

# Mother Teresa The Final Verdict

By Aroup Chatterjee

## INTRODUCTION

Mother Teresa once made me cry. The year was 1988 - I was on one of my frequent holidays or visits to Calcutta from Britain, where I had moved to in 1985. I was standing by the kerb-side in Gariahat Morr, munching on a famous 'mutton roll'. I was looking at scenes I had grown up with - pavements almost obliterated by shops, people having to weave their way through hawkers peddling their fares; buses tilted to one side by the sheer weight of passengers and belching out black diesel smoke, trams waiting for a manual change of tracks before they could turn, the familiar neon sign of an astrologer.

In the midst of all this I remembered the 'Calcutta' of the West - Calcutta the metaphor, not the city. In my three years in the West I had come to realise that the city had become synonymous with the worst of human suffering and degradation in the eyes of the world. I read and heard again and again that Calcutta contained an endless number of 'sewers and gutters' where an endless number of dead and dying people lay - but not for long - as 'roving angels' in the shape of the followers of a certain nun would come along looking for them.

Then they would whisk them away in their smart ambulances. As in my twenty-seven years in Calcutta I had never seen such a scene, (and neither have I met a Calcuttan who has), it hurt me deeply that such a wrong stereotype had become permanently ingrained in world psyche. I felt suddenly overwhelmingly sad that a city, indeed an entire culture should be continuously insulted in this way. I am Calcuttan born and bred, and our family has lived in the city for as long as can be traced. I know Calcutta well, and many people who matter there, and many more who do not.

I do not have Calcutta 'in my blood', but the place has definitely made me what I am, warts and all. My mother tongue is Bengali, the language of Calcutta, but I speak Hindi passably, which is spoken by a large number of the destitutes of Calcutta. I had no interest whatsoever in Mother Teresa before I came to England. Difficult it may seem to a Westerner to comprehend, but she was not a significant entity in Calcutta in her lifetime; paradoxically posthumously her image has risen significantly there - primarily because of the Indian need to emulate the West in many unimportant matters.

I had had some interest in the destitutes of Calcutta during my college days, when I dabbled in leftist politics for a while. I also took a keen interest in human rights issues. Never in the course of my (modest) interaction with the very poor of Calcutta, did I cross paths with Mother Teresa's organisation - indeed, I cannot ever recall her name being uttered. After living for some time in the West, I (slowly) realised what Mother Teresa and Calcutta meant to the world.

It shocked and saddened me. In India itself, to say you come from Calcutta is considered trendy, as Calcuttans are considered, wrongly, 'brainy and dangerous'. The Bombayite Gokhale is still widely quoted, 'What Bengal [Calcutta's state] thinks today, that India thinks tomorrow.' In India, Calcutta is - not entirely wrongly - stereotyped as a seat of effete culture and anarchic politics.

There is an Indian saying that goes thus: 'If you have one Calcuttan you have a poet; with two you have a political party, and with three you have two political parties.' The Calcutta stereotype in the West did not irk me as much as did the firmly held notion that Mother Teresa had chosen to live there as its saviour. I was astonished that she had become a figure of speech, and that her name was invoked to qualify the extreme superlative of a positive kind; you can criticise God, but you cannot criticise Mother Teresa - in common parlance, doing the unthinkable is qualified as 'like criticising Mother Teresa'.

The number of times I have heard expressions such as 'So and so would try the patience of Mother Teresa', I have lost count. Such expressions would cause amazement and curiosity in Calcutta, even amongst Mother Teresa's most ardent admirers. Why I decided to do 'something about it' I cannot easily tell. As a person I am flawed enough to understand lies and deceit. Why certain people, themselves no pillars of rectitude, decide to make a stand against untruth and injustice is a very complex issue.

Also, my wife, brought up (a Roman Catholic) in Ireland on Teresa mythology, felt angry and cheated when she went to Calcutta and saw how the reality compared with the fairy tale; she has encouraged me in my endeavours. In February 1994, I rang, without any introduction, Vanya Del Borgo at the television production company Bandung Productions in London. She listened to my anguished outpourings and, to cut a long story short, eventually Channel 4 decided to undertake Hell's Angel (shown on Britain's Channel 4 television on 8 November 1994), the very first attempt to challenge the Teresa myth on television.

Ms Del Borgo chose Christopher Hitchens as the presenter, knowing him as she did from their days together at The Nation in the United States. I am not happy with how Hell's Angel turned out, especially its sensationalist approach, such as Mr Hitchens's calling Mother Teresa 'a presumed virgin'.

The film however caused some ripple, in Britain and also internationally. Mother Teresa, one could argue in her favour, is dead and therefore would be unable to defend herself against my charges. Criticisms of her however peaked during her lifetime; apart from the November 1994 documentary, there was a stringent (and quite detailed) attack on conditions in her orphanages in India that was published in The Guardian of London (14 October 1996) - charges of gross neglect and physical and emotional abuse were made. The article alleged her own complicity and knowledge in the unacceptable practices that went (go) on in her homes.

During January 1997, a documentary - entitled Mother Teresa: Time for Change? - critical of her working methods and accusing her of neglect, was shown on various European television channels. It was up to Mother Teresa to have defended herself against such criticisms during her lifetime. She did not. Her supporters (and others) would of course say that she was like Jesus; that she would not demean herself by protesting against muck raking - she would merely turn the other cheek.

Notwithstanding her image, she was a robust protester whenever she had a case. Shortly before she died she got involved in legal wrangles with a Tennessee bakery over the marketing of a bun; and more seriously, with her one time close friend and ally, the author Dominique Lapierre, over the script of a film on her life. On both occasions her Miami based solicitor got properly involved.

And then, there is that well-known letter of protest she wrote to Judge Lance Ito protesting at the prosecution (she perceived it as persecution) of her friend Charles Keating, the biggest fraudster in US history. After her death, her order continues with the litigious tradition - less than a year after her death it was involved in a court case with the Mother Teresa Memorial Committee, a Calcutta based organisation.

The German magazine Stern (10 September 1998) published a devastating critique of Mother Teresa's work on the first anniversary of her death. The article, entitled 'Mother Teresa, Where Are Your Millions?', which took a year's research in three continents, concluded that her organisation is essentially a religious order that does not deserve to be called a charitable foundation.

No protest has been forthcoming from her order. To the charges of neglect of residents, indifference to suffering, massaging of figures, manipulation of the media and knowingly handling millions of dollars of stolen cash, Mother Teresa never protested. Her responses were 'Why did they do it?', 'It was all for publicity.' She was perturbed by the criticisms - so much so that after the 1994 documentary she cancelled a religious mission to the Far East.

During her lifetime I wrote to Mother Teresa numerous times asking for a formal interview with either her or one of her senior deputies. I had agreed to meet her in Calcutta, or at the Vatican - mindful of her frequent trips there - or indeed, at any other place in the world. Despite her image - carefully nurtured by her own self - of one who shunned the media and publicity, she had always bent over backwards to give interviews to sympathetic world media (in other words, all the world's media).

In 1994 she spent a whole day talking to Hello! magazine; the same magazine ran a lengthy interview with her successor in 1998. She however never even acknowledged any of my many requests for an interview. I had met her briefly on occasions in the company of a roomful of worshipful admirers, but I did not feel that was the time or the place to ask uncomfortable questions.

After two years of trying, when I failed to elicit any response from her or her order, I contacted her official biographers to ask whether they would answer some of the serious questions hanging over her operations. All of them, bar one, replied, but only to turn me down. All of this happened while Mother Teresa was alive. Many people tell me that Mother Teresa should be left alone because she did 'something' for the underprivileged.

I do not deny that she did. However her reputation, which was to a good extent carefully built up by herself, was not on a 'something' scale. More importantly, that 'something', at least in Calcutta, was quite little, as my book will show. Even more importantly, she had turned away many many more than she had helped - although she had claimed throughout her life that she was doing everything for everybody. My brief against her is not that she did not address the root or causes of suffering and I am not for a moment suggesting that she ought to have done so, as I understand the particular religious tradition she came from - I am saying that there was a stupendous discrepancy between her image and her work, between her words and her deeds; that she, helped by others of course, engaged in a culture of deception. On a superficial level, I need to tell the truth about Teresa because I feel humiliated to be associated with a place that is

wrongly imagined to exist on Western charity. Perhaps the main reason why I want to tell this story is because, I believe, each of us has a duty to stand up and protest when history is in danger of being distorted. In a few years' time Mother Teresa will be up there, glittering in the same galaxy as Mozart and Leonardo. I wish to convey my thanks to some of the world's most powerful publishing firms who put up obstacle after obstacle in the path of this book. Indeed, the British arm of a multinational publishing house signed me up and then cancelled the contract nine months later by sending me a half-page fax. My resolve to get the book published grew all the more stronger by such obstacles. I know I cannot change 'history' as pre-ordained by the powerful world media, but I can attempt to put a footnote therein. I would disapprove of my book being called 'controversial', as I see it as a book of hard facts, albeit disturbing sometimes.

Calcutta has recently been renamed Kolkata by its rulers and a section of its citizens. The new name, which is politically correct and is closer to the vernacular pronunciation, has caught on faster than expected. In this book, I have exclusively used 'Calcutta', partly because to me it makes more historical sense, and also because to tell the story of Mother Teresa, 'Calcutta' to me seems more appropriate.

Aroup Chatterjee London and Calcutta, 1996-2002 PREFACE by Joe Winter

Calcutta has recently renamed itself Kolkata, in line with the Bengali pronunciation and with a renaming in the case of two other Indian metropolises. The touch of colonialism, still felt after its death, is shaken off a little by the gesture, many would say, shrugged free of; but it is only a gesture. The battle for internal independence for India is a deadlier business, the touch of the past still a dead weight, and a new nationalism beginning to take a very ugly form. Kolkata's acquiescence as a passive player in the charity charade, the part it continues to take in the Mother Teresa phenomenon, makes a mockery of the symbol of self-determination in the change of name. It is only too clear to a resident that the city is thrilled by the approaching sainthood. Its victimhood itself is to be canonised. It is a form of Western recognition, that elusive holy grail of the Indian psyche. By comparison, Asian recognition is a non-starter. It is in this perspective that Dr Chatterjee's illuminating analysis appears. Here are the hard facts behind the phenomenon. What did Mother Teresa really achieve? A lot less than she said, that much is clear. But does it do any harm for her me

mory to be cherished, this indomitable old lady bent with devotion? Bengal has its saints - Ramakrishna, Vivekananda, Rabindranath. Why not a woman too, in the capital of mother worship, the great spiritual home of the goddess Durga? Why not indeed? - but in the marketplace of values to be set on display for the eyes of later generations, let not an affinity for purity, that so charges the popular mind, blind its gaze to the mixing-in of a baser metal. There was something wonderful in Mother Teresa - and something not so wonderful. Princess Diana died a few days before her, to an extraordinary if short-lived global reaction. The world it seems needs fairy tales. There came the Mother's death and a myth was sealed. We need our myths too and not only in literature; but where there are facts to be stated alongside them they must surely be stated. There is a syndrome in the West's thinking about the less economically developed world; one might call it the sincerity syndrome. It relies on not looking too closely at whatever myths and legends are spun by those with a vested interest. How much 'conscience money' has been paid out, in the last hundred years, by the affluent in their blind sincerity, to what used to be known as the Third World! Yet there is an alternative to misty-eyed shelling out, and it is not to turn one's back. First and foremost let us open our eyes. There is a story behind the popular version of Mother Teresa's life - the story of facts - from which we can all learn. (Joe Winter is an English poet who lives in Calcutta)

## CHAPTER 1

'She rushes in to places where we would never go' On 11 October 1995, prostitutes in a certain quarter of Calcutta came out in force; they cajoled and coaxed passers-by for money, but not in return for the usual favours. For some reason, they had decided to don white coats, the type worn by doctors, and they made a strange and surreal impact in the midst of the hectic Calcutta street. Each of them had a large collection tin in her hand, which was rattled vigorously as the ladies walked along this congested street in north Calcutta. The sex workers were collecting money for flood victims. In September devastating floods had struck large areas of West Bengal, the state in India of which Calcutta is the capital. What made the floods especially poignant was its timing - it had come just before the biggest festival of 70 million Indian Bengalis, the spectacular Durga Pujo. Although in Indian terms, the number of casualties was small, with 200 dead (many of them from snake bites, as is often the case during floods, when snakes and humans climb up to the same elevation), more than three million people were made homeless in the villages surrounding Calcutta. In pure financial terms, the loss was estimated at Rs 1050 million. The stories of loss and suffering moved millions, including the sex workers. One of them, Uma Mandal, said to newspapermen, 'How can we call ourselves human if we don't come to the aid of suffering people in their hour of need? Those who have lost everything in the floods could easily be the members of our own families.' Sankari Pal, who could not read or write, but had come to know of the devastation through television, said, 'Although I don't personally know anybody who has been affected by the floods, we believe we are very much part of a wider community, and so, it was almost natural for us to come out to help.'<sup>1</sup> The sex workers' collection drive was jointly organised by the Institute of Health and Hygiene, the Women's Co-ordination Committee and a neighbourhood club, the Ward no. 48 Milan Sangha. This was merely one of the many hundreds of collection drives and relief measures organised by the citizens of Calcutta, operations that started in September and that lasted almost six months. Schools, colleges, offices, businesses, restaurants and individuals all chipped in. The only organisation that did not feature

was the Missionaries of Charity, the multinational charity headed by Mother Teresa, the person who has become synonymous with Calcutta in the eyes of the world. Mother Teresa's absence in the relief operations was not conspicuous in Calcutta. Strange though it may seem to a non-Calcuttan, her order is not known to throw in its lot in these circumstances. In Calcutta, she was known to undertake small niche activities, for which she was generally lik

ed and her order is well regarded. When the floods were raging in and around Calcutta, Mother Teresa was, like she would be during any summer and monsoon, in the United States. On 15 June 1995 she was touring the neonatal unit at St Elizabeth's Medical Centre in Brighton, Massachusetts. Parents could not believe their luck when she left the babies (many of them premature) her blessings and her hallmark, an oval aluminium 'miraculous' medal. She told the media, 'I have 200 small babies in my hospital in Calcutta. This is a beautiful place.'<sup>2</sup> She however does not have any hospitals in Calcutta, nor for that matter anywhere else in the world. Dennis McHugh, father of Hayley born 25 weeks premature, gushed, 'Mother Teresa gave us her blessing and said she would have Hayley in her prayers. It sent chills down my back.' Floods returned in September and made 200,000 more homeless near Calcutta. Mother was still abroad. She returned to Calcutta for a brief period, but duty called her back to the US soon. During the aftermath of the floods, in December, when West Bengal was still reeling from the effects, Mother Teresa made a highly successful visit to Peoria, Illinois, and when she arrived at the St Mary's Cathedral, she drove the crowds wild with devotion and delight. She said her usual lines, which she had said hundreds of times before: I was hungry and you gave me to eat, I was thirsty, and you gave me to drink, I was naked, and you clothed me, I was homeless and you took me in, I was sick and in prison and you visited me. This is exactly what the Missionaries of Charity are doing 24 hours. Mother's stopover at Peoria was to oversee the renewing of vows by seven nuns of her Missionaries of Charity. She had had a long association with the Diocese of Peoria, and had been 'adopted' by the Peoria Diocesan Council of Catholic Women way back in 1958, who had donated at least \$300,000 to her causes over the years. After her speech, she made an announcement that she would present one of her oval medals to each of the 750 strong congregation in the cathedral. All were reduced to tears, and many actually swooned when receiving their medal. One of them later said: My personal impression: very old, very tiny, very humble. There is something about this woman that brings grown men to their knees. She has gained popularity not by manipulating the media with sound-bites but by serving the poorest of the poor in places we would never go. She is truly a living saint!...An air of HOLINESS filled the cathedral.<sup>3</sup> Shortly after the medal ceremony, Mother Teresa left by private aeroplane, as she had arrived, presumably to visit 'places we would never go'. Disastrous floods struck West Bengal once again a year later, in August 1996, this time crippling the northern districts particularly. Many of the suburbs of Calcutta were also submerged, bringing immense difficulties to the poor therein. Yet again, the Missionaries of Charity were utterly inactive. Yet again, relief work was brought to the victims by the organisations, primarily the Ramakrishna Mission and the Bharat Sevashram Sangha. A public appeal<sup>4</sup> was issued by Ramakrishna Mission's Swami Nityananda asking for children orphaned by the floods to be referred to the centre's orphanage in Barrackpur (a Calcutta suburb). Although she never lifted a finger during the 1995 or 1996 floods, in a fairly recent interview with Lucinda Vardey, Mother Teresa mentioned working flat-out during floods in Calcutta. Characteristically however, she did not provide any details about time and place: 'For instance, when a large area near Calcutta was flooded and washed away, 1200 families were left stranded with nothing. Sisters from Shishu Bhavan, and also brothers worked all night, taking them supplies and offering shelter.'<sup>5</sup> This may well have been true on a single occasion, but this is definitely not the usual nature of the work of the Missionaries of Charity. The world however would assume, reading her interview, that Mother jumped in headlong in natural disasters in and around Calcutta. During the fifty odd years that Mother Teresa was doing charity in Calcutta, there were about a dozen very major floods near

