

Throne of Weapons

A British Museum Tour



Front cover: Detail of Throne
of Weapons (height 101cm x
width 61cm) by Kester 2001,
purchased by the British
Museum from Christian Aid's
Swords into Ploughshares
exhibition, 2002.

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Throne of Weapons

by Nkosana Mpofu

A monument to death
To those who never heard your thud
Now shelved in graves and caves
You wrecked your way
And now you pose here
Down a trail of havoc
Asking me to admire.

Challenged, I stare
Trembling at your serenity
Mundane and tranquil
Inviting not threatening
The conflict between guns and chairs
You play me the fool.

You bred turmoil and toil
Fear, confusion and dread
Determined and incorruptible
Amputees, orphans, the widowed cursed you
Conceal your past and cradle me.

You dismissed lives
Your prowess broken
Impotent arms, prick backs, elbows
A monument of silence
To those who never heard your thud.

Nkosana Mpofu is a Zimbabwean poet working in Newcastle

When?

by Ofunneka Okoye

When will the killing stop?
To them it's all just one big POP!
I do not know what to say anymore,
Except we all need to open a new door.

Like the people of Mozambique did.
Forget the weapons and get rid
Of instruments that were meant to hurt and scare
To create a design that looks like a chair.

'THE THRONE OF WEAPONS'.
That is what Mozambique beckons.
All the sorrows and annihilations of guns and ammunitions
Have been thrashed and smashed to make a new VISION.
There is great vision in the idea of arms decommissioning.

Let's sing Hurrah to the participants of this transformation.
Let us forget about the war,
Let us put an end to all wars.
Let us all help to OPEN new DOORS.
THE TIME HAS COME WHEN WE SHALL GENERATE AS ONE.

*Ofunneka Okoye is a pupil at La Sainte Union Catholic
Secondary School, London*



Director's Foreword

'Wars are like seasons of the year; they remain in suspense ripening in the hatred of the narrow-minded.' Mia Couto wrote these lines in his novel *The Last Flight of the Flamingo*, published in 1988 when his country Mozambique was in the grip of a civil war – a war fuelled by the weapons that have been a principal feature of trade with Africa from other parts of the world for five centuries.

But in 1992 Mozambique brought an end to this conflict and proceeded to show the rest of the world how to lay its bitter legacy to rest – through education (Mozambique spends more on education than on defence), and through creativity as an expression of freedom from fear. There is no more eloquent testimony to Mozambique's past and present, and to the promise that the future holds, than the Throne of Weapons. This was made by the artist Kester in 2001 from decommissioned firearms, as part of 'Transforming Arms into Tools', a project founded by Bishop Dinis Sengulane in 1995 that has been instrumental in the voluntary surrender of more than 600,000 weapons, in exchange for tools of production.

The Throne was purchased by the British Museum in 2002 and displayed in the Sainsbury African Galleries alongside more traditional stools and chairs that are symbols in many African societies both of authority and the willingness to sit and listen, an essential pre-requisite for mutual understanding. When the Museum was planning its contribution to 'Africa 05', a year-long programme celebrating African culture, the Throne of Weapons was the immediate choice of a work to take to the country at large, carrying the message of the British Museum's commitment to Africa and to sharing its collection with the widest possible audience.

We wanted to demonstrate the dynamic role that museums can play in contemporary society, acting as a catalyst for debate and linking international to local concerns. The role of the international arms trade; local gun crime; conflict resolution; sustainable development and the cathartic and transforming power of art are among the issues of particular and universal significance that have been addressed via the Throne of Weapons. Thanks to the imagination and co-operation of innumerable people and organisations, the Throne has followed a remarkable trajectory – from Maputo to London in the first place, then to nine schools; two government premises; three youth conventions; two cathedrals; a shopping centre; an African-Caribbean community centre; a pop concert; a prison; ten museums and the Museums Association Conference for 2006. En route,

the Throne has accumulated layer upon layer of meaning created by audiences the length and breadth of the United Kingdom: young adults from either side of the Irish border affected by the Troubles; children of African, Middle-Eastern and South-Asian backgrounds in Leicester; Welsh and Somali children in Cardiff and men from many walks of life in Pentonville Prison in London – to name but a few of the more than 100,000 people to have seen and reacted to the Throne on its tour. John Holden, Head of Culture at Demos, was asked to provide a 'journal' of the tour for the British Museum and its partners and his narrative makes up the main body of this report.

What the response has shown – through visual art, poetry, drama, film, music, storytelling, letters, debate, actual and virtual comment via the web – is the importance of bringing museum objects to bear upon the lives of everyone, providing a rich store of imagery to be transmuted through the experience of individuals. To borrow from the American poet Walt Whitman (*Leaves of Grass*, 1855):

There was a child went forth every day,
And the first object he look'd upon, that object he
became,
And that object became part of him for the day or a
certain part of the day, or for many years
Or stretching cycles of years.

Neil MacGregor, Director of the British Museum

Below: A representative of the Mozambican Ministry of Defence oversees a weapons handover organised by the 'Transforming Arms into Tools' project.





Left: The tools and materials that people get in exchange for the weapons depend on the value, number and type of guns handed in.

Below: Cristóvão Estevão Canhavato, known as Kester, who created the Throne of Weapons bought by the British Museum.





Left: Adelino Mate and Fiel dos Santos, two of the four sculptors involved in the Tree of Life, commissioned by the British Museum and Christian Aid in 2004. Below: The Tree of Life in Maputo's Peace Park, before it was shipped to London. The sculpture is on display in the Sainsbury African Galleries at the British Museum.





The Throne of Weapons tour

John Holden

During a sleepless night following a conference on peace and reconciliation in Mozambique, the Anglican Bishop of Libombos, Bishop Dinis Sengulane, had an idea. One theme of the conference had been the continuing presence of millions of weapons in Mozambique after the country's civil war ended in 1992. The arms presented a real and continuing threat to peace. The Bishop's solution was biblical: he turned to the prophecy of Isaiah 2:4, 'They shall beat their swords into ploughshares, and their spears into pruninghooks'.

Thus began 'Transforming Arms into Tools', a programme run by the Christian Council of Mozambique and supported by Christian Aid, under which people can hand in weapons and receive in return useful 'instruments of production' such as sewing machines, ploughs and bicycles. In one instance a group of farmers found 500 guns, brought them in, and received a tractor in return – no questions asked. When children find unused bullets, they can exchange them for school pens and exercise books.

More than 600,000 weapons hidden since 1992 have now been handed over to be destroyed. Seven million guns remain at large, and as the Mozambican novelist Mia Couto says in *Under the Frangipani*, 'Arms left over from... war... [are] the seeds of a new war' (Couto, 2001). Most of the weapons that get given up are simply melted down, but some have provided the raw materials for a group of sculptors from the Núcleo de Arte in Maputo, the capital of Mozambique. Parts of machine guns have been turned into animals and birds. Rifle barrels, gunstocks and carbines have been transformed into a Tree of Life.

