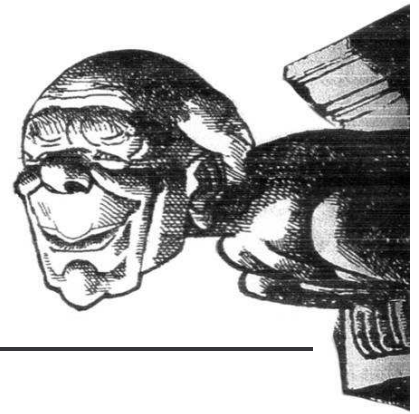
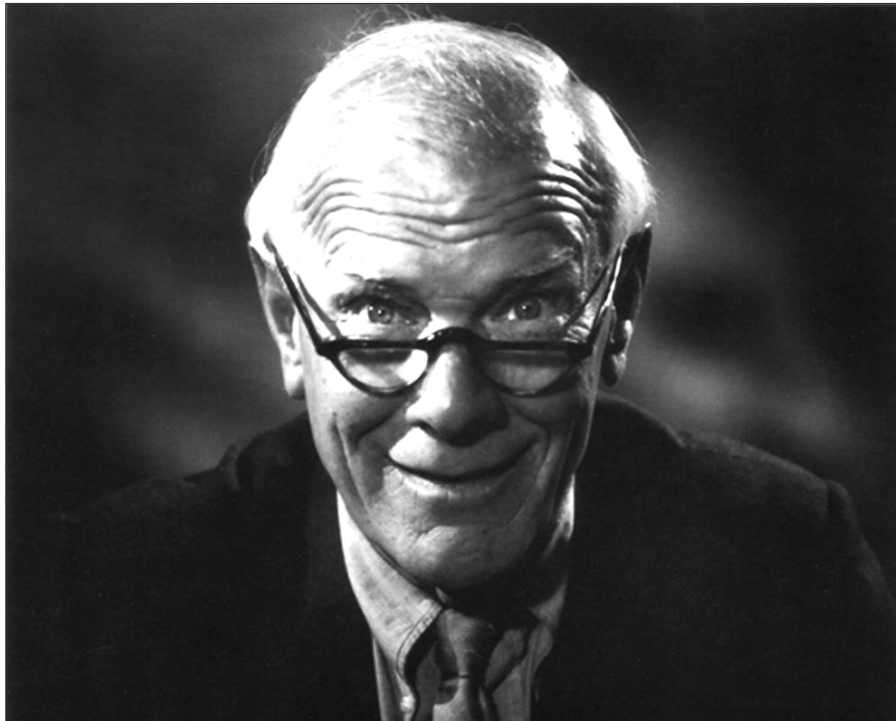


THE GARGOYLE

THE JOURNAL OF THE MALCOLM MUGGERIDGE SOCIETY
CENTENARY REVIEW, JANUARY 2004



“...Humour is the opposite face of mysticism. That’s why on cathedrals the steeple climbs into the sky, and the little grinning gargoyle looks down on the earth. They are both saying the same thing – that man is an inadequate creature...”
(Malcolm Muggeridge, *Muggeridge Ancient and Modern*)



Journalist, author, actor, broadcaster, television personality, soldier-spy and Christian apologist.
The Gargoyle on the steeple - Malcolm Muggeridge!

THE GARGOYLE

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With the formal centenary activities concluded and The Malcolm Muggeridge Society fast gaining members, the Society newsletter **THE GARGOYLE** has been launched. Find out more about The Society, the events we have had and our plans for the forthcoming year.

Letter from the President of the Society



Formed last year in March 2003, The Malcolm Muggeridge Society is now established in the UK and the USA as a focal point for those wishing to share and learn more about Malcolm's life and writings. As you know, his often controversial life included many diverse achievements as journalist, author, actor, broadcaster, television personality, soldier-spy and Christian apologist. In hindsight, it becomes clear to many of us who have re-read his work, or listened again to archive broadcast material, that in very many instances he has been proven right in the highly controversial views expressed on the complex moral and political issues of the time.

In the centennial year marking the 100th anniversary of Malcolm's birth, establishing the Society was just one among many important events aimed at commemorating my uncle's extraordinary life and achievements. The celebrations commenced on Monday 24th March 2003 with the screening on BBC TV of a new *Timeshift* documentary called **Muggeridge: Swimming against the Stream** produced by Gerry Dawson. A large number of articles and features have appeared in the media (see listing within this newsletter) and the one-man show **Mugg Shots** with actor Peter Stockbridge has been a great success on both sides of the Atlantic.

Wheaton College is home to a library and special collection providing a wealth of information and opportunity for all to research and rediscover Malcolm's unique contribution to the literary world. In May 2003, a two-day seminar called **Muggeridge Rediscovered** took place there with Malcolm's close friend William F. Buckley Jr. heading a distinguished panel of speakers. Several hundred clerics, academics, students, journalists, admirers and critics attended, reflecting the wide and diverse interest in Malcolm's writing in the US and Canada.

4th June 2003 saw a large number of Malcolm's friends, relatives and professional colleagues gather in London for a centenary lunch held at the Garrick Club. The Archbishop of Westminster and Jonathan Dimbleby were the guest speakers.

On Sunday 20th July 2003 a centenary service took place at St Mary Magdalene Church in Whatlington, Sussex where Malcolm and Kitty are buried. People came from far and wide, as well as from Robertsbridge and the local area, to share memories and recollections of their association with Malcolm.

On 19th October 2003 I travelled to Rome to attend the ceremony of the beatification of Mother Teresa, joining 300,000 others in St. Peter's Square. This was a significant event which, I believe, my uncle would have felt proud to have played a part in bringing about. He originally introduced the world to Mother Teresa, the first journalist to recognise her very special quality of saintliness, and brought her to public notice.

Membership of **The Malcolm Muggeridge Society** is steadily growing, attracting a wide and diverse body of people with a shared interest in Malcolm's writing. During the remainder of the Centenary Year we are encouraging these to become our Founder Members under the kind auspices of our distinguished Patrons. Thirteen years after his death, most of Malcolm's books have fallen out of print. We are endeavouring to have much of Malcolm's writing republished and to make these available through the Society at a discount. As well as organising events, the purpose of the Society is to provide a source of information for those interested in researching his life and works, to keep his writings in print, and encourage the publication of new critiques and scholarship and to provide a forum internationally for admirers to meet and discuss Malcolm's work. We are delighted to launch **The Gargoyle**, and in this our first issue we are recounting and recording some of the year's events. In future issues we will cover aspects of Malcolm's life and times, publish some of his shorter writings and letters, and also include extracts of unpublished work. Contributions will of course be welcomed. We are maintaining a close relationship with media organisations and institutions (eg. the BBC, the Malcolm Muggeridge Collection at Wheaton College, Illinois) which hold archive material worthy of preservation and re-broadcast. The Society will provide and encourage linkage to other societies where mutual interest exists (eg. PG Wodehouse Society, GK Chesterton Society, CS Lewis Society, Ukraine Society etc.).

Society activities in 2004 will include social and literary events in the US and UK. Details will be promulgated when dates, speakers and venues are finalised. On Sunday 25th January 2004 there will be a special performance of **Mugg Shots** at the Jermyn Street Theatre in London, with a further performance at the Komedia Brighton on Wednesday 28th January. For up to date information on events, please look at www.malcolmmuggeridge.org or contact me at sally@malcolmmuggeridge.org. I look forward to hearing from you.

