



OPEN THIS BOOK AND PREPARE TO MEET THE REAL JIMMY SWAGGART.

In retrospect, it was inevitable that two men such as Jimmy Swaggart and Marvin Gorman could not coexist in such close proximity to one another. They were both evangelists within the same denomination who commanded the loyalty and admiration of their respective followers. They both had burgeoning ministries, one already spanning the globe, the other with aspirations of a world-wide ministry. The only question was which of these men of God would initiate the battle for dominance and reveal himself not as a minister of grace, but as a prophet of prey.

LET US PREY will take you behind the scenes of the battle that began in the ecclesiastical courts of one of the largest Protestant denominations in America, moved to the civil courts of the State of Louisiana, and culminated in one of the most publicized and controversial episodes in the history of the modern Church. From a scripted "exorcism" which revealed Marvin Gorman as a demon from hell, to Swaggart's systematic campaign within the Assemblies of God to portray Gorman as a habitual adulterer, and finally to Gorman's \$90,000,000 defamation suit against Swaggart, the truth about Jimmy Swaggart's lust for power and wealth, his penchant for prostitutes and strippers, his voyeurism and pedophilic tendencies, are all revealed for the first time.

CONTENTS

Chapter 12 – The Loudest Mailman In Town

Chapter 14 – Other Women, Other Men, Other Affairs

• CHAPTER TWELVE •
THE LOUDEST MAILMAN IN TOWN

"Watch ye and pray, lest ye enter in to temptation. The spirit truly *is* ready,
but the flesh *is* weak."

—*The Gospel According to St. Mark, 14:38*

When I returned from Colorado, fresh from learning about the Swaggart affair, we were only three weeks away from oral argument in the Fourth Circuit Court of Appeals. We were also headline news. My wife, Beth, and I drove to New Orleans, where the ABC affiliate's limousine picked us up at the Hotel Intercontinental at 6:00 A.M. and drove us to the television station for the morning show.

Upon arrival, Marvin and I were put on camera and had brief conversations with Charles Gibson in New York before going on the air. Of course, we could see the television monitors and could hear Charles Gibson's voice in the headsets. Following preliminary introductions, Gibson noted that Gorman had caught Swaggart on Airline Highway with a known prostitute. He asked Gorman to outline briefly how it transpired, what he saw and conversations he had with Swaggart.

Frasier and I had previously coached Gorman on his choice of words. Gorman responded to Gibson's questions by indicating that Swaggart had "wronged him" and that he wanted Swaggart to admit it. (This was not mine or Tomy's choice of words.) He looked directly into the camera and told Jimmy Swaggart that he forgave him and wanted Swaggart to publish a retraction and to merely love him and get some help.

I might have said a total of two sentences. It didn't matter, the smalltown lawyer was on national television. We were a media spectacle.

Back in Tulsa, Frasier was loving it. He was giving interviews to anyone who wanted one; at the same time, he was reveling in information about the Swaggart scandal.

In Lake Charles, my mother was getting calls from her friends all over the country who had seen me on television. She was very proud of her "Hunter boy."

In the meantime and in a more serious vein, my brother, Matt, had put in some long, hard hours preparing the appeal brief. Judge Ganuchau had ruled in May 1987 that one could not defame a corporation, but Matt made an argument that Gorman's name was inextricably tied to Marvin Gorman Ministries; therefore, if Marvin Gorman was defamed, his ministry was defamed as well. We believed that this, combined with Matt's other hard work, would win the appeal and send the case to trial.

The arguments were set for March 5, 1988, in New Orleans, Our strategy was for me to argue the appeal; meanwhile, Frasier would handle the media. This was, as of course, his long suit.

Because Gorman had declared bankruptcy since filing the suit, we anticipated defense counsel would initiate some kind of procedural tactic at the Fourth Circuit Court by moving that Gorman no longer had the Cause of Action, but that it belonged to the Trustee in Bankruptcy. As anticipated, immediately before we were able to begin our argument, Peter Feringa, counsel for Michael Indest, asserted that we were not the proper party. In response, we called David Adler, the Trustee in Bankruptcy, who confirmed that he had retained us to prosecute the case on behalf of the estate. We then noted that a motion to Substitute Party Plaintiffs was soon to follow.

The court ordered leave for us to file the motion to Substitute Party Plaintiffs within ten days; at that point, arguments finally began.

The Fourth Circuit Court of Appeals judiciary panel consisted of Judge Philip Ciaccio, Judge William Byrnes and Judge Steven Plotkin. Ciaccio and Byrnes had been on the court much longer than Plotkin, but Plotkin was regarded as both progressive and assertive. Furthermore, he was host, or soon to be host, of a television show on the law in the New Orleans area and was very popular as well as "media astute."

Judge Plotkin asked most of the questions from the bench. This indicated that the panel was cogently aware of what had recently surfaced in the news touching on Jimmy Swaggart and Jim Bakker. Even though it was not necessarily relevant to the issues of the case, the entire panel was also aware of the general sensitivity of the issues that were central to *Marvin Gorman vs Jimmy Swaggart et al.* This was, in a phrase, a *cause celebre*, a matter of national news, national interest, possibly national legal importance as well. There was a sense that we might be breaking new legal ground, establishing a precedent for future cases involving internal disputes of religious organizations.

Following an oral argument during which the judges were unusually vocal for a procedure of this kind, we adjourned to await the decision. In the courthouse's hallways, Frasier took over. Reporters from every network—CNN, ABC, CBS, NBC, BBC—as well as all the print tabloids—*The National Enquirer*, *The Star*, and every major news and popular magazine were present, shouting questions, demanding responses. We were celebrities, and Frasier was center stage.

The man in the wheelchair remained cool—and witty. One reporter asked, "Mr. Frasier, what do you think about Jimmy Swaggart being caught with the prostitute on Airline Highway?" His response was, "Frances is so jealous." Laughter erupted through the hallways. Frasier went on, however, to say, "Frances need not worry because Jimmy was very sanitary . . . he wore rubber—gloves." Frasier knew how to master a media ceremony. His inflections and ironic statements, which seemed to say nothing substantive, communicated a great deal to the reading and viewing public and kept public opinion on our client's side for the time being, anyway.

Actually, we were prepared to go on the offensive and use Swaggart's hypocrisy as a major point in our arguments if necessary. On March 6, our private investigator, Scott Bailey, had videotaped a sworn statement from Debra Murphree, which turned out to be most revealing about Swaggart's personal proclivities and secret behavior. As it turned out, Swaggart's associations with Murphree were far from those of a typical John seeking sexual gratification from a typical hooker. But then, nothing about Jimmy Swaggart had ever been typical. In many ways, what Murphree had to say about Swaggart was a shock, even to Frasier, who possibly thought less of Jimmy Swaggart than of any living soul.

Murphree told Bailey, and later confirmed her story in press interviews, that she was first approached by Swaggart in 1986, although she was unable to remember the specific month. He was driving a tan Lincoln Town Car and was wearing a jogging suit, or possibly some other form of baggy trousers, with a seam cut open in the crotch. She remembered also that he didn't wear socks and covered his crotch with a handkerchief.

She was working a corner on Airline Highway in front of the Starlight Hotel, down the street from the Travel Inn, with a friend named Felicia Parker, aka Felicia Smith, but her friend had departed when Swaggart pulled up. He rolled down a window and motioned for Murphree to come to the car. He asked if she was a policewoman working undercover; to prove she was not, she raised her blouse and exposed her breasts. She verified that he wasn't a policeman when he began fondling himself. She asked if he wanted a "date."