In the case of the Throne of Weapons, the Mozambican artist Cristóvão Estevão Canhavato, better known as Kester, has created an extraordinary chair with arms, legs, back and stretchers made from sawn-up AK47s and other guns. Not one of these weapons was made in Africa, let alone in Mozambique. The guns in the Throne come from North Korea, Poland, the old Soviet Union, former Czechoslovakia, and Portugal, but they could have come from many other countries involved in the arms trade. Some of the guns date back to the Second World War, but most were imported during the sixteen-year-long civil war that began in 1976. This was a conflict fuelled from outside. Into the vacuum left by Portuguese colonists, departing after an eleven-year war of liberation, stepped Eastern Block 'advisers' who promptly ruined Mozambique's fragile economy. The apartheid regime in South Africa, ideologically opposed to the new government in Maputo, and worried at the prospect of

socialism on its borders, armed an opposition force and a bloody civil war ensued.

But that is history. Thirty years on, Mozambique is one of the continent's great success stories. In spite of problems with Aids, and a battering by disastrous storms in 2000 and 2001, the country is increasingly prosperous. Poverty is falling, literacy rising, and GDP growth – at 8% p.a. for the last eleven years – is among the highest in the world. The nation's recovery has been slow but steady, and the future is full of hope. The Throne of Weapons is at once an expression of that hope, an embodiment of that progress, and a reminder of a painful past.

The British Museum bought the Throne of Weapons in 2002. The first time I saw the Throne an eleven-year-old in Leicester asked me, 'How much did it cost?' Young people are very practical, and the answer (which I didn't know at the time) is £1,200. In fact it is not difficult to purchase a Throne of Weapons – they are made outside the 'Arms into Tools' project, and one was featured in the September 2005 edition of Italian *Elle*, next to a Prada keyring made in the shape of a sword.

During the year of 'Africa 05' the British Museum (supported by the UK National Commission for UNESCO, and in association with the BBC) has toured the Throne around the United Kingdom. It has been my job to follow the Throne and to find out what people made of it in such varied locations as a shopping centre, a prison, schools, the office of a government department, a cathedral and a tent. In most of these places the Throne was not simply displayed, but became the focus for events, workshops and debates. The Throne opens up numerous avenues of discussion from recycling to gun crime, from international relations to aesthetics and much more besides. Some of the responses to it have been profound and wherever it has travelled it has done what a work of art should do: it has provoked a reaction.

What follows is not an evaluation of the Throne's tour, but rather a journal of its progress. It is a personal record. I was unable to visit the Throne in all of its locations, nor was I able to attend every event occasioned by its presence – given the richness of the itinerary, that would have been a full-time occupation. But I did visit the Throne in eight towns and cities and in eleven locations. During this tour it became clearly apparent to me that objects are changed by their context. When artworks are taken to places where they are not traditionally found they not only reach new people, but open up new possibilities for those people.

'The purpose of the project is to disarm the minds of people and to disarm the hands of people.'

Bishop Dinis Sengulane, BBC Radio 3 2005



Above left: Public debate on gun crime at the Horniman Museum, London with Bishop Dinis Sengulane speaking; local community representatives are seated to his right and the artist Kester, on his left.

Above right: Musicians from Fusion Factory performing at the reception for the Throne of Weapons at the Horniman Museum, 8 February 2005.



Previous spread: Making a 'Children's Throne of Weapons' at the Livesey Museum, London. Each child who donated a toy, received seeds to plant, in the spirit of exchange established by 'Transforming Arms into Tools'.

Leicester

I am on my way to Moat Community College in Leicester. It is a few minutes walk away from the train station, down long residential streets. The neighbourhood doesn't look threatening, but just outside the college a man walks round the corner and catches his hip on the side mirror of a car. In retaliation, he raises his leg, kicks the mirror off, and with a well-judged boot sends it flying across the road in my direction.

Shocked by this sudden, random act of violence I march on and soon arrive at the college – a neat, clean, red-brick complex – and introduce myself. It doesn't take long to find the Throne, which is behind glass in a well-lit case in the main reception area. Seated around on the floor are twenty-one eleven-year-olds, each with paper and pens, all engrossed in drawing the Throne. There is an air of quiet concentration: they stare hard, frown, and purse their lips.

In formal education terms, this is a group of year-7s, and their studies encompass a range of subjects where the Throne can act as a stimulus to learning. There are obvious connections with 'citizenship as a local and global phenomenon', a topic covered at key stages 3 and 4 of the national curriculum, but during my tour I also come across the Throne being used to teach aspects of Art and Design, Technology, Geography, History, creative writing in English, and recycling in Environmental Studies.

After a break, the children move to their classroom. They are told about the history of Mozambique; about the struggle for independence, the civil war, and the floods. Maps and photos help illustrate the country's geography. Next follows the story of one of the workers on the 'Transforming Arms into Tools' programme who was kidnapped as a child and forced to fight in an army. The children take it all in, and there are two significant comments. One girl from Mozambique says simply 'All these things happened', and another, from Kosovo, says 'If we didn't have weapons we wouldn't fight.'

After the lesson, I have a chance to talk to some of the children and to their teacher. Predictably enough the boys offer some simple observations. One says the Throne is 'good', another that it's 'bad', and I'm unsure whether or not they mean the same thing. One of them provides clarification: 'It looks good, but it's bad.' Opinions are divided about whether the Throne is beautiful or ugly, but they are all impressed by its uniqueness: 'It's the only one.' The children see the Throne's message as a simple one about peace: 'Why

can't people live in peace?' 'It made me think of fighting in our lives.' There's a bit of bravado when I ask them whether they've seen guns before, and one boy describes being shown a real handgun in India, and of course all the others are familiar with guns from watching television.

I find myself on the receiving end of as many questions as I ask. They want to know how much the Throne cost ('cheap at the price', I say), how old is the artist who made the Throne, why is it called a throne and not a chair, can you sit on it? There is a lot of interest in why the British Museum has sent the Throne, which prompts a discussion about how many of them have been to London, have been to the British Museum, have been to their nearest museum in Leicester (a few have family in London; almost all rely on school for their museum visits). There is some resentment that everything seems to happen in London: 'It's always London, London, London.'

One boy had his photo in the *Leicester Mercury*, which ran an article on the Throne under the headline 'Art is a powerful weapon: Pupils have been contemplating the cost of war after a powerful piece of artwork went on show at their school.' Pictured with the throne, eleven-year-old James Ford reportedly told his teacher, 'At least I'll die famous now.'

Clearly, the publicity for the Throne in the local press was helpful to the college. The Principal, Freda Hussain MBE, tells me that the Throne has not only been used as a teaching aid for the young people who study there, but has been seen by many other people. As a community college the building is open in the evenings, so a lot of adults, most of them living locally, have seen the Throne, and parents, encouraged by their children, have come into college to have a look. In addition, a reception was held for the County High Sheriff, the Mayor of Leicester, church leaders and college governors among others. The Throne's visit reflected well on both the British Museum and the college.

Freda Hussain is very pleased with the project. She has a special interest in law and order and the criminal justice system, and feels that the Throne had prompted a lot of awareness, interest and discussion about guns and violence in our society.

In Leicester the Throne has been doing its job: it has brought people together and given them something special to talk about. It has provided a stimulus for debate. Because it is *in situ* for only a short time there has been an intensity of activity that would not have happened if the Throne had been on loan for months, and its presence in a college means that it has been seen by a new range of people. The journey back to the station is peaceful.

