**What’s Going On?**

This publication accompanies the displays of the Usher Gallery’s permanent collections curated by Professor Raimi Gbadamosi on the theme of war and power.

**Introduction**

The Collection is delighted to have worked with Professor Raimi Gbadamosi, the second guest artist/curator to create a new hang of our permanent collections in The Usher Gallery.

In common with most museums and galleries The Collection has more works in store than can be displayed at once. By working with guest curators to change our displays every two years we aim not only to bring out rarely seen works but also to explore the wealth of meaning to be discovered in art and artefacts revealed by the new context of their display.

Raimi Gbadamosi is an artist whose work questions the origins of racial and cultural identity; he brings his own perspective to Lincolnshire’s distinctive collections.

Raimi’s chosen theme war and power is both relevant and challenging as a way of looking at our collections. Weapons, human remains and inscriptions in our Museum tell of invasion, struggle, violence and domination. Art depicts war, the hero and the terrorist, the victim and the victors. It creates symbols of power and celebrates the powerful, it also challenges and subverts authority and questions attitudes and morality. Art depicts the world we want to keep safe.

The selection of works from Lincolnshire County Council’s collections is complemented by loans from other collections and from contemporary artists.

Join the debate. Why does Mars, the god of war, preside over the Usher’s Neo Classical sculptures? Why are the spears and clubs from our ethnographic collection not often seen, and how did they get here? How do today’s British artists respond to military and cultural conflict?

Professor Raimi Gbadamosi’s essay for this publication further explores the myths about war embedded in our culture in art, film, music and politics.

The Collection would like to thank Professor Raimi Gbadamosi for his insight and commitment to the project. The Arts Council Collection, The British Art Medal Society, and artists Edward Allington, Kimathi Donkor, Amanda Frances, Raimi Gbadamosi, Permindar Kaur, Jeanette Paris, Ritu Sood, Maiko Tsutsumi & Mark Wood for their kind loan of works and Arts Council England for their support.

The Collection, April 2013

**What’s Going On?**

Raimi Gbadamosi

**Start With Lists**

war, conflict, warfare, combat, fighting, (military) action, bloodshed, struggle; battle, skirmish, fight, clash, engagement, encounter; offensive, attack, campaign, hostilities, crusade, cold war, [conflict](http://thesaurus.com/browse/conflict), [contention](http://thesaurus.com/browse/contention), [contest](http://thesaurus.com/browse/contest), [enmity](http://thesaurus.com/browse/enmity), hostilities, police action, [strife](http://thesaurus.com/browse/strife), [strike](http://thesaurus.com/browse/strike), warfare

trooper, warrior, GI, peacekeeper, man-at-arms, pongo, swad, Green Beret, airforce member, cadet, cavalryperson, commando, conscript, draftee, enlisted person, [fighter](http://thesaurus.com/browse/fighter), [guard](http://thesaurus.com/browse/guard), guerrilla, gunner, infantry, infantryperson, marine, [mercenary](http://thesaurus.com/browse/mercenary), military person, musketeer, [officer](http://thesaurus.com/browse/officer), paratrooper, [pilot](http://thesaurus.com/browse/pilot), [private](http://thesaurus.com/browse/private), [rank](http://thesaurus.com/browse/rank), [recruit](http://thesaurus.com/browse/recruit), [scout](http://thesaurus.com/browse/scout), selectee, serviceperson, [**soldier**](http://thesaurus.com/browse/soldier), soldier-at-arms, trooper, [veteran](http://thesaurus.com/browse/veteran), [volunteer](http://thesaurus.com/browse/volunteer), warmonger, [warrior](http://thesaurus.com/browse/warrior)

**Introduction**

Hey baby, what, you no good?

I'm just gettin' back, but you knew I would

War is hell, when will it end?

When will people start gettin' together again?

Are things really gettin' better, like the newspaper said

What else is new my friend, besides what I read?

Can't find no work, can't find no job, my friend

Money is tighter than, it's ever been

Say man, I just don't understand

What's going on across this land

Ah, what's happening brother?