He offered her ten dollars, which Murphree declined. She normally charged that much for mutual fondling or manipulation, fifteen to sixteen for oral sex, and twenty for an all-night

assignment. He replied that all he wanted to do was look at her naked breasts and masturbate while driving around. She insisted on her price, and he finally agreed; she entered the car, and they drove around for about fifteen minutes until he ejaculated, then let her out. So it began.

Over the next several weeks, he saw her infrequently, each time asking for the same procedure, paying the same price. Each session lasted for about fifteen or twenty minutes, whereon he would reach climax, then take her back to the motel. Soon, he began asking her to open her pants and expose her crotch, then to remove them and ride with her legs spread open. Murphree refused, noting that it was too dangerous, that if they were stopped she wouldn't have time to dress. She suggested they go to her room at the Travel Inn. He refused.

The liaison continued and adopted a frequency of about two to three times a month. Every time, the routine would be the same. He would meet her in front of the Starlight, pick her up, pay her, and they would ride around with her exposing her breasts or pubic area, him masturbating to climax. Once, he asked her to take off all her clothes and jump out in front of people so he could see their reactions; she refused and again suggested they go to her room.

She claimed that from the outset she knew he looked familiar, but she wasn't certain where she had seen him before. She asked him casually about his name, but he insisted that he was called "Billy" and would say no more. It wasn't until one or two of her girlfriends suggested his true identity that she began to believe that he was indeed the famous televangelist from Baton Rouge.

Finally, she persuaded him that going to her room was safer than the fifteen- to twenty-minute rides they were taking around that part of town. Again, he haggled over price, but she stuck to her twenty-dollar fee, and they began meeting regularly in the room. There, the routine changed only slightly, at least at first.

Initially, he asked her to pose in various ways while he watched and masturbated. Each time, she said, he was dressed in the same way— jogging suit, T-shirt, headband, sneakers with no socks—and most of the crotches were slit open to expose his penis. From time to time, he would drop his pants to his knees or ankles, but he never completely disrobed; she never saw him without a shirt.

Primarily, his interest was in looking at her in various revealing and, apparently to him, seductive poses. A particular favorite, Murphree claimed, was for her to climb onto the bed on her hands and knees, her buttocks facing him, and her underwear pulled tightly up inside her anal and vaginal areas, exposing her vaginal lips. He asked her to wear short shorts, with the cheeks of her buttocks hanging down, or to pose wearing a short skirt with no underclothing while he lay beneath her and looked up. He sometimes wanted her to stand in provocative ways with her underwear pulled up tight into her "crack," as she defined it. He liked to "peek," she said, to observe her as if she was unaware of being watched.

He asked her to masturbate also, and to "play with herself." At first, he almost never touched her, though occasionally when she was in the "doggie-style position," he would approach her and put a hand on her buttock, commenting that she "turned him on."

Most often, he used a handkerchief or a condom while he worked on himself. After a few months, he began asking her to manipulate him and bring him nearly to climax, but he preferred to finish himself. She claimed he never took very long to achieve an orgasm; once done, he was eager to leave. She also noted that he was cheap, that he never tipped and often complained about the twenty-dollar price of her services.

After several of these meetings, which on average took place twice a month, he asked her for oral sex. She obliged him for the same price, and he asked her to make her mouth "real tight," as if she were a virgin and he was experiencing sex with a young girl. Again, he wore the condom, and again, he preferred to achieve climax on his own, withdrawing from her mouth at the last moment. He discarded the condom as soon as he finished. If he used a handkerchief, he usually took it with him.

Another time, he asked if he could enter her for "a few seconds." She agreed and said that he made a partial penetration of her vagina for about ten or twenty seconds before withdrawing and completing his orgasm himself. Apart from this one time, Murphree recalled, he never touched her sexual organs.

He bragged often that he had to be away on business, but he sometimes called her, presumably long-distance, and asked her to speak to him in an erotic way to excite him so he could masturbate. Even though he offered to pay her for this service, she always refused. She noted that except to tell her how much she excited him, he never talked much to her during one of their "dates," but preferred only to direct her posturing and posing, suggesting different things for her to do.

After nearly a year of their association, he took an interest in Murphree's daughter.

From time to time, Swaggart had implied that he was seeing or had seen another woman who involved a young child in their sexual affairs and that she also had a daughter. He had seen photographs of Murphree's nine-year-old child, and he began asking a lot of questions about her. He wanted to know if she was as pretty as her picture indicated, if she had developed breasts yet, and if she had hair "down there." Murphree answered his questions and tried to change the subject. Finally, he broached the possibility of involving the youngster in some way with them.

Murphree flatly refused to discuss this, but Swaggart pressed the point. He suggested he could pose as a photographer until the girl was comfortable, even take some pictures of them together; then, possibly, in time, she might watch Murphree and him having intercourse. Murphree still refused and asked him not to even mention her daughter. Swaggart then changed direction and asked if Murphree would be willing to have sex with another woman while he watched. Murphree had done this for money in the past and was willing, but she was too new to New Orleans to know of any ready partners. He urged her to find someone, but she put him off with the excuse that she wouldn't just do that with anyone off the street and she hadn't found a suitable mate for the display.

On another occasion, she used a dildo—a rubber penis—as a prop, which seemed to please Swaggart. He also asked her to strike more and different poses, and again brought up the subject of her daughter. Again, she refused to discuss any involvement of her child, who was still residing with Murphree's parents in Indiana, but she sensed that he would not let the matter drop for good.

After a number of months passed, she and Swaggart fell into a routine. She would wait for him, signal her availability either by being outside or having her door or curtains open. He would arrive, wearing the same clothes, particularly the headband, his hair mussed. He pulled through the parking lot, checked to see if she was free, then would park, enter the room, put his twenty dollars on the table, and they would begin. Once he finished, he was gone. It was, Murphree asserted, easy money for a woman in her profession. Swaggart always used a condom and hardly wanted to touch her or have her touch him.

By spring or summer 1987, she became convinced that "Billy" was indeed Jimmy Swaggart. Her suspicions were verified not only by other prostitutes who had seen him around the Travel Inn, but also by her observation of him on television. Under the television lights, in makeup, and wearing a dress suit, he appeared quite different from the sad, nearly silent man masturbating in a chair across from her bed. But he had a certain twitch or tic around his mouth and other recognizable traits.

In a way, it provided special status for her to brag about being the trick of the famous minister; but it was in that same way, that same desire for status, that Murphree came to Randy Gorman's attention. And it was that same desire for status that finally led her to reveal to Gorman that one of her regular Johns was none other than the Reverend Jimmy Swaggart.

Debra Murphree's statements to Scott Bailey seemed devastating on their face. Moreover, there was no doubt in Bailey's mind that she was the same woman photographed with Swaggart by Randy Gorman outside Room number 7 of the Travel Inn, though she had lost weight and begun to wear her hair differently; she showed Bailey her tattoos, which were clearly visible in the pictures, and which Bailey believed were "as good as fingerprints."

More to the point of our interest, Murphree revealed Swaggart to be at the least a deeply disturbed man, a voyeur, a potential pedophile, as well as a man who happily paid for the services of a working hooker. But there were problems, as well. One was her credibility. She was, after all, a convicted criminal with a shady past and a record of drug abuse.