'Can you hear time burning the hate away?'

Kwame Hutchinson, Mount Stuart Primary School, Cardiff



The Throne of Weapons in Coventry Cathedral for Remembrance Sunday (an annual commemoration of those killed in the two World Wars and other conflicts). Coventry Cathedral, built to replace the original church destroyed in the Second World War, is a symbol of peace and reconciliation, with an extensive programme dedicated to this purpose.

Liverpool

On this Saturday I travelled to Liverpool's Anglican Cathedral. It was a lengthy journey by train and bus, and finally on foot uphill in hot June sunshine, so I was pleased to arrive at last. The cathedral dominates the skyline and stands looking out over the city and its famous river. It displays all the confidence, gravitas and scale that might be expected of an Edwardian Anglican cathedral.

King Edward VII laid the building's foundation stone in 1904 when the British Empire was at its zenith. In the streets outside, Liverpool was a city marked by prosperity, cosmopolitanism, and poverty – the result of trade in all sorts of raw and manufactured goods from sugar to cotton to jute. But going back further to the eighteenth century, many of the city's shipping companies and merchants had made fortunes out of a different cargo – human beings shipped from Africa to the West Indies and America as slaves. The elegant Georgian terraces that I had walked past on my way uphill to the cathedral had been built from the profits of that despicable trade. The connections between Liverpool and Africa run deep and strong, and are uncomfortable.

The Throne, now a familiar friend, sat in a central position under the cathedral's tower, visible from all angles, and changing with each perspective. In the vastness of the interior space the Throne displayed its own confidence, looking straight ahead down the nave to the distant altar. People stopped at the Throne, read the caption about it, looked at it for a while and then moved on. Some of the visitors took photographs of the throne head-on, waiting for the sun to light up the spectacular stained glass window directly behind it. I asked one boy why he had taken a photo on his mobile phone and he said 'to show my friends'. I asked the same of an elderly woman with a camera and she told me, 'It's unusual, it makes a good photo with the glass.'

The cathedral had an atmosphere of deep calm, aided by music from the organ that encouraged contemplation. I sat for nearly an hour, just watching people come and go. A few ignored the Throne but most stood by it for a few seconds, sometimes longer.

My reveries were interrupted by a friendly cathedral official – I am not sure of her official title, but she wore a floor length ecclesiastical garment that chimed with the Edwardian building. Perhaps she had been keeping an eye on me, for not many people sit inside churches for an hour unless they have something serious on their minds.

But I reassured her, told her why I was there, and we talked about the Throne. She told me that there had been a lot of interest in it. From a distance it was hard to tell what the Throne was made of, but when they got near and saw the detail people were intrigued and wanted to know more. One Liverpudlian, playing on a traditional rivalry, had asked her 'Where do the guns come from – Manchester?' Chris Spring, the curator responsible for north-eastern, eastern and southern Africa in the British Museum, had held workshops for some Liverpudlian schools and more than six hundred children and young people had heard the Throne's story.

Materials were available to explain the Throne, and postcards and badges were nearby and in the cathedral's shop, but the Throne seemed to speak for itself. At first sight there was an incongruity between the Church and the guns; they lay at different ends of the spectrum of human behaviour, but the more I thought about it the more I sensed the connections: the exhaustion that brought the end of an Empire and the end of a civil war; Liverpool and Africa; Christian Aid and the British Museum building bridges.

I took some photos of my own and then toured the cathedral. At one end people were taking down display stands from an event that had finished earlier in the day. A range of environmental and development charities had been represented at a fair, and they were packing up banners and leaflets.

I wandered around looking at the building's details. An extraordinary bas-relief memorial from 1933 to Sir Robert Jones, 'orthopaedia pioneer', showed him operating on a child's leg, and reminded me of images of warfare and children. Another memorial, to 'Henry Custard, organist 1917–1958', made me smile.

London

The Throne spent a week in the Department for International Development (DfID), and I decided to make an unannounced visit when I happened to be just around the corner with an hour to spare between meetings. DfID occupies an anonymous, smart white modern building close to Buckingham Palace. The entrance is modest and it has none of the trappings and pomp of some other government departments.

Going inside, I looked around for the Throne, but could not see it, and then I spotted a glimpse: a corner of one leg and a splash of the familiar yellow backcloth that the British

'British Museum! I think it was a good experience to see the Throne of Weapons. I enjoyed the story behind it and it most astonished me seeing the *actual* chair.'

Saleha, Moat Community College, Leicester

Museum had recommended as a good foil for the Throne's dull metal. The trouble was that the Throne was on the other side of a set of security barriers.

I decided to see whether I could gain admission. The woman behind the reception desk was nonplussed. 'Are you a member of the public?' she asked. I had to admit that I was. 'Well you see,' she explained slowly, 'this is a government department and you're a member of the public so you can't come in without an escort.' So I came clean and admitted that I was there on semi-official business, commissioned by the British Museum to write about the Throne. She was helpful, and directed me to a seat while she tried to find someone who could take me through the barrier. I sat there and looked again at the tantalising leg of the Throne. After about ten minutes the receptionist came to tell me the bad news, 'They are all in meetings.'

Bristol

The city of Bristol, another port made rich from slavery, is twinned with other towns throughout the world: Bordeaux, Hanover, Oporto, Tblisi, Puerto Morizon in Nicaragua, Guangzhou, and, since 1990, Beira, the second city of Mozambique. The relationship with Beira grew out of the anti-apartheid movement in the 1980s, and the idea of twinning was prompted by the fact that both places are ports and have roughly the same population – about half a million each. But there are of course big differences. Beira is in Mozambique's poorest region, and 35% of its sixteen- to twenty-nine-year-olds are HIV positive; in Bristol the figure is less than 1%.

Bristol has raised tens of thousands of pounds for projects in Beira, and has shown political solidarity in difficult times, but the links are far deeper and more reciprocal than a one-way flow of support from North to South. There are school-to-school links, each learning from the other, and visits that encourage the democratic process in both places. Every October Bristol holds a Mozambique Week and this year the events celebrated thirty years of Mozambique's independence, and fifteen years of Bristol's twinning with Beira.

As part of the celebrations the Throne travelled to Bristol for a lengthy stay in the city, and one packed with activity, including music, food, craft and dance. The Throne visited two schools for use in education projects, but I caught up with it at the Museum and Art Gallery. Housed in a beautiful building of great distinction, the museum is a very popular

attraction. Every time that I have been there it has been crowded with visitors, including lots of families with children, drawn to an eclectic array of collections. There are pianos, a gypsy caravan, Chinese ceramics and Bristol glass, Renaissance masterpieces, dinosaur bones and a huge stuffed mountain gorilla. It is a rich mix.

Whilst there I attended two of the fourteen events timed to coincide with the Throne's presence. The first was a talk by Chris Spring of the British Museum. Chris is very much the instigator behind the Throne's purchase. He first came across it at an exhibition at the OXO Tower in London, and was immediately struck not just by its powerful presence, but by its resonance with tradition. The British Museum works with contemporary artists to reinterpret tradition, and the Throne now occupies a place alongside other African thrones already in the collection. Thrones have traditionally been used in many African cultures as ceremonial and actual seats of power. Kings and Elders sat on thrones to talk to, and to listen to, their people. Some of those historic thrones have weapons carved into them as symbols of power and authority, and the practice of breaking weapons is a traditional marker of peace. In all these ways the Throne of Weapons has resonance with tradition.