Kind regards, and a Happy New Year!

Sally Muggeridge
President



Muggeridge Rediscovered – Conference at Wheaton College

May 2003

By Myrna Grant

On the occasion of Malcolm Muggeridge's centenary this year, the range and significance of his life and work was the subject of a lively two-day conference which was held in Wheaton, Illinois on May 23-24 at Wheaton College. A distinguished and international group of writers, scholars, biographers, friends and family members presented papers, reminiscences and social commentary on his life and times as well as his many works.

Launching the celebration at a sold-out dinner with William F. Buckley as honorary host, veteran actor Peter Stockbridge gave an abridged and startlingly realistic performance- autobiography of Muggeridge.

The evening keynote address was given by Muggeridge's long-time friend and fellow broadcaster, William F. Buckley, Jr. which featured excerpts from Buckley's distinguished television series, *Firing Line* in which Muggeridge was interviewed. Buckley began his presentation of the video excerpts by saying, "You will see the special nature of his skills, which made him a great star in British television. He challenged contemporary idols with unmitigated derision, but always, I thought with a human concern that put his verbal mayhem into a special perspective, which some of his followers would acknowledge as a Christian perspective which in time he would so specifically associate himself with."

An especially affecting talk was given by Muggeridge's son, John Muggeridge who provided a picture of Muggeridge at home as a father. In spite of a life of travels, John described a "dad" who was both loving and accessible to his children. Sally Muggeridge, his niece and a major organizer of the conference, added her remembrances of her famous uncle and analysis of his work. Matthew Muggeridge, a grandson added to the entertaining session of "Muggeridges on Muggeridge."

The following morning, Dr. Mark Noll, McManus Professor of Christian Thought, Wheaton College, gave context to Muggeridge's life in a lecture, "Major Historical Events of the Twentieth Century," events in which Muggeridge often played a prophetic and strategic role. One of Muggeridge's biographers, Gregory Wolfe, and a joint convener of the conference, presented an insightful paper for the session, "Seeing Through the Eye of a Prophet" which drew on his rich research for his book: *Malcolm Muggeridge: A Biography*, (a new paperback edition out in April of 2003). The last seminar of the afternoon, "Muggeridge the Apologist" included talks by David Mills, editor of *Touchstone* magazine*, Adam Schwartz of the history department of Christendom College, and David Virtue, former editor of *The Vancouver Province* in Canada.

The evening festivities began with a commissioned poem by award-winning poet, Jeanne Murray Walker, read by the author, followed by one of Muggeridge's own poems, set to music by Tony Paine, lyrics sung by soloist Dr. Carolyn Hart, accompanied on the piano by Dr. Daniel Horn.

The evening's keynote speaker was Dr. Thomas Howard, author and professor, who gave an analysis of Muggeridge's life and work with great wit and warmth. This was followed by a dramatic reenactment of the early days of Muggeridge's journalistic career by Dale Fincher.

Throughout the two-day conference there was a remarkable aura of affection and admiration for Muggeridge as a person of integrity, great talent and insight. Old friends from far-flung locales delighted in impromptu reunions. Members of the Muggeridge family, including a teen-aged Canadian great granddaughter, happily socialized with conference attendees and speakers. Perhaps the spirit of the conference is most succinctly captured in the poem written for the occasion by Jeanne Murray Walker, *In Praise of Malcolm Muggeridge*.

(The full text of the poem to be found on The Society's website:

www.malcolmmuggeridge.org)

Myrna Grant, Ph.D., Emerita, Wheaton College,
Graduate Communications

*Ed. See article in December 2003 *Touchstone Magazine*

Luncheon at the Garrick Club, June 4th, 2003

By Jonathan Stedall

Malcolm had a joke that he loved to trot out when he was described in glowing terms before giving a talk – “Whenever I hear myself being introduced I can’t wait to hear what I’m going to say!”.

At the Malcolm Muggeridge Centenary Luncheon at the Garrick Club on June 4th he was certainly described in glowing terms. We didn’t hear his reply in the ordinary sense, but as someone who strongly believed that dialogue is not cut short at death I feel sure that he was responding in his own lovable and idiosyncratic way. As part of our celebration we did of course eat meat and drink wine, but perhaps from his current perspective that wasn’t so shocking. After all those of us who visited him in Robertsbridge in those last years were always given cold ham and a beer before being taken for a long walk!

Malcolm’s niece, Sally, who organised the event with such efficiency and warmth, paid fine tribute to the man whom all of us present loved and admired so much. Those who were able to say so publicly included his son John, Bill Deedes, Cardinal Murphy O’Connor and Conrad Black. Jonathan Dimbleby, in his most

entertaining and insightful contribution, said of Malcolm – “He was both foolish and wise, clever and silly, infuriating and formidable, irreverent and devout.

I first met Malcolm in 1968, in Delhi. We were both making documentary films about Mahatma Gandhi, both for the BBC – but for different departments! Despite his increasing pessimism and despair at the ways of the world, my experience of being with him was always uplifting. One came away full of hope and with an enhanced love of life. Perhaps that is what he too secretly felt. I remember talking to a BBC commissioner late one evening, having deposited Malcolm in a taxi back home to Sussex after a recording session – “They don’t make them like that any more”, he said, “I reckon they lost the mould.”

Sally’s father Jack, Malcolm’s brother, must be enormously proud of the way his daughter not only arranged this gathering with such energy, style and enthusiasm, but has also created The Malcolm Muggeridge Society. I hope it will not only be a memorial to the past, but also an inspiration for those who work for a wiser future.

Editor: Full transcripts of the tributes delivered by the Guest Speakers, the Archbishop of Westminster and Jonathan Dimbleby have been included on pages 12 and 6 respectively within this Centennial Review for the benefit of those who could not attend this event. (NB: An 80th birthday celebration dinner was held in Malcolm’s honour at the Garrick Club in 1983 and attended by him and very many of his journalist friends. The Society has a photograph of this memorable event and the special 80th birthday cartoon presented to him at the dinner.)



Cardinal Cormac Murphy O’Connor, Mr. Jonathan Stedall, Mr. Gerry Dawson, Mr. Philip Ziegler, Mr. Jonathan Dimbleby, Mr. Alan Watkins, Ms. Sally Muggeridge, Mr. Patrick Heren, Lord Black of Crossharbour, Ms. Fiona Cadwallader, Sir David Frost, Mr. David Mills, Lord Deedes, Mr. David Virtue, Lord Rees-Mogg, Mr. David Williams, Sir Paul Judge, Dr. Margaret Siriol Colley, Mr. Kevin and Lady Rachel Billington, Ms. Rebecca Bevan, Canon David Winter, Mr. Peter Stockbridge, Father Kit Cunningham, Mr. David Lane, Mr. John Muggeridge, Mr. Malcolm Alexander, Mr. Barry Cryer, Mr. & Mrs. Toby Jessel, Mr. Wally Fawkes, Dr. & Mrs. Roy Johnson, Mr. Anthony Howard, Mr. & Mrs. Ian Cox, Mrs. Joan Murray-Brown, Ms. Ginny Williams

Memorial Service and Celebration, Whatlington Church, Sussex

By Tony Leliw

Actor Peter Stockbridge was in fine fettle, on stage, entertaining around a 100 Muggeridge fans and family with his one-man show *Mugg Shots*.