She was also a working prostitute, one who seemed eager to share her story of what she did for Jimmy Swaggart with the world. She gave interviews to television stations and tabloid magazines; and she also contracted with *Penthouse*, not only to tell her story for publication, but also to do a lavish and somewhat grotesque photo spread in the July 1988, issue. In the pages of that magazine, she appeared completely nude and graphically demonstrated the poses Swaggart asked her to strike. She also illustrated in close-up anatomical detail how she wore her underwear pulled up tight and used the dildo and her fingers on her sexual organs to excite him to climax. The grainy photographs captured the gross crudity of this association and its surroundings.

While neither Bailey nor any of the legal team had any doubt that Murphree was telling the truth, we were also aware that her role in the scandal provided her with an opportunity to make more money than she was accustomed to earning from her regular, albeit illegal trade. She also was defensive. Her ex-husband was suing for custody of her children as a result of learning of her role in the Swaggart saga; and she flatly refused, through her attorney, to meet with presbyters from the National Council of the Assemblies of God. The last thing she apparently wanted was to become a player in the Swaggart-Gorman scandal.

Even so, Murphree was going to prove slippery as a witness if we were to try to use her testimony against Swaggart. Thus, it came as a welcome but shocking revelation that she was by no means the only woman Swaggart had been seeing during the same period and from whom he was demanding the same sorts of bizarre sexual displays. Indeed, the strangest twist in the case came when Scott Bailey was contacted by a woman named Catherine Kampen who had a similarly disturbing but quite different story to tell.

One of Swaggart's favorite illustrations of his own devotion and piety, was to state during his sermons that he took trips to New Orleans to walk along the levee and "talk with God." He characterized such day-trips as an opportunity for spiritual renewal and

an opportunity to secret himself from the trials and demands of his ministry and public life. Much of this, we knew, was accurate. He did go to New Orleans, and he did seek a "secret escape" from his usual habits and routines. But whether he was walking on the levee and talking to God or cruising Airline Highway and prowling for sexual deviance was a question only Swaggart and the women he met could answer.

Catherine Mary Kampen claimed that she became one of those women. She was by no means a prostitute, and she was not ignorant, but street-wise tough. She was, however, something of a professional exhibitionist. A New Orleans housewife married to Ralph Kampen, she had worked as a legal secretary for New Orleans lawyer William Slaughter before taking up the occupation of delivering singing telegrams, strip-o-grams, and belly dancing telegrams under contract for a legitimate and respectable New Orleans service.

Born in 1950 in New Orleans, Kampen was an exceptionally pretty, blond-haired, blue-eyed woman who stood about five-feet-four inches tall and weighed about 100 pounds. She had a well-proportioned figure, and in spite of a penchant for heavy makeup and bad permanents, was well within the range of looks that most men would describe as attractive. Reared a Roman Catholic and still practicing her faith, she and her husband had been married for sixteen years and had a thirteen-year-old daughter who attended a Catholic parochial school.

Kampen never finished high school and suffered from poor self-esteem; even so, she was articulate and well-spoken. In many ways, she was almost the perfect picture of the modern working-class woman. Her only police record was an arrest for shoplifting when she was about twenty, a time when she and her husband were in serious financial straits, plus another arrest for the same charge some three or four years before she met with Bailey.

Her work with the telegram agency involved her going to private homes, parties and restaurants, performing for a particular individual or small group. She ordinarily would carry a tape recorder with music and would appear in one of several costumes—a maid, a nurse, etc.—and would strip to the music down to a bikini. Sometimes, she worked topless but with pasties, round pieces of fabric, sometimes decorated with sequins or tassels and attached with spirit gum to her nipples.

She had been brought into the business by a friend who pointed out how good the money was. Kampen insisted that hers was always a "no touch" performance and that she had never been exposed to any untoward sexual behavior by any of the men she had entertained.

"There's no sleaze," she assured Bailey in her sworn statement. "My boss is very strict about such things. He wouldn't allow it. I wouldn't do it, and he wouldn't allow me to."

For Kampen, her job was a fun way to make enough money to keep her daughter enrolled in expensive private schools; and, she admitted, she liked it and was a little proud of how good she was at it. She noted that she drew a number of calls for repeat business.

Life was not entirely good for Kampen, however. She and her husband had frequent marital problems, money problems, and on one fateful summer day, her cat died.

It was mid-afternoon in late July 1987, when Kampen stopped for gasoline at a Shell station at the corner of Airline Highway and Shrewsbury Road. She was upset over the death of her pet, a purebred Persian, which was a final straw in a series of personal problems that seemed unending. It was a steamy, sultry day, Kampen, hot,

depressed, and agitated, was fighting the urge to sob openly while she pumped her gas and distractedly observed the traffic passing around her.

She noticed a man in a car she described as a "pimpmobile" stopped in the service-station parking area, looking at her. He made a pass, then returned. She was watching him, not the business at hand, and gasoline suddenly backsplashed all over her. That was it. She broke into tears, became hysterical in reaction to this further blow to her self-esteem. She collected herself as best she could, then went in to pay for the gas. As she came out, her beeper went off, and she pulled her car to a pay telephone on the service station's parking lot, got out, and made her call.

The man in the pimpmobile pulled up next to her and slid his window down. He asked if anything was wrong and if he could be of any help. Even though he struck her as being familiar, she didn't recognize him, and she tried to ignore him. He insisted, though, telling her she looked distressed, as if she needed help, as if she was a person who could use some counseling.

Still trying to extricate herself diplomatically from the unwanted attention, Kampen continued with her call, but he kept saying that she was obviously having difficulties "coping" with her problems and suggested that he could help. He asked her what she did for a living, and she told him she did singing and striptease telegrams. He seemed delighted and said that he would like to see one sometime, that he had never had the pleasure of such a performance. She went to her car and found a business card for him, suggested he give her a call if he wanted to order a telegram.

He accepted the card, then returned to his theme that she looked like she needed help. She finally explained that her cat had just died, that she had numerous personal problems, and that the mood she was in, she hoped, was temporary. He replied that he still thought he could help her and suggested that they get together "to talk."

At this point she recognized who he was and asked if he was Jimmy Swaggart. He acknowledged that he was, indeed, the minister from Baton Rouge, then he offered again to help her. Kampen was flattered. "I was so touched that this man who had so much wanted to help me. I'm nobody," she told Bailey.

They talked generally about some of her problems, and Swaggart asked for her home telephone number. She was reluctant at first to give it to him, but then she remembered that he was a minister and was therefore "safe," so she wrote it down for him, and they parted after another brief flurry of offers of counseling and personal help. She didn't expect ever to hear from him again.

In two days, though, he called her. He again offered help in a counseling vein and suggested that he come to her home. She countered with an offer to meet him for coffee in a restaurant, but he demurred. He said he was so much in the public eye that if he were seen counseling someone, everyone would be harassing him for personal help. He asked her to pick him up at the Lakeside Shopping Center, then to drive him back to her home on Jefferson Highway. For some reason she never understood, she agreed.

After she picked him up near the Cinema at Lakeside Shopping Center, he began preaching to her about God's love and His plan for her life. Kampen found this somewhat obnoxious. It went against the grain of her Catholic upbringing, and she resigned herself to the fact that the "counseling" Swaggart was offering was really only proselytizing in disguise. Suddenly, though, he shifted directions and asked about her occupation, suggesting that if her husband loved and cared about her, he surely wouldn't allow her to do such a thing for a living.