Yeah, what's happening? What's happening my man?[[1]](#footnote-1)

Marvin Gaye changed my life, I knew this song and album as an entity even before I knew what it really meant. It gave voice to what I felt in a form that did not require mediation. I guess it is similar to Tupac Shakur stating:

I remember Marvin Gaye,

used to sing to me,

he had me feelin' like,

black was the thing to be.[[2]](#footnote-2)

It is no surprise that Marvin Gaye wrote the perfect war polemic for me. *What’s Going On?* is a story told from a Vietnam War veteran’s point of view. Recorded at the beginning of the 1970’s, it pulled a great number of feelings together. 1971 was a strange time in the United States, and the world at large; that country’s wars have a way of affecting the way the world moves on its many axes, and nothing much has changed on that score. The present, more than forty years on, seems no different in its timbre. The question Gaye asked then, is still as pertinent now: What is going on?

**Saying Something**

Marvin Gaye had a lot to say when it came to change and difference, wars at home and afar. So did Dalton Trumbo, with *Johnny’s Got His Gun[[3]](#footnote-3),* a text that still resonates in the collective mind, years after war was supposed to have changed its face. (It is no surprise that the war-injured and disfigured are hidden from public gaze, and when they are not, as in *Battleship*, they had better be heroic.) Maybe war does not change its face, death and destruction is hard to render different to what it is. Blood and guts spill the same way, all through history, paying little regard to the way the combatant’s stomach was split open. This sentiment lingers, while confronting Films like *Starship Troopers[[4]](#footnote-4)* and its many sequels which envision a never-ending future war, full of interstellar slaughter, however still allowing for non-dying heroes and heroines to remain, ever youthful and full of optimism. War needs a happy mascot, and the reviving of *Captain America* as *The First Avenger[[5]](#footnote-5)* in 2011can only be timely. What the super-soldier is avenging is never quite clear, but then war is not much clearer. It seems nothing much has changed since the days of the Trojan Horse, with the heroes of Troy retaining the potential for self-discovery born of disaster. And there is no disaster like dismembered bodies, the mass ceremony of rebirth that war memorials are, the return of the wounded and the un-wounded, who refuse to take their ailments away. Death promises glory, but dismemberment promises nothing desired. Even worse is the dis-ease of eager onlookers engendering pathos. And too much pathos, as Bruce Cockburn sang, just makes you angry[[6]](#footnote-6).

Dismemberment however has a particular type of cinematic value that cannot be ignored, and contemporary popular movie-making provides clues. As hinted, *Battleship[[7]](#footnote-7)* has the ‘veteran’ who proves to the whole world that a man who lost both legs in one battle can still fight, win, and receive medals. Even more than that, be is recognised as ‘valid’ by the able-bodied through his valour in the face of the enemy. They, and we, the fantastical warring elite, are now able to reward him with respect, far from the ignominy and isolation of the hospital ward and the woods, which he receives with pride of the man able to issue and carry out orders from those able to give them.

**Those That Can Give Orders**

Menes, Hyksos, Ahmad ibn Ibrihim al-Ghazi, Dedan Kimathi, Chris Hani, Che Guevara, Ras Mengesha Yohannes, Kinjikitile Ngwale, Toussaint Louverture, Sun Tzu, Napoleon Bonaparte, Oranyan, Shango, Ajaka, King Shaka, Sun Bin, Simon Bolivar, Osama Bin Laden, Usman Dan Fodio, Nyabinghi, Queen K’abel, Yamamoto Tsunetomo, Seh-Dong-Hong-Beh, Niccolo Machiavelli, Sébastien Le Prestre de Vauban, Carl von Clausewitz, Alfred Thayer Mahan. Haushofer, Liddel Hart, Lenin, Trotsky, Stalin, Ludendorff, Winston Churchill, Deldruk, Karl Marx, Engels, Adolf Hitler, Fidel Castro, Montgomery, Amina of Zau Zau, and the list can go on, somewhat indefinitely, but what is the point of that, we hail the leaders of war, the men and women that lead others to their death, we see life through them, we encounter glorious deaths at their words. We tell our history through them, we live through them. They tell us how to wage war and we convince ourselves only the other side will die.

