isn’t that enough to appease your thirst for drama and send you home to sleep it off? Go take a drink and forget it. Or read it in The Daily News. His name was Clifton and they shot him, and I was there to see him fall. So I know it as I know it.

“Here are the facts. He was standing and he fell. He fell and he kneeled. He kneeled and he bled. He bled and he died. He fell in a heap like any man and his blood spilled out like any blood; red as any blood, wet as any blood and reflecting the sky and the buildings and birds and trees, or you face if you’d looked into its dulling mirror – and it dried in the sun as blood dries. That’s all. They spilled his blood and he bled. They cut him down and he died; the blood flowed on the walk in a pool, gleamed a while, and, after a while, became dull then dusty, then dried. That’s the story and that’s how it ended. It’s an old story and there’s been too much blood to excite you. Besides, it’s only important when it fills the veins of a living man. Aren’t you tired of such stories? Aren’t you sick of the blood? Then why listen, why don’t you go? It’s hot out here. There’s the odor of embalming fluid. The beer is cold in the taverns, the saxophones will be mellow at the Savoy; plenty of good-laughing-lies will be told in the barber shops and beauty parlors; and there’ll be sermons in two hundred churches in the cool of the evening, and plenty of laughs at the movies. Go listen to ‘Amos and Andy’ and forget it. Here you have only the same old story. There’s not even a young wife up here in red to mourn him. There’s nothing here to pity, no one to break down and shout. Nothing to give you that good and old frightened feeling. The story’s too short and too simple. His name was Clifton, Tod Clifton, he was unarmed and his death was as senseless as his life was futile. He had struggled for Brotherhood on a hundred street corners and he thought it would make him more human, but he died like any dog in a road.

“All, all right,” I called out, feeling desperate. It wasn’t the way I wanted it to go, it wasn’t political. Brother Jack probably wouldn’t approve of it at all, but I had to keep going as I could go.

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35 “Listen to me standing up on this so-called mountain!” I shouted. “Let me tell it as it truly  
 was! His name was Tod Clifton and he was full of illusions. He was shot for a simple mistake  
 of judgment and he bled and his blood dried and shortly the crowd trampled out the stains. It  
 40 was a normal mistake of which many are guilty. He thought he was a man and that men were  
 not meant to be pushed around. But it was hot downtown and he forgot his history, he forgot  
 the time and the place. He lost his hold on reality. There was a cop and a waiting audience but  
 he was Tod Clifton and cops are everywhere. The cop? What about him? He was a cop. A  
 good citizen. But this cop had an itching finger and an eager ear for a word that rhymed with  
 45 ‘trigger’, and when Clifton fell he had found it. The Police Special spoke its line and the  
 rhyme was completed. Just look around you. Look at what he made, look inside you and feel  
 his awful power. It was perfectly natural. The blood ran like blood in a comic-book killing, on  
 a comic-book street in a comic-book town on a comic-book day in a comic-book world.

45 “Tod Clifton’s one with the ages. But what’s that to do with you in this heat under this veiled  
 sun? Now he’s part of history, and he has received his true freedom. Didn’t they scribble his  
 name on a standardized past? His Race: colored! Religion: unknown, probably Baptist. Place  
 of birth: U. S. Some southern town. Next of kin: unknown. Address: unknown. Occupation:  
 unemployed. Cause of death (be specific): resisting reality in the form of a .38 caliber  
 50 revolver in the hands of the arresting officer, on Forty-second between the library and the  
 subway in the heat of the afternoon, of gunshot wounds received from three bullets, fired at  
 three places, one bullet entering the right ventricle of the heart, and lodging there, the other  
 severing the spinal ganglia traveling downward to lodge in the pelvis, the other breaking  
 through the back and traveling God knows where.

55 “Such was the short bitter life of Brother Tod Clifton. Now he’s in this box and the bolts  
 tightened down. He’s in the box and we’re in there with him, and when I’ve told you this you  
 can go. It’s dark in this box and it’s crowded. It has a cracked ceiling and a clogged-up toilet  
 in the hall. It has rats and roaches, and it’s far, far too expensive a dwelling. The air is bad and  
 it’ll be cold this winter. Tod Clifton is crowded and he needs the room. ‘Tell them to get out  
 of the box,’ that’s what he would say if you could hear him. ‘Tell them to get out of the box  
 60 and to teach the cops to forget that rhyme. Tell them to teach them that when they call you  
 nigger to make a rhyme with trigger it makes the gun backfire.’