Chris spoke eloquently about the place of the AK47 semi-automatic rifle in southern Africa, where it is an iconic artefact. Its significance is made clear by its presence on the Mozambican flag, where it is crossed with a hoe, both of them overlaid on a book of the country's constitution. Here, the AK47 is a symbol of liberation, but Chris contends that although the gun provided the means of achieving independence, in the civil war that followed it became a tool of oppression. When people hand in weapons to the 'Transforming Arms' project, they gain not just the tools, but also a sense of psychological release – for as Bishop Sengulane has put it, 'Sleeping with a gun in your house is like sleeping with a snake.' Not surprisingly, Mozambique is actively considering changing its flag.

Chris' talk includes mention of the British Museum's and Christian Aid's commission of the Tree of Life, also fashioned from weapons, which became the symbol for 'Africa 05', the year-long and wide-ranging programme that the British Museum and the BBC have collaborated on.

After lunch (during which I read an article in the *Daily Telegraph* about a woman whose brassière saved her during an exchange of gunfire in a London street following this year's Urban Music Awards at the Barbican), I returned to the museum for a public discussion about arms and violence.

Similar panel debates on the subject of gun control had already been held at London's Horniman Museum and at the Manchester Museum.

We talked about the international arms trade, where global expenditure on arms, at a trillion US dollars a year dwarfs the money spent on aid – some \$80 billion. Graham Davey of the Campaign Against Arms Trade spoke about how arms waste the world's resources and sap money away from development; Mozambique is unusual in that it spends more on education than on defence. But the most fundamental problem is that 'Arms get used and make conflict more likely.' Small arms in particular are a huge and forgotten feature of the arms trade. International arms control efforts concentrate on 'the big stuff' and on landmines while small arms proliferate and fuel gun crime.

Dawnecia Palmer was another speaker. In late 2003 she set up the Peacemakers' Prayer Patrol group in the troubled St Pauls area of Bristol, and has been active in preventing gun crime ever since. The Peacemakers have had a profound influence on the local community and beyond. Volunteers are recruited from church members, are rigorously trained and go out on the streets four times a day, at 6 a.m. and 6 p.m., at noon and midnight. Most gun crime is drug-related and is encouraged by two things: a 'Yardie mindset' (a reference to Jamaican street gangs who treat guns as status symbols and style items), and a ready supply of weapons. Those working at street level to defeat gun crime face real difficulties. An audience member pointed out that guns give young men peer esteem, girls admire guns, and there is no incentive to give them up – unlike in Mozambique, there is nothing on offer in return.

Cardiff

I arrived just in time for morning assembly at Mount Stuart Primary School, where teachers and children were gathered in the main hall. The school is in the old docklands area of Cardiff, not far from the new Millennium Centre, in a part of town that is being regenerated. The children come from many countries and many cultures, but they are like any other group of children: some quiet and some noisy; some shy and some confident, all full of energy and curiosity.

The Throne was in a central position on the stage of the school hall. The school head, speaking in Welsh and English, asked the children how many of them had visited the National Museum in Cardiff, and from the show of hands it looked as though 80–90% had been. She then introduced

Eleri Evans, an education officer from the National Museum Wales, who explained how the Throne came to be made, where Mozambique is, and the swords into ploughshares scheme. 'Although it is a Throne of Weapons it is really a Throne of Peace, because people have been given a peaceful future in exchange for the weapons.'

The year-5 children, who are nine or ten years old had been working on a project with the Throne, and they put on a short play that they had devised, role-playing farmers who had unearthed guns and who received bicycles in return. They finished with the reading from Isaiah about swords and ploughshares. At the end of assembly the head told the children that they must NOT touch the Throne because it was fragile. This was a pity, because the Throne is very tactile, and children love exploring things with their fingers.

I went to this school because I wanted to see two sets of lessons that had been arranged to make use of the Throne. In the morning one class was to learn about recycling by making chairs with reused cardboard. Another class would be guided in creative writing, making poems about the Throne. Then in the afternoon the classes would switch over.

But before joining the classes I took the opportunity, once the assembly hall had emptied, to take a close look at the Throne. This was the first time that I had been able to see it at such close quarters, unprotected. If the head's words had not been ringing in my ears I would have reached out and touched it, but close up I could see that the Throne was indeed fragile. It was welded together and had been repaired once or twice when bits had fallen off. There was a surprising amount of detail that I had missed before. From a short distance away you get an impression of dull and rusty metal, but looking more closely all sorts of colours appeared – brown, black, orange, blue, silver, grey. There was a tiny splash of green paint on the arm that later on in the tour I found had worried many teachers and curators, because they wondered whether it got there on their 'watch'. I could see letters carved in the wooden gunstocks. The name of the artist, Kester, appeared twice, and a date, 2001. The Throne looked robotic, articulated like a machine: all straight lines with no curves in it. All through the tour I found opinions divided about whether it was 'beautiful' or 'ugly'. Most people I spoke to along the way found it visually disturbing rather than aesthetically pleasing.

After coffee and biscuits in the staff room (teachers everywhere seem to live on biscuits and toast), I joined the

'If we didn't have weapons we wouldn't fight.'

Pupil from Kosovo, Moat Community College, Leicester



Above left: Eleri Evans from the National Museum Wales with pupils at Mount Stuart Primary School, Cardiff.

Above right: Whitefield Fishponds Community School, Bristol.

recycling class, where a visual artist was working with the children. Grouped in small teams, they constructed lattices and boxes from cardboard and turned them into highly inventive chairs. I was impressed by the range of different shapes that they came up with and took some photos of them. The children clearly found the task absorbing, and they worked together purposefully. While they were doing so I talked to their teacher who told me that having the Throne in the school meant that at least twice as many children were able to be involved than would be the case if a visit to the museum had been arranged. The workshop had proved to be a great equaliser, and the teacher's expectations had been confounded. A group of usually rowdy boys were working quietly (and I could see, inventively) together, yet some of the most academically able children in the class had struggled a bit. I could see that it was good for the teacher to be able to stand back and observe for a change; he was learning a lot too.

Once the task of making the chairs was complete, there was a discussion about recycling, and lessons were learnt about what could be recycled. I learnt that mobile phones have copper, gold and aluminium in them.

In the afternoon I joined the same class which was now involved in a poetry workshop. It started by returning to the Throne, where the children were encouraged to look hard at what was in front of them and to describe what they could see: 'sharp', 'dull', 'masterpiece', 'rusty', 'sculpture'. The children talked among themselves about it: 'Look how much thought has gone into it'; 'Look how it's joined together.'

When it came to writing poems back in the classroom, the children were very impressed that some of their poems would be chosen to go on display in the National Museum: that provided a very obvious incentive for them to raise their game. The poet who led the class gave the children a simple structure to work with. There was a given title, 'Sitting Down', that said something about the role of the Throne in peacemaking, and about the end of war. The first line had to say what the Throne is, the second what the Throne remembers, and the third what the Throne says about the future. I read dozens of poems created by this group of children and others in another class.