"Stalin was the most ruthless dictator of the 20th century," he said gazing into the audience. "And the Five Year Industrialization Plans had been financed by the seizure and the sale of agricultural crops of the Caucasus and Ukraine.

"They are the peasants in whose name the revolution had been bought, and left with no food for themselves and no money," he said stirring.

As a woman chomped on her canapes and a man gulped his tea, he added: "More than 7 million starved to death in Ukraine in the man-made famine of 1932-33. I went to Ukraine as a journalist. I witnessed the horrors and I reported them to the world."

Malcolm's eldest son Leonard, a sprightly 75-year-old, sitting at the top table, was mesmerized, almost watching as if dad had miraculously reappeared, just for one night.

"Mr Shaw (meaning Bernard Shaw) and the Webbs (Beatrice and Sidney) - left-wing intellectuals - wrote to the newspapers, denying it, as they denied the facts of the show trials of Russian dissidents," said Stockbridge, giving a highly polished performance. "These travesties of justice were every bit as real as the starvation. I left the appalling tragedy of Russia with a lasting hatred and distrust of communism and of intellectuals, gifted with intelligence, but without simple common sense," he went on, teasing each word out.

Muggeridge had been Moscow correspondent for the Manchester Guardian during the early 1930s, and had written articles about the Ukrainian famine, which according to Muggeridge's first biographer, Ian Hunter, had eventually cost him his job.

"He was sacked, then vilified, slandered, and abused," wrote Hunter, "not least in the pages of the Manchester Guardian, whose sympathy to what was called 'the great Soviet experiment' was de rigueur."

Back to present time, Sunday, 20th July 2003, and an hour before the one-man show, the day, organised by Muggeridge's niece Sally and her late father Jack, had begun with a memorial service at St Mary Magdalene Church, Whatlington.

It was one of many events planned for the centenary of her famous uncle, born on Monday, 24th March 1903.

Standing in the pulpit, on the site where King Harold heard mass before The Battle of Hastings in 1066, Sally observed that Malcolm had frequently regarded himself like St Augustine, "a vendor of words".

"It is all recorded in his unique style of prose based on the very wide vocabulary that is always clear and lively," she said. "His images and descriptions were always accompanied by humour and acerbic wit – brash and self-deprecating – the result is pure Muggeridge. Far from being the cynical journalist observing from a detached distance with a job to do, he admitted to being incredibly moved by much of the experiences he encountered. Malcolm articulated the only thing that really teaches what life is really about - suffering and not success."

Leonard, who spent his childhood in Whatlington and nearby Robertsbridge and now lives in Dunstable, read a lesson (Job XIX Vs 21-27) at the service. He also held aloft a prayer book, which his father read with him as a child.

With the last echoes of the hymn Jerusalem ringing in our ears, the congregation started to file out and make the short distance to where Malcolm and his wife Kitty are buried.

I asked Leonard, a retired teacher, whether his father had expressed any views over the demise of the Soviet Union. He smiled, saying: "When Communism collapsed he was sadly not able to understand because he had gone a bit senile. If he had heard it, that would have thrilled him – as it was something he prophesied."

Returning to the village hall, past the Mill House, where the Muggeridges had lived, the actor was getting ready to tread the village boards. Although he never knew Muggeridge, Stockbridge has taken his show across the country and to the United States.

Yes, the unmistakable voice and welcome grimace of Malcolm Muggeridge was again taking the rolling hills of Sussex by storm.

Tony Leliw is a London-based journalist whose articles have appeared in respected publications such as the London Evening Standard and The Times, as well as news services in Ukraine and the U.S.

Editor: The full text of Sally's address at the Memorial Service is included on page 10 in this Centennial Review.

MALCOLM MUGGERIDGE CENTENNIAL LUNCH – 4 JUNE 2003

Transcript of address given by Jonathan Dimbleby, guest speaker

What would Malcolm Muggeridge have made of this – and us? I suspect he would have said, “Dear boy, it really is absurd!” (one of his favourite words) that we should be gathered here in his name. But at the same time his vanity, which he always had difficulty controlling, would have flattered to the point of self-mortification.

Earthly homage of course was never his thing. He once said to me, with fastidious disdain, “I intensely dislike any form of hero worship or adulation in anyone”. So if you are up there St Mugg – you can relax. I will avoid adulation. He was, of course, a bundle of contradictions – rather more so than most of us. This made him entirely delightful and wholly exasperating. I first spent time with him when he was 70 and had started to spend a great deal of time banging on about “the Gadarene descent of western civilisation.”

This was a few years after a dinner in Washington where he told Tony Howard and Charles Wheeler “when you reach the age of 60 you have a simple decision to make: whether to be a saint or a sod.” – a reflection which prompted Charles to retort, “And what kind of progress do you think you are making?”

I went with my wife Bel to stay with him and Kitty in Provence, there through the winter months to work on, I think, Part Two of his biography. I went with some trepidation – and not merely because of the Gadarene clichés. I suppose I knew of him less as a writer than as a television performer. He had worked on *Panorama*, an idiosyncratic presence before *Panorama* had become a weighty ‘window on the world’ with my father in the chair.

MM once interviewed a celebrated surgeon who had accomplished a significant feat – separating what were then called Siamese twins. But the surgeon was monosyllabic. MM, running out of questions, asked, “If called upon to do so, could you put them together again?”

But his name had an abiding and disagreeable resonance in my family. It was he – about fifty years ago – who came up with a phrase about my father by which he was thereafter garlanded like an albatross for the rest of his life. “Gold Microphone In Waiting.” It was a good phrase – mordant, mocking, and precisely aimed at three institutions: the Monarchy, the BBC, as well as Richard Dimbleby himself. It was quintessential Muggeridge and, on all three counts, I suspect my father never forgave him.

Of course when the subject of my father came up, Malcolm turned on me the full blast of his very considerable charm. You would have thought – except in this minor matter – that Richard Dimbleby was the most remarkable man that he had ever had the privilege to meet. I was so entirely disarmed – as he doubtless intended.

But that was one of his contradictions. He was very good at dismissive malice. Of some panjandrum who

once crossed him but had just been appointed to a senior role: “It’s not that I have anything against him, dear boy, it’s quite simply that he’s so stupid – a disastrous appointment.” And of another old enemy: “Of course, I’m afraid he’s gone senile” – though on television a few days earlier the poor man in question had given every indication of being entirely in possession of his marbles.

Not surprisingly he fell out with quite a number of his peers. On this he was widely regarded as a good hater. I tend to think, that he simply couldn’t resist a good squabble, often for its own sake.

As he once put it to me, “Dear boy, you should know that there is nothing in this life more instinctively abhorrent to me than finding myself in agreement with my fellow human beings.” From which one should not of course draw the conclusion that he found it abhorrent when others found themselves in agreement with him!

Yet, he was also exceptionally kind and generous. To give one small example from our stay at their cottage in Provence: we only discovered by chance that he and Kitty had given up their bedroom for us... and he was genuinely disconcerted when we protested.

And alcohol. We smuggled in two bottles, only to discover that he served us wine at every meal. He was thoughtful, kind and generous – though frugal himself.

And when Maurice Richardson fell on hard times, he made it his business to help out, making out a cheque for £200 and having it smuggled to Richardson via a greatly inflated fee from the *New Statesman* – but insisting, “Maurice must never know.” It was an act of generosity which backfired somewhat when the writer failed to understand and protested greatly to the editor when subsequent fees for similar work fell back to pre-Muggeridgean levels.