Calcutta, with hundreds to thousands dying on each occasion. The city itself was flooded quite a few times, paralys



ing urban life, and badly affecting the poor of the city; only during one of these floods, did Mother Teresa offer some kind of help. I do not belittle that assistance, modest though it was. It is however characteristic of the Teresian mythology that that one occasion has become symbolic of her work - it is only fair that her inaction during the other floods should receive at least some emphasis. On 13 July 1995, Shahida, a 16 year old mother of a one year old child, got badly burnt. Shahida used to live in the Dnara para slum, which surrounds Mother Teresa's Prem Daan centre in Calcutta. She had great difficulty trying to get herself admitted into a state hospital; there were no beds as usual. In the end she managed to get into the NRS Hospital, a state hospital. She was thrown out in less than three weeks, before her wounds had started to heal. She did not have the financial means to get private medical care - in India, even the middle classes cannot quite afford private medicine. So she picketed Calcutta Corporation in protest. She set herself up in a tent in front of the Victorian red brick building of Calcutta Corporation. She lay there a few weeks, while infection was slowing seeping into her burns. While her husband was at football matches and her father was busy selling fruit, her mother sat with her, crying silently, cuddling the baby. Shahida failed to move the hearts of the Calcutta Corporation officials. Finally, a Corporation worker, Sonnasi Das, took pity, and contacted Dr Amitabha Das, from the charity HEAL. Dr Das had this to say, 'though the immunity of pavement dwellers is high, bacteraemia and other infections could set in any time and she will die. She needs skin grafting, otherwise she will develop contracture, that is, her calves will get stuck to her lower thighs.' The painkillers Dr Das prescribed Shahida, still on the pavement, did not quite help: 'The pain is so great and even when I try to sit up, blood trickles down my legs.' During her various representations for assistance, she appealed to Mother Teresa for financial help, so she could buy private care. (Contrary to international mythology, Mother Teresa does not have a hospital in Calcutta). Shahida appealed to the Missionaries of Charity not because they are a natural port of call for helpless Calcuttans, but because they were one of the many she approached, and also because, being from the slum beside Prem Daan, she was a neighbour of theirs. The appeal went up to Mother directly who very considerably asked her nuns 'to look into the matter.' Shahida was swiftly turned down by the Missionaries of Charity, because she was 'not destitute enough', i.e., she was 'a family case', a clause regularly applied during the vetting of indigents by the Missionaries of Charity in India; the organisation is ever watchful that 'family cases' do not slip in. Finally Shahida's fortunes turned. On 30 August, she was accepted by the Islamia Hospital, for free. The Rotary Club of Calcutta also made a modest financial contribution towards her treatment. She was given adequate care and treatment, and was nursed in a private room. She improved, and within days she was throwing tantrums like any other 16 year old. By this time she had begun to make headlines, and the entire city breathed a sigh of relief. On 21 October 1995, Shahida died, leaving behind a baby. Her death made headline news in Calcutta, where pavement dwellers and slum dwellers are dispensable. Everybody blamed the government and the corporation, for their heartlessness and lack of facilities. Nobody pointed a recriminatory finger at Mother Teresa, as she is not seen in Calcutta as a saviour. The world however sees her as such, and Mother Teresa has done a great deal over the last few decades to make the world think that way. Shahida's unfortunate tale did not end with her death, as she left behind her baby daughter Marjina. By May next year, it was apparent that Marjina, who was now 16 months old, had tuberculosis. The charity HEAL again chipped in with moderate assistance, but medicines had to be bought. The baby's grandmother Jubeida, was getting more and more desperate by the day. The baby's father Ziarul (the late Shahida's husband) was an occasional

street vendor, and although fond of the baby, could not be trusted upon - besides he was often in prison. Jubeida was getting apprehensive over the baby's long term future and was reluctant to take the responsibility of another girl child, who had to be married off in due course. S

he decided adoption was the best option, and Ziarul also reluctantly agreed. I am not aware if Jubeida went back to the Missionaries of Charity, but I know that the organisation did not come forward with help of any kind.<sup>6</sup> Mother Teresa herself was far too busy for such mundane happenings in Calcutta, for the United States was preparing for presidential elections, and in May 1996, she again found herself in Washington D.C. On 1 June 1996, she met the Republican candidate Bob Dole (the US Catholics' consensus candidate) to exhort him to run the election on an extreme anti-abortion platform. The intimate details of this private (but no doubt political) meeting have not been made public, but Mr Dole found the living saint 'inspirational' and in possession of 'a good sense of humour, and of 'not a bad business card'. Mother Teresa gave Mr Dole, his wife Elizabeth, and his daughter Robin 'miraculous medals', and also a card that read: The fruit of silence is prayer The fruit of prayer is faith The fruit of faith is love The fruit of love is service The fruit of service is peace Mother Teresa was a woman of passion where abortion is concerned. This frail woman would often travel all over the world to prevent individual cases of abortion - I do not know if faith can move mountains, but it obviously did move this living saint. As far as disasters in India are concerned however, the saint had proved surprisingly hard to move - when I look at local and national disasters in Calcutta and India, I can find very few indeed where Mother Teresa had gone in to help. In December 1984, three and a half thousand people died in Bhopal from inhaling toxic gas, leaked by the multinational giant Union Carbide, in the worst industrial accident the world has ever seen. The number of people actually affected can not be logged as the effects are long-standing and future generations would probably continue to suffer. Mother Teresa, whose post-Nobel reputation within India was then very high indeed, rushed in to Bhopal like an international dignitary. Her contribution in Bhopal has become a legend: she looked at the carnage, nodded gravely three times and said, 'I say, forgive.' There was a stunned silence in the audience. She took in the incredulity, nodded again, and repeated, 'I say, forgive.' Then she quickly wafted away, like visiting royalty. Her comments would have been somewhat justified if she had sent in her Missionaries of Charity to help in any way. But to come in unannounced, and make an insensitive comment like that so early on, was nothing short of an insult to the dead and suffering. In the wider world however, her image became even more enhanced, as she was seen even more like Jesus Christ, who would turn the other cheek, although in this instance the cheek was not hers. People in Bhopal were not amused; it is said that the only reason Mother escaped being seriously heckled was by dint of being an elderly woman. Mother Teresa's propaganda machinery handled her Bhopal trip in the following way: As she was present to the agony of Calcutta, and that of India's other great cities, so Mother Teresa was present to the anguish of Bhopal, a city four hundred miles to the south of Delhi, when a cloud of smoke enveloped a crowded slum on the night of December 3, 1984. The Missionaries of Charity, who had long been working in Bhopal, escaped being among the victims because the death-bringing gas was blown by the wind in a different direction... Even while the dead were being cremated or buried, Mother Teresa rushed to Bhopal with teams of Missionaries of Charity to work with the Sisters already on the scene. 'We have come to love and care for those who most need it in this terrible tragedy,' said Mother Teresa, as she went from centre to centre, from hospital to hospital visiting afflicted people. <sup>7</sup> This is an extremely clever play of words, as 'Mother Teresa was present to the anguish of Bhopal' means literally that; 'teams of Missionaries of Charity' means the couple of nuns who accompanied Mother to Bhopal; but the verb 'work' is employed in a very broad sense. 'The Missionaries of Charity (who) had long been working in Bhopal' is however entirely

true, as they have had a small but neat home for destitutes (called Nirmal Hriday, like the one in Calcutta) for many years.

Another of Mother's biographies has a photograph in it with the following caption: 'Helping A Survivor of the Chemical Leak at Bhopal, December 1984'8. The photograph concerned shows Mother daintily offering a marigold flower to a woman moribundly lying in a hospital bed. 'Helping' no doubt, but not in the sole sense that the world would expect of Mother Teresa. The earthquake on 30 September 1993 in the western Indian state of Maharashtra, is one of the biggest natural disasters in the history of India. Eight thousand people died and five million lost their homes and all their possessions. Over two hundred NGOs rushed in to help, and many are working to this day, as the rebuilding of a large district, both physically and emotionally, can take decades. Many charities have come forward to actually rebuild entire villages from the rubble they had been reduced to. The government has already put in a special grant of Rs 8 billion. The world obviously thinks Mother Teresa had put her heart and hands into the operation, as it instinctively assumes that in any disaster in India, especially of that magnitude, she would have a presence, if not the biggest one. The Missionaries of Charity never came to Latur. (Neither had they gone to Uttarkashi in the foothills of the Himalayas, where an earthquake had killed 1500 people on 20 October 1991.) Stock-taking of the earthquake in Latur took a few months, and rebuilding began in full earnest around January 1994 and around February Mother Teresa got preoccupied with more weighty matters - when the process of re-building was going on in full swing she had been obliged yet again, to come to the United States, this time to the country's supreme court in order to file a 'friend-of-the-court' brief for one Alexander Loce. Mr Loce had been convicted of trespassing into an abortion clinic to stop his estranged ex-fiancee from having an abortion - his indictment had not been heavy, but he did appeal, but little did he know when he did so, that he would have a saint as a co-defendant.<sup>9</sup> While in Washington DC, Mother also took the opportunity to appear on television before the American nation (on 3 February 1994) with the President and Vice President. She mesmerised the nation in her National Prayer Breakfast speech where she talked about the evils of contraception and abortion, and about charity - Latur was many thousands of miles away. Alexander Loce and Shahida Khatun - two people, two worlds. One literate, well off, living in suburban New Jersey, the other an illiterate, teenage mother living in a Calcutta slum, daughter of a Bihari Muslim immigrant worker. Is this not the scenario that Michael J Farrell, editor of America's National Catholic Reporter, was alluding to when he talked about two different strands of 'human evolution' - one a rich man in the US, the other a 'poor man in a back street in Calcutta, who, unable to hack it any more, lies down and dies?'<sup>10</sup> Perhaps, unlike Shahida Khatun, Mr Loce was not a 'family case'. The government of India came in for criticism for being tardy in spending the \$246 million loan that it had received from the World Bank for the rebuilding of Latur, but nobody commented on the inaction on the part of the Missionaries of Charity, whose fabulous assets were not brought to help in any way. The summer of 1994 found Mother Teresa of Calcutta, in Calcutta for a few months; in October she left once again for another punishing schedule of instructing the world about the values of prayer, humility and charity, and most importantly, about the blight of abortion; fund-raising was also on the (undisclosed) agenda. She made the Vatican her first stop, as she would often do on her international whistle stops. While she was passing through Bombay to catch her plane for Rome, authorities there got hold of her and got her to present the deeds of some newly built houses in Latur to some of the villagers who had lost their dwellings in the earthquake - the authorities at the time were coming in for more and more international criticism for being slow and clumsy in spending the World Bank loan, and they had naively presumed that having Mother Teresa present

the deeds would attract the world's attention to the government's work. The world however presumed otherwise - looking at pictures of Mother Teresa bending down humbly to present the papers of houses to villagers, they very naturally thought that Mother herself had been instrumental in building those houses. The international Cath

olic media was not going to let this opportunity of getting free publicity at the expense of the government of India and the World Bank slip from their grasp 'All In A Day's Work for Mother Teresa' was how they captioned Mother's photo with the villagers. The world media have little appetite for facts - they never told the story of how the readers of an Indian newspaper (Malayalam Manorama) collected Rs 20.61 million for the earthquake victims and got architect Laurie Baker to rebuild villages. They never reported that, although Latur is a thousand miles from Calcutta, the Calcutta based Hindu charity the Ramakrishna Mission and numerous Christian charities have worked ceaselessly in Latur. Indeed, the Calcutta Statesman did an intensive donation drive and collected more than Rs 10 million from its readers which it handed over to the Ramakrishna Mission to spend in Latur. In case one is thinking that the Missionaries of Charity would have helped if they had been given the funds, the truth is they do not do rebuilding or 'development work'. When on 18 December 1995, the chief editor of Malayalam Manorama handed over the keys to 163 reconstructed houses to the villagers of Banegaon at a ceremony at Killari, the epicentre of the earthquake, it did not even make headline news in India. On 20 August 1995, a week before Mother's 85th birthday, 200 people died in the Ferozepur rail crash near Delhi. Mother's contribution? - Special prayers on her birthday. Mother never forgot to pray for victims, but did she slip up once - in October 1979, after her Nobel award was announced, the Corporation of Calcutta gave her a civic reception. On 23 October, the eve of the reception, three carriages of a packed train plunged into the Hooghly river at Jangipur, in West Bengal itself, hardly 100 miles from Calcutta, killing 350 people. Mother forgot to mention the victims in her speech the following evening, - possibly from excitement about her impending trip to Oslo. On 11 September 1995, 22 children (13 girls and 9 boys) died in an explosion hardly 40 miles from Calcutta in West Bengal's Howrah district, where the Missionaries of Charity, especially Missionary Brothers of Charity, have a large centre. The children were making fireworks for the forthcoming festive season in an illegal factory. Eighteen more children were seriously injured. The youngest dead was 9 year old Sheikh Mahidul. The factory solely employed children (1500 of them) who worked from 6am to 6 pm for an average weekly wage of Rs 65 per week. In this particular instance the children were making 'chocolate bombs' (so called because the individual crackers are wrapped in aluminium foil like pieces of chocolate). The explosion destroyed a third of the large factory building and rocked the whole village of Haturia. Trees were uprooted and concrete pillars along with children's bodies were tossed up in the air and landed in a nearby pond. Sabera Bibi lost all her four children. The incident caused some stir in Calcutta, possibly as a result of guilt pervading the middle classes, for whose entertainment the fireworks were obviously destined. There is hardly a family (of middle class and above) in India which has not employed a child servant at some point. In India child servants and child labourers (there are 55 million of them) remain nameless but after the Haturia incident the Calcutta newspapers took the unusual step of publishing the names and ages of all the dead and injured children. There are at least two dozen organisations in India working to eliminate the ancient tradition of child labour and child slavery. They have achieved much but there is a long way to go. The South Asian Coalition of Children in Servitude (SACCS) even organised two long marches, in 1993 and 1994, one from the east to the west of the country, the other from north to south - no mean feat, considering the size of the nation and the climatic conditions. Nobody expected Mother Teresa to speak out against the practice of child labour, as it would be too political for her. Furthermore the 'anti-slavery movement' has a substantial leftist presence. She had frequently said, 'We are not

concerned about the cause of a problem, we look after the effects.' The village of Haturia happens to be half an hour's drive from Mother Teresa's Howrah centre, where large number of her Brothers learn to be good Christians. Their contribution towards the 'effects' of the car



nage? - You ought to have guessed by now. On the eve of Christmas eve 1995, in the northern Indian town of Mandi Dabwali, not very far from Delhi, 1200 children were celebrating their end of school term with a giant party in a marquee at the rather inappropriately named Rajiv Marri age Palace. Presumably as a result of a short circuit, the marquee caught fire a round 2 pm. From the fumes and from the resulting stampede, 360 children died along with 50 adults. Some families were totally wiped out. The local hospitals did not have the means to cope with a crisis on such a scale, and for days several burnt children were ferried between local hospitals and Rohtak Medical College. The incident put a cloud of grief over New Year celebrations in the entire north of India, and for days a large field near the scene of the disaster was converted into a giant cremation site, with charred remains, often two or three unidentified bodies stuck together burning in silent grief under the wintry sky. The state of Haryana declared an official three day mourning period. The citizens of the entire nation did whatever they could to help, and donations flooded in. Doctors and other volunteers came up in droves to offer their services. Members of Manav Seva Samstha, a local voluntary organisation co-ordinated a massive blood donation drive. Once again, the Missionaries of Charity were not around, once again not conspicuous by their absence. Two days later, during Christmas mass at 'Mother House' in Calcutta, special prayers were said for the dead. When the plague struck India in 1994, Mother Teresa arrived at the Vatican on one of her frequent visits. As she arrived at Rome airport, she was ceremoniously quarantined there. Pictures of her being taken away for quarantine were circulated all over the world - the natural assumption was that she had been working knee deep with plague sufferers. She had had no involvement whatsoever either during or after the plague with treatment or prevention. If one is led to suppose that Mother's paucity of action was a recent phenomenon, let us go back to 1979, the Nobel year. Jyotirmoy Datta, a conservative Calcutta intellectual, not known for his opposition to Mother Teresa, wrote a stark account of the problems encountered by the middle class inhabitants of a Calcutta neighbourhood when faced with an old destitute woman found dying on the streets. This, according to international perception, is a quintessential 'Mother Teresa scenario', for her image is that of a roving angel who came and whisked off the sick and the suffering from the streets. Finding 102 (the Calcutta Corporation ambulance line) perpetually engaged, Datta decided to call the Missionaries of Charity. Twice he was told he had the wrong office of the Sisters and on the third occasion he got through to Mother Teresa herself (although already widely known as a 'living saint', she had not quite acquired a detached celestial lifestyle - she would pick up the ringing phone herself) on 247115. Mother said to him in 'a mellow, reassuring and beautiful voice', 'Please persevere with 102; if the ambulance doesn't come, then let me know.' Persevere he did and eventually a Corporation ambulance did come and take the old woman away. 'Blessed is this city,' wrote Datta, 'the phone may fail and ambulances might break down, but where else in the world can you dial a number and have a living saint answer the call?'<sup>11</sup> Less than two months later Mother Teresa was collecting her Nobel peace prize in Oslo - and, being feted by the media as the 'saint of the gutters' who picked up vagrants from the streets of Calcutta, unaided in any way by anybody else. In India, disasters, natural and unnatural, are as numerous as the Hindu deities. I have only mentioned some major ones. For the poor in India, everyday existence is punctuated with unfortunate happenings which are so predictable that they can hardly be called disasters. These 'minor' incidents (on an Indian scale) usually go unreported in the Indian media. For example, on 20 April 1996, 500 slum dwellers in Calcutta became homeless within an hour when a fire razed their shacks to the ground. They also

lost all their modest earthly possessions. Without the luxury of a social security system, the Indian poor are blessed with a remarkable amount of resourcefulness - within hours of the fire, the men and women started rebuilding their shacks. Some voluntary organisations lent a helping hand, but not amongst them Calcutta's (and the world's) most famous one.

Indeed, Mother Teresa spent such a large part of each year outside of India, it would have been impractical for her to help out in that country's problems and calamities. From 1978 and up to and including the year of her death 1997, she spent every summer and monsoon - barring 1994 - in Europe and the United States. Her pattern would be to leave in June and return end-September or early October as the downpourings of monsoon would give way to the mellow autumn sunshine. (Most of the sub-continent's problems and pestilences occur in summer and monsoon.) In 1994 too, she did go to Europe and the United States, to attend a number of highly politicised anti-abortion meetings, but unusually, she spent the summer of that year in Calcutta. In 1996, she was supposed to travel twice - spring and summer - her second (summer) trip was cancelled as she fell seriously ill. If there was an emergency in Europe or the US she would travel earlier than the usual June. Emergency for her did not mean the poor or desperate needing her help. An emergency situation arose in Spain in 1983, prompting her to arrive in Madrid in mid-May: the Spanish parliament was debating a vital abortion bill and who would arrive to lobby MPs but the living saint. In 1981 and 1982 she left Calcutta in April, going east to Japan, as she got worried that the Japanese were getting too blasé about abortion. A wealthy Japanese Catholic anti-abortion pressure group funded the trips. In April 1982 she met up with 230 members of the Japanese parliament (the Diet) and was almost successful in making abortion extremely difficult for Japanese women - a popular revolt prevented the change of law she wanted. To give an idea of how infrequently the 'saint of Calcutta' was around in Calcutta, I quote two passages from her spiritual advisor Father Edward Le Joly: [MT] I am going to New York; Father. [ELJ] What Mother, again to the US? You were there only a few weeks ago. [MT] Yes, but I must go again. The first two priests of the Missionaries of Charity family are taking their first vows. They have finished their novitiate. The Archbishop has accepted to look after them. [ELJ] So your family is expanding and once again the US shows the way.<sup>12</sup> In the same book in a different place Le Joly writes: October '86 [ELJ] Sister, is Mother in? [S] No, Father, she is out. She has gone to Rome. [ELJ] What again to Rome, but she was there a few days ago! [S] Yes, she is continually away.<sup>13</sup> It is known that Princess Diana desperately wanted to meet Mother Teresa in Calcutta - nine times her office tried to bring the two together in Calcutta but nine times it failed because the nun was hardly there. Finally when Diana came to Calcutta in February 1992, they could not meet as Mother got held back in Rome. The two met twice - in Rome and New York, the two places that were Mother's real homes and where she was most comfortable. During her long stays in Europe and the US, she lost no opportunity to tell people that she hated every second of the time she spent away from the 'streets of Calcutta,' as she might put it. Peter Dalglish, the Canadian charity worker found her addressing 'VIPs and luminaries' in New York: 'They hoped she would end her sermon with a smile, but she was glum during her entire stay in New York and announced she longed to return to Calcutta.'<sup>14</sup> In effect, she returned to Rome. I could go on and on, filling page after page with dense examples of disasters and crises where Mother Teresa had had no involvement whatsoever. For me, a Calcuttan, born and bred, it does not come as surprise, as I know her order has no infrastructure - indeed it had never been her intention to create an infrastructure for such work, as she had frequently said, 'I'm not a social worker.' But what I find somewhat disturbing is that she remained inactive when children were hurt or killed, or were at the risk of being orphaned, as in the case of Shahida, who appealed to her personally; this did not sit comfortably with her 'Child First' philosophy. But then, for her the unborn child was far more important than

the actual child. Having gone through hundreds of her speeches I have wondered, when compared to the unborn child if the actual child mattered to her at all:

Many people are very very concerned with the children of India, with the children of Africa where quite a few die of hunger, and so on. Many people are also concerned about all the violence in this great country of the United States. These concerns are very good. But often these same people are not concerned with the millions who are killed by the deliberate decision of their own mothers. And this is what is the greatest destroyer of peace today - abortion which brings people to such blindness.<sup>15</sup> One could conclude from the accounts above of Mother's inaction during crises in Calcutta and India that for many years before her death Mother might have retired, possibly she might have withdrawn from day to day work, or even risen above such. Whether or not that was the case is open to debate, but when it came to important matters, no small detail escaped her attention. When the Vice President of India came to Calcutta on a two-day visit in July 1996, Mother Teresa delivered him a letter. It was to protest against the demolition of church wall in Bandel (a township near Calcutta) and to urge the government to rebuild the wall.