Mother, mother

There's too many of you crying

Brother, brother, brother

There's far too many of you dying

You know we've got to find a way

To bring some lovin' here today - Ya

Father, father

We don't need to escalate

You see, war is not the answer

For only love can conquer hate

You know we've got to find a way

To bring some lovin' here today[[8]](#footnote-8)

**What a Lovely Body I**

So we gazed on the corpus, the marginalised and maligned mutual form presented to us as proof of sacrifice. Who dies for the body collective? Does it matter who perishes for the ideals *held by a few* apparently *on behalf of the many*? Who is recognised as dying, when we soon learn that all dying is not the same? Some dying is tragedy worthy of outrage and revenge; others’ expirations are merely condonable collateral. What does this collective body look like? Does it matter what it looks like? Does the body have to mirror the make-up of the living, who cheer on the dead and dying? What is the point of cheering on the dying? They cannot hear us. We are no longer in times when subscriptions were raised to support fighting people, those days, while in living memory, have not been seen by most people doing the cheering now. Combatants now simply go off to fight as a professional act, rather than any sort of testament to collective anger or desire. What happens to war when people no longer bear arms to protect what they actually own or recognise as their own, is that they do not know when to stop fighting. Everything becomes a legitimate target, to be obliterated for the collective corpse. This festering, mouldering body holds our collective fascination, yet this is the nature of change, perfect and necessary fertilizer for disembodied dreams.

**Do Things Change?**

**21**And they utterly destroyed all that was in the city, both man and woman, young and old, and ox, and sheep, and ass, with the edge of the sword. [. . . ]

**24**And they burnt the city with fire, and all that was therein: only the silver, and the gold, and the vessels of brass and of iron, they put into the treasury of the house of the Lord.[[9]](#footnote-9)

*The Convention (I) for the Amelioration of the Condition of the Wounded and Sick in Armed Forces in the Field.* Geneva, 12 August 1949, updated as recently as 2005, commonly known as The Geneva Convention lays out what is acceptable during armed conflict. And yet total war has reduced lofty ideals to genocidal rampages, with spoils returning to the treasury. All is fair as long as the current religion is satisfied. It is interesting that the ‘valuables’ never seem to corrupt, just the people. War would be difficult if too many rules were adhered to.

**Where Have All the Flowers Gone?**

Poppy – for all

Poppy Cross – for Christians

Poppy Crescent – for Muslims

Poppy Star – For Jews

Poppy Sikh Khanda – for Sikhs

Poppy Tribute – for Secularists

The flowers may be up in flames. People have decided to disagree, and those who set the flowers alight in protest will be punished for exercising the very rights and freedoms of dissent the flowers are apparently supposed to represent. It would seem the flowers are not there for all to glory in, they have passed into the hands of the makers of need for symbolic flowers. A long time has passed, and the young girls may no longer want to pick every last flower to place on graveyards of soldiering husbands, they may have learnt better uses for them, whatever they are made of.

**What a Lovely Body II**

That body is demanding differentiation, people fight for different reasons, just as they live for their own reasons, and hated and loved for their own reasons. The Royal British Legion site does not state why there are different types of poppies, the categorisation is mine, maybe there is no need for different poppies, it may be that a dead body is a dead body after all.

What Daddy or Mummy did during the war, is relevant if it allows questioners to take credit in the acts of others, have pride in their ascendants, and be able to point fingers at other parents and children for inaction. This does become difficult when Peace and Time decide what side of the war was right. Daddy and Mummy may blush now, under the heated scrutiny of omniscient children for what the war afforded them, for deciding not to fight during the war, or to act within certain limitations, for toeing the collective line, but what comes around after the going around may be gratitude that Daddy and Mummy do not have tales to tell that fit received wisdom.