Malcolm was also exceptionally entertaining. I remember discussing a savage review for the first volume of his autobiography by the then Professor of English at Bristol, whose name he affected to forget.

“What’s his name? Crick, Crock – no that’s the political professor. Oh yes, Ricks. Yes, it is true he did say it had been appallingly written but he said it in such strong terms that I’m afraid my vanity prevented me from taking it seriously.” He was a master of affected disdain.

Malcolm had made his reputation in the Thirties when he went to the Soviet Union for the *Manchester Guardian* – filled with fond illusions. But he was not duped for long – and became one of the very first observers to see through the lies of Stalin’s Russia – unlike his aunt, Beatrice Webb. For this offence he was widely condemned by fellow travellers of the age – which merely confirmed his intention to sever the umbilical cord by which he had been attached to socialism from childhood.

(Continued)

His book about that period of self-delusion, *The Thirties*, was Muggeridge at his very best – scornful, funny, excoriating, merciless. I think it was not only his first major book, but his best – and the model by which his successors – talents like Bernard Levin and Christopher Booker would be judged.

These qualities – allied to his instinctive anarchism and his highly developed sense of the absurd – led him to the editor's chair at *Punch*, to the ill-disguised dismay of those who were already berthed in its gentle confines.

His was a whirlwind editorship which, for a while put the punch back into the magazine. There was one problem. His brief had been to get rid of the fuddy duddy old readers and to bring in vital young new readers. He was spectacularly effective at the first but, unhappily, the second eluded him. Circulation fell and he moved on.

By the time I got to know him he was often portrayed by my generation as an ageing reactionary, recycling inconsequential prejudices, or railing repetitiously against an age which had passed him by.

This was unfair and missed the point. As someone put it to me: "You have to understand that Malcolm always saw the world in terms of a cartoon. All that changed as he got older was that it became a stained glass cartoon." The point is, I think, that he never really took himself very seriously at all. He delighted in mockery and asperity for their own sake. He had a great turn of phrase and he loved to perform. Thus his ambivalent relationship with television.

"Dear boy," he once said to me, "if I had been your age, I would have gone into television as well". And I don't think he was saying it for form's sake.

Of course he loved to mock a medium which had become an increasingly important part of his life. He had been variously presenter, reporter and pundit for British, American and Canadian television – which not only paid him rather more than the written word, but gave him recognition in the street that he affected to disdain but in reality he rather relished. One of his programmes was called *The Question Why*. It went out on Sunday evenings – a quasi-intellectual search for the spiritual and ethical framework by which the Gadarene swine might be encouraged to lead better lives. It was very well done – not least because his guests, however eminent, rarely got more than half a word in edgeways. By the time St. Mugg had finished posing the question and then answering himself to his own satisfaction, *The Question Why* had invariably run out of time.

As you will remember, he excoriated television remorselessly. Taken to task for thus biting the hand which fed him, he famously explained that his role "on the box" was like that of a pianist in the brothel who from time to time plays *Abide With Me* for the edification of the clientele. Thus neatly – if unconvincingly – resolving the paradox.

He loved television. Not only the money, but the performance. He talked of the BBC with exasperated affection, relishing "the who is in and who is out" gossip by which its culture is defined.

Of course his faith really was important to him. Staying with him in Provence I did hear a great deal about God, perhaps a little more than this sceptic entirely welcomed. "Without God," he said on one of [our] walks in the wood, "we are fated to relapse into carnality, seeking fulfilment through sex and drugs and finding only satiety, fantasy and despair."

Sex had once been very important to him as he freely admitted. He volunteered, "If one were to subtract from one's life anything that could come under the heading of sex you would subtract a whacking great sum... the amount of thought and planning which have gone into it has been quite disproportionate."

This admission was prompted by the sight of an exceptionally attractive girl, passing by on the other side. It was a great relief to him, he said, that as he approached old age he could now "delight in her prettiness without having the faintest desire to intrude one's ancient frame upon her."

To point out that – in his case – the collapse of western civilisation into decadence appeared to coincide with the collapse of his own libido merely prompted a weary "I am afraid I have always found the spiritual to be far more satisfying than the physical." Which was, I am sure, quite true but not quite to the point.

He described himself to me as "a Christian anarchist" – and I think that made sense. To the very end he was an outsider, and except in relation to the Catholic Church, an iconoclast.

He was both foolish and wise, clever and silly, infuriating and formidable, irreverent and devout. I always thought that he could have been a fine historian but he was far too interested in the world about him. So instead he became a prolific journalist and a gloriously provocative commentator – hallowed in the scribbling trade as one of the greats.

In the early days of the last war, Malcolm was turned out of his own Mess by fellow officers. "The President of the Mess drew me aside and said 'You've got to go, we can't have you here.'" "And I said, 'Why?' And he said, 'It's because of the way you talk, what you say... There have been many complaints.' And I said, 'Could you please tell me what specifically?' And he said, 'Well it's not exactly what you say, it's something else about you.'"

That's precisely it. That 'something else'. I think his son, John, summed it up well when he spoke of his father's "funny profound view of the human condition."

And it is that 'something else', I suspect, that brings us here. I asked him once what he would like for an epitaph. After a pause he replied, "He used words well." If we agree about nothing else, at least about that there can be no serious dissent.

ENDS

Dear Boy

By Peter Stockbridge

What a liberty, to speak for a master of the spoken word, for a man who never failed to speak for himself. How else to do a one man show of the great man? I hope I may be forgiven. I suspect Malcolm might just have been amused. I hope so.

Most actors rather want to do a one man show. It is often a topic of conversation in the Green room. I was playing Chichester in 1991 in *Preserving Mr Panmure* when the topic came up and Edward Duke said to me "Well, you could always do Malcolm Muggeridge". As it happened I had long admired Muggeridge and the idea stayed with me. I began to jot down a few ideas, a few Muggeridge stories and a structure for a possible performance. I suggested the idea to the playwright John Ford and we agreed that any script should have a chronological base. Also that it should tell the story of the 20th century through events that Malcolm had witnessed and personalities he had met. It should not duck the issue of Malcolm's spirituality. And above all it should be a creative work in its own right and reveal the complexity of his unique character, warts and all.

We read widely, including Malcolm's two autobiographies – *The Green Stick* and *The Infernal Grove* – and his three biographies by Ian Hunter, Gregory Wolfe and Richard Ingrams and much of Malcolm's other writings. Jonathan Stedall generously lent us many hours of tapes from the BBC series *Ancient and Modern*. I also studied the rhythm of Malcolm's delivery and speech mannerisms so that the dialogue should not betray any distinction between Malcolm's own words and my own.

The problem of a one man show is the demands it makes upon the actor's memory (particularly the memory of an ageing actor!). One of my first engagements was when Malcolm's daughter Val and

Kitty's nephew David Dobbs invited me to meet them. I performed much of my script, anxious lest our inclusion of the contradictions in Malcolm's character should offend. Val was kindness itself and introduced me to her brother Leonard and her cousin Sally, the daughter of Malcolm's youngest brother, the late Jack Muggeridge.