#### NOTES TO CHAPTER 1

1. Kalantar, Calcutta, 12 October 1995. 2. Boston Globe, 16 June 1995. 3. Communiqué of the Catholic Diocese of Peoria (December 1995), Peoria, USA 4. The Statesman, Calcutta, 15 August 1996 5. Lucinda Vardey, Mother Teresa, A Simple Path (Rider, 1995), p. 118 6. For the Shahida story, see various Calcutta newspapers, 15 July to 30 October 1995 7. Eileen Egan, Such a Vision of the Street (Sidgwick & Jackson, 1985), p. 452 8. David Porter, Mother Teresa The Early Years (SPCK, 1986) 9. Christianity Today, 4 April 1994, v. 38. no. 4, p.75 . 10. National Catholic Reporter, USA, 17 March 1994. 11. Amrita Bazaar Patrika, Calcutta, 'Mission of Mercy', 12 October 1979. 12. Edward Le Joly, Mother Teresa The Glorious Years (Saint Paul Publications, 1992), p.127. 13. Ibid., p.59. 14. Peter Dalglish, The Courage of Children (HarperCollins, 1998), p.298. 15. National Prayer Breakfast, Washington DC, 3 February 1994.

#### CHAPTER 2 ECUMENICAL WITH THE TRUTH: SAINTLY TALL TALES

As Mother Teresa grew older, truth became more and more of a stranger to her. She inflated her operations and activities manifold in her speeches to journalists and supporters. Often her statements would have no connection with reality whatsoever. Many times she had been captured on television while telling very tall tales about her work. She prevaricated even in her Nobel prize acceptance speech. Journalists did not dare question anything she said. Perhaps she herself believed what she said. If you were surrounded by people who were constantly telling you if said the earth was flat then it had to be flat, then your sense of perspective would get distorted. That happened to Mother, plus she consciously tried to oversell herself in order to propagate her church and her twin causes of abolishing abortion and artificial contraception from the world. She told many what some people call 'white lies'. These are harmless lies but not becoming of her stature and piety. Tracey Leonard, the Catholic nurse who did long stints as a volunteer in Calcutta, describes an incident in her book where Mother Teresa met her mother in Australia even before she had the chance of meeting the nun in Calcutta (no doubt because Mother was hardly ever in her eponymous city): She [my mother] met Mother Teresa and told her I was working in Calcutta. Mother nodded and said, 'Oh yes, I know her.' It certainly made my mother feel better even if it wasn't the truth. Even living saints tell the occasional white lie!<sup>1</sup> This could be a statement from a desperate petty politician, eager to make an impression. Mother Teresa was

always keen to make an impression on journalists and backers. She was not so bothered about the poor, especially in India.

John Unger, one-time president of the West Virginia International Trade Development Council worked as a volunteer in Calcutta in 1990. One day Unger accompanied Teresa to a place where a woman with a baby approached the nun and said, 'Mother, in my village there is dying and disease. Can you help?' Mother Teresa threw up her arms and said she could not help - she was only one person. Missionaries of Charity constantly said that to the poor who approached them. But because this was said in the presence of an influential Westerner, Mother must have got stressed. Obviously her behaviour was not in keeping with the image, she realised. So she later told Unger that she prayed about the incident all night. Unger was thoroughly impressed.<sup>2</sup> Who knows if she really did pray through the humid Calcutta night. Even if she did, perhaps she could have used her time better if she thought of helping the woman and the villagers in some small way - if she really cared about them. But she was really more concerned with keeping up appearances. Mother told many Biblical type tales about herself throughout her life. These were told again and again, hundreds if not thousands of times. The same story would be retold as happening 'a few days' or 'a few weeks' back to a new audience. Particularly vivid was the story about the woman who was found in the gutters with worms eating everywhere into her flesh except her face; Mother and her Sisters had to individually extract the worms. The woman died with these words on her lips, 'I've lived like an animal, but I'm dying like an angel.' It is possible the story was made up, as angels do not have a divine connotation for Hindu women. Then there is the parable of Mother desperately seeking funds for a house in London then suddenly opening a purse and finding the exact amount! In her Nobel speech she told the tale of 'about fourteen professors from United States from different universities' visiting her in Calcutta and one of them asking her, 'Are you married?' Unlikely an American professor would ask the world's most famous nun such a question. The object of quoting the question - true or not - was to give a spiel about her own holiness, then finish off with a call to Norway to outlaw abortion. Only one parabolic tale has been contradicted - by Mother herself. Writes Navin Chawla, one of her authorised biographers: Once, remembering her Patna days, I remembered a story I had read about her very first surgical case on a Calcutta street. According to this account, she had found a man with a gangrenous thumb that needed immediate amputation. Thereupon she said a prayer, took out a pair of scissors and cut it off. The patient promptly fainted, falling in one direction, while Mother Teresa fainted in the other. When I delivered the punch line, Mother Teresa bent double with laughter. 'A made-up story,' she said, but thoroughly enjoyed the joke.<sup>3</sup> It is likely she would not have contradicted the story had it not portrayed her in less than heroic light. These are however relatively innocent, harmless lies, whether told by or about her. But she herself was the source of serious and continuous misinformation. No doubt the media exaggerated and often invented tales about Mother Teresa, but most often it originated from her. Let us take for instance her comment that 'on the ground floor of Shishu Bhavan [her orphanage in Calcutta] there are cooking facilities to feed over a thousand people daily.'<sup>4</sup> That there are, but are the facilities used for the purpose of a soup kitchen? They are not - although, one would infer from her statement that she was serving a thousand meals daily from Shishu Bhavan to the public. I have spent days on end in front of Shishu Bhavan with a video camera and I know what goes on there. The soup kitchen at Shishu Bhavan feeds about 70 people a day, and that too 5 days a week. The daily turn out is about 50 people for lunch and 20 for dinner, but charity does not come easy for the poor - they need to possess a 'food card' in order to get their gruel. It has to be admitted however that the night time kitchen is not that fussy about the food cards, and I know of instances when even for lunch, the absence of

the card has been overlooked. Mother's soup kitchen runs on a far stricter regime at Prem Daan, her other home in Calcutta. The production of food cards is mandatory here, possibly because Pre



m Daan sits in the middle of Dnarapara slum and there is the likelihood of getting overwhelmed. Here the number of beneficiaries is around 50 a day, 5 days a week, but only one meal is served daily. I have the close-up of a food card captured on video, with its days and corresponding boxes, which are ticked off by the nuns. Now, how does one obtain a food card? - The process is shrouded in mystery, like most of the functions of the Missionaries of Charity. New ones have not been issued for some time. There was a vetting procedure involved at the time of issue and I am told that they were given only to the 'poorest of the poor' - there is an element of truth in that. However, the handful of Catholic families in Dnarapara, who cannot be called 'poorest of the poor' by any stretch of the imagination, have all got cards. They often do not use them. It is to Mother Teresa of Calcutta's credit that her soup kitchens feed three times as many people in New York as they do in Calcutta. Mother Teresa had not always been so subtle and circuitous with her claims about the beneficiaries at her soup kitchen. During the 1970s and early 1980s she used to make forthright claims about the number of poor people she fed daily in Calcutta - I am afraid I had no first hand knowledge of the number she fed at the time, and I therefore endeavoured to take her word for it; but I soon got confused - for she sometimes would be feeding '9,000', next minute it would be '4,000', then again it may change to '7,000'. Chronologically these numbers do not correlate, as the three figures were given round about the same time. It is also noteworthy that her most modest claim, i.e., about 'facilities to cook for a thousand people daily', was the most recent one, made in the mid 1990s, when her activities came under increasing scrutiny. Shortly after her Nobel, she told her friend and biographer Kathryn Spink: 'In Calcutta alone we cook for 7,000 people everyday and if one day we do not cook they do not eat.'<sup>5</sup> This was a voracious claim - at the time the Missionary of Charity kitchens cooked for at the most 500 people a day, and that included their vast army of nuns, novices and Brothers, most of whom do not have any charitable function. The '7000 people' story was part of a fairly lengthy parable, similar to the one with 'loaves and fishes' of Jesus. Mother retold it numerous times, in various parts of the world, but never in Calcutta itself. It is possible that the tale would be invoked as a 'miracle' during her beatification process. In her own words, one version of the story ran as follows: 'We have witnessed God's tender care for us in a thousand different ways. In Calcutta alone we cook for 7,000 people daily. If one day we don't cook, they don't eat. One Friday morning, the Sister in charge of the kitchen came to me and said, 'Mother, there is no food for Friday and Saturday. We should tell the people that we have nothing to give them either today or tomorrow.' I was shocked. I didn't know what to tell her. But about 9 o'clock in the morning, the Indian government for some unknown reason closed the public schools. Then all the bread for the schoolchildren were sent to us. Our children, as well as our seven thousand needy ones, ate bread and even more bread for two days. They had never eaten so much bread in their lives. No one in Calcutta could find out why the schools had been closed. But I knew. It was God's tender care. I knew it was his tender loving care.'<sup>6</sup> During the course of a decade, roughly between 1975-85, many a time did Mother Teresa recount the story about the government miraculously sending her bread on account of the schools closing; the body of the story remained the same, but the opening line would change - 'In Calcutta we feed 7,000 people daily' would sometimes become '4,000 people daily', then change back to '7,000' again. Here is how, on one occasion, she told the parable with a '4000' figure: 'We were feeding 4000 people each day and these were people who simply would not eat unless the Sisters fed them. But we had nothing. Then, about 9.00 a.m. on Friday'...etc. - the rest about the government schools shutting suddenly and the bread

miraculously coming to the Missionaries of Charity would now follow.<sup>7</sup> In a programme entitled Meet Mother Teresa, recorded in 1982 for Scottish Television - the video has been widely distributed in Catholic circles - she told Ian Gall, 'We cater for 7,000 people everyday but we never had to say no...'

On one occasion the 'number of people that would not eat unless we fed them' reached 9000: 'You must know just in Calcutta we feed 9000 people daily. 8 This claim caused a whiff of embarrassment in even the devoted José Luis González-Balado, who quickly added, 'Mother Teresa is among those who least worry about statistics. She has repeatedly expressed that what matters is not how much work is accomplished but how much love is put into the work.'9 This was however not the end of the matter - a few years later the same González-Balado edited a book of Mother's sayings, wherein he recounts, in Mother's words, the miracle of the bread and schools, thus: 'In Calcutta alone we feed about ten thousand people every day. This means if one day we do not cook ten thousand people will not eat. One day the Sister in charge came to tell me...' etc. Although the passage is quoted in Mother's name, and although the book itself is called Mother Teresa, In My Own Words I am prepared to give Mother the benefit of the doubt; the 'ten thousand' was very likely an invention of González-Balado, as Mother Teresa had not retold the parable for a long time. But there could be little doubt Mother would have approved of such liberties with numbers, as it was all for the sake of Jesus. It is interesting that González-Balado, who had earlier been embarrassed about the '9,000' claim, had become emboldened with time to go a step further. I can see why - the Teresa cult has come to realise that whatever outlandish they say about Mother Teresa in the positive, and whatever bizarre negatives they say about Calcutta, both would be accepted as gospel truth by the world. And their main justification (to themselves) in carrying on this game of deceit is that they are not doing it for their own personal gain, but for the propagation of their faith. They also believe that if you repeat a lie thousands of times, it comes to be regarded as the truth - in achieving this end they have been successful. I can see why Mother Teresa and her publicity machinery were fond of the 'thousands' figure when it came to feeding people - apart from the obvious and usual business of inflating figures which became their stock in trade, a figure of 200 or 300 would not have been Biblical enough. Mother's stories are almost carbon copies of those in the Bible. In John 6:9-13, Jesus feeds 5,000 men with loaves and fishes. Luke (9:13-17) tells us a similar tale with Jesus feeding 5,000 men with five loaves and two fishes. Mark (8:9) tells us a similar but different parable, and he gives us a figure of 4,000. The variation in numbers fed as appear in the Bible is due to the story being told by different apostles; therefore a degree of variation is to be expected. Also the same incident is not always described as far as I am aware. It could be assumed that Mother Teresa consciously postured as Jesus and therefore invented the Biblical numbers. Very likely they were not coincidentally invented. I do not think that Jesus would have been immodest enough to tell self-aggrandising stories about himself. But the most significant difference between Mother's tales and those of the apostles is that hers were pure fantasy (if one assumes, for the sake of those amongst readers who believe in the literal meaning of the Bible, that the Biblical happenings were real). During the 1970s and 80s, Mother Teresa's soup kitchens in Calcutta fed not more than 150 people daily (six days a week); indeed, the total number of people fed daily by the Missionaries of Charity kitchens in that period was not more than 500 - this included her vast number of nuns, novices, and Brothers, most of whom do not have any charitable functions. The figure '5,000' has a particular fascination for Mother, no doubt because of its Biblical connotation. She once said, 'Today there is a modern school in that place [in Motijheel slum] with over 5000 children in it.'10 This appears in a book published in 1986. Earlier, in 1969-70, she had told Malcolm Muggeridge, '...if we didn't have our schools in the slums - they are nothing, they are just little primary schools where we teach the children to love the school and be clean and so on -- if we didn't have these

little schools, those children, those thousands of children, would be left in the streets.<sup>11</sup> In 1969-70, Mother Teresa's primary schools catered for not more than 200 (a generous overestimate) in Calcutta - the figure is not much more today. Nonetheless

, I was prepared to overlook her 'thousands of children' as a figure of speech saints are allowed to get carried away, like the rest of us. But '5000 children' was a calculated lie, especially as the school in Motijheel has less than 100 pupils. I do not think that there is any school in the world which caters to 5,000 children from a single site - Calcutta is of course, extra worldly. The largest school in India is Calcutta's South Point - my own alma mater - which, with 11,000 (fee paying) students, was at one time the largest school in the world, but is run from six sites. The largest site at Mandeville Gardens is seven storeys high and caters for 3,000 students - numerically speaking, it is far and away Calcutta's largest school premises. Biblical connotation or not, I do not think it became a living saint to turn 100 into 'over 5,000'. During the fortnight following Mother's death, hordes of local and international journalists were scouring Motijheel slum for stories and reminiscences, for this was after all, the most famous slum in the world - the one that launched Mother Teresa of Calcutta. Two journalists from Ananda Bazaar Patrika spoke to Paltan Roy, a long term resident of Motijheel. Roy was saddened at Mother's death, but said, 'Back in the 1950s there were two schools here for a while, but one of them soon closed down. I have heard that Mother had done so much for the whole world, but our school here has remained exactly the same - the same single storey structure. Could Mother not have added another floor to it?'<sup>12</sup> Mother Teresa frequently said that her nuns 'pick[ed] up' people from the streets of Calcutta. If she said it once she said it a thousand times. She said it in her acceptance speech for the Nobel Prize: 'We have a home for the dying in Calcutta, where we have picked up more than 36,000 people only from the streets of Calcutta, and out of that big number more than 18,000 have died a beautiful death. They have just gone home to God.' Mother's 'big number' was wrong, but more importantly, her basic premise of 'picking up' people is entirely false. If the situation demanded, Mother put it more poignantly: 'Maybe if I had not picked up that one person dying on the street, I would not have picked up the thousands. We must think Ek, (Bengali for 'One'). I think Ek, Ek. One, One...'<sup>13</sup> On another occasion, she said, 'They [Western volunteers] pick up all sorts of people for us, but they do it with a great deal of love.'<sup>14</sup> Perhaps the major source of disappointment for volunteers as they arrive to work with the Missionaries of Charity in Calcutta - even before they have had the chance to start working - is the realisation that they would not be part of an angelic team that would scour the streets of Calcutta gently scooping up hordes of humanity as they go along. I know of instances when very young volunteers, disregarding official advice, have hired taxis and cruised along streets looking for people they could befriend and bring along to Mother's homes. The sad truth is, Mother Teresa's organisation does not pick up people from the streets of Calcutta - no, not beggars, not lepers, not destitutes, not the poorest of the poor who she loved so much; they do not even pick up the babies and children of these people. They do possess the resources to remove destitutes from the streets, but they do not utilise them. I understand this strikes at the heart of the world image of the Missionaries of Charity, for the abiding image of the organisation is that of demure nuns wearing blue bordered sarees stooping to pick up the helpless from the streets of Calcutta. It is not true that they do not provide a 'pick up' service at all for destitutes - they do in Rome, where most evenings a couple of nuns set out in a van, scouring the streets of Rome for destitutes and prostitutes. They at first befriend these people and gain their trust, before inviting them for a meal or a berth usually on a later date. Very noble act indeed - but does not happen in Calcutta. Once when I was waiting in front of Mother Teresa's large home in Rome's Piazza San Gregorio al Celio, an ambulance arrived bringing in a man from a hospital - he had nowhere to go after his medical treatment was over, so he gets to

stay in Mother Teresa's place; this would not happen in Calcutta, as, unlike in Rome, no arrangement exists between the Missionaries of Charity and hospitals in Calcutta.