Picket lines and picket signs

Don't punish me with brutality

Talk to me

So you can see

What's going on[[10]](#footnote-10)

**The Raced Face of Fighting**

In *The Miracle of St. Anna* (2008), Hector Negrón watches John Wayne win the war, and says ‘we were there too’. A deeply emotive rejection of the erasure of black combatants from the story of World Wars that makes it look as if Europeans alone fight each other for the soul of the world, while black people around the world simply sat back and watched, accruing benefit. Even the end of slavery is the United States is captured in a similar light by Steven Spielberg’s *Amistad* (1996)*[[11]](#footnote-11)*. This sentiment is graphically extended in *Independence Day* (1996), where all the armies of the world rally to take on the invading aliens, and all Africa had to offer was a few men waving spears. While this bias may be complicated by the main character within the film being Captain Steven Hiller (played by Will Smith) of the United States Marines Corp (and here read defenders of ‘The Free World’), the saviours of the whole planet are white combatants, especially Russell Casse who pays for his alcoholic and other excesses by sacrificing himself for the planet. Spike Lee’s *Red Tails* (2012)[[12]](#footnote-12), which tells a story of the Tuskegee Airmen’s struggle to fight as equals during World War Two, evocatively opens with the quote from a secret United States Army War College Study, dated November 10, 1925, to the Army Chief of Staff subject titled ‘Employment of Negro Man Power in War’ which stated: “Blacks are mentally inferior, by nature subservient, and cowards in the face of danger. They are therefore unfit for combat.” And this is one of the more pleasant parts of the memorandum, what with choice quotes like:

In the process of evolution the American negro has not progressed as far as the other sub-species of the human family. As a race he has not developed leadership qualities. His mental inferiority and the inherent weaknesses of his character are factors that must be considered with great care in the preparation of any plan for his employment in war.

Or

It is generally recognized that the pure blood American negro is inferior to our white population in mental capacity. . . . The cranial cavity of the negro is smaller than the white; his brain weighing 35 ounces contrasted with 45 for the white.

And

On account of the inherent weaknesses in negro character, especially general lack of intelligence and initiative, it requires much longer time of preliminary training to bring a negro organization up to the point of training where it is fit for combat, than it does in the case of white men. All theoretical training is beyond the grasp of the negro—it must be intensely practical, supplemented by plain talks explaining the reasons for things in simple terms. [[13]](#footnote-13)

Closer to home, it is only as recently as 2002 that the United Kingdom found itself able to acknowledge the contribution, often unpaid, and definitely not properly rewarded, of non-white soldiers, being that while memorials abounded for the sacrifices made by ‘Australian’, ‘Canadian’ and ‘South African’ soldiers, all of these were white soldiers, and was read as such. Ben Okri’s generous (and I do mean generous) inscription of “Our Future is Greater Than Our Past’ to counter the longer description of ‘In memory of the five million volunteers from the Indian sub-continent, Africa and the Caribbean who fought with Britain in the two World Wars” on The Memorial Gates in London, offers hope of emotional healing, still not coming, when one considers the continuing plight of the many who still die as proxies, and the word ‘volunteer’ takes on new meaning when one considers the rounding of able-bodied men who were shipped off to fight in lands they did not know, in a war that had nothing to do with them. Of course some people do truly ‘volunteer’, but there is a bitter irony in fighting for the privileges and entitlements of the very same people who need to hold you in continued subjugation that create the conditions that make volunteering to die better than living.

**What Type of Soldier?**

I've lost the use of my heart

But I'm still alive

Still looking for the life

The endless pool on the other side

It's a wild wild west

I'm doing my best

I'm at the borderline of my faith,

I'm at the hinterland of my devotion

In the frontline of this battle of mine

But I'm still alive

I'm a soldier of love.

Every day and night

I'm soldier of love

All the days of my life[[14]](#footnote-14)

To listen to Sade is to realise that war rages beyond self-realisation, that there is pain in the self that wars against the self, that we need war to address the contradictions inside us, dying in the hope that the sacrifice being made will be worth it in the end, that it will bring about resolution for the self and others.