This angered Kampen, who saw such an assertion as audacious; she assured him that her husband did indeed love her, then told him that her ambition was to open a

flower shop as soon as the economy seemed right. He was delighted with the prospect and offered to help her—an offer he would return to many times. The first meeting, then, passed without further incident, and she acknowledged that she felt better about things. It was possible, she thought, that she needed the kind of counseling he could provide. She returned him to his car at the Lakeside Shopping Center.

A few days later, Swaggart called again, but Kampen was busy, so he arranged for her to pick him up on another day, later in the week, this time at the James Business Park on Airline Highway. This was a considerable distance from Kampen's home, and she was reluctant to drive all that way; on the other hand, she acknowledged that "therapy was therapy," and Swaggart was apparently willing to provide expert counseling to her for free.

This time, Swaggart was driving a small, imported car and was wearing a jogging suit with a polo shirt. His hair was messed up, pulled down into his eyes. She picked him up, noted how long the drive was back and forth, but still took him to her home, where he accepted a glass of ice water and assured her that what he had to offer her was worthwhile. Kampen recalled that she told him she wasn't sure how much good he could do her, but he argued that he was sure he could help her, and that by doing so she could help him.

He was very convincing, she remembered, and argumentative. "Everything I said, everything I did, he had a line to go against it. He had something in his mind and something in his heart that would say, 'Oh well, I'm right. She's wrong.' Whatever I did." He countered every statement she made, it seemed, with one of his own, suggested that she was not smart enough to think for herself, that he would have to guide her in every decision.

During this visit, Swaggart asked her to do a telegram for him, but because her daughter was waiting for her, she didn't have time. He said she should do one for him next time, and she tentatively agreed.

The next meeting took place about a week later. She picked him up in the same place. He was dressed in the same way, only this time, he'd added a headband to his wardrobe. When they reached her house, she said he asked again for her to do a strip-ogram for him. She was a bit unnerved by the request, as she had never done a private performance for a single individual, but he argued that by complying, she could help him "preach his ministry better." She recalled that he said, "We can both help each other."

He continued to insist that she perform, so she changed into her French Maid outfit, turned on her music, and did her routine while Swaggart sat "like a king" on her sofa, smiling, and apparently enjoying himself while she stripped down to her rhinestone studded bikini and teased him with a feather duster. When she finished, he said it was "great," but that she shouldn't be doing such a thing for strangers, that it was not a good thing to do. Then he launched into a kind of homily or sermon, and she tuned him out.

As their conversation continued, he again offered to help her out with her ambitions to open a shop of her own; and Kampen, well aware of his wealth and his many contacts in the city, began to hope that this might be a real possibility. None of his promises were concrete, however. Instead, he continued to assert that she could help him in return. She said she was thinking, *Yeah, right* when he went on and on about how much he needed her help, as well. She couldn't imagine that she had a thing to offer a man like Jimmy Swaggart.

Seeing how dubious she was about his bid for help, he revealed that the root of his personal problems was that his wife, Frances, didn't love him, that instead, she preferred

women. This caught Kampen completely off guard. She challenged him that he couldn't be sure; he said he was, that there was a woman in his congregation who was his wife's lover. He was nearly in tears when he told her this, she recalled, and she had no doubt that he believed it was true.

"I felt kind of bad," she told Bailey. "The man looked so pathetic. When he looked at me while he was saying it, I looked him in the eyes and I knew that man wasn't lying. A man is not going to admit something like that unless it's really true because that's a blow to his ego. A woman with another man is a blow, but a man can tolerate that. But a woman with another woman. . . How can you compete with something like that?"

Swaggart collected himself, she recalled, then informed her that the next time she did a strip-o-gram for him, she was to take more off, that she would expose her breasts to him. She had told him she worked topless with pasties for some jobs, but after he questioned her about how the pasties worked, he said that was too painful a thing for her to do for him, and she should leave them off and strip without them. Then, he added, "I'm going to see you reach your goal of what you want to do."

Kampen thought about it and decided that she could parade around in front of him without causing any harm, especially if it would cause him to help her reach her goal—the flower shop—and she more or less agreed. After a few days, though, she had second thoughts, and when he called she said she couldn't see him. He replied, "When I need to see you, I expect you to be able to see me." He was quite stern about it, she recalled.

A week later, he called again. This time she went to James Business Park to pick him up, and he immediately told her he wanted her to strip and expose her "bust." She said she felt "degraded," but when they reached her house, he became more insistent than ever. She finally agreed and suggested several outfits, including a "Dolly Parton" and her belly dancing outfit. But what intrigued Swaggart was her leather outfit, which came with handcuffs and a small, faux whip as an accessory. He asked her if she was going to take off her top, and she said she would. He then asked her if she would remove her bottom; she refused.

He insisted that it was all necessary to "help" him, and assured her that she could quickly cover herself with a towel. "Look," he told her. "I'm trying to help you with everything. You have to help me too."

Kampen said she had no idea what came over her. She felt as if she was in his power, somehow, she recalled. "I don't know what made me say okay. I just said, 'What the hell.' It was like I didn't—I didn't have control over myself."

She tied him up, handcuffed him, then went into her routine: dancing, teasing him with the whip, stripping. "I wasn't paying attention," she said. "I'm dancing around, and I do all these stupid acrobatics and kicking my legs. I had just taken off my bottoms and reached for—I think it was a towel I had put down, a towel or something. It might have been my little robe. I reached for something to put over me, and I turned around and the son of a gun was masturbating. He had his pants down to his knees, and he was masturbating."

Kampen stopped her act immediately and asked him what he thought he was doing. But before she could finish her question, he finished. "Nobody's ever done that in front of me," she said. "All the telegrams I've done in my life, nobody's—I mean, they might have thought about doing it, but they didn't actually come out and do it."

She was embarrassed, outraged. She told him she wished he hadn't done that, but he replied, "I told you you have to help me. This helps me. You're the only person who can help me with this. And I want to make things nice for you, too. You deserve it. God wants you to have it. God loves you."

She argued that he embarrassed her, shamed her, but he replied that it was necessary and she shouldn't feel that way. "Sometimes," he said, "the only way to help people is by letting them help themselves. And you—you by doing what you do, you allow me to help me and in turn, I'll help you."

Kampen recalled that she was upset, confused. "How in the hell can you argue with that?" she asked Bailey. "How can you argue with a man who talks in circles?" She thought Swaggart was "sick" or "confused or something's wrong," but she felt terribly sorry for him, and she was unable to refuse him any request.

Over the next several weeks, their routine continued and escalated in terms of sexual play. She wore her leather outfit, used her whip and handcuffs to tease him, and he masturbated into a handkerchief or a condom he brought zipped in a pocket of his jogging suit. Eventually, he asked her to lay him over a chair and whip his buttocks while he masturbated. He would say, "Harder, harder. Beat me harder." Then, when he finished, he would tell her it was "wonderful," but that next time, she needed to beat him harder. "You have to tell me I'm scum," he said. "I'm no good. I need to be beaten."

Their meetings continued, following the same pattern. Each time, she drove to James Business Park to pick him up, complained about the distance and the cost of gasoline, but he never offered her any money, any help with expenses for the trip. He only wanted to sit on her sofa "like a king on his throne," she said, and watch her perform or have her punish him with her faux whip.