Sonaya Ahmed wrote:

The Throne of relaxing
A place to think about the future not the past
Listen!
Can you hear the people talking in the new world?

And this one was anonymous:

The Throne of wisdom full of peace
A time to remember when life was poor and dull
Not so bad now
Life is better.
Listen. Can you hear that voice saying
'I am for peace'?

Some of the individual lines in other poems had great power: 'Can you hear time burning the hate away?' (Kwame Hutchinson)

Some children finished their poems earlier than the others, and a couple of boys went over to a computer in the corner and looked up the Throne of Weapons on the web. They found the British Museum page about the Throne and projected it onto a screen on the wall so that everyone could see it.

Cardiff again

Train forty-five minutes late/pouring with rain/station cashpoint broken/all the banks on the high street have been turned into bars/soaked/no taxis.

The sky is gunmetal grey, and when I eventually get out of the taxi at Cardiff's new Millennium Centre I step into a monsoonal downpour. I am here to see the Throne at the National Youth Eisteddfod (a celebration of music-making, especially singing), but am having trouble getting in. In spite of a large sign saying 'Croeso' – Welsh for welcome – the site is surrounded by a high fence and there seems to be no way in, although I can see plenty of people on the other side of the fence. I spot a woman having the same problem as me and we join forces. Eventually, and wetly, we find the entrance gate, and I negotiate my way in. I have come to see Gorsedd Arfau, the Throne of Weapons, in the Christian Aid tent. But finding it is not so easy. This is a celebration of Welshness, and all the signs are in the Welsh language. I can see where the tents are, on a muddy patch of ground reminiscent of an agricultural fair, but I walk round twice without spotting what I am looking for.

In despair I decide to go into the Millennium Centre, and there I start to enjoy myself. The magnificent new hall is crowded with young musicians and their parents and teachers. There is music everywhere; not just in the auditorium but also on a stage in the foyer, and as I drink coffee with steam rising from my wet clothes I am treated to

'The aim is to produce visible evidence of communities looking to change the values of the past.'

Project organiser, Shankill 'Alternative Justice' project

a succession of singers, harp players and pianists.

There must be somewhere in here where I can find out where the Throne is. An information desk is unattended, but eventually I find a map of the site, and there it is: Christian Aid, tent number 57. So it's out into the wet again, not so bad now, more a drizzle than a downpour, and back to the muddy field. I look at my map, and go to where the Throne should be, but it's not there. And there are no numbers on the tents. So I decide to go very slowly, looking inside each and every one – at the harp makers and the bookshops, the university and corporate displays and the clothing shops. At last I find what I am looking for. The Throne is looking great, beautifully displayed on a plinth with a yellow cloth backdrop, and its dignified stature rises above the mud and the canvas. Better still Eleri from the National Museum Wales is there and I have a chance to find out how the Throne has been received.

The Throne's visit has been a great success in Cardiff. It has been to two schools, where it was seen by parents as well as children. In the National Museum it occupied a central position, literally and metaphorically, during their 'Wales and the World' festival. It has been featured in the press and on radio, and the events that accompanied the visit have been well attended.

Bringing the Throne to the National Youth Eisteddfod was a good idea. The event attracts 28,000 visitors from all over Wales and beyond, and runs for a week. In the Christian Aid tent a simple activity has been devised. There are postcards of the Throne in Welsh, and people can write on them and put them in a postbox. It is quick and easy. Children love it, and it gives Eleri and the Christian Aid staff the chance to open up a conversation about the Throne and what it stands for. I see one girl writing a card to Kester. The Christian Aid worker tells me that the Throne has provoked very mixed reactions here; some people have found it difficult and repellent, others full of beauty and positive messages.

Belfast

This was my first ever visit to Ulster, but like everyone else of my age who lives in London, Ulster and its culture of violence have been a pressing personal concern for most of my life. My views about Northern Ireland have been formed through constant news coverage, TV images, snarling politicians on the radio, and occasional close encounters with bombs – I missed one by less than half an hour in the late 1980s. So although I felt something of an ingénue, walking on eggshells

through Belfast's streets, I nevertheless believed that I had a right to strong opinions.

Inevitably, I thought, Belfast was the place where the Throne would hit the rawest nerves, have the deepest resonance, and elicit the most intense and most subtle responses. The Throne was in the Ulster Museum in Belfast, and was displayed at the end of a special exhibition called *Conflict: the Irish at War*, that dealt with the history of warfare in Ireland from the Neolithic age to the present day. Perhaps it is always a sensitive time in Northern Ireland, but when I visited, the organised violence associated with the Northern Bank robbery, the murder of Robert McCartney (both of which were reminders that factional criminality had not ceased), and the issue of weapons decommissioning were all hot topics.

One reaction to the Throne in Northern Ireland was to deny its power. As an example of the achievement of peace and reconciliation in another part of the world, the Throne put someone I spoke to on the defensive: 'Decommissioning is too simple. You don't need it to make a peaceful society.' Someone else just could not see the relevance of the Throne: 'It's weird being here, it should be in an exhibition of African art, or recycled art.' In fact there was a neat congruence between the Throne and a quilt made from recycled uniforms from the Battle of Waterloo in the main exhibition.

The Throne, and its unveiling by the BBC correspondent Fergal Keane, attracted considerable interest in the press and the broadcast media. Keane called the throne 'a thing of beauty, because it shows that weapons of misery, from guns to baseball bats, can be put beyond use.' But many visitors to the exhibition and in workshops disagreed, and expressed their opinions about how ugly they found it.

During the afternoon of my visit I spent a long time listening to personal stories about the conflict in Northern Ireland that could be heard through headphones at the end of the *Conflict* exhibition. Some of what I heard was unbearably painful; a long litany of loss, suffering and pain, but there were, as I suppose there are in any conflict, stories of forgiveness, courage and generosity of spirit. In the rest of the UK, arms are generally seen as unreservedly negative, except within a few sub-cultures where they have become status symbols. In Northern Ireland there is a more ambiguous view, just as there is in Mozambique, where weapons are, or have been, viewed as agents of liberation as well as of oppression. But listening to these stories it seemed to me an obvious truth that the proliferation of weapons heightens conflict, and that the lives of many innocent people



Mural created by Dylan Haskins, Dan Carey, Craig Chapman, Sharon Rose and John Johnston, young artists from a cross-border community group and the Shankill 'Alternative Justice' project, Belfast, featuring the Throne of Weapons as one of the motifs.

'History is one thing but to pursue it in the name of vengeance is wrong. Teach children history not hate.'

Comment by a visitor to the exhibition *Conflict: the Irish at War* at the Ulster Museum, Belfast, where the Throne was displayed

are ruined in the crossfire. The other thing that struck me was how difficult it is to stop conflict once it has started; atrocity feeds atrocity in successive revenge attacks. The only way out was captured in a comment by a visitor to the exhibition: 'We are all human, time to prove it. History is one thing but to pursue it in the name of vengeance is wrong. Teach children history not hate.'

Violence is pernicious and infectious. As one young person wrote in an exhibition running concurrently elsewhere in Belfast: 'Paramilitaries suck you in by getting you to do small jobs, like putting somebody's windows in. Next time it's something a wee bit more, like giving someone a beating. Before you know it you're in too deep and you can't get out.' How similar this is to the comments made by recruits into child armies in Africa.