**The Diatribe**

Yes, I kill. I kill, and rob, and pillage, and rape, and torture. I stand aloft and give orders, I send people to die in the quest to kill others. I shoot those that dare disobey my orders. I look the other way when they carry out what you call atrocities, What do you know? What do you know of the fear of dying in your sleep? If sleep ever comes in this hell. What do you know of shooting at the dark, when everything looks and sounds like death come visiting. And here death is real, it does not make threats, it moves in silence and in noise. I kill for you, and you fantasise being me. You make films of my righteousness, but do not want the real thing. I see you, I know you, and I will kill for you, even as you spit at me for living your dream. What do I care, I am dead already, I wake and rise knowing I may be sleeping forever by night fall. I know what I fight for, I fight for my life, and the life of those beside me. I do not fight for you, even if I believe in what you think you do. I do not need your approval, dead men have no cares. And I told you, I am already dead, why do you think I do this for a living? Money matters little at the firing end of a gun, money gives hope of what to do with what may come, some time in some impossible future when I return unscathed, perhaps able to see value in the peace I saw people die for. So I kill, and some prosper, some pontificate, they tell me what I know already, that there is little hope for killers of themselves. I have given up hope, what is the point of hoping when hope will make me sloppy, and kill me dead. I want to kill, not die, and hope does little to help when I do not know where the bullets are coming from, or the knife, or the mortar, or the mine, or the fall, or the beast, or the poison, or the bomb, or the heart attack, or the spleen, or the spike, or the skilled hand, or the booted foot, or anything for that matter, death is a subtle visitor that comes disguised as everything other than itself. I am proud of being alive, and killing allows me life, so I kill, whether you approve or not.

**A Different Type of War?**

I watched *The Lady[[15]](#footnote-15)* and Sade reminded me that love saves the fantasy of a ‘good life’ when it seems all the non-fighting has failed. Desolation sets in and the ‘borderline of despair’ seems like an interesting place to stare into. What sits on the other side of despair? Is it hope or cynicism? What is definite is that something lingers just on the other edge of perverse imagination that makes merry of devising death. This is where artists must be, bemoaning and idealizing war, with their fundamentalism and calls for a better future.

War is ugly, if ugliness is too much or too little of what is needed at any given time or place. Death is not unpleasant at the right time and place, it is welcomed in the right fashion, there is little purchase in the lingering life. Destruction is part of the growth process, a requirement for development, for change. Destruction can be a welcome relief from tending, who has not wanted to destroy the very thing one has been charged with caring for?

Then art comes into the debate, attempting to represent the impossible ugliness of war that verges on the sublime. In fact there are many that would argue that the mass death and destruction of war are about the only possibilities left for the sublime. The inability of most people to engage with situations that are so overwhelming to them is bound in the fact that cinematic representations of momentous spaces and incidents has rendered them overly familiar to people cauterizing the imagination. Consequently when ‘real’ space or experience is encountered, it is no longer as infinitely overwhelming. However the uncertainty of war, even when war has become a dramatic incident calmly watched on television, still leaves people in a state of surprise. It is no accident that the last Gulf War was supposed to be fought using ‘shock and awe", as if war in itself is not shocking enough, that it cannot inspire awe in people any longer.

The display of military might represented in a doctrine such as ‘shock and awe’, currently, and has always, assumes that the threat of wholesale death and destruction will be enough to cow the enemy. One could argue out that ‘shock and awe’ was for the people watching the bombardment of foreign cities made adversarial from the comfort of their armchairs. In the face of Reality TV, what can top reality, other than even more aggressive reality? War has simply become another spectator sport, akin to the representations of proper involvement in war depicted in the 1968 film *The Charge of the Light Brigade[[16]](#footnote-16)* where observers came to see their heroes in action. The press, as purportedly independent reviewers of events soon realise that the only line of action it can take is to support the war effort. Not unlike the determined General briefing the press in *The battle of Algiers[[17]](#footnote-17)* (1966} simply outlining to them that their desire to remain, as Frenchman in Algeria, is reliant on whatever it is the Army does to maintain control over the indigenous population. And if this means killing and torture, then it is for them to decide, and act accordingly, and fall in line. The BBC 2 documentary, *We Have Ways of Making You Talk*[[18]](#footnote-18)comes as no surprise when it showspeople who have tortured others as part of a campaign of war, even when the fact of war is denied. It is inevitable that the use of torture is linked to an exercise of power where morality alone will not allow the continuance of the status quo. Those seeking freedom are thereafter forced to resort to whatever means they have available to them, this often means their own body.