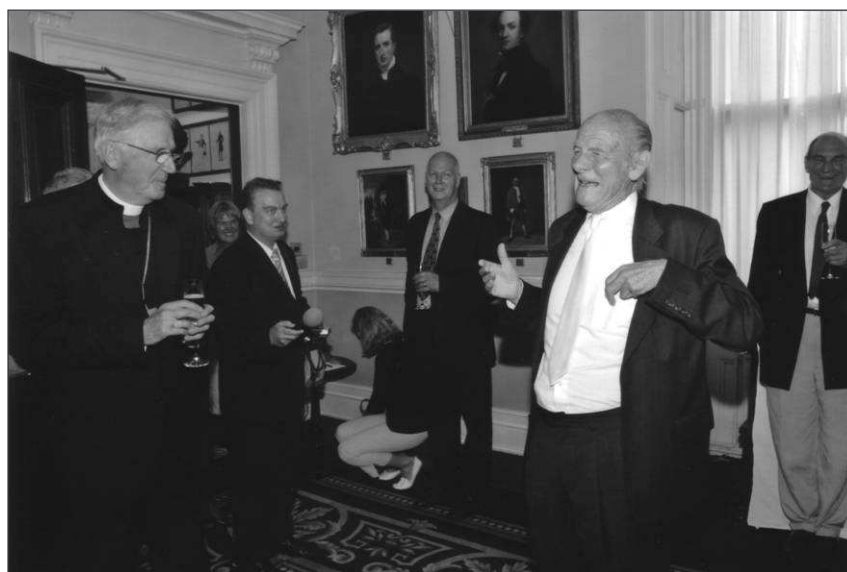
Sally gave the whole idea a shot of energy and, I have to say, has changed my life. Sally engaged me to perform at the centenary conference at Wheaton College in the States and then at the celebration luncheon at the Garrick Club in London, where the Great and the Good amongst Malcolm's surviving friends and colleagues gathered in his honour. The dynamic Sally also arranged for John Ford to play Alec Vidler to my Muggeridge at an evening with the PG Wodehouse Society. I have also performed *Mugg Shots* at the Komedia Theatre in Brighton and the Yvonne Arnaud in Guildford.

In January 2004, I am back in London at the Jermyn Street Theatre and I will also be returning (by popular acclaim?) to the Komedia.

I don't know, Dear Boy. Perhaps I'll see you there.

Peter Stockbridge will perform 'Mugg Shots' on Sunday 25th January at the Jermyn Street Theatre, London at 7.30pm. Tickets can be booked on 020 7287 2875.

His return performance at the Komedia Theatre in Brighton is on Wednesday 28th January at 8pm. Tickets for the Komedia (£8/£6 concession) can be booked on 01273 647100.



Peter Stockbridge entertains guests at the Centenary Luncheon at the Garrick Club, London.

Wheaton College Archives & Special Collections

By David Malone, Head of Archives and Special Collections

Wheaton College hosts Malcolm Muggeridge's papers--for some the connection between Muggeridge and Wheaton seems logical and appropriate and for others it is rather quizzical. This confusion comes in part because Muggeridge was British and Wheaton is in the States. For others the bewilderment is caused by a difficulty in reconciling Muggeridge the journalist, satirist, or Fabian with a school devoted to Christian higher education. However, the divide between Muggeridge and Wheaton is, on some levels, simply a physical one and does not represent a division of thought or belief.

Wheaton College, a private liberal arts college founded in 1860 by Jonathan Blanchard, a staunch abolitionist and social reformer, provides a liberal arts education from an historic Christian perspective. The college, uniquely suited among evangelical institutions because of its reputation and resources, collects, preserves, and presents materials related to lives and activities of significant adherents to the Christian faith in the modern world.

Such collections make Wheaton a centre of significant scholarly activity. Furthermore, the College has a rich tradition of academic excellence and scholarly endeavour, and special collections may be seen as a strengthening and broadening of the long-standing work of this community.

Over the past 35 years, Wheaton College has actively pursued and developed numerous collections of prominent individuals and organizations. One such group of resource materials may be found in the Special Collections of Buswell Memorial Library. Rich and diverse collections of rare books on Mormonism, Freemasonry, hymnody, and Shakespeare reside next to the papers of Newbery Award winner Madeleine L'Engle and the noted theologian/novelist Frederick Buechner. Additionally, the Special Collections house the papers of Kenneth and Margaret Landon, Margaret being best known for her book 'Anna and the King of Siam' that was adapted into the musical play 'The King and I'.

Other research holdings on Wheaton's campus include The Marion E. Wade Centre, which collects all materials by and about seven notable British Christian authors: Owen Barfield, G.K. Chesterton, C.S. Lewis, George MacDonald, Dorothy L. Sayers, J.R.R. Tolkien and Charles Williams; and The Billy Graham Centre Archives, which collects materials relating to non-denominational North American Missions and Evangelism. Included among its holdings are the papers and records of the Billy Graham Evangelistic Association, Corrie Ten Boom, Charles Colson and Prison Fellowship.

Muggeridge chose Wheaton College Special Collections to be the repository for his papers in 1985. In February 1988 a major portion of his papers and correspondence was shipped from his home in Robertsbridge, England to the Special Collections of Wheaton College in Wheaton, Illinois. The collection covers the period from

approximately 1920 until Mr. Muggeridge's death and reflects Mr. Muggeridge's career as journalist, intelligence agent, foreign correspondent, editor, radio and TV personality, public speaker, teacher, and writer. Additional papers and memorabilia have been received since the initial shipments until the collection has come to its present size of 130 linear feet.

The collection of papers traces the pilgrimage of this individual from his roots in socialism through his long search for meaning in life, until he finally embraced Christianity. Throughout his life he took a strong stand on various issues of ethics in government, sanctity of life and moral conduct. Subsequently he prophesied concerning the woes due a civilization that would not take heed to the decay he described.

Along with Muggeridge's manuscripts is correspondence, over 940 photographs, scripts and media presentations, published works, memorabilia and a large section of secondary material about Malcolm and the causes he championed.

The correspondence he received is the largest part of the collection, about 47 linear feet. Nearly a third of this (15 linear feet) is classified as Business and Personal, much of it arranged alphabetically by name or topic by Malcolm himself. A dual classification runs through his Business and Personal correspondence, the first section for each letter of the alphabet listing folders that contain several pieces of correspondence all from one source, the second section grouping correspondence of only one or two pieces from each correspondent. Both lists may need to be consulted to locate a specific correspondent.

The largest part of his correspondence (32 linear feet) is from people he briefly met or did not know at all, who just wrote to express thanks for his work or less often to disagree with his position on some topic. This 'General' and 'Fan' correspondence is arranged chronologically from 1935 to 1990. Since Malcolm often did not keep copies of his letters, his 'Correspondence Sent' occupies only a few inches.

The various manuscript sections of the collection include drafts of books, articles, poems, scripts and speeches. Some of these were never published. The manuscripts are in holograph form, typed or galley proofs.

An extensive secondary section includes clippings about Malcolm and his work, clippings about topics that interested him, and manuscripts others wrote and sent for him to critique. There are several linear inches of material concerning Russia, including both Malcolm's writings and his collection of research material. Several more inches contain a section of material about Mother Teresa and her work among the poor.

The addition of the Muggeridge papers complements existing holdings and attracts a wide range of researchers and/or scholars. Various published materials by and about Malcolm Muggeridge have been assembled along with Mr. Muggeridge's personal materials.