Though the Romans' adulation for Mother Teresa is somewhat over the top, I cannot blame them when they say if Mother was doing so much in Rome, how much more must she have been doing in Calcutta. The Missionaries of Charity in Calcutta possess a small fleet of 'ambulances', many of them donated by businesses and individuals. These vehicles are painted to appear as ambulances and are fitted with red beacons; they are exempt from traffic regulations. But their main or sole function is to provide a taxi service for the nuns. In my time, I have never seen an 'ambulance' carry a patient or a destitute. Indeed, most of them do not have the provision to carry a stretcher, for the rails on the floor have been removed. The seats on the sides have been replaced by patterned sofas for the nuns to sit on. On 21 August 1996, I saw an extraordinary sight, even by the standards of the Missionaries of Charity - here was an ambulance, donated by Federal Express (India), filled with chickens; they were being brought to Mother House for the nuns' annual feast the following day! I have a photograph of this bizarre spectacle. Vegetarians amongst the readers will be happy to know that the chickens had an unexpected extension of their lives, as the feast was cancelled due to Mother taking seriously ill. I am aware that many readers will not be fully convinced about Mother Teresa's nuns not picking up people from the streets of Calcutta; to say that they do not provide this vital function which is central to their image is tantamount to saying that the Pope (or Mother Teresa) is not a Catholic. I have therefore tape recorded numerous telephone conversations with the Missionaries of Charity at their world famous home for the dying at Kalighat in Calcutta. These conversations were all recorded during 1995 and 96. Here is one typical such conversation: Me (pretending to be a concerned citizen): Ota ki Mother Teresar home? ['Is that Mother Teresa's home?' in Bengali] Nun: Speak in English please,...or Hindi. Me: There is a man [sometimes I changed it to a woman] lying in front of Ashutosh College; he is seriously ill...He is probably going to die. [Ashutosh College is fairly close to the home - walking distance in fact] Nun: Yes, we have beds. Ring the Corporation ambulance - they'll bring him to us. Me: Yes,...but...the line is busy. I've been trying for some time. Nun: They are always busy. You just have to keep trying ringing 102. Me: Can you not send an ambulance? - he is not very far from you. Nun: We don't send out ambulances. We use the Corporation ambulances. Me: Can you not help him out this time? Nun: Look, I have told you, WE DO NOT HAVE AMBULANCES. (The voice becomes louder and the temper slightly frayed. At this juncture the nun would usually disconnect the phone.) There would be those amongst readers who have visited Mother Teresa's home for the dying in Calcutta and will remember the 'ambulance' that stands at attention at the front door. Its appearance is like that of a proper emergency vehicle ready to go to attend to the sick and the dying. It however lies dormant all day until 3.45 p.m., when it briefly comes to life - it leaves the home for the dying for Mother House with a bevy of nuns; it returns a few hours later with a fresh batch of nuns. Its work for the day is then complete. One of Mother Teresa's more high profile fans, the former California governor Jerry Brown, was a regular traveller in Mother's ambulances during his stint as a volunteer at the home for dying: 'At 6 p.m. daily [previously the ambulance used to leave later] I would get into an ambulance with half a dozen nuns and some volunteers and ride back to the mother house for a half hour prayer and the saying of the rosary. Mother Teresa was always there [at Mother House].'<sup>15</sup> Interested readers may like to procure a copy of The Telegraph, one of the English dailies published from Calcutta, which gives a list of the ambulance services in the city, both free and fee-paying; the Missionaries of Charity do not appear in the list. The more senior of the nuns do not put up with the inconvenience of travelling with

others in the ambulance mini bus; they get a taxi. I have numerous photographs of nuns in taxis. A brief taxi ride in Calcutta costs at least



Rs 80 - enough to buy 10 kilos of coarse grain rice. One may think that I am being petty about how the nuns travel; does it really matter if they travel in taxis? - after all they have precious few luxuries in life. The sight of nuns in taxis would not have irked me at all, had I not read over and over again about the 'poor and humble' means of their travels; again and again, authors have produced a Biblical picture like that of Jesus and his apostles trudging through the holy land. The official party line on transport is provided by Chawla in Mother's authorised biography: 'The Sisters travel as the poor do. They usually walk, or if the distance is far, use public transport.'<sup>16</sup> The misuse of ambulances is naturally an issue in itself, for they could be used to relieve the city's creaking public health service. Instead of demanding that Calcutta Corporation provide her with ambulances, Mother Teresa could bring her resources to the aid of the city's cash strapped civic body. Also, I find it disturbing that vehicles donated by individuals and businesses should be misused in this way. I wonder if Dr Sinha, a Calcutta doctor who donated an ambulance to Mother Teresa in the memory of his parents, is aware that the vehicle has never been used for its intended function. The image of extreme austerity and 'humility' of the nuns that have been portrayed by Mother and her biographers is not quite true. It has been said that the nuns do not know what the inside of a shop looks like, so unworldly are they. Mother's nuns are not infrequently seen shopping in Calcutta's New Market - a 19th century conglomeration of shops covering 2 sq. km in the city centre. I have got photographs of nuns buying basic cosmetics in New Market. On 27 December 1997, I photographed some nuns buying expensive Cashmere shawls in a shop (no. G56) called Kashmiri Corner. In the last few years nuns have been seen in the popular shopping areas of Gariahat in south Calcutta, an area of the city they had never ventured into in the past. I have rung Mother Teresa's home for the dying in Calcutta on numerous occasions, and, very often I have been sternly told by the nun on the other side to speak in English only, as I kept breaking into Bengali and Hindi. In a recorded conversation on 7 October 1996, I started off in Bengali, but very soon realised that there was complete blankness on the other side, so said a sentence in Hindi, in reply to which I was sternly told, 'Speak in English.' It is a well known fact that majority of Mother Teresa (of Calcutta)'s nuns cannot speak or even understand rudiments of Bengali, the language of Calcutta; some of them, being from Bihar, speak Hindi, the language of north India, and that spoken by the majority of Indians. This is because the vast majority of the nuns (around 70%) are recruited from southern India, which has a large Christian population, and who speak English as a parallel vernacular to their native languages, which could be one of Kannada, Tamil, Telugu or Malayalam. I have never met a 'poorest of the poor' in Calcutta who knows even a word or two of English. In India at large, I am sure there are a few Christian people in that category who speak English - possibly in southern India or Goa - but they must be very rare indeed; this is because the relatively compact Christian communities in India have enough resources to bolster their weakest members. This begs the question - how do Mother Teresa's nuns communicate with the poor in Calcutta? - They do not. They do not need to, as they do not go out into the streets or the slums to ask about the needs of the poor. But the problem remains within the homes where the needs of the residents have to be met. Here the jobs are done by English, Italian, German, Spanish, Finnish etc. on one side, and gestures on the other. The work on the ground in Mother Teresa's homes in Calcutta is done entirely by volunteers from all over the world. And they do it to the best of their abilities, and some do it very well indeed. But many of them have told me of their frustration at not being able to speak to the residents; there are of course, some, who pick up a few words of Hindi or Bengali and then claim to be fluent in 'Indian'. It is not a requirement of

Missionaries of Charity nuns to learn the local language, as their official language is English and a knowledge of English that allows a concrete understanding of the scriptures is deemed sufficient; they also move around a great deal from one corner of the globe to the other, and hence, learn

ning the local lingo would not be worth its while. However, is it not reasonable to expect the Calcutta nuns to have a basic knowledge of Bengali? Is it not reasonable to make it an organisational requirement for those who are stationed in Calcutta to learn some day to day Bengali - it was, after all, Calcutta which brought such glory to Mother Teresa and her Church. Way back in early 1969, Mother had stipulated that women and men who 'were desirous of joining [her order] must be able to acquire knowledge - especially the language of the people they serve.' But that was at a time when Mother Teresa was a sincere and unknown nun doing her best with limited resources, before she allowed herself to be sucked up in the publicity blitz. Over the years, there has been no effort to allow the nuns any understanding of the language of the people they are supposed to serve, at least not in Africa or India. Mother Teresa herself was not fluent in Bengali! This may seem some kind of a feat after her 70 years in Calcutta, but to me it does not come as a surprise - she was surrounded by Europeans, Anglo-Indians and Christian southern Indians. She retained an exceptionally prominent Balkan accent, and her Bengali was stilted and basic - she used stock phrases such as 'I will pray for you', 'Suffering brings you close to Jesus Christ' etc. She could, if she wished to, get by adequately with her structured, grammatically correct Bengali, but she rarely made the effort. What then, of the claim by scores of her biographers that she had taught the Bengali alphabet to the children of Calcutta's Motijheel slum in her 1940s when she was starting out in life as a saviour of the poor? - this parabolic tale has been told thousands of times. I give a typical illustration from the account of one of Mother Teresa's close journalist friends, Franca Zambonini: Her first project was a school, and it is not by chance that she has been a teacher for almost 20 years. She went to Moti Jhil, the poor people's quarter adjacent to the wall of the school and convent in Entally. She gathered some children together in an empty space surrounded by the thatched huts of the poor. There were no desks, no blackboard, no chalk. With the help of a man who was lounging nearby, she cleared the ground of grass and debris, and using a stick, she traced the letters of the Bengali alphabet on the ground. She ended her lesson by reciting a poem and concluded with a prayer. The next day someone brought her a table and a stool...<sup>17</sup> This parable, like the account of Moses receiving the commandments etched on stone, does not hold ground for many reasons, partly because the inhabitants of the Motijheel slum are mainly Bihari Muslims and do not speak Bengali; their language is Urdu or Hindi. Today, there is a government run primary school in Motijheel, and the language of instruction is Urdu. Even if, for the sake of argument we accept that Mother Teresa of Calcutta did indeed teach the children in Bengali, it is all the more surprising that she never wrote anything in Bengali in the following 45 years of her life. She produced a profuse number of letters and messages in English, mostly hand-written in her familiar scrawl, many of which have been framed by her admirers (including by those in Calcutta) and many others have been reproduced in the numerous books written on her. Not one such letter or message is in Bengali. A few years back at an auction in Nottingham, a few words written by Mother Teresa fetched £12018 - I am prepared to pay substantially more for a similar effort produced in Bengali. Mother's 'big number', which is the number of people that she had claimed in her Nobel Prize acceptance speech to have 'picked up' from the streets of Calcutta, does not stand up to scrutiny. Below is a list of time and place of various claims, and the number on each occasion she claimed to have 'picked up':

Time and Place	Number Claimed To Have Been "Picked Up"
December 1979, Oslo (Nobel Prize Acceptance Speech)	36,000
September 1978, Freiburg Cathedral, Breisgau, Germany (Speech as Special Guest at the German Catholic Bishops' Conference)	36,000
19	36,000



February 1973, Sydney (Population & Ecology Conference) 36,000  
20 February 1973, Melbourne 27,000  
21 If I am asked what number she had actually picked up from the streets of Calcutta, I am afraid I would have to come up with only an informed guess. Technically of course, the number is negligible, as she had hardly 'picked up' anybody. Leaving aside that minor detail, if I am asked to put a figure on how many new admissions her order has to the home for the dying in Calcutta each year, I would come up with something between 500 and 700. Apart from the myth of regularly 'picking up' people from the streets, the other serious misinformation she spread in her Nobel speech was about the number of babies born less because of her programme of natural contraception. She claimed that 61,273 fewer babies were born in Calcutta in the previous six years because she was promoting natural contraception among the poor and the slum-dwellers. This figure was pure invention. She also said that she was supplying fertility thermometers and temperature charts to the poor. Patently untrue, but even if she was, none of the thousands of journalists present had the courage to ask her how many of the slum-dwellers could read and plot graphs in English. She also said that 'the other day' one of the poor came to thank her for teaching chastity and 'self-control out of love for each other.' - unlikely! The figure of 61,273 became 134,000  
22 In June 1981 in Washington D.C. In 1982, during the Ian Gall interview for Scottish Television, when Mr Gall pinned her down (albeit with great deference) on her views on artificial contraception and an absolute opposition to abortion, she blithely came out with the monstrous lie: 'In last 10 years we had 1 million babies less in Calcutta [due to my method].' The lie shut Mr Gall up, much to her satisfaction. Mother Teresa did not have the Gandhian courage of sticking to unpopular beliefs and proclaiming them. She could have said - OK, you may not like or believe in natural contraception but let me keep my weird beliefs. But she had to lie to make herself popular and accepted. Mother Teresa had frequently said that neglect by the family is the greatest poverty - 'the poverty of love'. In her Nobel speech she spoke about it at length: 'That poverty comes right in our own home, the neglect to love. Maybe in our own family we have somebody who is feeling lonely, who is feeling sick, who is feeling worried, and these are difficult days for everybody. Are we there? Are we there to receive them?' It would therefore seem strange that she took almost a punitive line against those poor people who sought her help but who had family of any kind, however distant or however poor. In the assessment of the Missionaries of Charity, these people (who may be exceptionally poor and needy) are 'not destitute enough'. I have here the essence of three telephone conversations with the home for the dying, which were recorded on 16 June 1995, and 3 and 8 October 1996. Me: I have a woman with me near Purno Cinema [this happens to be quite close to the home] who is dying. Will you send an ambulance? Nun: We don't send ambulances. Contact the Corporation. Where is the woman? Me: She is at my house. Nun: Why is she at your house? Me: Well, err..., she is my kind of aunt...a distant relative in fact. Nun: SORRY, WE DON'T TAKE FAMILY CASES. SHE CAN'T COME HERE. (The voice becomes loud and irritated) Me: But she is homeless and poor. I myself am pretty hard to mouth; I don't have the resources to look after her. Nun: That does not matter. Our rule is, we do NOT take family cases. Me: But,...will you not consider? Nun: I'm telling you, we do NOT take family cases whether she's poor or not. Me: What if I make a small payment? Nun: We don't have that system. We can't help you. (At this juncture she would usually disconnect the phone) The system of not having anything to do with anybody who may be dying or sufferi

ng but who may have a putative family member of any kind is one of the founding principles of the Missionaries of Charity. The rule was formulated by Mother herself many years back. Will Mother Teresa's devotees tell me how this reconciles with her frequent declaration., 'In your homes you have a starving Christ, a naked Christ, a homeless Christ. Are you capable of recognising him in your own homes? Do you realise he is right there in your midst?' Even if any of us lesser mortals could manage to recognise the suffering Christ in their own homes and would endeavour to bring him to the care of Mother Teresa, who professes to be his ultimate friend, his suffering would only be compounded by rejection. Since Mother's death, the 'family cases' rule has been relaxed in Calcutta somewhat. Many a time when I had rung the doorbell for the dying in Calcutta, the very first question I had been asked was whether I was ringing about a relative. If the nun on the other side had not been satisfied that I was not, she would not continue the conversation any further. In Rome, on the other hand, it is not asked of the destitutes if they are a 'family case' - they would have to be unwanted, and that alone would suffice. Mother Teresa had been habitually economical with the truth over the last half a century when talking about her operations. Journalists and authors with or without a vested interest have often taken cues from her when creating fantastic tales of charity. But I think when it came to fairy tales, it was Mother who took the wafer. And, fictions of glory others manufactured on her behalf had her blessings - 'Journalists can do the work of God' was one of her favourite sayings. Audrey Constant's book on her life written for children is one of the manuscripts she personally corrected and annotated - the author herself said so in a personal communication: 'Sadly I have not yet met her [Mother Teresa]...When I wrote the story (which I did with the help of the Sisters of Charity) Mother Teresa herself amended the manuscript and she wrote in a copy of the book and sent it to me. I will always treasure it.'<sup>23</sup> This book makes some bizarre claims about the charitable functions of the Missionaries of Charity including that they have '122 leprosy clinics'.<sup>24</sup> In Calcutta they have a single leprosy clinic, an open air one, which runs weekly on Convent Road - average attendance is about 60. The book also describes Calcutta as a city so overwhelmed by lepers that a special church has to be earmarked for them: 'They have their own church.'<sup>25</sup> There is no such church. In 1979, Mother Teresa wrote a famous letter to Morarji Desai, when Mr Desai was (briefly) the Prime Minister of India. In her letter, Mother severely upbraided Mr Desai for not outlawing abortion and then she went on to say, 'In Calcutta alone we have 102 centres where families are taught self control out of love.'<sup>26</sup> - meaning of course, natural family planning centres. Whatever could she mean by '102 centres'? - I have thought very long and very hard but could not fathom the basis of the claim, especially as her order does not have a single such centre. Could she mean she had natural family planning advisers in her homes? - At one time she did have such advisers,...but centres? The outlandishness of this claim is mind-boggling - after all, she was writing to the Prime Minister, although, admittedly, he was far less of a celebrity than she was. It does not come as a surprise to me, when Mother Teresa's friend, the Calcutta based priest Edward Le Joly, 13 years later, gives the global total of her family planning centres as '69'.<sup>27</sup> None is mentioned in Calcutta. I may have been bewildered or even amused by Mother Teresa's figure of '102 centres' of natural family planning, but I was disturbed by what she said to an assembly of her 'co-workers' (a large and powerful body of people from all over the world, who do a lot of the fund raising) in London on 13 July, 1977. She said, ' We spend Rs 20,000 a week just on food for the 59 centres we have in Calcutta.'<sup>28</sup> This was not just a slip of the tongue, as the '59 centres' recurred, in this way: 'They [Sisters] go all over the city (in Calcutta alone we have 59 centres, the

home for the dying is only one of them). The Sisters travel everywhere with a rosary in their hands.'<sup>29</sup> In 1977 Mother Teresa had 4 centres in Calcutta, and presently her order has 8 not counting her 3 large nunneries in the city. So what should we make of her '