One afternoon, a friend of hers, Chris Christopher, a car salesman, dropped by while Swaggart was there. She refused to let him in, but he spied Swaggart in the room and recognized him. Later, Kampen's husband, Ralph, came home unexpectedly to change clothes and found Swaggart sitting regally on the sofa. He was angered, although he was aware his wife was receiving counseling from the minister. He sensed that something else was going on, though, and ordered her never to bring him home again.

She did anyway. She felt powerless to refuse Swaggart. He never asked to have intercourse with her. But he did ask that she manipulate him from time to time, bring him to climax using her hand. He also began asking her to pose in different ways and to masturbate for him while he watched. She had a glass-topped coffee table, and he asked her to put on a skirt with no underwear and to dance on the table while he lay on the floor and stared up at her. As in almost everything else he asked, she complied.

He continued to tell her of his troubles, which played sharply on her sympathies for him. He maintained that his wife was a lesbian and that she had no interest in him sexually at all. He also said his mother was a horrible memory in his life, and he frequently spoke of his cousin, Jerry Lee Lewis, in tones that suggested that there was bitterness between them. In time, Kampen determined that Swaggart's problems, he believed, were rooted in a rotten childhood and only extended to his marriage to Frances, whose name he was now openly using.

When she pushed him to reveal specifics concerning his problems, though, he lashed out at her, telling her she had no idea of the problems in his life, that she couldn't help him, and that he didn't want to discuss it.

He then began to "step over the line" and to ask Kampen about her daughter. He had, of course, seen photographs of Kampen's teenaged daughter in the house, and he admired her beauty often. She remembered, "The first time he mentioned my daughter, he—sick son of a bitch—he told me, he said he wanted to meet her. And I said, 'Well, you know, I don't think—I really don't think that would be wise.' " He seemed surprised at her reaction, protested that her daughter was "so beautiful," and that he would "love to

see the both of you together." He was "the loudest mailman in town," Kampen told Bailey.

She told him he was "crazy" and "sick," but he kept returning to the question, saying that he wanted to watch her have sex with her daughter. "It's about time she knew about sex," she remembered him saying. She told him she was too young even to date, let alone to have sex, but he replied, "Yeah, but wouldn't it be nice if we were to, you know, to teach her?" Her fury in response to this suggestion did not dissuade him from pressing the topic or from bringing it up time after time. He said he wanted to watch them have sex together, and he wanted to have sex with Kampen's daughter as well.

From time to time, he would call, Kampen said, when he knew that her daughter would be home. He would tell her he had seen her picture, that she was as beautiful as her mother, and that he wanted to meet her. This frightened Kampen more than anything else, and she was determined to shield her daughter from Swaggart at all costs.

About this same time, he began asking Kampen if she would be willing to have sex with another woman while he watched. He claimed there was a girl he knew—most likely, Debra Murphree—who might be willing to participate. This took place about the same time he was exhorting Murphree to locate a partner for the same thing. Kampen flatly refused, telling him that such a thing would be "against God's law." He replied, "Not if you're only playing. If it's not real. If it's an act. You act, don't you?" She still refused, even when he offered again to introduce her to this girl he knew.

He also asked if she would talk to her husband about allowing him to watch while they made love. This proposition Kampen found both absurd and dangerous. She could only imagine her husband's rage if he had an inkling of what was really going on during her counselling sessions with the great Jimmy Swaggart. She could not imagine his reaction if she asked him to make love to her while Swaggart watched.

Sometime in November, after his affair with Debra Murphree had been discovered by Gorman, Swaggart brought what Kampen believed was a homemade dildo to her. "Never seen anything like it before and I don't think I'll ever see anything like it again," she told Bailey. "This very crude rubber-looking penis complete with testicles, and he wanted me to use it."

She told him that was impossible, that it was too big, but he angrily insisted, suggested she use it with Vaseline. She still said no. "He got loud," she recalled, "and he'd tell me, 'Do as I tell you to do. I want you to do this. You're doing it for me. Don't you understand?' I always felt real stupid around him, real—very subservient. And—like I was being dominated." He tried to insert the dildo into her himself, but it was too painful for Kampen to endure.

He also asked her to use other devices—a hairbrush, for example— on herself, and he asked to "have sex with her breasts," another request she refused.

As time passed and Swaggart's demands increased, Kampen became more and more upset with herself for giving in to the minister's desires. "I did things with him I had never done with my husband," she said. She felt guilty when she was away from Swaggart, would resolve not to acquiesce when he called, but when she heard his voice on the telephone, she discovered she was powerless to resist him. "It was like I was in this crazy little dream state, and I couldn't get out of it, and I didn't know how to—I was like Alice in Wonderland, and every door I opened, there was this new crazy thing he wanted me to do."

His instructions on how she should manipulate him and herself became more and more intricate, more weird. He came to orgasm quickly, she recalled, and seemed self-

conscious about the small size of his penis. He also asked her to perform oral sex on him, but she claimed that she had broken her jaw in an accident when she was younger, and she was unable to open her mouth wide enough to accept him.

In late December or early January, Kampen could not recall, things were reaching a crisis stage. She was losing weight and found herself unable to sleep or eat properly. She lived in terror of his calls, but still was unable to resist his demand that she come collect him and bring him to her home for another "session."

She remembered that in October, his behavior began to change. When she commented on it, actually as a protest to one of his more extravagant demands, he told her, "You don't have any idea what's happening in my life. I'm going through hell right now, and I've got problems of my own." She couldn't imagine a man as rich and powerful as Swaggart having problems at all, let alone anything she could help him resolve.

One afternoon—their meetings always took place in the middle of the day, while her husband was at work, her daughter at school—Swaggart went into her bathroom and asked if the shower massage worked. She said it did. He then asked her to give him "golden shower," a deviant masochistic practice in which one partner urinates on the other.

She flatly refused. He pressed her, but she continued to refuse. "I told him I would not do that, that it was so far beneath me, and I couldn't understand why anybody would want that done to them."

He was enraged, she remembered: " 'You know why I tell you what I want you to do, you got to do it. You don't question me.' He grabbed me by a shoulder and he started—he was shaking me. I felt like a rag doll." She said she was sore afterwards.

Then, as suddenly as he started, he stopped. She told him he hurt her, and he replied that he was "so sorry." She said, "He just looked like this miserable, sad little kid. I always thought that about him. He always reminded me of a miserable, sad little boy."

He settled for watching her use the shower massage on herself, which she agreed to do in order to turn his resolve away from what she regarded as his disgusting and totally degrading request.

There were other demands she would not agree to. Others, she went along with. The "guaranteed piasta resistance," as she called it, came when he asked her to expose herself in public:

He had been asking me from the fourth time he saw me to take off my clothes after we got on the river levee. He wanted me to go up on the river levee, take off my clothes, run around in front of the car. He would get in the driver's seat—nobody's going to believe—he would get in the driver's seat—and I thought this was really insane—and pretend like he was going to hit me, but the car wasn't even on. The ignition wasn't even on. He would just get in and pretend like he was going to hit me, and then wanted to know what it felt like if somebody was coming towards me, going to run over me.

Kampen stated she did this twice, but then the weather turned chilly, and she begged off.