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Memorial Service and Celebration Sunday 20th July 2003

Centennial Address by Sally Muggeridge

I started working with my father on plans to mark the Centenary of Malcolm's birth some three years ago. Jack was the youngest of Malcolm's four brothers and he was very fit and active right into his nineties. He had looked after Malcolm and Kitty and their home in Robertsbridge in their declining years, trying without much success to protect them from a constant flow of visitors arriving unexpectedly from all parts of the world seeking out Park Cottage. In August 2000 I brought my father down from Reading to Sussex at his request and remember discussing the possibility of holding a Centenary Service here in Whatlington Church with him, endeavouring as daughters are apt to do with elderly parents to give him something positive to think about and maybe even to look forward to. So much of what we have organised this year – special programmes on radio and television, a conference in the United States, a luncheon in London and this service today is a result of my father's wish to have his brother's Centenary marked and used as an occasion to evaluate the literary and broadcast legacy. In the event my father passed away peacefully in March 2001 at the age of 91.

Jesus said "I am the light of the world, let your light shine before men".

Malcolm was frequently asked on being interviewed what he most wanted, what he should most want to do in the time that remained of his life. He would answer "I should like my light to shine even if only very fitfully, like a match struck in a dark cavernous night and then flickering out". He was only too conscious through his travels of much darkness in the world.

I have had the pleasure this year to meet a remarkably large number of journalists, churchmen, media celebrities and ordinary men and women, on both sides of the Atlantic and as far afield as Australia, whose lives have at some time been variously touched by Malcolm Muggeridge. He has a huge following worldwide. A simple search under Malcolm Muggeridge or even 'Saint Mugg' on the internet brings up a vast amount of material including articles, lectures and quotations. He was a great writer. Indeed, he frequently regarded himself, like St. Augustine, as a vendor of words. And it is said "he used words well".

Many have now come to feel that the legacy of his writing and broadcasts have provided not just a momentary flicker but a bright and shining light, albeit with perhaps only a small part of the certainty and luminosity of St. Paul in whose footsteps he so memorably trod.

Muggeridge was only too aware of the fleeting and transient nature of his craft. On embarking as a young man into the field of journalism he assumed that his words would last no longer than the brief life of the publication. Few words were likely to have more than a

momentary validity. In this conjecture he was wrong. Today we have the benefit of a veritable mountain of carefully archived printed matter and broadcast recording, as well as some excellent biographical material. Much broadcast material is with the BBC's Archives and the Muggeridge Special Collection and Library at Wheaton College, Illinois provides rich pickings for anyone interested in this extraordinary man.

Malcolm described himself as a Twentieth century pilgrim so the opening hymn today 'He who would valiant be' is particularly fitting. It was a favourite of his and included in the Memorial Service held at Westminster Cathedral. His grave bears the epitaph 'Valiant for Truth'. In *The Pilgrim's Progress*, Bunyan uses metaphor and allegory to Chronicle a journey through life "Wherein is discovered, the manner of his setting out, his dangerous journey, and safe arrival at the desired country".

Malcolm had a high regard for Bunyan's famous work of fiction, often regarded as the first published novel. In his memoirs, he likewise sought to chronicle and make some sense of his own varied life as a pilgrim on a journey through the 20th century. From boyhood to his college days at Cambridge. From teaching stints in India and Cairo to his career as a writer and journalist experiencing Britain, Russia and India in the 1930's. His biography reads as a series of adventures, always with a restless urge to move on. He highlights the events on the way that often served as important moments of revelation. Throughout his life, he records his growing disillusionment with the 20th century's utopian dreams, and the corresponding awakening of his own faith. All recorded in a unique style of prose based on a very wide vocabulary that is always to me clear and lively; images and descriptions always accompanied by humour and acerbic wit, a tone alternately brash and self-deprecating. The result is pure Muggeridge, chronicling as he saw it, his 'wasted time', the name given to his autobiography, published in 1981.

It appears to have been widely thought that Malcolm made a journey of faith in his life from complete vocal agnostic to ardent believer and evangelist. Some now challenge this. What has long been clear to those studying his writing in depth is that he was always aware that another dimension existed – that there was somehow and somewhere a destiny beyond the devices and desires of the ego.

Early in his life he made the profound realisation that earthly life could not be the end.

Was there always a total certainty in his faith? No. Of course not. In fact he claimed that the only people who never doubted were materialists or atheists. Doubt, he felt, was an integral part of coming to have faith, and likewise, an integral part of his belief is doubt.

(continued)

Malcolm also felt that embracing Christianity was necessarily a question of faith, not of rational proof. Believing firmly in the Incarnation, he chose to describe the event as a drama – an artistic truth rather than an historical truth.

By his own admittance his faith was greatly confirmed and consolidated by his experiences working for the BBC on religious programmes in the Middle East. Far from being the cynical journalist, observing at a detached distance with a job to do, he admitted to being incredibly moved by much of the experiences encountered whilst actually filming. He later recounts his personal feelings speaking to pilgrims at Lourdes, or of visiting the birthplace of Christ in Bethlehem. He found he could not be dispassionate about the faith of those he met and closely observed. In turn, Malcolm appears to have had a profound effect on others.

A young man at the centenary conference at Wheaton College in May this year jumped to his feet and announced to me and the assembled gathering there that Malcolm brought him to God and made him become a Christian. Alleluia! Malcolm was certainly able to use the new twentieth century media to great effect. Intellectually brilliant and well read, he was a skilled documentary maker with a great gift for imparting obviously heartfelt truth.

Malcolm loved life, the beauty of nature with its shapes, smells and colours, and the company of his friends and family. But with faith and conviction, Malcolm had perhaps too impatiently looked forward to death, or more precisely “that other life”. Very near the end of his life he was still able to pen these beautiful words:

“Like a prisoner awaiting his release, like a schoolboy when the end of term is near, like a migrant bird ready to fly south, like a patient in hospital anxiously scanning the doctor’s face to see whether a discharge may be expected, I long to be gone. Extricating myself from the flesh I have too long inhabited, hearing the key turn in the lock of Time so that the great doors of Eternity swing open, disengaging my tired mind from its interminable conundrums and my tired ego from its wearisome insitencies. Such is the prospect of death.”

One of the most enduring images used of an older Malcolm is a photograph of him taken from behind, in a black overcoat, walking stick in hand, wearing a favoured black cap, on a winding Sussex path leading ever onward. I remember following in his footsteps as he talked and walked. Let us hope winding up Blake’s ball of Golden String, he safely reached his chosen destination - Heaven’s Gate in Jerusalem’s Wall, and is enjoying his walk through eternity – overcoming the tendency he had in life to get bored quickly.

I finish by relating to you a little parable I particularly like which Malcolm once used in conversation with his and my friend William F. Buckley Jr. on the US TV programme “*Firing Line*”.

St Paul was starting off on his journeys and consulted with an eminent public relations man:

“I’ve got this campaign and I want to promote the gospel”. And the PR man said “You’ve got to have some sort of logo, a symbol. You’ve got to have an image, you’ve got to have a sign of your faith”. And then St. Paul said “Well, I have got one. I’ve got this cross”. The public relations man laughed his head off. “You can’t popularise your campaign with a thing like that. It’s a symbol of suffering and persecution. It’s absolutely mad. No-one is going to follow a cross”.

But of course it wasn’t mad. It has worked well for centuries and centuries. Malcolm Muggeridge articulated that the only thing that really teaches one what life is about is suffering, not success, not happiness.

In his career he experienced affliction and poverty in abundance. Perhaps that was why he immediately recognised in a hitherto unknown Albanian nun a divine purpose, saintliness. Mother Teresa of Calcutta was to have the most powerful force of all, eventually leading him to Christ and admittance to the Roman Catholic Church. He found that in her presence, all the follies and confusions of the time were confuted. I like to think that just a little of that saintliness rubbed off on St. Mugg. **ENDS**



After the service at St. Mary Magdalene, Sally leads the congregation to Whatlington Village Hall for tea.