59 centres'? To a sinner like me, it seems to be a large measure of saintly license. Alternatively, it could be described as a symptom of psychosis, or, to use a 19th century term to describe fantastic story telling, *pseudologica fantastica*. Some would of course, sum it up as a plain whopper. As the whole world knows, Mother Teresa was the ultimate champion of the poor, especially so in Calcutta. She made claims on behalf of the poor of Calcutta, such as this one: 'We deal with thousands and thousands of very poor people in Calcutta. As you may know, there are over 10 million people in that city, but up now I am not aware of one woman among the very poor who has had an abortion.'<sup>30</sup> She said this quite frequently during her lifetime. In other words, Mother was harking back to her old theme, 'We have always space for another child. Bring me all your unwanted children.' I am bewildered by Mother Teresa's claim that not a single woman amongst 'the very poor' in Calcutta had an abortion. In Calcutta, one and half million people live below the poverty line. Even considering that among the poor, a low female: male ratio obtains because of the migrant nature of the population, there would be about half a million 'very poor' women in Calcutta, and most of these women would be of child bearing age. Did Mother Teresa want us to believe that she catered for four hundred thousand pregnant or potentially pregnant women and their children in Calcutta, when her order does not have a single maternity home or mother and baby unit? I am told that many years back she used to have a small mother and baby facility but certainly none exists currently. A handful of poor women in Calcutta who are contemplating abortion, are persuaded by the Missionaries of Charity not to have an abortion and to continue with their pregnancy. These women are looked after, sometimes as in-patients, by the Association of Medical Women in India (AMWI) Hospital, a government run maternity hospital, which happens to be situated very near Mother House. Historically, the management of the AMWI Hospital and the Missionaries of Charity have enjoyed a close relationship. The hospital has thirty beds, and many of them are occupied by 'Mother Teresa's women'. These women are taken care of until delivery by the hospital, and their new-born babies are taken care of by the Missionaries of Charity - all of them are adopted. Needless to say, the Missionaries of Charity do not fork out a paisa towards the upkeep of 'Mother Teresa's women', although they have been known to send in food from time to time. When Mother Teresa said that she was not aware of 'one woman among the very poor' in Calcutta who has had an abortion, was she deliberately misleading or was she genuinely misinformed? Who can tell, but she had quoted the population of Calcutta correctly, which is surprising, as she was endearingly famous for not having a clue about these matters. I can therefore assume that she would have some idea about 'very poor' Indian women's attitude toward unwanted pregnancies. It is possible that she knowingly made the misleading statement - maybe she was too embarrassed to tell the truth that women in Calcutta, including the city's 'very poor' women who are supposed by the world at large to be beholden to her, were uniquely nonchalant about abortion. Having made many thousands of women around the world give up abortion, may be she considered it a personal failure that she had been singularly unsuccessful in Calcutta - but is this the way to deal with perceived failures? During my year as a junior house officer at the Calcutta Medical College Hospitals, I had personally assisted in numerous abortions, and a number of these were on 'very poor women'. In case I am seen by a section of readers as some kind of unusual demon in the city of Mother Teresa, let me point out that every one of us did it - including the Muslims - except the lone Roman Catholic girl. Having said that, 'Bring me all your unwanted children' is the only one amongst Mother's innumerable claims about her operations in Calcutta which has a germ of truth in it. However, the children have got to be



completely and utterly unwanted. To illustrate, I shall relate my own recent experience at Mother's Calcutta orphanage, Shishu Bhavan. The entire episode has been captured on video. On 30 August 1996, at around 5 p.m., I found a small commotion in front of Shishu Bhavan's entrance - a 'very poor' woman, Noor Jehan (name slightly changed at her own request), was wailing at the top of her voice. She had with her, her two

children, both girls, the younger one about 10 months and the older about 2 years old. The 10 month old was obviously suffering with diarrhoea and was ill; the 2 year old was miserable and fed up and was lying on the pavement, screaming. I asked Noor Jehan what the matter was. She told me that she had been thrown out of her home (she lived in a slum near the Calcutta docks) by her violent husband the night before and she had arrived at Shishu Bhavan at 10 p.m. hoping to get some help for her children. She had been let in by the night porter and had been allowed to sleep in the courtyard - they had even given her a sheet for her children. Promptly at 5 a.m. however, she had been thrown out on to the pavement with a cup of tea. From then on, she had been alternately pleading and demanding to be let in, so that the children could have something to eat and somewhere to sleep. Noor Jehan's entreaties for help were not entertained by the nuns - the door remained firmly shut in her face. The baby's hungry wails were ignored. The local shopkeepers took pity on the woman and gave her some tea and bread; somebody brought some milk for the children. By the time that I arrived at 5 p.m., a small crowd of about a dozen people had gathered and had turned quite hostile towards the nuns. After a lot of loud banging, a nun appeared at the door. I asked her why they would not give the woman and her children some food, and shelter for that night only. The nun explained that they could do that, but only after the mother had handed over the absolute rights of her children to the Missionaries of Charity. In other words, the 'form of renunciation' had to be signed, or in this case, had to be imprinted with the impression of Noor Jehan's left thumb. The children would then, in due course, be adopted by a good Catholic family in the West the last bit is my own presumption; the nun did not actually say it. Noor Jehan became hysterical at the mention of 'signing over' her children, and told the nun what she thought of her, which is untranslatable and unprintable. About 7 p.m., Noor Jehan left Shishu Bhavan, disappearing into an uncertain Calcutta night, probably to go back to her violent husband. She left without much bitterness; as a poor woman in India, she was used to door slamming shut on her face. She knew that the rich and powerful always rejected the poor. She knew that her children's existence was borrowed. She however did not know how the world would every time Mother Teresa said, 'There is always room for another child in my home.' When Noor Jehan and the shopkeepers were shouting their loudest at the nuns through the closed door of the orphanage, a Western woman, who looked like a volunteer, walked up the pavement and knocked on the door to be let in. I cornered her and asked her if given Teresa's image and finances this sort of treatment of a poor woman with children was acceptable, and, why a helpless woman should be asked to relinquish the rights to her children to be fed and helped. I also asked her to let the woman in and feed her children. At this the memsahib got irritated, and told me that I was hassling her when I ought to be grateful that she was in my country helping my poor. I said I was grateful, but was questioning Teresa's obvious cruelty and matching it with her pronouncements. Memsahib got more irritated and promptly left us. I implored her not to come back to India to help 'my people'. Two years later I realised the woman in question was the Canadian-Croatian Ana Ganza, who subsequently wrote a semi-authorised biography of Teresa called Journey of Hope. After her book was published I wrote to Ganza, reminding her of the (video) incident outside Shishu Bhavan and inviting her thoughts and comments on it. She never replied. Stark distortions of facts in Mother Teresa's statements or speeches were evident during the decade 1975-85. After the mid 1980s she became subtle in her methods, as by this time, the media were doing most of her work for her. For instance, when she came to London in April 1988, journalists stuck to her like limpets. For two successive nights she

took them on walkabouts along London's 'cardboard city', especially under Waterloo bridge. She said, making the media convulse with devotion: There's much more suffering I believe now, much more loneliness, painful loneliness of people rejected by society who have no one to care for them. It hurt me so much to see our people in the terrible cold with just a bit of cardboard around

d them. I did not know what to say, my eyes were full of tears. There were this man lying there protecting himself from the cold with no home and no hope. He looked up and said, 'It's a long time since I felt the warmth of a human hand.'<sup>31</sup> Her performance was impeccable, and everybody was bowled over, even the normally sceptical British public. But Mother Teresa never made it clear to the media what the specific purpose of her London trip was - it was to put pressure on Prime Minister Thatcher and British MPs to support David Alton's bill to reduce the time limit of abortion from 24 to 18 weeks (banning abortion completely was not on the agenda). The media possibly did not know that her trip had been funded and sponsored by the anti-abortion lobby. Her meeting with Margaret Thatcher, and her departure from Westminster in a car driven by Mr Alton (Britain's only 'single-issue' anti-abortion MP at the time) obviously could not be kept a secret, but even so she told journalists that she had told Thatcher, 'Give me a house, or I will bring them [the homeless] all in the big hall,'<sup>32</sup> referring to the Great Hall of Westminster. That was all that she told the media after she emerged from the meeting, apart from it having been 'wonderful', deviating from her usual 'beautiful'. Mr Alton, on the other hand, quite categorically talked about the specific anti-abortion agenda of the meeting, saying, 'We know her involvement at a very personal level at this crucial moment will be a decisive factor.'<sup>33</sup> (It was not.) Now, why did Mother Teresa go to this extent to camouflage the real purpose of her visit? Because she knew that abortion was not a burning issue in British society, and, more importantly, that the majority of British population had always favoured abortion. It was possible that she could have alienated the British public had she gone on her usual virulent anti-abortion rant. The theme of homelessness was a safe emotional string to pull at the time, especially as 'cardboard city' was then emerging as a contentious social issue. Mother Teresa was obviously not always so coy about her anti-abortion stance - only six years previously, in August 1983, she had gone to Ireland to join the then Irish Prime Minister Charles Haughey, to campaign against abortion. This time there was no midnight walkabouts amongst Dublin's homeless, of whom there was no death - she knew that she did not need to, as the Irish population at the time was overwhelmingly opposed to abortion. I feel that a woman of faith such as Mother Teresa should have had greater strength of conviction. It is sad that a person so loved as honest and truthful by the world would resort to such game-playing. Mother Teresa said, and has been quoted frequently as having said, 'We depend so rely on providence. We don't accept government grants. We don't accept church donations...'<sup>34</sup> In the Scottish Television interview, she made the same claim. This is a very incredible statement indeed. 95% or more of the buildings of the Missionaries of Charity have been donated by either governments or by the Catholic church. How she got her first and most famous home from the Corporation of Calcutta has become folklore, quoted numerous times in various biographies: And the same day I went to the municipality and asked for a house. I said I only wanted some place where I could bring these people, and the rest I will do myself. The official of the Calcutta Corporation took me to this place, a part of the Kali temple, and he said, 'This is the only place I can give you,' and I said this is just the ideal place... As far as I am aware, in the first few years, Calcutta Corporation used to give her a small sum of money also for each resident treated at the home. The home was therefore called 'CORPORATION OF CALCUTTA : NIRMAL HRIDAY', and a small board of the same name (written in both English and Bengali) hung in front of the home until, I believe, the early 1970s. The board appears in the Muggerridge film, and also in photographs of the home that have been reprinted in many books on Mother Teresa, such as in Goree and Barbier's book, which was first published in 1971 (and is still

in print). Indeed, the board still exists - it lies upside down in a small alcove just inside the main door on the left hand side. It is now a collector's item no doubt. Kathryn Spink admits in her book, 'They [Corporation] granted her, provisionally, a monthly sum of money and the use of the pilgrims' dormitories attached to th

e Kali temple.<sup>35</sup> Mother Teresa's home in Dum Dum, near Calcutta airport is also built on land donated by the West Bengal government - the site had been a refugee camp (the Missionaries of Charity ran one of the smallest camps at the time) during the Bangladesh war in 1971. After the war ended the government allowed Mother Teresa to keep the land; the building was donated by a Catholic foundation, which announces itself on a marble plaque inside the home. Mother also chipped in with some of the money she got from the John F Kennedy Prize - hence the name: 'Nirmala Kennedy Centre'. One of Mother's newest homes in Calcutta, in Tangra, is however not on government donated land; she rents the land from the government. According to Fr Le Joly: '...the government had given her a very large property for the nominal rent of one rupee [half cent] a year.' Now why does she rent, rather than outright own it? In her own words, "It is good that the ownership of the land remains with them," said Mother, always practical-minded, "because if the roads need repairs they will have to do them, as it is their property."<sup>36</sup> All very good, but the biggest building on this property has no charitable functions, but is the residential quarters for trainee Brothers. This is another example how the state of West Bengal and the city of Calcutta are (unknowingly) subsidising the Missionaries of Charity and its religious activities. The order's newest home in Calcutta - in Nimtala Ghat Street - is housed in a building donated by the local Sangneria family. Although the building was donated in 1988, the home became operational in 1998 - after Mother's death. When lies are peddled, slip-ups will occur, as happened in Muggeridge's book *Something Beautiful for God* - on page 32, Muggeridge says, '...she has never accepted any government grants in connection with her medical and social work', only to quote her on page 103, 'We are trying to build a town of peace on the land that the government gave us some years back, 34 acres of land.' Indeed, Mother herself made a similar slip-up. On 14 January 1992, in a video-taped (and widely distributed) speech to staff at the Scripps Clinic, California she said, 'We don't accept government grant, we don't ask the church for maintenance, we're completely dependent on divine providence.' But in the course of the same speech about twenty minutes later she said, 'With the help of government we are creating rehabilitation centres for them [lepers]. Government gives me land, I buy material for building...and I pay them to build their own homes...' I do not think Mother Teresa ever gave any money to any poor or needy - it was against her principle. But the statement went down well with her audience. As recently as June 1997, Mother Teresa was asking New York's mayor Giuliani to give her a building so she could extend her AIDS home (a worthy request no doubt), and, she asked for free parking permits for her nuns. She got the latter immediately. If I gave a list of all the Missionaries of Charity buildings that have been donated by governments and the church, it will run into a small treatise. Their first building, where Mother House now is, was bought by funds provided by the Archbishop of Calcutta - it was bought at a knockdown price in 1951 as the Muslim owner was fleeing India in a hurry after the partition of the sub-continent: 'The largest figure he [Archbishop] could propose was less than the worth of the land on which the house was built; but miraculously the offer was accepted.'<sup>37</sup> Two of her other buildings in Calcutta, one by Sealdah railway station, and the other on expensive Park Street, have been donated by the Church. Neither of these buildings has a charitable function. In various other parts of India, such as in Agra, Mother's homes are situated within the compounds of Catholic churches. In the United States, the church has bent over backwards to give her property. Her home for AIDS patients in New York's exclusive Greenwich village (657 Washington Road) is in a former presbytery. In Italy, almost all her operations are run from church premises, and many of these do not have charitable activities. Her nunnery in Cagliari

in Sardinia adjoins a church and when I visited the place in December 1996, I found the structure being renovated by the government department that looks after historical buildings. And yet, people will continue to believe 'We don't accept government grants; we

don't accept church donations...' as this has been uttered by the holiest person of our time. It was a major theme in some of her obituaries. She said in Carmelite Church in Dublin in 1979, she said, 'The Sisters go out at night to work, to pick up people from the streets...' 38 They do not. Such statements are so untrue one is at a loss to address them. Sisters retire early - about 8 p.m., and a major earthquake will not bring them to the doors, at least not in Calcutta. I have numerous recorded telephone conversations where I was trying to have somebody admitted to the home for the dying in Calcutta in the middle of the night, and the Sisters kept insisting that I brought the person at 9 a.m. the following morning. (I am not saying if I turned up at the door with the man, he would have been turned away.) Indeed, until a few years back, the home for the dying did not even have a nun staying there overnight - the building was left to the mercy of sweepers and local anti-socials. Mother agreed to provide two nuns for the night after intense agitation by some volunteers. I cannot say that Mother Teresa was continuously callous and calculating about misrepresenting her charitable activities - from time to time she became extremely agitated, especially with people who were close to her, that she should be represented in such an extreme charitable light. When, for instance, Edward Le Joly, first wanted to write a book on her, she erupted: Do it, do it. We are misunderstood, we are misrepresented, we are misrepresented. We are not nurses, we are not doctors, we are not teachers, we are not social workers. We are religious, we are religious, we are religious. 34 This is not the only time she had made a similar statement. What she had said was the literal truth about her functions and her world view, but unfortunately such was her aura that the world decided that she said it because she was humble and gracious. Predictably, in Father Joly's book, her message does not come across; he eloquently speaks about her charitable functions. I have forgotten how many times I have written to the Missionaries of Charity (frequently under registered post) asking for an interview with either Mother herself or one of her senior nuns to address some of the glaring distortions of truth emanating either from her or her aides. I never received any reply. On 22 April 1996 I managed to find her authorised biographer Navin Chawla at Nehru Centre, London addressing a public meeting (on her) chaired by Nicholas Wapshot, editor of the magazine section of The Times. I asked Mr Chawla a number of questions from the floor to do with inflation of facts and figures and the blurred edge between reality and fiction. Mr Chawla said that statistics were not important etc. I pointed out that why numbers and figures were regularly quoted by Mother when statistics were not important to her. He made no convincing reply. The meeting was rather hastily terminated. Mother Teresa herself was the most responsible for the misrepresentation of her activities. She did get periods of guilt and remorse that she should be cast as such a figure of charity, but she would soon lapse into her usual mode: 'If there are poor on the moon, we will go there' etc. She was after all, human. I regarded her as history's most successful politician. But her service for her political party the Vatican, was selfless.

## NOTES TO CHAPTER 2

1. Tracey Leonard, *The Full Catastrophe* (Hodder Headline, 1999), p. 109  
 2. The Herald-Mail Online, Maryland, 13 September 1997 ([www.herald-mail.com](http://www.herald-mail.com))  
 3. Raghu Rai & Navin Chawla, *Faith and Compassion* (Element, 1996), p. 50  
 4. Lucinda Vardey, *Mother Teresa, A Simple Path* (London: Rider, 1995), p. 118  
 5. Kathryn Spink, *For the Brotherhood of Man under the Fatherhood of God, Mother Teresa of Calcutta* (Colour Library International, 1981), p. 88  
 6. Speech in Dublin, 2 June 1979, as quoted in José Luis González-Balado (ed.), *One Heart Full of Love, Mother Teresa* (Fount,



1989), p. 44 7. Angelo Devananda, *Mother Teresa, Contemplative at the Heart of the World* (Fount, 1985), p. 60 8. José Luis González-Balado (ed.), *Loving Jesus, Mother Teresa* (Fount, 1991), p. 28 9. *Ibid.*, p. 156 10. David Porter, *Mother Teresa The Early Years* (SPCK, 1986), p.70

11. Malcolm Muggeridge, *Something Beautiful for God* (Fount, 1971) p. 119 12. Ananda Bazaar Patrika, Calcutta, 11 September 1997 13. Eileen & Kathleen Egan, *Prayertimes with Mother Teresa* (Image Books, 1985), p. 63 14. Teresa de Bertondano (ed.), *Daily Readings with Mother Teresa* (Fount, 1993), p. 38 15. *Life*, April 1988 16. Navin Chawla, *Mother Teresa The Authorised Biography* (Penguin India, 1992), p. 67 17. Franca Zambonini, *Teresa of Calcutta A Pencil in God's Hand* (Alba House, 1993), p. 43 18. *The Sunday Times*, 10 February 1991 19. *One Heart Full of Love, Mother Teresa*, p. 27 20. *Ibid.*, p. 36 21. *Daily Reading with Mother Teresa*, p. 57 22. *New York Times*, 4 June 1981 23. Personal Communication, dated 26 March 1995 24. Audrey Constant, *In the Streets of Calcutta, The Story of Mother Teresa* (Religious and Moral Education Press, 1980), p. 15 25. *Ibid.*, p. 16 26. 'An Open Letter from Mother Teresa of Calcutta to Prime Minister Morarji Desai, Regarding the Freedom of Religion Bill 1978' as quoted in Eileen Egan, *Such A Vision of the Street, Mother Teresa - The Spirit and the Work* (Sidgwick & Jackson, 1985) 27. Edward Le Joly, *Mother Teresa A Woman In Love* (Ave Maria Press, 1993), p. 189 28. Speech by Mother Teresa to Co-Workers on 13 June 1977 at the Brompton Oratory, as quoted in *One Heart Full of Love*, p. 61 29. *Loving Jesus, Mother Teresa*, p.34 30. *Ibid.*, p. 93 31. *The Guardian*, 14 April 1988 32. *The Times* 14 April 1988 33. *The Guardian*, 14 April 1988 34. Angelo Devananda, *Daily Prayers with Mother Teresa* (Fount, 1987), p. 91 35. *For the Brotherhood of Man under the Fatherhood of God*, p. 41 36. *Mother Teresa, A Woman In Love*, p.165 37. *Mother Teresa The Early Years*, p. 77 38. Quoted in *For the Brotherhood of Man Under the Fatherhood of God*, p.147 34. *Radio Times*, 7 April 1990

### CHAPTER 3 HOW THE MYTH BEGAN -- THE MUGGERIDGE CONNECTION

There would be no Mother Teresa without Malcolm Muggeridge. During his long life, Muggeridge (1903-1990) was a journalist (and author) who was in the unique position of having major access to both the printed media and television, in Britain as well as in the United States. It was Muggeridge who discovered Teresa and it was owing to Muggeridge's incessant efforts that Mother Teresa was built up in those early years; very soon of course, others took up his good work. It is true that Mother Teresa will be remembered long after Malcolm Muggeridge will be forgotten, but it was Muggeridge who brought his own clout (and initially, that of the BBC) to create the world-wide phenomenon that we have today. Five weeks after Mother Teresa died, *Catholic Times* made an unstinted acknowledgement of Muggeridge's role in making her known: '[But for Muggeridge] perhaps even now no one would have heard of her. Maybe she would have been like the vast majority of giving souls whose works are only known to "clients" and to God.' One would never comprehend the Teresa phenomenon without some knowledge of Malcolm Muggeridge. It is essential to get to know Muggeridge the man, both private and public, in order to appreciate why he was driven to find somebody like Teresa, why he was driven to worship her, and why and how the admiration became mutual.