Ralph Ellison, *Invisible Man* [1947], New York: Vintage International, 1980, pp. 456-458.



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## Document B

### The murder of Stephen Lawrence and the strange case of the missing Wikipedia entries

Sean Thomas, *The Telegraph*, July 31, 2013

There are few people who would decry the peerage announced today for Doreen Lawrence, mother of murdered teenager Stephen Lawrence. With her remorseless, dignified campaigning she made it impossible for British society to ignore the appalling slaughter of her son. Wikipedia, as is often the case, summarises the story with admirable lucidity: "The Stephen Lawrence case became a cause célèbre and one of the highest profile racial killings in UK history; its fallout included profound cultural changes to attitudes on racism and the police..." But here's a funny thing. As I was looking at Wikipedia's Lawrence entry, I tried to compare it to Wikipedia's treatment of other "racialised" killings. Like that of white 19-year-old Gavin Hopley.

Ten years ago, Gavin Hopley, who worked as a security guard in Oldham, was hoping to get a late-night taxi with two friends. They approached a number of cars, in the Muslim area of Glodwick, which had seen serious racial tension in preceding months. Suddenly they were surrounded by at least a dozen Asian youths, armed with lumps of wood. After a vicious scuffle, where he was kicked in the face, and clubbed with fence-posts, Gavin was left unconscious in the road. His friends escaped. A few days later Gavin died from his injuries.

No one was ever convicted of Gavin's murder, though several men served a few months for "violent disorder". Hopley's family said they felt "let down" by the justice system. It's not hard to see parallels between the cases of Lawrence and Hopley. Both killings were brutal and, it seems, motivated by race. Both suffered from imperfect police investigations. Years passed, as both crimes went unsolved, and those responsible for their deaths walked free. So what does Wikipedia say about Gavin Hopley? Nothing.

That's right, nothing. There was, in the past, a Wiki article on his case, but it isn't there, not any more. However, the Wikipedian debate surrounding the removal of the Wiki article can still be seen. This is a flavour of that debate. "The very fact that it has been ignored by the national media shows it isn't suitable for inclusion." "I don't see why we need an article on every murder".

You see what happened there? Because no one was talking about the murder, that was a good reason to remove the entry on this murder from Wikipedia. And yet, one reason Gavin Hopley's case is little-known is because it has been removed from Wikipedia. The editorial decision was circular, and self-fulfilling.

To add to the intrigue, the same fastidious editors who deleted "Gavin Hopley" also removed entries relating to several other savage murders of whites by non-whites: Richard Whelan, Mary Ann Leneghan, Charlene Downes, etc. Here are some of the Wikipedia comments on those deletions: "Sad to say, murder is far too common to confer notability on its victims"; "We really don't want articles on every single crime".

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The debate on the deletion of the ten-year-old Charlene Downes case (she was allegedly killed by an Asian grooming gang, and the murder is still unsolved despite claims that her murderers were involved in cannibalism) is spectacularly revealing: “nothing particularly notable – unless there was an uproar over the girl being served in food”.  
40 Personally, I’d say a case involving race, sex abuse, murder and alleged cannibalism in Blackpool Lancashire is about as notable as it gets. But maybe that’s the tabloid journalist in me.

So what’s going on? Is there some vast, anti-white conspiracy at work in the Wikipedia labs? I doubt it. I suspect this is more a case of people hating the Far Right so  
45 much, they will redraft history, in order to deny them “helpful” publicity. And yet it is difficult not to sense a deeper injustice, when you compare the silence that governs the Hopley case, and those like it, with the furore surrounding Lawrence.

In modern Britain it seems there are racist killings, and racist killings. And some are deemed very important. And some are “non-notable”.

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## Document C



Donald Rodney  
**Britannia Hospital 3** 1988  
 Oil Pastel on X-ray, 83 x 447cm (approx)  
 Photograph © Chisenhale Gallery  
 Collection: Collection Graves Art Gallery, Sheffield