A week after the golden shower incident, he called her again. She was recovering from an accident in a light fixture store; a lamp had fallen on her head, given her a concussion, and broken nose. He told her she needed to see him "for some healing," but she replied that her husband, fearful that she would try to drive in her condition, had taken away her car keys. She recalled:

He said, "I said I want you to pick me up. Don't you understand?" It was almost like the devil would—one day—one minute, he was just as sweet with honey dripping. The next minute it was like the Exorcist. And that's what I felt like over the phone. Like he was, "Don't you understand? You have to pick me up. Don't you— Don't you dare tell me no."

She was furious with him, and she felt herself breaking free, at last, from his control. She called him an "asshole" and hung up on him. She figured, given their history together, that he "probably enjoyed it when I called him that." She never heard from him again.

Not directly.

She began to reassess the experience she'd had with Swaggart and to realize how he had used her. She now believed she was in greater need of counseling than ever, and his offers of financial help never materialized. He even refused at one point to put gasoline in her car when she was returning him to James Business Park and the tank was nearly empty. "You've got credit cards," he told her. "Use them."

His tantalizing suggestions that he would help her were, as she put it, "something he used like a toy, like a tool to hurt me and keep me dangling like I was some sort of little puppet." But she was quick to add that she was also culpable for buying into the entire kinky sex routine. She acknowledged that she had the money to open a shop on her own, that what she truly sought from him was the moral support. Instead, he made her feel less secure than ever, more degraded and lacking in self-esteem. But she continued with it anyway.

She noted that she and her husband were having marital problems in the first place, and, not surprisingly, these were multiplying as her involvement with Swaggart deepened. She found that in spite of the aggravation he caused her, he provided her with a much needed emotional outlet. In short, he made her feel wanted, needed, and constantly reassured her that she was helping him, and could help him even more.

Overall, she stated that between July 1987 and January 1988, she met with Swaggart just under a dozen times. After it was over, she presumed it would be forgotten, but then in the spring, about the time that Gorman's photographs revealed Swaggart's involvement with Debra Murphree, she began receiving threatening telephone calls.

The first one came in March. A voice Kampen described as "genteel" and "southern gentlemanly" warned her on the telephone that she'd "better leave Jimmy alone. You better never say anything about Jimmy." She asked who was speaking, but the reply was, "Never mind. You just keep your mouth shut about Jimmy." She asked why Swaggart didn't speak to her himself, but the caller hung up.

More calls followed. One that especially scared Kampen informed her, "If you say anything or do anything you'll regret it. If you say anything about Jimmy. Because we'll burn you in your house. We'll burn your house down around you." Another call followed, and this time, her husband picked up at the same time she did. The voice said, "You'd better leave Jimmy alone or you're dead." Her husband was incensed, but she had not had contact with Swaggart since January.

Then, in April, about a week before she spoke to Bailey, a final call came. This time, the message was the same, that if she talked about Swaggart she was "dead," but Kampen was fed up. She said she replied, "Can you please repeat that because I want to make sure that my tape recorder got every word of it so I can take it to the police." The caller hung up immediately.

She sought help from the telephone company, but they were unable to do much without legal authorization for a wire tap. She was fearful of going to the police, so she sought the advice of Chris Christopher, the only person other than her husband, who was aware of her connection to Jimmy Swaggart. She told him the entire story. Christopher suggested she consult an attorney, and the lawyer he suggested was none other than Warren Pickle, who also represented Debra Murphree.

By sheer coincidence, or so it would appear, Pickle had bought a car from the same lot where Christopher worked. Because of the press stories about Murphree and Swaggart, Christopher was aware of Pickle's position with Murphree, and he urged Kampen to call him. She did, and Pickle led him to us and ultimately to the videotaped interview with Scott Bailey.

There was no question that Catherine Kampen's sworn statement held dynamite—if it was true. The question in our minds, as legal counsel for Gorman, though, was her veracity. The connection with Pickle via Christopher was almost too convenient; also, there was a question of why this fairly normal-appearing working mother and housewife would come forward on her own, jeopardizing her marital situation even more so by confessing to such a series of bizarre sex acts with a total stranger. There was the matter of the threatening telephone calls, of course; but the entire situation just did not feel entirely solid.

Further, I had trouble believing that she was such a shrinking violet in the entire affair, that she did not willingly engage in Swaggart's sexual games, and she may even have suggested variations herself. It was too much to accept that even a man of Swaggart's known charisma and personal power could charm anyone so completely, could effectively "brainwash" a woman into doing almost everything he commanded. That, however, was Kampen's story, and she was sticking to it.

On the other hand, parallels between Murphree's reports of Swaggart's demands of her and what Kampen said he asked her to do were too close to ignore. The method he used to find satisfaction, a combination of voyeurism and self-abuse with suggestive poses and requests to observe women making love to other women, were quite specific. The requests he made for the women to involve their daughters in a pedophilic display or relationship also were identical, and he had persuaded Kampen to perform several stunts—the public exposure, for example—that Murphree said she refused to do for him. Moreover, there were the devices and particulars of Swaggart's involvement with both women: the dildos, condoms, lack of desire for normal intercourse, insistence on self-manipulation to climax, and so forth.

Kampen was either a very clever liar, or she was telling the absolute truth. Basically, it was her word against Swaggart's, but she had nothing to gain by telling her story, and she apparently had a great deal to lose. She did give a press interview or two, but unlike Murphree, who was shamelessly exposing herself in the pages of a men's magazine, Kampen didn't seem to want anything in return for her story except to be left alone. By and large, her principal interest was in seeking protection by going on record through a sworn statement and making it clear that she had been sexually involved with Jimmy Swaggart.

More to the point of our case than the sexual games and acts Swaggart demanded of Kampen, though, was her statement that he approached her under the pretext of offering Christian counsel and charitable help. That he used his personal position and his professional office as a method of seducing an emotionally overwrought and somewhat insecure individual who clearly needed solace and support was a more damning indictment than anything that might be revealed about rubber penises and golden showers.

Bailey made videotapes of statements from both women, and we hoped to use them, if not in the appeals process at least in the course of the trial in order to demonstrate Swaggart's hypocrisy and his arrogance. Unfortunately, the court felt differently and ruled that Jimmy Swaggart's sexual conduct was irrelevant to Marvin Gorman's suit for defamation, invasion of privacy, and intentional infliction of emotional distress; thus, the details of Swaggart's secret life with these two women, particularly with Kampen, were never made public.

However, the information did ultimately lead to some sensational newspaper headlines, particularly the following summer when the General Council of the Assembly of God did act and overruled the District Council's decision merely to punish Swaggart by restricting him from his pulpit until May 22.

After viewing Murphree's videotaped interview and listening to Frances Swaggart pronounce from her husband's naked platform that he would return on that date "come hell or high water," the thirteen Executive Presbyters slapped him with a full year's suspension from preaching and demanded that he enter a two-year rehabilitation program. Swaggart refused; and in April 1988, the General Council withdrew his credentials as an Assembly of God minister.

Swaggart, who had publicly accused Gorman of being unfit for the ministry and forced his resignation and decertification nearly two years before, preempted their move by announcing that he had already resigned from the Assemblies of God earlier—variously reporting the occurrence as having taken place in December, January, or February, then, following the District Council's announcement, he told a reporter that the church was "cutting off its nose to spite its face."