**A Singular Question**

Is war ever justified? It would seem that war is only ever justified when defending one’s self against an aggressor seeking to subjugate a population and its resources. Perhaps this leads to the ‘naïve’ suggestion that in the absence of a body willing to wage war, there will be no need for war. The problem is that there is always someone willing to take what ‘belongs’ to someone else, be it freedom, land, or resources, and by force if necessary. What happens if the subjugation happened a ‘long time ago’, at least from the ‘aggressor’s point of view. History is long for winners, but short for losers.

Back to art, the herald raises their staff, and the crowd parts to let the messenger through, the artwork is held aloft and people respond to the power represented, the message is seen and war follows.

So we wear the uniform of brutality as fashion, and all is well with the world, all is well when irony is allowed.

**The Dance of Death**

I aimed at his feet and told him to dance. He did not want to. I wanted him to, I wanted him to feel the loss we felt, and physical pain was not going to satisfy that need now. I wanted him to know I could make him do whatever I wanted him to do, and that included making him dance at this most likely of moments. I had control over life and death where he was concerned, and with so many others dead and dying around him, another corpse would be nothing; another dead man in a uniform. He was wearing a uniform, and that meant there were rules about making him dance, but this was war, and all was fair.

You want to kill and come back covered in glory

There was dancing in the streets, I mean there was real dancing in the streets. Even the people you did not expect to see dancing were out there. I knew that some people had danced their way through the war, party after party, this was taken for granted. The war had been good for some, they made money, and there is nothing quite like negotiating decadent plenty amidst crippling austerity. The troops always needed some distraction, it was gloomy watching their expressions get heavier with each passing day, the effect a few nights away dancing had was obvious, they stood taller and weapons seemed lighter. But this dancing was different, there was an abandonment to it I was not used to, or had forgotten. It was not the last dance, this was how each night felt during the war, this felt like there was an endless night ahead, and the music would play on forever.

I returned to making my enemy dance, he could dance and stave off death for a while longer, or he could die now.

*All The King's Horses[[19]](#footnote-19)* ran through my head, I was lost, love came in, he might just live to become a prisoner of my own personal war.

**Playing at War?**

War is a game. Well this is the way it is presented to most people; it is a game of numbers, we kill more of them than they kill of us, and we win. A glorious game to be played in a theatre, where the just are glorious and villains are vanquished. Where the honourable return from bloody conflict unscathed, and the weak are cannon fodder. Where the death of the innocent occurs to provide reason for the valourous acts of a few, and great speeches emerge from the hearts of visionaries to uplift the spirits of the as-of-yet-not-victorious. War is the crucible where men’s characters are formed, where fantasies of combat makes children dream of killing.

War is a game that spreads across the mental landscape, and its playing has become a constant presence in the realm of computer gaming. There is the ubiquitous first-person-shooter, where the combatant is you, where achievements are internalised, and until recently weaponry was an imaginable truckload of kit miraculously carried away from sight. Even games attempt realism, increasingly they have realistic weight loads, and restrictions on what a single soldier can carry. Then there is the strategic and dynamic war game, where the player is a general needing to maintain oversight where battle is concerned, where historical battles are re-fought, and future conflicts are invented. War has been the inspiration for most computer games, now leaving trails in culture outside the personal computer. Games like *Doom* and *Resident Evil* rely on the single combatant making them perfect for their transition to the cinema screen. And then there is the reversal, games such as *Aliens Vs. Predators* that follow characters invented for the cinema, but spawn their own resultant films. In this case it becomes difficult to define where the origins of the spectacle lay. What is important is enduring reliance on myths of the trained combatant, annealed in the training camps of the military that then goes forth into the world to carry on the ‘good work’ of mayhem and destruction. As long as the ‘right’ people suffer, the soldier is a welcome character in the popular imagination. It is a cliché in the Hollywood genre of filmmaking to find out that the main, mainly male, characters have been members of the United States Navy SEALs, (United States Navy SEa Air and Land Teams), that the skills they exhibit are born of war. The British equivalent, the SAS (Special Air Services) has not been shy in presenting its own version of ‘war’ and ‘peace’ time narratives with films like *The Bridge on the River Kwai, The Guns of Navarrone, Force 10 From Navarrone, Where Eagles Dare, Who Dares Wins*, and *31 North 62 East*, regardless of their reception indicate the cultural significance of the superhuman ability available to the determined soldier, that which sets him apart from the rest of the population.