It is widely believed in the world today that Malcolm Muggeridge was a 'furious atheist and socialist' who suddenly and radically changed on coming in contact with Mother Teresa. This obviously makes a good tale, but would make Muggeridge turn in his grave. Malcolm Muggeridge was never an atheist. He had been a believer, even in his defiant youth. When he was only 19, he enrolled at the Oratory of the Good Shepherd at Cambridge, an association of unmarried Anglican priests and lay people. He was then seriously considering entering the priesthood, and even went on a retreat with a monk to a monastery. Although a practising Anglican at the time, he wrote to his friend, 'The Catholic faith is, I believe, the right faith in essentials but it must grow up inside one, evolve through suffering to have value.'<sup>2</sup> He changed his mind about the priesthood when the opportunity to go to India came along - he accepted the offer to teach English at the Union Christian College in southern India. This was Muggeridge's first sojourn in India (1924 - 27). He (rightly) found the business of teaching Shakespeare surrounded by paddy fields ludicrous, and returned disillusioned with the Empire. There is a kernel of truth in the general belief that Muggeridge was a firebrand socialist - a socialist he was (albeit one with doubts) until he went to the Soviet Union in 1929, which, incidentally, was the year that Mother Teresa arrived in Calcutta. Deeply affected by the terror of Stalin's Russia, Muggeridge wrote a novel on his return, *Winter in Moscow* (published 1924), about privations and oppression in the Soviet Union. The novel is bristling with anti-Semitism, although Jews happened to be some of the worst affected under Stalin's regime. Even before he wrote *Winter in Moscow*, Muggeridge had maintained that the Soviet propaganda machinery was oiled by Jews, as evidenced in this letter he wrote home: 'The whole [Soviet Union] arranged like a shop window in the best manner of Semitic salesmanship.'<sup>3</sup> In 1983, a year after he had converted to Catholicism, Muggeridge tried to republish *Winter in Moscow*. With his unique sense of values, he asked a Jewish Russian historian, Professor Leonard Schapiro, to write an introduction to the new edition. Professor Schapiro politely declined, saying: But the overall impression is inevitably, if unwittingly, created by the book that Communism was imposed on Russia by Jews thirsting for vengeance for the wrongs suffered under the old regime... There is one remark on page 234 when a particularly vile pronouncement of a Jewess has the effect that 'Wraithby [Muggeridge's alter ego in the novel] understood pogroms' which, forgive me, is in particularly bad taste...<sup>4</sup> <sup>1</sup> *Catholic Times*, London, 12 October 1997 <sup>2</sup> Gregory Wolfe, *Malcolm Muggeridge: A Biography* (London: Hodder and Stoughton, 1995), p. 43. <sup>3</sup> Richard Ingrams, *Muggeridge: The Biography* (London: HarperCollins, 1995), p. 65. Professor Schapiro, despite being inflicted the indignity to be asked to write an introduction to such a book, remained deferential to Muggeridge, because the latter had by now assumed a saintly air; he was also widely known to be the close buddy of the 'saint of Calcutta'. The world had already come to accept that anybody who was a special friend of Mother Teresa's must be a very special person. From his early life, Muggeridge would often refer to Jewish women as 'that Jewess' or 'a vulgar Jewess'. Three years before he died, he gave an interview to *The Guardian*, where he talked about the decline in standards of the *Private Eye* magazine, 'under its new Jewish editor Ian Hislop.'<sup>1</sup> He then wrote a letter of apology, addressed to 'Leon Hislop'. Muggeridge blamed much of the world's woes on Jews, and believed that they got what they deserved. A little more than five years after the end of the second world war, he wrote in his diary: They [the Jews] never quite make terms with life - which also is liable to make them highly destructive - two great destroyers of Christian civilisation Marx and Freud, the one replacing the gospel of love by the gospel of hate, and the other undermining the essential concept of human responsibility; always and irretrievably

strangers in a strange land - the terrible image of the Wandering Jew, Ahasuerus, always moving on, never assimilated, bringing woe with

him. In a manner therefore, Hitler's mania was justified - he justified it<sup>5</sup>. Muggeridge came to Calcutta in September 1934, as the deputy editor of *The Statesman*. He was by now fairly well known as a journalist in Britain, having been a leader writer for the *Manchester Guardian*. His decision to come to Calcutta was prompted by financial problems, which he hoped to resolve with the salary of £1500 a year. Back then, Westerners, especially the British, came to Calcutta primarily for the pursuit of wealth - quite the reverse of the post-Teresa culture of coming here to succour God's poor. Calcutta, then, was a bit like the Middle East with style. Muggeridge was appointed the deputy editor of *The Statesman*, the city's (and the country's) major English language newspaper, and the subcontinent's main apologist for the Raj. The newspaper exists to this day, and pursues a more-or-less conservative agenda. Although currently entirely Indian owned and managed, it remains quaintly genteel, often reminding its readers (and itself) of having seen better days during the Raj. Following Muggeridge's discovery of Teresa in 1969, it has always championed her cause. Although during Muggeridge's brief tenure at the newspaper, the two never met, as Sister Teresa was then an unknown 25 year old nun within the cloisters of the city's Loreto convent. During the 1970s, when Mother Teresa was well known in the West, but hardly an entity in Calcutta and India, *The Statesman* did its best to raise her profile in the city and the country. The main instrument in this endeavour at the time was the Calcutta born Eurasian Desmond Doig, one of Mother Teresa's biggest devotees, who was on the editorial staff of *The Statesman*. The late Mr Doig will be best remembered in India as the editor of the now extinct *Junior Statesman*, the cool and trendy young people's magazine of the 1960s and 70s. Tales of Mother Teresa occasionally appeared in the pages of *JS*, enlightening westernised Indian youth about the selfless Catholic nun. Muggeridge's eighteen months in Calcutta was probably the unhappiest period of his life. He had left his wife Kitty back in England with a one month old baby (and two older children), but almost immediately upon his arrival in Calcutta, he began an affair with an Indian woman named Khurshed, the wife of a rich businessman. This was in a way history repeating itself - when Kitty was pregnant with their first son, and recovering from a bout of typhus, Muggeridge had found himself on his own in Russia, and had had an affair with a Russian woman married to an English colleague of his. A few months into his stay in Calcutta, Kitty arrived from England; almost the first thing he did on her arrival was to bring her to see Khurshed and told her what was going on. Ironically however, it was Kitty who lobbed the real bombshell, telling her husband that she was expecting the child of one Michael Vyvyan (1907-1992), a Foreign Office diplomat. A tug of war now ensued between Kitty and Malcolm about abortion, and eventually both agreed that this would be the best course of action, although Muggeridge was a moderately devout Christian at the time, and disapproved of abortion in others. While Kitty was in Calcutta, he took her to the house of the poet and mystic Rabindranath Tagore, where they found 'a German Jew dressed as a Buddhist monk, a German Jewess who had been with Gandhi, spinning while she waited for the old fool [Tagore] to begin.'<sup>4</sup> Muggeridge asked Tagore to comment on celibacy: it is not known what the poet said. <sup>4</sup> Ingrams, Muggeridge, p. 231. <sup>5</sup> John Bright-Holmes (ed.), *Like It Was: The Diaries of Malcolm Muggeridge* (London: Collins, 1981), p. 426 (entry dated 18 January 1951). <sup>6</sup> Ingrams, Muggeridge, pp. 87-88. Kitty returned to England but kept her baby, Charles, who was raised as one of the family. Charles Muggeridge tragically died in a skiing accident at the age of twenty. 'Malcolm, however, who had always regarded Charles as a cuckoo in the nest, would seem to have been almost unmoved [at the death].'<sup>1</sup> He did not attend the funeral, a staunchly devout Christian though he had become by this time in his life. In the summer of 1935,

Muggeridge repaired from Calcutta to the northern Indian hill station of Simla. Soon thereafter he began another affair with the precociously talented young painter and sculptor Amrita Sher-Gil, whose parents were a Sikh, and, according to Muggeridge, an 'extremely vulgar Hungarian Jewess'<sup>8</sup>. Alth

ough he found Amrita 'delightful' in more ways than one, he was also found it distasteful that 'she's had an abortion - half a baby, she put it. No more.'<sup>9</sup> He expounded, 'she has a certain genius ... but no values, she belongs to that dead world of moral disintegration, disorderly hands and tangled hair, swollen, seen often as picturesqueness, in which both my feet are planted, but that, with my head outside, I hate.'<sup>10</sup> But this did not stop him from carrying on with the liaison, presumably because he continued with his 'head outside'. At the same time that he continued to find Amrita 'delightful' in the evenings, he was writing in his diaries during the day, that he found her 'expressing second-rate ideas with first-rate bitterness, and second-rate aspirations with fifth-rate sentimentality', and also 'entirely egocentric, coarse, petulantly spoilt, almost to the point of physical nausea.'<sup>11</sup> This was vintage Muggeridge. A few years later, on hearing of Amrita's death, he had this to say, 'I heard that she's died rather mysteriously in 1941, when she was only 27. Later I heard her mother had taken her own life. Neither death surprised me.'<sup>12</sup> Maybe, to Muggeridge's pious mind, the union between him and Amrita had never happened, as he had 'explained to Amrita how she was really a virgin, because she'd never experienced the spiritual equivalent of a copulation...'<sup>13</sup> Muggeridge left Calcutta in September 1935, his days there having been 'the unhappiest I have ever lived ... They are so unhappy that I can't quite believe in them.'<sup>14</sup> Calcutta, to Muggeridge, always had an unfavourable connotation - 'I'm so sick of Calcutta and India and politics and journalism and talk and love and hate.'<sup>15</sup> He associated Calcutta with his personal unhappiness, especially with the shock of finding out that his wife was carrying somebody else's child. But Muggeridge also disliked Calcutta for its liberal humanism, its anarchic attitude, the violence in its independence movement. He despised the city's independent arrogant upper middle class women; being a white Sahib he could criticise them to their faces - 'I deride Mrs Singh for 19th century feminism. Her breasts pulsate with fervour for birth control and co-education.'<sup>16</sup> But above all, he hated Calcutta for its Marxism, which had become popular with the city's intelligentsia by this time. During his previous stay in southern India ten years back, he had patronised the students of Union Christian College, many of whom were themselves Christians, but in Calcutta, he found himself being patronised by sophisticated Bengali intellectuals.<sup>7</sup> Ingrams, Muggeridge, p. 186. <sup>8</sup> Like It Was: The Diaries of Malcolm Muggeridge, p. 130 (entry dated 6 June 1935). <sup>9</sup> Like It Was, p. 130 (entry dated 1 June 1935). <sup>10</sup> Like It Was, p. 133 (entry dated 10 June 1935). <sup>11</sup> Like It Was, p. 131 (entry dated 6 June 1935). <sup>12</sup> Like It Was, p. 135. <sup>13</sup> Like It Was, p. 133 (entry dated 10 June 1935). <sup>14</sup> It Was, p. 115 (entry dated 10 March 1935). In spite of himself however, Muggeridge developed more than a sneaking respect for the city's bourgeois literary tradition. Among the three (male) friends he made there was a fine young poet called Sudhin Datta. He summarised a meal and discussion he once had in Datta's house, thus: 'I shall, however, never forget the spacious house, so quiet, dignified, so made for Calcutta and all that it stands for.'<sup>17</sup> After he made his film *Something Beautiful for God* in 1969, Muggeridge turned increasingly against Calcutta, as he realised that his saintly friend (she was seven years younger than him) was less than a celebrity in her adopted city, and that the people there (even the abject poor) had no interest in Christianity. In the biography of Muggeridge that was published in 1980, Calcutta of the 1930s is described thus: 'Above the city, like a cloud, hung the stench of death in all the world uniquely pungent in Calcutta, where street sweepers dragged the night's corpses to the side of the road, there to be stacked up like packing crates and carted off.'<sup>18</sup> The (Canadian) biographer Ian Hunter had never been to Calcutta, but wrote the b

ook with Muggeridge's co-operation. But if he had read Muggeridge's own diaries of his time in Calcutta during 1934-35, he would have found virtually no mention of poverty or death. Apart from describing the author's tortured soul as he conducts his affairs with women, the diaries also show him as having a jolly time at the races, at parties or simply sauntering around Calcutta in his friend Goswami's Rolls Royce. On his return to London, Muggeridge worked at the Evening Standard until the outbreak of the Second World War. During much of the war, he was an MI6 agent in far away places such as Mozambique - where, needless to say, he carried on womanising, while suffering, in his usual way, from profound angst. After the war, he joined The Daily Telegraph where he eventually rose to be deputy editor. He left The Daily Telegraph to edit Punch, thereby, to his regret, missing the editorship of The Sunday Times. During the 1950s and 60s, Muggeridge carried on the most celebrated of his affairs - with Lady Pamela Berry, wife of The Daily Telegraph's editor-in-chief, and daughter of Lord Birkenhead, one time Lord Chancellor and Secretary of State for India. Kitty Muggeridge remained aware of what was going on. 'Early in their affair, she [Lady Berry] became pregnant (not surprising, in view of Malcolm's distaste for all forms of birth control).' We are told that Pamela lost the baby through miscarriage.'<sup>19</sup> All through this period, Muggeridge's Christian piety was increasing at an exponential rate. Also proportionally exploding was his irrational hatred for anything or anybody that was not substantially to the right of centre, whether politically or sociologically. Even in the 1940s, he was outright vulgar about professed Communists, saying that he would 'like to roast them in a slow oven.'<sup>20</sup> Tolerance, understanding and relativism in religion became anathema to him more and more; when merely 47, he spouted, 'Liberalism is the greatest of all destructive forces, for its total moral vacuity inevitably leads to terrorist government.'<sup>21</sup> Secular liberal values and their proponents he loathed with a passion. In 1953, the year he embarked on his affair with Lady Berry, he said, 'the true destroyer of Christendom isn't Stalin or Hitler or even the Dean of Canterbury [the "red" Dean] and his like, but Liberalism.'<sup>22</sup>

<sup>15</sup> Like It Was, p. 135 (entry dated 6 March 1935). <sup>16</sup> Like It Was, p. 109 (entry dated 30 December 1934). <sup>17</sup> Like It Was, p. 103 (entry dated 10 December 1934). <sup>18</sup> Ian Hunter, Malcolm Muggeridge: A Life (London: Collins, 1980), p. 100. <sup>19</sup> Ingrams, Muggeridge, p. 173. During his lifetime, Muggeridge maintained an almost chummy relationship with Sidney and Beatrice Webb - subsequently Lord and Lady Passfield - selfless souls who worked ceaselessly all their lives to create a better society for their fellow human beings. They also founded the London School of Economics. 'Auntie Bo' was Kitty Muggeridge's aunt and used to be quite fond of Malcolm, and helped him in various ways, including financial. But after their deaths, Muggeridge publicly sprayed their memories with exceptional venom; his deeply Christian soul could not be called upon to forgive the deceased generous relatives for what he perceived as misdemeanours. Their crime? - They were founder members of the Fabian society, and had espoused a large number of causes for the working class; they were also atheists. Muggeridge spent the better part of 1956 in organising a disruption campaign against the prospective visit to Britain by the pair of Soviet dignitaries, Marshal Bulganin and General Secretary Krushchev. Apart from his usual paranoia about the Soviets, he called it a battle between 'Christianity and Materialism'. His operation was funded largely by CIA money through the Polish Catholic organisation, Congress for Cultural Freedom. As it happened, Bulganin and Krushchev had visited Calcutta earlier in the same year, and the crowd they had drawn there in the city's Brigade Parade Ground was the largest by any visiting dignitary in any country, surpassed only recently (in 1995) during Pope John Paul II's visit to the Philippines.



Muggeridge had not been amused by the reception given by Calcutta (by now deeply enamoured with socialism) to the Soviet pair.

The way Mother Teresa was brought to the notice of Muggeridge (and thereby the world) was thus: one day, in March 1968, he was rung at home in Robertsbridge in Surrey by Oliver Hunkin, the head of BBC television's religious affairs programme. Mr Hunkin asked him if he would be prepared to interview, for the BBC's Meeting Point series (a religious slot), an 'Indian nun' called Mother Teresa, who was then visiting London. It is unknown how Hunkin had heard of Mother Teresa, but of course, it was part of his job to keep abreast of various comings and goings in the city's religious community. Muggeridge was delighted with the offer, as, according to his biographer, 'from this time - the mid-Sixties - religion was to be Malcolm's theme to the exclusion of almost everything else.' The Pamela Berry affair was now over, although, only a few years back, he had brazenly toured the United States with Lady Berry in accompaniment, with his wife's knowledge. When Hunkin rang Muggeridge in March 1968, the latter had just returned from a religious lecture and television tour of the United States. Muggeridge was by now a darling of the religious right of the United States. His intolerance and fanaticism were alienating him more and more from the British establishment, although British television producers liked him for his ability to provoke and instigate and thereby increase ratings. Only a few months back (in December 1967) he had provoked an interesting debate on television by attacking (from a Christian point of view), Dr Christiaan Barnard, the heart transplant pioneer. If Muggeridge had lengthened his spring 1968 American tour only by a couple of weeks (as he sometimes had done on other occasions), Mother Teresa could well have remained an unknown nun for ever. He had, by now become so fanatical that many people in Britain, who had previously tolerated him as an endearing eccentric, were becoming a bit tired of him pronouncing ceaselessly about Christ, and against 'lechery' (a favourite Muggeridge word). Anthony Powell called him a 'hot-gospeiling fanatic', and Bernard Levin said his was 'a deeply disturbed psyche' that was 'begging the world to stop trying to inflame his withered desires, lest the attempt prove successful!' 24 The beginning of 1968 was also a time when Muggeridge was nursing his wounds from the humiliation he had suffered at the hand of the students of Edinburgh University. The previous year he had been elected the Rector of the university, and in his opening speech he started off with, 'When birth control pills are handed out with free orange juice...' etc. He tried to ban the prescription of oral contraceptive pills by the university's health board, and a major row erupted between him and the students' union. He refused to back down, declaring, in his usual vein, 'It's Christ or nothing.' 'Nothing', it seems, won in the end, and he was forced to resign. However, when it came to pronouncing Anglo-Christian supremacy, 'birth control appliances' and promiscuity were yardsticks of 'civilisation', according to the same Muggeridge: when he wrote about Mother Teresa's work with orphans in Calcutta only four years after he had resigned his rectorship, he said: Middle-class Indian girls and youths, emulating the civilised West, are beginning to be promiscuous, and, not having yet advanced to the point of civilisation when birth control appliances and abortions are easily available, are liable to produce unwanted children...26 This was a rather strange comment, as Muggeridge never approved of promiscuity and birth control, even in the 'civilised' races - except, of course, for himself - but it does betray his entrenched white supremacist view of life. For a good few years before 1968, Muggeridge the person, but more importantly, Muggeridge the television presenter, was looking for a Christian person who would be ideal for his tastes - who would be steeped in the most orthodox brand of Christianity accepting the gospel as not only the literal but the only truth; who would have an unqualified and uncompromising view on abortion and contraception; and also, more significantly, who would be