In spite of his obvious hypocrisy, of the public exposure of his involvement with a whore on Airline Highway, information brought to the General Council by Gorman, though, the District Council made no move to restore Gorman's name or his credentials. Rocked by wave after wave of scandal on a scale none of them ever imagined possible, the elder statesmen of the church, were eager to disassociate themselves from the taint brought to the public eye by a man who was, only a few months before, their most celebrated apostle.

• CHAPTER FOURTEEN •
OTHER WOMEN, OTHER MEN, OTHER AFFAIRS

"And the Lord God said unto the woman, What is this *that* thou hast done? And the woman said, The serpent beguiled me, and I did eat."
—*The First Book of Moses, Called Genesis, 3:13*

If one looked at a photograph of Marvin Gorman taken in the early 1970s, one would discover the picture of a handsome man with a winning smile, open countenance, and genuine, piercing eyes. He exuded success, confidence, even compassion. There was no doubt that he was a physically attractive man. Given the human propensity for being drawn to individual power, it also was not hard to believe that numerous women— and men as well—felt his passion, even felt sexual desire forming beneath their open admiration for him. Such is the nature of human psychology; such is the nature of human sexuality.

There was never any question that Marvin Gorman had both the means and the opportunity to engage in virtually limitless sexual affairs perhaps from the beginnings of his ministry. The question, one only Gorman himself can answer, was whether or not he found the motive, the desire, the compulsion to avail himself of the proffered favors of beautiful and increasingly younger women who found in him the symbol of sexual apotheosis.

Gorman claimed that, save twice prior to his marriage, and one time since, he had never found within himself even so much as the momentary motive to commit adultery. And we, his legal team, believed he was telling the truth. It bespoke a strength of character that most of us could not necessarily claim for ourselves, perhaps, if we were presented with similar means and opportunities; but such thinking fails to take into account Gorman's personal commitment to his faith, to his calling, and his intense awareness of his responsibilities to both God and man.

From the outset, Gorman had been accused through rumor and direct report of having slept with many women, but it took the defense counsel nearly four years of discovery, litigation, and argument to consistently find any way to support the allegation that Gorman had had a sexual affair with more than one: Lynda Savage. This was confusing, at first, for we were steadfastly maintaining all along that Jimmy Swaggart and his minions had characterized Gorman as something of a sexual athlete, a libertine, regularly misusing his power and position to seduce innocent women, primarily admiring parishioners, including an eighty-year-old woman.

By late 1990, while the discovery process was still ongoing, it was becoming obvious that the defendants were not going to be able to produce any other concrete witnesses to any adultery apart from Gorman and Lynda Savage, and we were growing more confident with our corroboration of Gorman's version of events touching on the Savage affair.

Savage's version of events did not worry us because her credibility was increasingly questionable; also, she was the only woman who seemed willing to come forth and admit under oath to committing adultery with Gorman. On the face of it, this seemed reasonable, as we had maintained all along that the other allegations were pure fabrications born in the imagination of Jimmy Swaggart and his associates or that they had been coerced from the other women by Swaggart and his minions.

It was apparent that they had made such outlandish charges as a "scare tactic," designed to frighten Gorman into resigning and to convince any lingering supporters of the minister's moral corruption. Once this was accomplished, the false rumors took on a life

of their own, and the perpetrators were forced to defend them by claiming they were true, even expanding them to absurd proportions.

A single act of adultery, even a prolonged affair, between consenting adults, even between a minister and a parishioner should not, probably could not, be sufficient cause to destroy a man's life and career, particularly if the affair was over and the minister had confessed it to his wife and family and close friends. What Swaggart and his cronies knew they needed to establish was a pattern of immoral behavior, of adulterous relationships, all of which were tied directly to Gorman's misuse of his power and authority as a coercive device to force otherwise unwilling women to have sex with him. This had been Swaggart's primary aim in defaming Gorman in word and print; now, it had become the only viable weapon available to the defense counsel to defend their clients from the law.

Our supposition that providing sworn testimony to support this position would be difficult if not impossible seemed to become more solid as more and more depositions and investigation continued. Similarly, it was increasingly obvious that everything Swaggart had said about Marvin Gorman was part of a carefully orchestrated conspiracy.

One of our best witnesses on this point was Eddie Trammel, a business manager for the First Assembly of God of New Orleans. On July 19, 1986, Trammel, along with other board members from the First Assembly of God, particularly Carl Miller, Trammel's predecessor as business manager of the New Orleans church, visited Swaggart at his home in Baton Rouge. In his deposition, and subsequently from the witness stand, Trammel stated that during this visit, Swaggart indicated that he had a list of "fifteen or sixteen women" with whom Gorman had had affairs. He did not reveal this list, but this was apparently the genesis of the rumors that would soon grow in both proportion and scope as time went on.

Trammel also testified that he was ordered by the Board of Directors of First Assembly of God to retrieve Gorman's files from his office, and to burn them, although for what purpose, he never understood.

We additionally deposed Miller. He testified that during this same meeting, Swaggart accused Gorman of misappropriating funds at the First Assembly of God as well as Marvin Gorman Ministries. Miller knew this was untrue, since he was the business manager and controlled all the disbursements of money. Indeed, if it was true, it could only have been done with Miller's knowledge and consent. But he went along with the charges anyway. Both of these men would prove to be excellent witnesses against Swaggart, although they were enlisted on the side of the defendants.

We also called several former ministers of the church to demonstrate how from July 16 to July 19, 1986 a spirit of forgiveness toward Gorman existed throughout the congregation and staff of the First Assembly of God; there were numerous expressions of willingness to help Gorman, also. Furthermore, according to these witnesses, the board expressed a profound interest to continue Gorman on salary until some unspecified future date.

Following the July 19 meeting at Swaggart's mansion, though, the generosity and forgiving spirit in the church changed to a mean-spirited desire for vengeance. The Board of Directors met immediately following that Saturday session in Baton Rouge and decided to terminate Gorman's salary forthwith, thereby rendering him without income and sealing the fate on his attempt to purchase Channel 29 in Lake Charles. It was during the July 19 meeting at Swaggart's mansion, of course, that the infamous July 20 statement was drafted by the conspirators Allan McDonnel, Jim Rentz, Bill Treeby, Carl Miller, and, of course, Michael Indest and Jimmy Swaggart himself.

In my view, the Lake Charles television station deal may well have been the

precipitating cause behind Swaggart's entire attack on Gorman. It was an attempt to nip in the bud Gorman's bid to expand his ministry and challenge Swaggart's position in Louisiana and the greater South. To that extent, it worked, of course.

But in spite of all these accusations, statements, and binding decisions, there still was no specific evidence that Gorman had indulged himself in numerous or even one prolonged illicit sexual affair with any member of his congregation or anyone else. Michael Indest claimed that he was in possession of motel receipts proving that Gorman and Lynda Savage had met often over a period of years, but these were never produced either.

In late 1990 or early 1991, with less than six months remaining before trial, the defendants apparently began to feel the pressure of the lack of evidence or concrete testimony against Gorman. They finally put forth the name of a second woman who was willing to swear under oath to having had a sexual affair with Gorman.

Her name was Gail McDaniel, a resident of Shreveport, Louisiana. She claimed she had had sexual intercourse with Gorman in the early 1970s while attending First Assembly of God in New Orleans at its old address on Elysian Fields Street.