The Ulster Museum had organised an impressive series of workshops around the *Conflict* exhibition and the Throne. Some involved schools in art and songwriting, but there were also youth groups and adult groups: disadvantaged parents, a higher-education group, a women's group, a creative writing group, and a victim and survivor group. The Throne featured as a central motif in a large 8-metre-wide mural that was painted by five young (sixteen- to eighteen-year-old) artists from a cross-border community group and from the Shankill 'Alternative Justice' project. They produced a powerful piece of work that drew on the tradition of Northern Irish wall painting, featuring slogans and images of gunmen, but used for a different purpose. As the project's organiser commented to the press, 'The aim is to produce visible evidence of communities looking to change the values of the past.'

One worker at the museum described the reaction of visitors as one of 'interested reserve', and questioned whether people in Northern Ireland were yet ready to look at the last fifty years. I got the impression that one problem that people had with the Throne was that it was not from Northern Ireland. One only had to look at the newsstands and the day's newspaper headlines to see that Ulster was introverted. My impression is that Northern Ireland's politicians have become media junkies incapable of looking beyond their narrow parochial concerns; the Throne came from somewhere radically different – Africa via London – and was a precursor to what may become the next big issue for Belfast: how to integrate other ethnicities and religions into the fabric of its life.

In Northern Ireland the Throne of Weapons was a very uncomfortable chair indeed.

Manchester

'Every breath you take, every move you make, every bond you break, we'll be watching you.' Sting is on the car radio, broadcasting from the Live8 concert in London, with a message to the leaders of the G8 countries about giving Africa a chance through debt relief and fair trade. I am in Manchester – the place where the Liverpoolian thought the Throne's guns came from. I have no regrets about not being in Hyde Park, but I rather wish I was at the Eden Project in Cornwall where a lot of African bands and musicians are performing – it sounds much more fun than the London gig.

The Manchester Museum is not at the heart of the city centre, but this is my home turf, so I have no trouble finding my way to the confident, grand stone building near the university. Here the throne is beautifully displayed at the top of the main staircase, well lit and flanked by toy guns made from recycled materials by children in Tanzania that the museum already had in its collection. A book for comments lies on a table to one side and I flip through it. Several pages are taken up by a visiting school party and their idiosyncratic spelling:

It is so cool I cued sit on it.

It's rubbish.

Bang !!! bang !!! is great the use of all kinds of weapons.

Great art as well.

I want a GUN to shoot Joe the tosser.

I'd like that chair in my room.

There are comments as well from general visitors: 'What I find amazing is where some of the weapons originate from, Russia, Portugal etc.' 'I think it is very clever to use something bad and make it into something good.'

Although the Throne is only in Manchester for a short visit, the museum has made good use of it. There have been primary and secondary school visits, and an artist worked with the public during the celebration of Refugee Week to produce a Throne of Peace, adorned with message flags.

The most significant event however has been a free public debate, entitled 'War in Pieces', about conflict and conflict resolution that attracted more than a hundred people of mixed backgrounds and ethnicities. The panel discussion was chaired by a law lecturer from Manchester Metropolitan University, and the panel included the former Chair of the Christian Council in Mozambique, as well as a social anthropologist, a representative from Mothers Against



Above: Nicola Inson of Christian Aid running a session at William Ellis School, London.

'The most powerful thing you can do is pick up a book not a gun.'

Pentonville prisoner at a project session on the Throne of Weapons

Violence and a worker at a local project called 'Hideaway' that is involved in dealing with gun and drug crime. Audience participation was enthusiastic, and there was particularly moving testimony from elderly Caribbean women about the corrosive effects of violence in their communities. Many of the responses, and the comments from the panel, emphasised the role of religion as a force for moral responsibility and social cohesion in the communities concerned.

Gateshead

The Throne spent five weeks on Tyneside, where it was taken out of the Shipley Art Gallery to visit a secondary school and a shopping centre, and was also the centrepiece of a film animation project. During Refugee Week I went to interview the staff member from the Art Gallery who had been principally involved in arranging the Throne's visit.

The MetroCentre in Gateshead is one of the biggest retail complexes in Europe, so not surprisingly there were many passers-by when the Throne was on display for one day, and three hundred Throne of Weapons badges were handed out. It was a weekday, and therefore children were in school. Many people simply ignored it, others stopped for a short while, and a few became really engaged. Although it was a novel and intriguing venue, the Throne's complexities and layers of meaning were hard to articulate and to engage with in such a setting.

A far deeper and richer engagement was possible with the small group, ranging in age from sixteen to seventy-eight, who came together for the animation project. This looked at conflict resolution from the global to the individual, and unearthed many personal stories about difficulties with neighbours and rivalries between youth 'tribes'. One interesting point of discussion was the need for authority to intervene where the parties involved cannot sort things out for themselves. Such an intervention can sometimes work better, in that there is less chance of lingering resentment if an 'outside agency' does the dirty work, rather than one side or the other being perceived to impose their own will. Three workshops were held, and at the first one the participants were shocked and intrigued by the Throne, and full of questions: 'Which guns were which?' 'How much did it weigh?' 'Could they sit on it?' 'No!'

The project produced a wonderful piece of animated film that has been put onto DVD, and was shown at the Shipley Gallery.

Pentonville Prison

'Write something good about us' Prisoner A said as I shook him by the hand before leaving Pentonville Prison. Prisoner A is a teacher, and a self-taught pianist of considerable skill, with an air of quiet gentleness and charm that made it hard to fathom what he was doing in prison, where he was on remand at the time.

The Throne spent two weeks in the chapel of Pentonville Prison, and on the first Sunday Anglican and Roman Catholic services were held, attended by more than four hundred prisoners who not only saw the Throne but were treated to a talk about it.

I went to Pentonville in the week following the services, to be present during the latter part of a project with fourteen prisoners that lasted the full two weeks. The group was mixed in race and age. Some were on remand, some convicted, and half were there because they had committed, or were charged with, very serious offences. Violence was part of their lives; one man told a story of how his best friend had been shot dead right next to him, caught in the wrong place at the wrong time. This group's reaction to the Throne was rooted in reality not in the abstract, and their response was much more complex than that of any other group that I came across on the tour.

This deeper level of engagement had also been nurtured by the length and intensity of the project. In the first week the group began to get to know each other and to learn how to work together. They had been lucky to be chosen, as the project was heavily oversubscribed. During that week the positive messages of peace had been to the fore but at the point of my visit darker tones were being explored.

One prisoner said that the Throne was a symbol of power and the violence behind power. He wondered whether the Throne would be dismantled and its guns used again at some point. 'There will be another war' commented one. 'I could make a working gun from those parts' said another.

But the main message of the Throne in this context was as a metaphor for social and personal change, and this is what the project explored, through text, music, photography and video. It is not easy to be creative in a prison. Confinement is mental as well as physical and temporal. One man said that it was 'difficult to free your head', and I could see what he meant. On my one previous visit to the prison I had been shocked at how institutionalised I felt after only half a day.

Yet in spite of that, the group's creativity was abundantly clear. Not only were they motivated, they were talented,

Cover image from DVD made by prisoners at Pentonville Prison as part of a project centred around the Throne on social and personal change.