'simple', i.e. not intellectual, who would put faith above thought or education. In Mother Teresa, he found all these qualities, plus others, which endeared him even more to the nun. The concept of the 'simpleton saint' appeals to a particular brand of Christians, and Muggeridge was delighted that he found that Mother Teresa was 'not particularly clever', and he lucidly explained his viewpoint thus:

Imagine Bernard Shaw and a mental defective on a raft that will only hold one of them. In worldly terms, the obvious course of action would be for Shaw to pitch the mental defective into the sea, and save himself to write more plays for the edification of mankind. Christianly speaking, jumping off and leaving the mental defective in possession of the raft would give an added glory to the human life itself of greater worth than all the plays than ever have been, or will be, written.<sup>27</sup> Muggeridge's compassion for the meek and weak did not however, extend to those that he perceived to be liberals - when it was revealed in a biography that the former US President Franklin D Roosevelt had had an affair with his secretary, Muggeridge remarked, 'The good Lord did give us a clue, he did. ...in view of Roosevelt's paralytic condition, her name Missy LeHand, yes. The good Lord gave us a clue.'<sup>28</sup> Only the year before Muggeridge met Mother Teresa, his search to find simple and robust Christians had taken him to the Santa Maria Abbey at Nunraw in Scotland, where he had spent three weeks living with the Cistercian monks before he made BBC television programme. In the end he did not find the monks simple (i.e., uneducated and coarse) enough for his tastes: 'he found the monks' questions sharp and to the point.'<sup>29</sup> The previous year, in 1966, he interviewed his friend, Cardinal Heenan, again for BBC television, while the two strolled in the Vatican Gardens. When Oliver Hunkin asked Muggeridge to interview 'the Indian nun from Calcutta' he was well aware of Muggeridge's additional qualification in this matter - that he had lived and worked in Calcutta for a whole year, albeit more than thirty years back! He was therefore, to Western eyes, a Calcutta expert, although according to Muggeridge himself, 'though I was nominally living in Calcutta, I was not really living there at all. It was extraordinary how, as a Sahib in India, this could be done.'<sup>30</sup> <sup>24</sup> Gregory Wolfe, Malcolm Muggeridge, p. 332. <sup>25</sup> Wolfe, Malcolm Muggeridge, p. 353. Muggeridge and Mother Teresa first met at the Holy Child Convent in London's Cavendish Square, for what was to be Mother Teresa's first appearance before a television camera. It was in March 1968. It is said that Mother Teresa was late for the interview, and Muggeridge got impatient, and when she finally arrived, he whisked her off quickly saying, 'Come along, Mother Teresa.' The seasoned television presenter and man of the world adopted an avuncular attitude towards this shy and wispy nun, who was also much younger. Teresa was nervous at the interview, during the course of which Muggeridge discovered that Mother Teresa was in fact Albanian, not Indian - this pleased him no end, as he had been a champion of Catholicism in eastern Europe, and was connected with underground Catholic groups that worked behind the iron curtain, financed with large chunks of money laundered by the CIA and the Vatican. It also fulfilled his other criterion of a European (albeit just) doing charity amidst the dark races. The interview left Muggeridge well short of overwhelmed - he was not aware as yet of Mother Teresa's special brand of Catholicism. Mother Teresa did not speak about her stance on abortion and contraception. (It was the only occasion in which she appeared on television outside India, but did not rant about the evils of abortion). That first interview that Mother Teresa gave I find very remarkable indeed. She gave a factual account of her work, especially with abandoned orphans - before abortion had been legalised in India, babies were often left at the doorsteps of orphanages, hospitals and police stations. Mother Teresa talked about it. During the interview, the more Mother Teresa wanted to talk about her work, the more Muggeridge tried to quiz her about why she was not doing more to spread Christianity. It was as if he was chiding her for letting the side down: Mother Teresa, will you explain one thing for me? The inspiration for your work comes from the Mass, from your Catholic devotions, from your religious life. Now then, when you have people helping, don't you feel that you must put them in the way of having this same help?



Mother Teresa replied, 'Everyone, even the Hindus and the Mohamedans, has some faith in their own religion, and that can help them do the works of love.' Muggeridge was not at all satisfied. He asked, as if in mild disgust, 'Is that enough?' What was notable in the interview was Mother's forthright, no-nonsense approach, the absence of tear jerkers and sound bites, and the complete absence of 'I pick up people from the streets', which fictitious claim became compulsory in later interviews. There was also no mention of 'when we touch the poor, we touch the body of Jesus', which sentiment was repeatedly invoked later. The interview was broadcast by BBC television in May 1968 - the public liked it. People sent in a lot of money (£9,000), without being asked to. It is not surprising that it touched the masses as Mother Teresa spoke from the heart. It was impossible not to be impressed by this unknown nun, who was patently shy and nervous, and who was doing her best in a faraway land with minimum funds. Delighted with the response, the BBC repeated the programme soon afterwards. People sent in more money, and the total amount donated following the two screenings came to about £20,000. One reason people were impressed by Mother Teresa was because she did not make any apologies for her Christian faith. We should remember that this was during the high sixties, the decade of dope and Hare Krishna, when Christians in the West were suffering from a deep sense of guilt and unfulfilment; people were flocking to India looking for spiritual salvation - and here was a Christian woman who offered Indians not spiritual but material help - the practical minded British liked this scenario. Muggeridge of course, was deeply critical that Mother Teresa was not doing enough to spread the word of the Lord. She soon saw his point and changed her stance. The two screenings of the BBC Meeting Point interview caused a ripple which soon died down. Neither a myth nor a star was born. The great British public soon forgot about the nun in the sari perhaps because the British media were largely unimpressed, except for The Observer, which had a brief mention of the interview in its review pages. The Irish Independent also briefly mentioned it, calling it 'another minor incident drawing Muggeridge along his circuitous journey to Catholicism.' Muggeridge soon found out more about Mother Teresa and her world view, through mutual acquaintances and also by direct correspondence. He was now in a frenzy at long last he had found a Christian person who fitted the bill exactly - who was dyed-in-the-wool orthodox, uncompromisingly opposed to contraception and abortion, but at the same time 'simple' enough to appeal to the common man and woman. Furthermore, she was also a charity worker. In order to spread his message, he decided to highlight the charity aspect, which would appeal to the man in the street - the natural progression of the publicity brigade from there on, would be to proclaim the beliefs and values of this remarkable woman who did all this charity. I am sure many of us think of such ingenious plans to sell our hobby horses, but few are as lucky as Muggeridge was in having access to some of the world's most powerful media systems in two continents. Muggeridge decided that the best way to bring his new found heroine to the attention of the world would be through a television film, and he soon persuaded the BBC to agree to a film on her, to be shot on location in Calcutta. Mother Teresa herself was initially (genuinely) reluctant about the film, but Muggeridge put pressure on her through a mutual friend, Cardinal Heenan of London. She agreed, but was not over-enthusiastic: 'If this TV programme is going to let people understand God better, then we will have it, ..'<sup>31</sup> To Muggeridge she wrote, 'Let us now do something beautiful for God.' The rest is history. Following Mother's cue, Muggeridge decided to call the film Something Beautiful for God, and a year later wrote a book of the same name, which became a best-seller, and is still in print. He donated the entire royalty from the book to the Missionaries of Charity. The film launched the

career of Mother Teresa. Even in those early days Muggeridge had foreseen the saleability of Teresa as a potential saint, and had appended 'of Calcutta'. Indeed, the film first appeared on television screen as Mother Teresa of Calcutta, with the subtitle 'Something Beautiful for God'. The 'of Calcutta' suffix, in those very early days, was an immensely clever idea of Muggeridge's - it captured public imagination

on and stuck. Incidentally, it was used for the first time ever in the film - it had not appeared in Muggeridge's radio interview the previous year, nor had it been used in earlier articles on Mother Teresa in the American Catholic press. The film *Something Beautiful for God* was made in March 1969, over a period of five days. The day that had been scheduled for most of the filming turned out to be a day of bandh in Calcutta. This is a Hindi word meaning 'shut down', and the practice of bandh is a political tool used by political parties as a display of strength. The Calcutta of 1969 that Muggeridge arrived in to shoot his film was quite different to the one he had left in 1935. Much of the city was now a battleground between the hard left, the somewhat more moderate left and the right. There would be almost daily skirmishes between these factions resulting in casualties; to the north of the city small tracts would be declared 'capitalist free zones' by the hard left Naxalites (who themselves had about a dozen factions within them) which would then be recaptured by police resulting in more deaths. The Naxalites drew their ranks mainly from the students of Calcutta University. In such a situation, a particular political party would call a bandh as a show of strength. On the day of bandh, all activities in the city would come to a halt, especially business activities, schools, colleges and entertainments. Private vehicles, if seen, would be stoned by the bandh organisers; public vehicles, if out, could be burnt! The only cars allowed would be those of the emergency services, and of the press. It can only be guessed how many billions Calcutta lost through the numerous bandhs the city endured through the 1960s - tit for tat bandhs by the main political parties became the norm at one time. The ordinary citizens got increasingly fed up with the situation, although the left parties enjoyed a broad base of support in the city - they still do, although the hard left has all but disappeared. Bandhs are no longer that common or that violent - the city has exported the practice to the rest of India, having realised its suicidal impact. One can imagine that Muggeridge, disgusted at Calcutta's extreme lurch to the left, deciding to teach the city a lesson. Although fictitious gruesome slums were not built for the purposes of the film - Muggeridge had neither the time nor the personnel for the exercise - but the city was presented in a sharply negative light. Later, of course, it became common for British or American film and television companies to build bespoke slums to show Calcutta in a particularly odious light - it was done to chilling and lasting effects in 1987 for the shooting of the Hollywood film *The City of Joy*. Indeed, the BBC became unstuck in Italy as recently as June 1995 when trying to adopt the same tactic - when filming a 'documentary' about drugs and urban decay, the BBC crew were accused of taking shots of studiously stage managed scenes such as those of syringes 'pulled from a cameraman's pocket and tossed down in front of the lens.' The entire town of Reggio di Calabria protested - filming was abandoned and the television team was recalled to London to answer charges. Calcutta has also protested when Western film units have either exclusively highlighted or invented scenes about its squalor, but since it does not have the clout of a city in the European Community, its protests have fallen on deaf ears. Calcutta is a free for all for the international journalistic community, and it was Muggeridge who started this trend. In his BBC film, in one scene Calcutta is depicted as a smoking wasteland with a corridor in the middle illuminated by a shaft of light, along which Mother Teresa is shown to pass. The film also has a scene (which has been reproduced in the Woody Allen film *Alice*) where Mother is shown with a blind Indian girl, rubbing her fingers on the child's eyes over and over again - after a while the child's facial expression changes from distraughtness to an angelic smile; the only things missing were the mud and spit Jesus had employed to bring vision back to a blind boy (John 9: 1 - 7) - it is chilling to think that in this very first film such tactics were being adopted. It is also significant



that Mother Teresa even in her first full length documentary had no compunction in taking Jesus off. Proves my point that when it came to publicity, she was a born natural. Muggeridge adopted a unique line to enhance the film's appeal, and make it the subject of international discussion - he said that an 'actual miracle' had taken place during filming. The story, according to him, went thus - he asked the came

raman Ken Macmillan (of Kenneth Clark's *Civilisation* fame) to shoot inside the home for the dying, which was 'dimly lit by small windows high up in the wall', with film meant for outdoor filming. Mr Macmillan did that and he also shot some footage outside, of the residents sitting in the sun. Now the 'actual miracle', according to Muggeridge, was this: 'In the processed film, the part taken inside was bathed in a particularly beautiful soft light, whereas the part taken outside was rather dim and confused.' And he gave us the reason for this purported anomaly: I myself am absolutely convinced that the technically unaccountable light is, in fact, the Kindly Light Newman refers to in his well-known exquisite hymn - ... This love is luminous, like the haloes artists have seen and made visible round the heads of saints. I find it not at all surprising that the luminosity should register on a photographic film ... I am personally persuaded that Ken recorded the first authentic photographic miracle. It so delighted me that I fear that I talked and wrote about it to the point of tedium, and sometimes irritation.<sup>32</sup> When it came to non-Christian issues, miracles and mysteries were not really up Muggeridge's street, and he was rather proud of the fact that he was a sceptic and a cynic. Staunchly in favour of American war activities, he went to Hiroshima to bust something he considered a myth - he talked to 'an old priest' and came to the conclusion that all those stories about human hands fossilised on walls or of bicycles melting away after the atomic bomb, were just that.<sup>33</sup> Muggeridge's photographic 'actual miracle' failed to impress the Catholic Church initially: Once, out at Hatch End, where Father Agnellus Andrew has his estimable set-up for instructing Roman Catholic priests and prelates in the techniques of radio and television, Peter Chafer and I showed our Mother Teresa film to a gathering of ecclesiastical brass. Afterwards, I spoke about the miracle of the light in the Home for the Dying. It troubled them, I could see. They did not want to hear about it. One or two, hazarded an opinion that no doubt, the result was due to some accidental adjustment in the camera or quality in the stock. They were happy when they moved on to other topics... Roman Catholics as assiduously covering up, or at any rate ignoring, a miraculous occurrence in Mother Teresa's Home for the Dying. I record the matter here in the hope that, in years to come, Christian believers may be glad to know that in a dark time the light that shone about the heads of dying derelicts brought in from the streets of Calcutta by Mother Teresa's Sisters of the Missionaries of Charity somehow got itself recorded on the film.<sup>34</sup> Muggeridge died a happy man, knowing that the Catholic church had eventually wholeheartedly accepted his 'first authentic photographic miracle' as such; moreover, as the world has moved more and more towards religious orthodoxy and irrationality, there are fewer today than there were in 1969 who would reject his arguments as calculated disingenuousness. Following his brush with the supernatural in Calcutta, Muggeridge had another miraculous experience soon afterwards - this was in 1971 in Turkey, when he was filming St Paul's journey to Damascus. While they filmed on a lonely road, Muggeridge and his friend Alec Vidler (a priest) 'were joined by a third [figure], who seemed to walk along' with them in the shimmering heat before quietly disappearing. Allegedly, this had all been captured on film, but alas, 'thinking that it would cause only confusion in the minds of the viewers if it was shown, Chafer cut the sequence from the finished version of the film and it was never seen.'<sup>35</sup> Chafer never said all this ever happened. Neither Ken Macmillan, nor *Something Beautiful's* producer and director Peter Chafer claimed that there had been any 'photographic miracle' in Calcutta, although when put under increasing pressure by journalists, the church or the public, Mr Chafer would wriggle out of a difficult situation with the quizzical reply, 'The whole of my television life with Muggeridge has been a series of miracles and bizarre, inconceivable happenings.'<sup>36</sup> He also wrote, 'I am no

authority on miracles, but suspect that in this case they rest, like beauty, in the eye of the beholder.<sup>37</sup> It was not until 1994 however, that Ken Macmillan the cameraman went public about

t the 'miracle'. He said: We had some new film from Kodak that we hadn't tried before. When we saw the final print, I was going to say three cheers for Kodak, but Muggeridge turned round and stopped me ... Then the same day, I get all these calls from newspapers in London asking me about the 'miracle' in Calcutta.<sup>38</sup> Apart from the 'actual miracle', Muggeridge also came across 'a kind of miracle' (times two) during the filming in Calcutta, one of them being the accidental discovery of Mother Teresa's vehicle 'with the engine turning over' in a place where it was not expected to be! In my driving experiences in Calcutta, I have often wondered if God or some alien power takes over the wheels, for it is a mystery one manages to get from A to B unscathed, or at all. The film *Something Beautiful for God*, in trying to market a certain brand of Catholic faith, behaved not unlike a Soviet propaganda film. Muggeridge knew that, and he was apprehensive that the film might fail to click with the public. So, from March until the film was screened on 5 December 1969 (it got a Friday evening prime time slot), he whipped up frenzy in both Britain and the United States, amongst the public and the media by constantly lecturing about 'the first authentic photographic miracle'. In such a situation, curiosity drove many people to watch the film. The week the film was scheduled to be shown, *Radio Times* (a BBC publication), Britain's only television magazine at the time, carried a large feature on Mother Teresa by Cardinal Heenan (who, incidentally, had never been to Calcutta) - the article, titled 'Loving Someone to Salvation', introducing Mother Teresa to viewers, said that she 'took them [the dying destitutes] to her own home', and also that owing to her influence 'refined Indian women who ten years ago thought that it corrupted them to touch an untouchable now gather them lovingly in their arms' - both points entirely made up. It was hardly surprising that a Roman Catholic Cardinal would tell such a tale about a Roman Catholic nun - what was noteworthy was that a secular publication should publish it. The mythmaking had begun in earnest. That particular issue of *Radio Times* also carried a photograph of Mother Teresa - interestingly, she was not shown in her usual 'humble' or charitable postures, i.e., either bending down with folded arms, or clutching an orphan child - she was shown sitting regally in a high chair - possibly the only photograph of its kind; the high chair was soon abandoned, as the PR brigade realised that saints and high chairs did not mix very well. The film was well received in Britain, but in America it created near hysteria. The Teresa myth was well and truly born. The days of white Christian guilt were over. Thanks to the film and to further continuous rejoinders by Muggeridge in various media, by the early 1970s Mother Teresa was beginning to be recognised by ordinary street folk in Britain, although she would be utterly unrecognised in Calcutta at the time if she walked down the streets. Edward Finch, who was the Anglican Canon of Chelmsford Diocese in the 1970s, used to talk of about an incident Mother Teresa had told him about in 1973: 'She said she was walking down a London street when a chap selling flowers said, "Are you Mother Teresa of Malcolm Muggeridge?" It made her laugh.' Now that the myth was born, there was no shortage of vested interests in taking on the task for its reinforcement, and carrying on where Muggeridge had left off - in this the Americans led the way, and they are still the leading protagonists in the Teresa publicity brigade. Interestingly, many years before even Muggeridge had found her, Mother Teresa twice appeared on the covers of the staunchly orthodox American Catholic journal *Jubilee* - in February 1958 (when she was utterly unknown, even in the Catholic community in India) and again in December 1960, during the first of her innumerable visits to the US. Many American presidents have been active publicists for Mother Teresa, some enthusiastically, such as Ronald Reagan, others not so wholeheartedly, such as Bill Clinton. Bob Dole, the one time presidential hopeful, when savaged by a section of his own

party for not being right wing enough, invoked the Teresa card - he said that Mother Teresa had endorsed him on the abortion issue. Even Bill Clinton and his wife (who support abortion) have repeatedly played the Teresa card in