MALCOLM MUGGERIDGE CENTENNIAL LUNCH – 4 JUNE 2003

Transcript of tribute given by HE Cardinal Cormac Murphy O'Connor Archbishop of Westminster

Ladies and Gentlemen, I have been asked to speak at the beginning of the meal. I just want to say first of all that I feel a bit of a fraud because all of you knew Malcolm so well – I only knew him perhaps in the later part of his life but I am delighted to be here because I had a great affection for him.

The first time I met him strangely enough was in the house where I live now – in the Archbishop's House in Westminster when I happened to be invited up to lunch with Cardinal Heenan and opposite was Malcolm. They had a great interchange, a great sort of backchat. The only thing I can remember is that they were talking about an Anglican vicar, someone called Canon John Collins. Malcolm was really being a bit naughty – saying things about him. Cardinal Heenan said "Now, now, now. I won't have a word said about him, he was a friend of mine". "Very well" said Malcolm "but he was a complete idiot".

Malcolm's use of words - he always went against the grain - or against the tide. I remember reading from one of his books, a collection of his writings, *Tread Softly for you Tread on my Jokes* and there was an article in it that amused me and must have amused Malcolm. It is about Harold Macmillan in Russia with a balaclava hat next to Krushchev giving an address about some ancient Russian princess who had some connection with England and he pictured Harold speaking in his lugubrious voice – same about Randolph Churchill. He was really insulting Randolph saying his father was a bit of an old bore. But the thing I love about Malcolm is the greatness of his words, that jauntiness which you all know.

But there was another side and to draw on a little bit of this – you will have read about his time in Mozambique when he indulged in, as he saw himself, a somewhat squalid nightlife. And when life was at its lowest ebb, he determined to end it and he went for a swim, and swam, and swam, and then thought to himself "I could sleep upon this watery mattress, sleep." And so he turned and began to swim back. He said he saw the lights of the shore and thought this world was his home, his habitat and he would have to go back to the constant struggle between good and evil, between light and darkness. He described it as a spiritual adolescence. His values, his hopes and pursuits were going to undergo radical transformation.

He loved writers – he knew them all, perhaps especially William Blake, George Herbert and his favourite, St. Augustine.

St. Augustine's life he sometimes paralleled with his own. They were both vendors of words, fugitives from mortality. Like Augustine, he said if only he could extricate himself from his own evil.

People often ask, "Why had Malcolm become a Roman Catholic"? Years before he became a Catholic he said "the only church I could join is the Roman Catholic Church for which I have a sort of insane love". But then he added "I would be an awful nuisance as a church member". You know, I have the feeling that had Malcolm been admitted a few years earlier he might have been a bit of a nuisance! I'd have thought there is some defence of the Catholic Church which he would like to prove. It was a dark process for Malcolm. There was no Damascus Road experience as he put it. "I just stumbled on like Bunyan's pilgrim falling into the Slough of Despair, locked up in Doubting Castle, terrified of passing through the shadow of the Valley of Death. From time to time I asked for God's mercy, to be relieved of his burden of sin and alas, soon to acquire it again".

Of course, Mother Teresa influenced him. She wrote him very intense letters. One of them "Christ is longing to be your food. Surrounded by the fullness of the living food, you allow yourself to starve". He was quite captured by Mother Teresa. He wrote "It is up to posterity to decide if she is to be a saint. I can only say of this that in a dark time she was is a living embodiment of hope, in a cruel time an example of God's love".

Another one who influenced him on this road to conversion was Father Paul Bidone, an Italian priest who ran a house for boys who had Downs syndrome disease. Malcolm was a patron of the house and the witness of those priests and brothers touched him deeply.

But if you were to ask me why he eventually joined the church - because Malcolm believed for many, many years in Jesus Christ as the Light, as the Way, and indeed as Truth - but gradually he had come to see that you cannot believe in Jesus Christ without also being part of a communion that actually believes in him. That somehow, you cannot be a lone Christian and that therefore, to be in communion with Jesus Christ which he felt he was, there was something deeper. You also had to be in communion with a church, a body that incarnated that same Jesus Christ and I think that was ultimately what made him join the Roman Catholic Church. I well remember the day of reception. Rachel's (ed. Rachel Billington) father, Lord (Frank) Longford came here to the club about a week before to make some arrangements, Frank fulfilling the role as a sort of compere as Malcolm was to be received at his little church at Hurst Green in East Sussex. And so we decided Malcolm would write an article for the *Sunday Times* but would be received very quietly on the Saturday. And so he wrote the article and I saw it – he'd entitled it "*Rome Sweet Rome*" – changed later to "*Why I am becoming a Roman Catholic*". But anyway, on the Saturday when I
(Continued)

went from my home in Storrington I picked up my *Times* and in horror, saw that the article was in that Saturday's paper. I got hold of Malcolm – I think he really couldn't resist having the publicity and of course when we arrived at Hurst Green all the reporters were there with their cameras. They stayed outside - but one got in. There was Malcolm and Kitty and about thirty or forty people including those Downs syndrome children who made a noise and were rather a bit troublesome in some ways. But Malcolm said they were the most perfect choir, singing the most beautiful music and they could not have done better. But I loved the way he described his reception - and remember he was getting on in his years by the time of his reception into the church – he said “a sense of homecoming, of picking up the threads of a lost life, of responding to a bell that has long been ringing, of taking a place at a table that had long been laid”.

I don't want to say too much more. I used to visit Malcolm from time to time and I always enjoyed his

company. We laughed, talked about this and that, we always ended with evening prayer together, he and Kitty, and I found this very moving. His end of life were tranquil years – he was waiting. And he put it like this “Like a prisoner awaiting his release, like a schoolboy when the end of term is near, like a migrant bird ready to fly south, like a patient in hospital anxiously scanning the doctors face to see whether a discharge may be expected, I long to be gone”.

Then he said “Like Michelangelo at the end of his life I have loved my friends and family. I have loved God and all his creation. I have loved life and now I love death as its natural termination. Ladies and Gentlemen, Sally, I am really very happy to give this small tribute to Malcolm. All of us I think, without exception, around this table admired him, enjoyed him, and held him in great affection.

May he rest in peace.

ENDS



From left: Jonathan Dimbleby, Sally Muggeridge, The Archbishop and David Frost

Blessed Teresa of Calcutta and the Muggeridge Connection

By David Williams

Sunday 19th October dawned as a sunny autumnal day in Rome with totally blue clear skies following an evening of the most torrential rain and some flooding in parts of the city. Over 300,000 people from all over the world gathered in St. Peter's Square in Rome to witness the beatification of Mother Teresa.

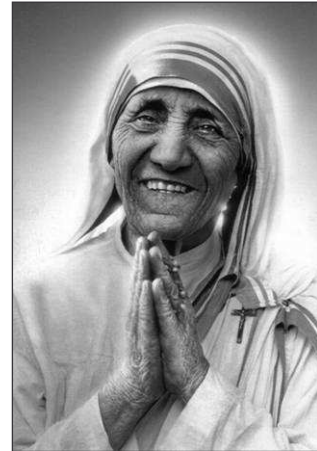
Sally and I were there, invited by the Sisters of the Missionaries of Charity. Globally televised, it was to be a spectacular religious and musical event with an international audience. We found ourselves standing next to Father Pat Tobin from Kansas City who we quickly established had actually met Malcolm. What a small world! We had all wished to witness this culminating event at first hand, knowing Malcolm's contribution in bringing this remarkable woman to the world's attention.