'At the top you can see a smiling face, and there is another smiling face on the other rifle butt, and they are smiling at each other as if to say "Now we are free – there's no conflict between us anymore".'

Kester, BBC Radio 3 2005

doing great work with video and the written word, working towards a final product that would be emotionally moving and visually striking. As a bonus, during my brief visit I was treated to an impromptu display of dancing worthy of a professional. One of the artists working on the project confirmed my opinion: 'It's not such a difficult gig; schools can be much harder.' Another of the project workers had been surprised by her first experience of working inside a prison, 'These people have so much to give.'

It was not all sweetness and light. The prisoners were there for a reason and prison life was tough. Two men had been unable to join the group that day due to unspecified 'problems', and one of the participants said that he had lost heart; he was getting bored and finding it hard to keep up.

I watched the first rough cut of the film that they had been working on, which interweaved their personal stories, told to camera, with clips of Hollywood gun crime. Then we heard the group's comments on it. Some were pleased with their performances, others wanted to do bits again, or to suggest edits. The afternoon was devoted to workshops about political and personal change, and the possibilities for transformation.

One man said, 'I can remember when I wanted to experience prison. I suppose I must have been mad.' How right he was, but how easy it seems to be to get into that situation. There was lot of wisdom around; profound truths learnt the hard way. One of the most telling moments was when one prisoner told the other members of the group that 'the most powerful thing you can do is pick up a book not a gun.'

A final word

This record has offered only a partial view of what happened to the Throne on its UK tour. I did not manage to get to Perth, nor did I see the Throne at the Horniman Museum in London. I could have taken part in a Radio 3 'vox pop' programme about the Throne, and conceivably have interviewed the G8 leaders about their impressions. But I saw more than enough to be convinced that the Throne acted as a powerful and versatile stimulus to the imagination and to debate during its tour of the UK.

It certainly acted in that way for me. The more I saw it and talked to people about it in different settings, the more layers of meaning revealed themselves. I learnt a lot about the country that I live in, and it made me want to visit another country: as Bob Dylan says in one of his songs, 'I'd like to

spend some time in Mozambique, the sunny sky is aqua blue,... among the lovely people living free.'

Putting an object on tour in this way emphasises its contemporary relevance. The contents of museums have traditionally been objects of veneration, but this was an example of an object of articulation, brought to life and given meaning by people's reactions to it in different settings. Writing recently in *The Financial Times*, Peter Aspden commented about a debate held at the British Museum: 'It was salutary to see the way that a discussion that based itself on culture... passed seamlessly on to much sharper political issues. The elision felt natural, organic.' So too with the Throne: a cultural object opened a door through which it was possible to pass without noticing the transition.

Once the tour is finished the Throne will occupy a place of honour in the British Museum's Sainsbury African Galleries. Seeing the Throne in its many settings has made me think of it not as an African object, but simultaneously as something that is both global and yet much more localised. Africa has many cultures, and this Throne is specifically from Mozambique, born from a particular tradition and historical context. But it is made from arms manufactured in Europe and Asia, and that raises issues about power, authority and violence – between nations, between groups within nations, and at street level. These questions are not only global, they are also timeless, and they affect all of us.

The Throne may go on other tours in the future, possibly to Angola, perhaps back to Mozambique, but its permanent home will be in the British Museum. There are other Thrones in the African galleries, other objects from Mozambique, and other artefacts made through recycling of materials. So there will be many points of connection within the room and beyond, into the wider richness of the British Museum's collections from all around the world and deep into history. But there is a particularly intriguing link to be found between the Throne and two of the most famous and treasured items on display in the British Museum, a pair of ivory leopards. Made in Benin, in what is now Nigeria, in the nineteenth century, their bodies are of ivory, but the spots are percussion caps that were used to fire rifles at the time.

Pupil at Haverstock School, London, at a workshop built around citizenship taken by volunteers from Christian Aid with British Museum staff.