order to appease the increasingly powerful religious right in the United States. Mr and Mrs Clinton appeared with Mother Teresa on American television for the National Prayer Breakfast Meeting of 1994, where the latter ranted on about the evils of contraception and abortion. Mr and Mrs President could do nothing but smile and shift uncomfortably in their chairs - so powerful had the mystique of Mother Teresa become by our time. Incidentally, Mother Teresa never appeared on stage with Indian dignitaries during a national event in India, or even in Calcutta. Contrary to the public perception of a woman oblivious to media machinations, she had an uncanny understanding of what kind of public behaviour would go down well with the people in which country - in India, for instance, she never publicly spoke against contraception. She knew that to do so would be to commit public relations suicide. If she ever appeared in the Calcutta media speaking against contraception (and abortion), she would not only be ridiculed in the city - she would be verbally lynched from all sides. Amongst US presidents, Mother Teresa had the greatest admirer in Ronald Reagan, who was also a great fan of Muggeridge. During the 1970s, Reagan was attracted to Muggeridge for his Bible thumping on US television, and the Mother Teresa connection enhanced the attraction manifold. Muggeridge was now feted all over the world, but particularly in the US, as 'the man who discovered the living saint'. In 1974, he was invited by Billy Graham to speak at the Congress of World Evangelisation inusanne. Also, around this time he was recruited by the ultra orthodox American Catholic tycoon William F Buckley, Jr. (that same Buckley who once urged that homosexuals be branded on their bottoms to single them out from the rest of the population), the editor of the influential magazine National Review and the presenter of the television show, Firing Line. Muggeridge appeared seven times on Firing Line, where he frequently talked about Mother Teresa and the 'miracle of lights'. In 1980, shortly after Mother Teresa had received her Nobel Prize, Buckley flew Muggeridge over to the Vatican to meet Pope John Paul II, who was a hero to both men. They presented a chat show from the Sistine Chapel, with the pontiff in the rather strange company of Grace Kelly, Charlton Heston and David Niven. The Catholic establishment and more broadly the alliance of the world's right wing - Catholic or not - were always grateful to Muggeridge for 'discovering' (or inventing) Mother Teresa. President Reagan, for one, was always keen to show his gratitude. One day in 1981, a limousine drove all the way from the US Embassy in London's Grosvenor Square to the Muggeridges' home in Sussex only to hand-deliver a small envelope - a present from Mr President - a photograph signed by the great leader himself, showing Mother Teresa emerging from The White House's diplomatic gate with Ronald and Nancy in tow. Also enclosed was a letter. A couple of years later, Mr Reagan, not generally known for his cerebral activities, wrote an essay entitled 'Abortion and the Conscience of the Nation', wherein he quoted Muggeridge liberally. Mother Teresa gave Ronald Reagan her ultimate certificate: 'I did not know you love your people so much.' In this case 'people' equalled unborn people. Following Muggeridge's film and then the book of the same name, and their world-wide publicity, Mother's Nobel Prize was almost a fait accompli, the culmination of an unstoppable process. Nevertheless, Muggeridge had soldiered on ceaselessly, writing to established contacts, digging up new contacts, creating more media publicity, writing and talking endlessly in articles, books and on television about his heroine. Way back in 1971, when he was celebrating the launching of the book in London, he said, 'When she wins the Nobel Prize, ...'39 (italics mine). At the time, his comment had surprised even Mother's friend and biographer Eileen Egan. Indeed, according to Muggeridge's old paper The Daily Telegraph<sup>40</sup> his groundwork 'was an important element in winning Mother Teresa the Nobel Peace Prize.' Acc

According to Mother's biographer, friend and one time leader of her co-workers in Spain, Jose Luis Gonzalez-Balado, 'During the 1970s, the pen and microphone of Malcolm Muggeridge, a British journalist, make Mother Teresa famous in the West, not only in Catholic circles but in wider society. As a consequence, she is awarded ... the Nobel Peace Prize.'<sup>41</sup> I do not think that anybody would deny that there is a very strong Catholic lobby in the Peace Prize machinations, and in it again the Americans play a big role

. During the cold war, it helped for the Nobel Peace nominee to be orthodox, and generally embrace right wing ideology. Mother Teresa was of course not outwardly political, but there is no doubt that she belonged to the right of the political spectrum. Many of her best friends were ultra right wing, including Pope John Paul II, whom she was exceptionally close to. That she came from Albania, the only Stalinist regime in the world at the time (which also officially embraced atheism) helped her a great deal. Giving the Nobel to a deeply Catholic nun from Albania would very effectively cock a snook at the Communist government in that country and at socialist governments world-wide; roughly on the same principles Sakharov had been given the Nobel four years before her, in spite of his involvement with the supremely destructive project of a Soviet hydrogen bomb. It is likely that Calcutta's passion with Marxism was also a factor. After all, it was none other than Lenin who had said in the early 20th century that 'Communism will come to London via Calcutta.' (This was when Calcutta was the capital of the British Empire) Mother's friends left no room for complacency in waging their campaign before the Nobel committee. They recruited three influential American senators, Pete Domenici, Mark O. Hatfield, and Hubert Humphrey. There were of course others, but these three were at the forefront. Mr Domenici is a pious 'family values' Catholic with eight children who recently (1996-97) voted against employers providing 'family and welfare leave', against government regulations for nursing homes for the elderly, against government funding of retirement, and in favour of Medicare cuts. Devout Mr Hatfield, a former annual fund raiser for Mother Teresa, also voted in favour of Medicare cuts. Both are vehemently anti-abortion and Domenici supports the possession of guns. Senator Hatfield, who went all the way to Calcutta to see Mother Teresa a couple of years after her Nobel, is also notable for being the subject of two ethics probes against him, in 1987 and 1992, for 'receiving improper gifts' related to his position in the Senate Appropriations Committee. And former Vice President Hubert Humphrey, the celebrated Commie-basher, was of course, noted for his trenchant support for the continuation of the Vietnam war. These people were close to Mother Teresa and were personally blessed by her. A more powerful and war-hungry man had been one of Mother Teresa's strongest allies in her bids for the Nobel Prize - he was Robert Strange McNamara, who was US Defence Secretary during much of the Vietnam war. Incidentally, Mr McNamara came to Calcutta shortly after he left his federal post and became president of the World Bank in 1968 - visiting Mother Teresa was not on the agenda, as she was unknown at the time outside the Catholic world (McNamara, although an evangelical type Christian, is not a Catholic). McNamara's visit is still talked about in Calcutta - the entire city erupted in flames in protest against the 'war criminal', as the students called him. A solid mass of people blocked his way from the airport to the city centre, and in the end he had to be airlifted from the airport and deposited on the roof of the American consulate. Students and workers fought pitched battles with the police at the consulate, and most of McNamara's official engagements had to be cancelled. Calcutta was one of the major centres for Vietnam war protest in the world in the 1960s. One of the most vivid memories from my childhood is the protest song in Bengali: Aamaar naam, tomaar naam,...Vietnaam, Vietnaam. (My name, your name, ...Vietnam, Vietnam.) McNamara obviously did not like the political attitude in Calcutta and never forgot the personal insult. Robert McNamara was one of Mother Teresa's nominators for the Nobel Peace Prize - he, in fact, nominated her three times - unsuccessfully in 1975 and 1977, later successfully in 1979. Given the Nobel Peace committee's rather unique and warped view of 'peace' I am not surprised that it accepted nominations from one of history's greatest war makers. Why ultra right wing



intolerant politicians and journalists found a natural ally in Mother Teresa was quite obvious - they furthered each others' cause. These were not people who admired Mother Teresa from afar - they actually knew her quite well, and the admiration soon became mutual. It is not true that it helps to be any Catholic who is also seen to be doing cha

chance to be in with a chance for the Nobel. You have to be a particular brand of Catholic, such as Albert Schweitzer and Mother Teresa, for your influential friends to rally round you. The case in point is Dorothy Day, the Catholic convert, who did immense work amongst the poor in the United States all her life. She however made the mistake of being a trade unionist, a socialist, and a pacifist, dirty words all three among the American establishment. She was also a staunch and active opponent of America's war in Vietnam, and was imprisoned numerous times by the US government. She is now all but forgotten not only by the public at large but also by the Catholic Church. Far from being accorded cult status by her church, she is now demoted by them as some kind of second order celebrity, especially during the reign of Pope John Paul II. She has never been nominated for the Nobel. And she is not a saint hopeful - the official reason for this is because she had a child out of wedlock. Dorothy Day met Mother Teresa at least twice, the first time in Calcutta in 1970, when Day had become something of a popular legend and Mother was a rising star in the US. They did not quite hit it off. Surprised at Day's lack of display of Catholicism, Mother Teresa stuck a big crucifix on her blouse. They two also met at Philadelphia at the International Eucharist Congress in 1976. The situation was now different - Mother Teresa was now a big celebrity in the US (she needed minders to stop her from being mobbed) whereas Day was almost persona non grata amongst conservative Catholics. Both women were scheduled to speak from the same dais on 6 August, which happened to be Hiroshima Day. In her speech, Day rebuked the Congress organisers for not mentioning Hiroshima at all in the proceedings (this was obviously a conscious decision by the right wing organisers, who had included a mass for the military in the programme). Mother Teresa, when she spoke, predictably, did not mention Hiroshima; but she mentioned killing of a different kind - that of the unborn child - which went down very well with the organisers and the crowd. Any talk of Hiroshima would have upset her backers for the Peace Prize. Given the type of person Mother Teresa was, it was not surprising that the world's conservatives pulled out all their stops to build her up, and to get her the Nobel. But even then she had had two abortive attempts - in 1975, when Sakharov beat her to it, and also in 1977, when she was beaten by the eminently worthy Amnesty International. Why she failed on those occasions is not clear, but even the Catholic church admitted that too many 'spontaneous' letters that kept arriving at the Nobel committee's doorstep at Oslo made their candidate look too well-sponsored for her own good and detracted from her 'humble' image. According to Mother's biographer Eileen Egan, 'someone jokingly remarked that half the nuns of Spain had taken pen in hand.'<sup>42</sup> It was obviously not the case that everybody who was taken in by Mother Teresa's charms was a devious ultra right winger with a political agenda. Millions of ordinary decent men and women in the world admired and even worshipped her; honest, genuine people liked and promoted her - most of them did not see her in action, and very few have been to Calcutta. One of those people was Lady Barbara Ward, who nominated her for the 1977 Nobel prize. She actually warned the Catholic establishment against their letter writing campaign.<sup>43</sup> The successful 1979 campaign was run professionally, like a sleek party election campaign; indeed, many of the people who ran that campaign were top guns in the US Republican Party. It is interesting that none of Mother Teresa's nominators or endorsers in any of her three Nobel attempts were from Calcutta, or indeed from India. I do not think she got any letters of support from Calcutta - this was not because she was unpopular there, but because she was not important enough. A Calcuttan would have been embarrassed to write a letter in support of a person who was such a small presence, for a prize as grand as the Nobel. The 1979 campaign was co-ordinated by Muggerridge, and he was

naturally over the moon when the prize was finally announced. It is actually true that the prize meant little to Mother Teresa personally (as she said many a time), but it was important to her insofar as it enhanced tremendously the profile of her Church, and the entrenched values she stood for. Also following the Nobel, her veneration r

reached such a height that every word of hers was accepted as the ultimate truth by media and public. Mother quickly realised this and more and more when describing her work she frequently crossed the borders between reality and fantasy. Around this time Mother Teresa spent a considerable energy in having Muggeridge converted. He was still not officially Catholic, and nominally remained an Anglican, although he directed enormous venom against the liberal culture in the Anglican church. The Catholic establishment in general, actually wished for him to remain nominally outside their church, as support always looked better if coming from an outsider. Mother Teresa however, wanted her special friend converted. She never forgot her debt to him, and she never underestimated the value of the media, especially television, after the success of Muggeridge's film - in her own words: 'I can see that Christ is needed in the television studios.'<sup>44</sup> Way back in 1970, Mother had written to Muggeridge her famous 'Nicodemus letter': '...you are to me like Nicodemus...Christ is longing to be your food. Surrounded with fullness of living food you allow yourself to starve. The personal love Christ has for you is infinite; the small difficulty you have re His church is finite. Overcome the finite with the infinite. Nicodemus was the Pharisee who came to Christ in the middle of the night, being convinced by his miracles that he was a teacher from God. Inevitably, Muggeridge overcame the finite with the infinite, in 1982 - after a great deal of intellectual posturing. It was a very public conversion, surrounded by much media hype. Mother Teresa, unfortunately, could not attend. She sent Muggeridge and his long suffering wife this letter: Dear Malcolm and Kitty My heart is full of deep gratitude to God and his Blessed Mother for this tender love for you for giving you the joy of his coming in your hearts on 27th Nov [1982]. I wish I was with you that day but ... my prayer and sacrifice will be with you that you may grow in holiness and be more and more like Jesus. I also want to thank you for all you have done for Jesus through your writings. Still I get letters and meet people who say that they have come closer to God through reading Something Beautiful for God...Keep the joy of loving Jesus in your heart and say often during the day and night 'Jesus in my heart I believe in your tender love for me. I love you.' God bless you Teresa. Muggeridge died eight years later, during which time I am not sure if he did 'grow in holiness' and become 'more and more like Jesus.' But he was now rehabilitated by the British establishment and the epithet - St Mugg - that he earned towards the end of his life was more reverential than tongue in cheek. Only a decade before he had been marginalised by society and media alike as a paranoid and maniacal fundamentalist, and had to seek refuge in America. The Teresa connection made the man respectable again. Although a substantial section of the British establishment does remember him as a hypocritical sanctimonious bully. It is a frightening thought that a man as prejudiced as Muggeridge was allowed such power in an organisation such as the BBC, and in other equally powerful organs of the media. Here was a man who was known to be deeply anti-Semitic (the examples I have given here are an expurgated version as the most trenchant ones were 'blue-pencilled' by him.), whose entire life and actions were determined by prejudices, and who was openly carrying on with extramarital sexual liaisons despite pronouncing pious values. He also tried to use his position to stop other people from using contraception. He was a supporter of the war in Vietnam, and of other American war exercises. He cast doubt on the suffering in Hiroshima; he participated in CIA funded clandestine activities. Is it fair or justified that such a person be allowed a free hand in large sections of the press and television, which are purportedly neutral? In his television career alone, he chaired or conducted influential programmes such as The Critics, The Brains Trust, Any Question?, Panorama, Let Me Speak, The Question Why, A Third Testament, to name but a few.

Over and above, in the most bigoted phase in his life, he was being asked more and more to undertake religious programmes, such as the one in which he 'discovered' Mother Teresa. He had absolutely no room in his psyche for relativism in religion, for tolerance and understanding, and he fervently believed that Christianity should go out with the sword as well as

the Gospel to conquer inferior cultures. He would have no hesitation in twisting and bending facts in order to promote Christianity - in this he had an ally in Teresa. He had reluctantly admitted about her work in Calcutta: 'Criticism is often directed at the insignificant scale of the work she and her Sisters undertake...', and 'It is perfectly true, of course, that statistically speaking, what she achieves is little, or negligible' and also, 'the old fashioned methods allegedly used, are pointed to as detracting from her usefulness.' In a remarkable fit of candour he also remarked on her 'seeming to achieve more than she does, or can.'<sup>45</sup> In the next breath, both he (and Mother Teresa) had no hesitation in exaggerating that scale of work, because in his view 'Christianity is not statistical view of life.'<sup>46</sup> My own evaluation of Muggeridge is similar to that of Stalin's daughter, Svetlana, who had defected to the West and become a Christian, and whom Muggeridge befriended. The relationship later turned sour, and she wrote to him: You are one of those obsessed demoniacal creatures who ought to be avoided at all costs; they bring misfortune into the lives of others; they ruin the lives of others. The real good people are humble and silent (like your Kitty is). But beware, God sees all vanity and pride and you cannot fool him.<sup>47</sup> I am not surprised that somebody so 'obsessed [and] demoniacal' was attracted to Mother Teresa - there is a multitude of other examples of similar people loving her - all the ruthless South and Central American dictators adored her, as did most contemporary journalists and religious figures from all over the world with deeply held prejudices. For instance, the militant anti-abortionist Benedictine priest Paul Marx, who has been virtually ostracised by mainstream Catholic church in his own country the United States for his utterings against Jews and Muslims (although Pope John Paul II told him, '...you are doing the most important work on earth') is a deep admirer of Mother Teresa - indeed, he wrote to me: 'I have met Mother Teresa many times and have worked with her in India and elsewhere'. I am not sure how much attraction existed on Mother's side for Father Marx, but what really worries me is that time and time again the rich, the powerful, the vicious, the bigoted, the exploiter have rallied round her. They have propped her and nourished her. These people are not stupid - they would not expend time and money without getting something back. It is not that they change dramatically after coming in contact with her. Muggeridge's bigotries, for instance, became even more entrenched after the Teresa exposure; he now almost justified them as having saintly sanction. I am not suggesting that Mother Teresa, like Muggeridge, was driven by malice and paranoia. But there is something to be said for a person being known for the company he or she keeps. When I look at Muggeridge's discovery (or invention) of Teresa the person, his veneration of Teresa the world view and philosophy, and I think of the mutual attraction they had for each other, I begin to get worried. < Epilogue to Chapter 3 >

#### NOTES TO CHAPTER 3

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12. Ibid., p.135. 13. Ibid., p.133 (entry dated 10 June 1935). 14. Ibid., p.115 (entry dated 10 March 1935). 15. Ibid., p.135 (entry dated 6 March 1935). 16. Ibid., p.109 (entry dated 30 December 1934). 17. Ibid., p.103 (entry dated 10 December 1934). 18. Ian Hunter, *Malcolm Muggeridge A Life* (Collins, 1980), p.100. 19. *Muggeridge The Biography*, p.173. 20. *Diaries*, p.260 (entry dated 19 March 1948). 21. Ibid., p. 422 (entry dated 18 December 1950). 22. Ibid., p. 452 (entry dated 11-12 January 1953). 23. *Muggeridge The Biography*, p. 200. 24. *Malcolm Muggeridge A Biography*, p. 332. 25. Ibid., p.353. 26. *Malcolm Muggeridge, Something Beautiful for God* (Fount, 1977), p. 48. 27. Ibid., p. 28. 28. *Malcolm Muggeridge A Biography*, p. 407. 29. Ibid., p.345. 30. *Malcolm Muggeridge, Chronicles of Wasted Time, vol. 2: The Infernal Grove* (Purnell), p. 30. 31. *Malcolm Muggeridge A Biography*, p. 356. 32. *Something Beautiful for God*, p. 41. 33. *Malcolm Muggeridge A Life*, p.162. 34. *Something Beautiful for God*, p. 45. 35. *Muggeridge The Biography*, p. 215. 36. *Malcolm Muggeridge A Life*, p. 234. 37. *Radio Times*, London, 6 May 1971. 38. Interview in *Hell's Angel*, Channel 4 Documentary, telecast 8 November 1994. 39. Eileen Egan, *Such A Vision of the Street* (Sidgwick & Jackson, 1985), p. 217. 40. 15 November 1990. 41. Jose Luis Gonzales-Balado, *Loving Jesus* (HarperCollins, 1995), p.148. 42. *Such a Vision of the Street*, p. 386. 43. Ibid. 44. *Malcolm Muggeridge A Biography*, p.371. 45, 46. *Something Beautiful for God*, p. 28. 47. *Muggeridge The Biography*, p.233.