There is, perhaps, a certain irony in the close relationship formed in 1968 between Muggeridge, later to become a media saint, and Mother Teresa, widely to be regarded as a living saint and now firmly on the fast track to her canonisation. It all came about when Malcolm was asked by the BBC to interview a little known Albanian nun Agnes Gonxha Bojaxhiu for television who had been working in the Calcutta slums and was visiting London at that time. "Then she came in. It was, for me, one of those special occasions when a face, hitherto unknown, seems to stand out from all other faces as uniquely separate and uniquely significant, to be thenceforth for ever recognisable".

Malcolm put all the expected questions "When did she first feel this special vocation? Did she have any doubts or regrets?" etc. Her answers were so brief and succinct that Malcolm had some worries about keeping the interview going for the full half hour allotted. Controversy, the meat of Malcolm's normal interview style, did not arise with those blessed with certainties. Mother Teresa was laconic when Malcolm asked her whether she did not think that the destitution she was trying to cope with in Calcutta really required a governmental solution. "The more the government does the better", she said. "What she and the Sisters had to offer was something else – Christian love". And so the interview continued.

Afterwards, the verdict on the interview was that technically it was barely usable; that it wasn't really good enough for showing at all except late at night. Malcolm certainly had no feeling of something particularly memorable having taken place. And so it was put out, late on a Sunday night. The response was greater than ever known before to any comparable programme – Mother Teresa had spoken to people as no one ever had before – a face shining and overflowing with Christian love, someone for whom the world is nothing and the service of Christ everything.

Cheques and money orders poured in, everyone felt the need to help her. The programme was repeated and the response the second time was even greater, despite no specific appeal for funds having been made.



The rest, as they say, is history. Malcolm felt the consuming desire to go to Calcutta and participate in a documentary programme about Mother Teresa and her work there. This took place in Spring 1969. Assisted by a charmingly persuasive letter from Cardinal Heenan, Mother Teresa overcame her well-founded suspicion of the media and while giving the crew just five days, she cooperated fully with the filming. The result was "*Something Beautiful for God*". The film and Malcolm's book of the same name became the catalyst to propel Mother Teresa into worldwide fame and recognition.

And what did the experience do for Malcolm? Well, it's obvious from his own writing that it had a very profound effect. Mother Teresa and her numerous personal letters to him had initiated the 'longing to belong'. But in 1971, Malcolm felt the bell was not yet ringing for him, or if it was, he couldn't hear it. There was still no place for him at the altar rail to kneel and receive the Body of Christ. "I can only say for myself that if ever it became clear to me that I could enter the Church in honesty and truth, I should rush to do so, the more eagerly and joyously because I should know that it would give happiness to Mother Teresa".

Having for so long publicly resisted it, in his writing and in broadcasts, some would say Malcolm's eventual reception into the Roman Catholic Church was itself a miracle. And being spared a much forecast downpour in St Peters Square on 19th October, we allowed the thought perhaps another little miracle had taken place in our presence. Malcolm would have been delighted but not surprised – he had recognised all the characteristics of a saint in Mother Teresa.

ENDS

A Selection of Articles in 2003 on the subject of the Malcolm Muggeridge Centenary or published in support of Centennial activities.

- Richard Ingrams, "Television", *The Oldie*, March 2003, p. 63
- "Marking Muggeridge", *The Croydon Guide*, 21st March, 2003, p. 2
- Adam Trimmingham, "Magnificent Muggeridge", *The Evening Argus (Weekend)*, 22nd-23rd March, 2003, pp. 8-9
- Richard Ingrams, "Read Between the Lies", *The Observer*, 23rd March, 2003, p. 36
- "Influential Journalist Achieved So Much", *Rye and Battle Observer*, 28th March, 2003, p. 20
- R. Emmett Tyrrell, Jr., "Saint Mugg", *The American Spectator*, March/April 2003, pp. 62-65
- David Winter, "Jeremiah of the Air", *Church Times*, 25th April, 2003, p. 11
- Michael Vestey, "A Born Defector", *The Spectator*, 26th April, 2003, p. 53
- "American Salute to Famous Son of Town", *The Croydon Guide*, 28th April, 2003, p.2
- Tim Waldorf, "Posthumous Praise", *The Chicago Sun*, 16th May, 2003, p. 25
- Paul Johnson, "St. Mugg at 100", *National Review*, 16th June, 2003, pp. 27-28
- Christopher Howse, "Piano Player in a Brothel", *The Spectator*, 21st June, 2003, pp. 40-41
- Roger Kimball, "Malcolm Muggeridge's Journey", *The New Criterion*, 21st June, 2003, <http://www.newcriterion.com/archive/21/jun03/mugger.htm>
- Lynn Daly, "Fan Club Dedicated to Work of St Mugg", *The Argus*, 1st July, 2003, p. 17
- "Muggeridge Remembered", *Rye and Battle Observer*, 4th July, 2003, p. 5
- A. N. Wilson, "A Man of God, Lust and Money Who Travelled Far", *Daily Telegraph*, 15th September 2003, p. 21
- "The Witness of Malcolm Muggeridge", Feature, *Touchstone*, Vol 16, Number 10, December 2003
Ian Hunter, 'Seeing thro' the Eye'
Adam Schwartz, "Vanity Fair's Thanatos Syndrome"
David Mills, "Years the Locusts Have Eaten"
<http://www.touchstonemag.com>

Televised film in 2003 marking the Malcolm Muggeridge Centenary

- Time Shift "Swimming against the Stream" BBC 1 hour. First shown on 24th March 2003
Repeated on BBC2 in November 2003. Produced by Gerry Dawson.

The Malcolm Muggeridge Society

If you have enjoyed reading this first issue of The Gargoyle and have not yet joined the Society, we would invite you to do so now. All who join in the centenary year (24th March 2003 – 23rd March 2004) will be described as Founder Members and be entitled to priority bookings at all future functions. Formed on the 100th anniversary of Malcolm Muggeridge's birth, the Society seeks to provide a focus for all worldwide who have a continuing interest in his life as journalist, author, broadcaster, soldier-spy and Christian apologist.

The aims of the Society are:

- To provide a source of information for those interested in researching his life and works.
- To keep his writings in print and encourage the publication of new critiques and scholarship and to provide a forum internationally for admirers to meet and discuss Muggeridge's work.
- To publish a regular newsletter or magazine, and to encourage republication of his books and publication of unpublished material.
- To maintain a relationship with those media organisations (e.g. the BBC) who hold extensive archive material worthy of preservation and re-broadcast.
- To provide and encourage linkage with other societies and associations where mutual interest exists (e.g. PG Wodehouse Society, GK Chesterton Society, CS Lewis Society, Ukraine Society etc)
- To increase awareness of the papers, writings and memorabilia held in the Malcolm Muggeridge Collection at Wheaton College, Illinois.
- To provide a web presence with linkages and a sharing of information.
- To organise periodical social and literary events.

The Malcolm Muggeridge Society Membership Fee: £10.00 (US\$20.00)

Make Cheque Payable to: The Malcolm Muggeridge Society
Payment may also be made electronically through Paypal on
www.malcolmmuggeridge.org

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