The Throne of Weapons tour 2005-6

9–28 February 2005
Horniman Museum, London

2 March
Portcullis House, Parliament
Square, London

5 March–10 April
Ulster Museum, Belfast

13–15 April
Moat Community College,
Leicester

16–17 April
New Walk Museum & Art
Gallery, Leicester

18 April
Sir Jonathan North
Community College,
Leicester

20 April–8 May
Shingley Art Gallery,
Gateshead

3 May
Gateshead MetroCentre

6 May
Kingsmeadow School,
Gateshead

10 May–5 June
The National Museum
Wales, Cardiff

17 May
Mount Stuart Primary
School, Cardiff

20 May
Bryn Deri Primary School,
Cardiff

1 June
National Youth Eisteddfod,
Millennium Centre, Cardiff

7–12 June
Liverpool Cathedral

14 June–7 July
The Manchester Museum

9 July–30 August
Perth Museum & Art Gallery

5–9 September
Department for
International Development,
London

9–23 September
Pentonville Prison, London

1–30 October
Bristol City's Museum &
Art Gallery

20 October
Whitefield Fishponds
Community School, Bristol

27 October
The Trinity Centre, Bristol

1–30 November
The Herbert, Coventry

12–14 November
Coventry Cathedral

1 December
Southfields Primary School,
Coventry

10 December
The CarAf Centre for raising
African-Caribbean
achievement, London

14 December
UK Youth Parliament,
the British Museum, London

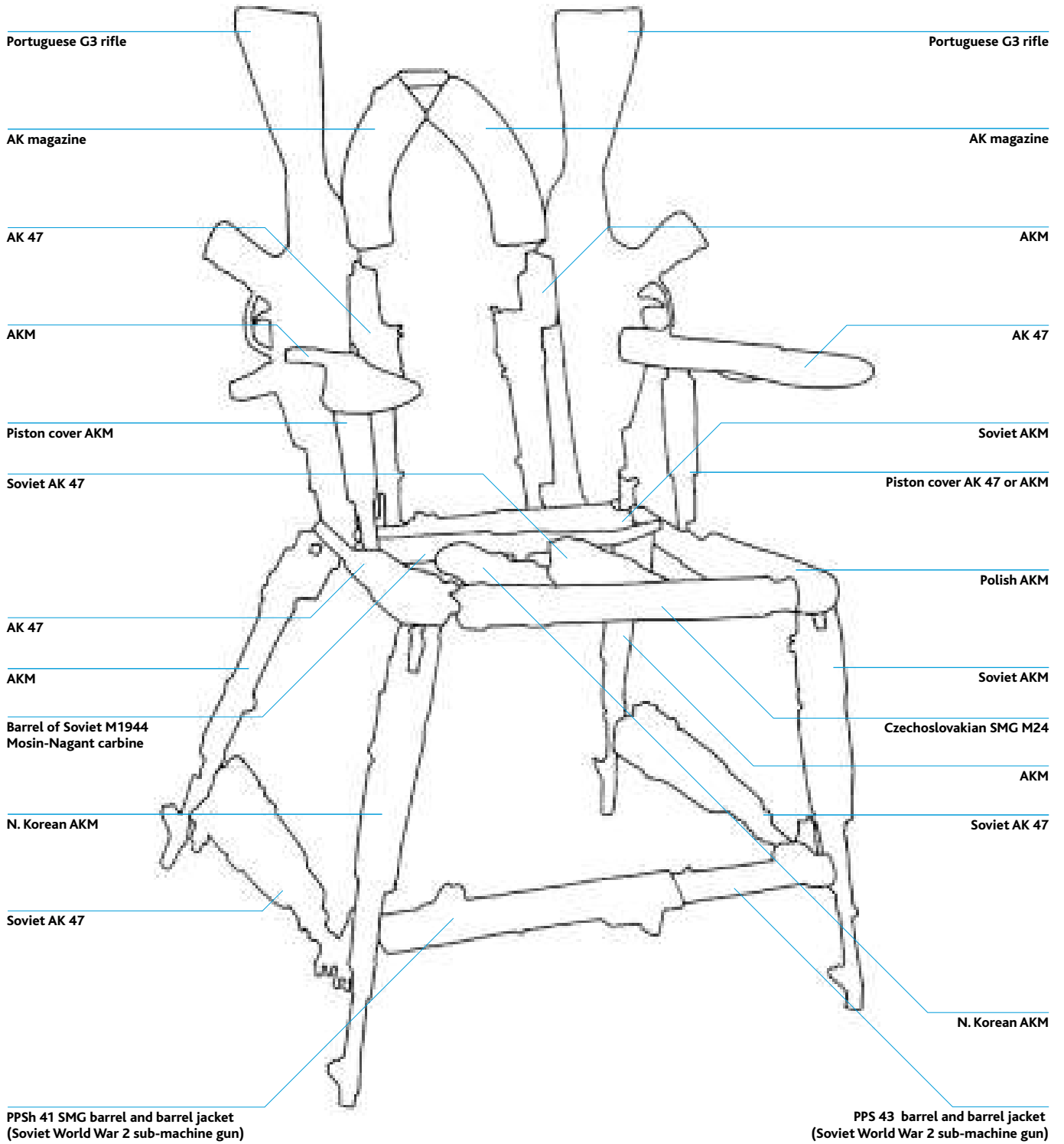
17 December–25 February
2006
The Livesey Museum,
London

6 April
William Ellis School, London

29 June
Haverstock School, London

24 October
Museums Association
Conference, Bournemouth

25 October
UK Youth Parliament,
the British Museum, London



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The British Museum

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Imperial War Museum

Paul Cornish

Museums Association

Sue Robinson
Zoë Spencer
Ratan Vaswani

UK National Commission for UNESCO (Education Committee)

Linda Leung

Venues for the tour in alphabetical order, with associated partners

Belfast

Ulster Museum
Linda Ballard
Tim Cooke
Marian Ferguson
Paddy Gilmore
Winifred Glover
Jane Leonard
Trevor Parkhill
Angela Reid
Roy Service
Paula Talbot
Gerry Watters
Pat Wilson

Speaker for launch of Throne of Weapons
Fergal Keane
Community Relations Council for Northern Ireland
Jim Dennison
Duncan Morrow
8020 Development
John Johnston
The staff and pupils of Presentation College, Bray Co. Wicklow
Office of First Minister and Deputy First Minister (Northern Ireland)

Bournemouth

Russell-Cotes Museum & Art Gallery
Louise Perrin

Bristol

Bristol City's Museum & Art Gallery
Kate Brindley
Reethah Desai
Jeremy Dixon
Sue Giles
Donnie Houser
Harriet Hughes
Phil Walker
Artist facilitator for schools project
Gloria F.Y. Ojulari Sule
Panel speakers
Graham Davey
Helen Harrison
Dawnecia Palmer
Chris Spring
Dave Spurgeon
Avon and Somerset Constabulary
Hayley Broomfield
Bristol International Twinning Association
Alix Hughes



Bristol Link with Beira
Graham Davey
Education Unlimited
Matt Gillett
The Foyer
Anna Budd
Rivka Jacobs
Rachel Rice
Trinity Community
Arts Centre
Jo Black
Kieran Doswell

Cardiff

The National Museum Wales
Deborah Andrews
Pip Diment
Tim Egan
Eleri Evans
Angela Gaffney
Michael Tooby
Bryn Deri Primary School
Diane Mosley
Mount Stuart Primary School
Shubnan Aziz
Artists for creative
writing/visual art workshops
at the schools
Francesca Kay
Helen Malia

Coventry

The Herbert
Natalie Heidaripour
Robin Johnson
Chris Kirby
Peace conference and
opening speakers
Jonathan Evans
Kenneth Obi
Andrew Rigby
Jossy Siteo
Chris Spring
Lucy Wells
Coventry Cathedral
Dean and Chapter
Jo Hibbard

International Centre for
Reconciliation
Jonathan Evans
Coventry Peace House
Southfields Primary School

Gateshead

Shiopley Art Gallery/ Tyne
and Wear Museums
Trudi Bowen
Alec Coles
Bruce Davenport
Andrew Heard
Nkosana Mpofu
Sophie Robinson
Clare Smith
Claire Trueman
Arts Chaplain for Gateshead
Jim Craig
Artist for animation project
Sean Elliott
Kingsmeadow School
Maxine Webb

Leicester

New Walk Museum & Art
Gallery/Leicester City
Museums
Jim Butler
Nick Gordon
Sarah Levitt
Sher Syed
Moat Community College
Susan Campbell
Christie Dimitropoulou
Freda Hussain
Sir Jonathan North
Community College
Emma Harrop

Liverpool

Liverpool Cathedral
Dean and Chapter
Sam Dawson
Lew Eccleshall

London

Camden Council/Education
Department
Gill Morris
The CarAf Centre
Anne-Marie Morris Daley
Peter Okoye
Panel speakers
Peter Badejo
Raj Chada
Bishop Bernardino
Mandlate
Amani Naphthali
Department for
International Development
Jane Doogan
Haverstock School
Karen Marriott
Will Ross
Horniman Museum
Hassan Arero
Maria Ragan
Janet Vitmayer
Andrew Willshire
Panel speakers
Charles Bailey
Kester
John Mack
David Michael
Bishop Dinis Sengulane
Laverne Shirfield
Livesey Museum
Katherine Bailey
Griff Davis
Theresa Dhaliwal
Sarah Fairclough
Pentonville Prison
Charlie Bianco
Martine Lignon
Krysia Martin
Robbie Pearson
Jenny Thomas
Stephanie Waite
Pentonville Prison
Workshop artists
Benedict Johnson
Annis Joslin

William Ellis School
Robert Nolan

Manchester

The Manchester Museum
Tristram Besterman
Malcolm Chapman
Jeff Horsley
Bernadette Lynch
Gurdeep Thiara
Panel speakers
Daniel Davidson
Ian Fairweather
Patsy Mckie
Bishop Bernadino Mandlate
Paul Okojie

Perth

Perth Museum & Art Gallery
Andy Cottier
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pp.6–9 Christian Aid/David Rose

p.10 Livesey Museum

p.18 left, John Holden

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Galleries of Northern Ireland
and the artists

p.23 Dudley Hubbard,
the British Museum

p.25 Benedict Johnson

p.29 Identification of weapons:
Paul Cornish, Imperial War
Museum; drawing: Ann Searight,
the British Museum

THE BRITISH MUSEUM

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