The creation of a masculine myth is worthy of scrutiny here, but war relies on the myth, therefore scrutiny is not wanted here.

**End with a Plea**

Flying high in the friendly sky. Flying high

Without ever leavin' the ground, No

Rest of the folks are tired and weary, Oh Lord,

And have laid their bodies down. Yeah, yeah, yeah

I go the place where danger awaits me

And it's bound to forsake me.

So stupid minded.

I can't help it

Oh ya, so stupid minded.

But I go crazy when I can't find it.

In the morning, I'll be alright, my friend.

But soon the night will bring the pains,

The pain, oh the pain[[20]](#footnote-20)

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What’s Going On?

2013 – 2015

For Those Who Have Served

Steven Campbell: Napoleon Silhouettist Cutting the Progress of the War

Tam Joseph: Monkey dey Chop, Baboon dey Cry

James Malone Beach: A Square Peg in an Oval Office

Mark Jamieson: I Have a Dream

John Paddison: Monday Morning

Ian Rank-Broadley: Prisoner of Conscience

Avril Vaughan: Elisabeth Frink

Bill Woodrow: Our World

Ian Hamilton Finlay: Terror/Virtue

Dana Krinsky: Walking

Ron Dutton: Stonehenge

Hazel White: And Then She Made the Lasses O

Marian Fountain: Shelter

Deborah Sadler: Alas

Nigel Hall: Bronze Shoal

Lucien Taylor: Half Baked

Anne-Marie Watkins: Blessed Are The Meek for They Shall Inherit the Earth

Patrick Hughes: Double Dice

Stuart Frost: Olhão

Tetsuji Seta: They repeat one’s act forever

Elly Baltus: Dust to Dust

Daniel Baker: Romani Jivapen Jinapen

Jane McAdam Freud: Sisyphus

Unknown: Napoleon

Unknown: Napoleon's return

Unknown: Napoleon

Unknown: Napoleon

Unknown: Copy of German medal of sinking of Lusitania

Unknown: End of Great War

Unknown: Garibaldi

Unknown: Lincoln Service in the Great War, 'with gratitude' + ID tag

Unknown: Lincoln Service in the Great War, 'with gratitude'

Unknown: Nelson's flagship

Unknown: Death of Prince Albert

Unknown: Duke of Wellington

Unknown: Battle of Balaklava

Unknown: Death of Duke of Wellington

Unknown: Battle of Inkerman

Unknown: Battle of Alma

Unknown: Union of England and Ireland

Unknown: Duke of Wellington

Unknown: Naval victory of Admiral Vernon

Unknown: Duke of Cumberland, Jacobite rebellion

Unknown: Duke of Cumberland, Culloden

Unknown: Battle of Trafalgar centenary

Unknown: Boer war

Antoine Denis Chaudet: Napoleon

Hubert von Herkomer: Captain Philip Blundell Bicknell

Susan Stockwell: Cartographic Dress

Mark Woods: Never Leave Home Without It

Kimathi Donkor: Toussaint L'Ouverture de Bedourete

Kimathi Donkor: Bacchus and Ariadne

Peter DeWint: Sudy for Elijah

Peter DeWint: Sudy for Elijah

Peter DeWint: Sudy for Elijah

Peter DeWint: Sudy for Elijah

Anna Lea Merritt: Alfred Browning Stanley Tenyson and Charles Bruce Locker Tennyson

William Hilton: Sir Calepine rescuing Serena

William Hilton: Sketch for Una and the Satyrs

William Hilton: Sketch for Una and the Satyrs

Unknown: Spear

Unknown: Spear

Unknown: Spear

Unknown: Spear

Unknown: Spear

Unknown: Spear

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Unknown: Spear

Unknown: Spear

Unknown: Spear

Unknown: Spear

Unknown: Spear

Unknown: Spear

Unknown: Spear

Unknown: Spear

Unknown: Spear

Unknown: Spear

Unknown: Saff weapon

Unknown: Saff weapon

Unknown: Saff weapon

Unknown: Saff weapon

Unknown: Saff weapon

Unknown: Saff weapon

Unknown: Saff weapon

Unknown: Saff weapon

Unknown: Club

Unknown: Club

Unknown: Club

Unknown: Club

Unknown: Boomerang

Ian Finlay-Hamilton: Strawberry Camouflage

Raimi Gbadamosi: Shrine

John St Helier Lander: Captain T. D. Trollope-Bellew

 James Ward Usher: three cabinets and contents, and watercolours

Amanda Francis: Blob

Taslim Martin: Graphite Diamond Round Brilliant Cut

Ritu Sood: Flora: Cuidad de Mexico

Maiko Tsutsumi: T

Edward Allington: Sharkshell Streamliner, symbolic function enhancer

Alfred George Webster: South Bar Court, Lincoln

Elizabeth Blakesley: Yarmouth

Alfred George Webster: Vicars Court, Lincoln

Alfred George Webster: Building the Water Tower, Lincoln

Alfred George Webster: Yorkshire Moors

Alfred George Webster: Cottages, Lynn

M. G. Richardson: Village Street and Church

Lillian Richardson: Woolhampton

M. G. Richardson: Pont L'Abbe

John Varley: Skipton, Yorkshire

Alfred George Webster: In Sussex

Alfred George Webster: Pottergate, Lincoln

J. Harper: Jews House, Lincoln

Alfred George Webster: Interior of Chichester Cathedral

Alfred George Webster: Kilbar

Raimi Gbadamosi: Wall Drawing

Alfred George Webster: Witham at Washingborough

Alfred George Webster: Last Outpost

Alfred George Webster: Dunham Cliff, Lincolnshire

Peter DeWint: Landscape with church & cattle watering, evening

Peter DeWint: Driving Cattle by a Hamlet in the Lincolnshire Wolds

Peter DeWint: Cottage at Aldbury

Peter DeWint: High Tor, Matlock

Peter DeWint: Village Lane, Ashtead

Peter DeWint: River Scene with Anglers in a Punt

Peter DeWint: Near Matlock, Derbyshire

James Price: View in Sussex

Peter DeWint: Penthurst, Kent

Peter DeWint: Bridgnorth, Shropshire

Grayson Perry: Untitled (photograph man and hunting post)

Sarah Ann Terry: Sampler

Martha White: Sampler

Mary Glasier: Sampler

Mary Ann Smith: Sampler

Unknown: Sampler

Hannah Johnson: Sampler

Ann Foster: Sampler

Elizabeth Jackson: Sampler

Mary Vickers: Sampler

Janette Parris: Is It Just Me? diptych

Permindar Kaur: Untitled (bird)

Permindar Kaur: Untitled (camouflage)

John Bacon: Mars

William Scott: lithograph from Soldiers' Verse

William Scott: lithograph from Soldiers' Verse

William Scott: lithograph from Soldiers' Verse

William Scott: lithograph from Soldiers' Verse

Edward Allington: Tivoli Cinema

Edward Allington: Detail after Tiepolo, Joseph and the Pharaoh's Ring

John Berger: Scaffolding – Festival of Britain

Raimi Gbadamosi: Ensign of The Republic

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Raimi Gbadamosi: Ensign of The Republic

Grayson Perry: Fantasy Village

William Hilton: Una and the Satyrs

Keith Piper: (You are now entering) Mau Mau Country

Jacob Epstein: Paul Robeson

Albino Bird

Albino Bird

Albino Bird

Albino Bird

Albino Bird

Albino Bird

Albono Mammal

Albono Mammal

Albono Mammal

Susan Stockwell: China Gold, wall work

Susan Stockwell: Afghanistan - A Sorry State

Michael Sanders: Sandbag Marker, A Memorial to Ruined Archaeology

Unknown: City of Lincoln Coat of Arms

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