This news was most distressing to me. I had hoped we would go to trial with the defendants only having one woman claiming adultery with Marvin Gorman. I called Gorman to discuss the matter; he could not believe it. He stated that Gail McDaniel was the daughter of a woman who had been a church officer. Gail's father died of kidney disease, and for reasons Gorman didn't immediately explain, her mother left the church feeling very bitter toward Gorman.

I talked to Frasier and Hickman, then we all met with Gorman and asked him to reconfirm his story that he had committed adultery with only one woman, Lynda Savage. Gorman assured us again that was the truth; he had no explanation for Gail McDaniel's accusation, except that she was possibly carrying out a vendetta for her mother.

Within weeks, I received a notice that a video deposition of Gail McDaniel was to be taken at the Remington Hotel in Shreveport. This was odd because McDaniel was a resident of Louisiana, she could legally be subpoenaed for trial testimony, so no deposition was necessary. I met with Gorman again, now trying to obtain all available information on McDaniel.

Gorman finally told me there had been another problem besides the death of Gail McDaniel's father involved in her mother's leaving the church. When Gail was very young, she was confronted by Gorman about allegations that she had made homosexual advances toward another, younger girl in the church.

Ronnie Goux, another church officer, was involved when Gorman confronted Gail. This was because the complaining girl was none other than Gaylette Richardson, Ronnie's sister-in-law. This news put a new and somewhat bizarre cast on things, particularly because Ronnie's wife, Lynette, would later confess some sort of sexual encounter with Marvin Gorman to Frances Swaggart. Or such was the rumor. We also believed that Lynette Goux, who had moved into the Swaggart mansion temporarily, may well have been the "other woman" Swaggart mentioned in connection to Frances when he told Catherine Kampen that his wife preferred the love of women to men.

It was possible, even likely, that McDaniel now was seeking revenge against Gorman because he accused her of being homosexual, whether it was true or not. The general line of the Assemblies of God faith is that homosexuality is unnatural and perverted and is always a matter of choice of lifestyle. Hence, a homosexual or lesbian has deliberately and sinfully chosen this "perverted" path of life in direct contradiction of scriptural prohibition. A charge of homosexuality is far more serious, even, than a charge of

adultery within the Assemblies of God. This also made Swaggart's supposed allegations about Frances to Kampen remarkable.

When I arrived for the deposition, it was obvious within the first few minutes that Denise Pilie and Gary Zwain, attorney for Allan McDonnel, had previously met with Gail McDaniel and had prepared her well for the questioning. Furthermore, Allan McDonnel was present and in a nervous state, walking around the room and making protective comments and gestures as though McDaniel was his own daughter.

Gail McDaniel was presently attending a church in Shreveport pastored by Reverend Rodney Duron, whose wife, Frances, was, by happenstance, a close personal friend of Frances Swaggart's. Frances Duron also wrote for *The Evangelist*, which further indicated that a close relationship existed between the families. It was apparent, in other words, that the connection between Gail McDaniel and Marvin Gorman came through the two Franceses, and, hence, through Swaggart himself.

McDaniel's story was that when she was a young and innocent child attending the First Assembly of God of New Orleans, she was suddenly and wrongfully accused by Gorman and Ronnie Goux of inappropriate sexual conduct with a minor teenager of the same gender four years younger than she. According to McDaniel, Gorman and Goux threatened to turn her over to the police and drive her out of the church; but, Gorman told her, there was an alternative: If she would have sex with him, the entire matter would be forgotten.

McDaniel went on to state that she was a virgin at the time—most definitely heterosexual—and that Gorman knew this when he coerced her into having intercourse with him on the floor of his office at the church on Elysian Fields Street.

The story was so incredible that it was dangerous. But I immediately perceived a problem.

During cross-examination, McDaniel could not recall her age at the time of the alleged sexual congress with Gorman. She initially stated that she was eighteen or nineteen years old, but she gave the year of the incident as 1972 or 1973. This didn't jibe, as it would have made her twenty-one or twenty-two years old, still young, perhaps, but hardly an "innocent child." I knew a jury would have a hard time believing she did not know how old she was or the date—at least the year—in which she lost her virginity in such a traumatic manner.

Other points of inconsistency arose as well. Although the experience was horrifying enough to burn itself into her memory and compelled her to come forward at this late date, she could not remember whether Gorman wore boxer shorts or briefs, what the furnishings were in the office, or any other pertinent details of the alleged incident. Anytime I attempted to pin her down on a specific detail, she waffled or neatly sidestepped it.

Another interesting point was that McDaniel had never married or had an open relationship with a man or any close male friendships; she had always lived alone. She had other problems throughout her life, as well.

During the deposition, I repeatedly fired questions at her, deliberately covering the same ground and points again and again, hoping to undermine her credibility or, at the best, catch her in an outright lie. Unfortunately, she was an attractive and highly articulate woman, well coached, intelligent, and sure of herself. It would be hard to believe that any man wouldn't be sexually drawn to her, particularly one who held her in his power, as it were. She obviously had an ulterior motive such as hatred or money for giving the deposition, but discovering what it was would be tricky unless I could cross-examine her on the witness stand.

When the deposition was over, I knew we had to conduct further investigation on this witness, and I could only hope that the video of her deposition would never be played to a jury. If Gail McDaniel was going to testify, it needed to be live.

Apart from McDaniel and Lynda Savage, the other women whose names continued to surface through the Assembly of God's rumor mill were Jane Talbot, Cheryl McConnel, and, of course, Lynette Goux. Goux's role in the case, actually, provided another interesting twist in the trial.

Lynette and Ronnie Goux had been members of the Gorman church for many years. Lynette was also a very good friend of Frances Swaggart's. According to Lynette—or possibly according to Frances—in 1980, Lynette was having marital problems with Ronnie; she went to a motel room where Gorman was staying, ostensibly seeking counseling for her troubled marriage. Where this was supposed to have taken place is not entirely clear. During the course of her visit, Gorman allegedly got fresh with her, but she left the room short of any sexual misconduct. Lynette told Frances about this, and Frances, of course, told her husband; Swaggart filed it away for future use.

Gorman and Swaggart had a conversation about the incident while waiting for a plane in the Dallas Airport in 1980. On a later date, Gorman was summoned to Swaggart's ministerial office to talk it over, as well. Gorman maintained that there was a little truth to the story, but Gorman was the one that left the room, not Goux. Swaggart allowed the matter to drop. In 1986, however, this alleged incident with Lynette Goux was brought up again, now in the context of Gorman's alleged pattern of immoral behavior.

Virginia Gorman had always held the opinion that Lynette Goux was sexually interested in her husband, and she seemed to have a much more hostile attitude toward her than even toward Lynda Savage. Although there never was any evidence to link Gorman and Goux, Virginia intuited that Goux had designs on her husband and actively pursued him.

From a legal position, it would have been most damaging to Gorman's case had Goux come forward and been able to prove, or even testified in a convincing fashion, that her version of events in a motel room with Gorman was true. The parallels to the Lynda Savage incident were just too strong for a jury to ignore and might have undermined Gorman's version of his single encounter with Savage.

Even so, during the entire litigation no one ever took the deposition of Lynette Goux. Allegedly, Goux locked herself indoors so she could not be subpoenaed to testify at the trial; or that was, at least, Phil Wittmann's explanation for her absence.

Our theory was a little different. We were highly suspicious of Goux's motives for coming forward in the first place, particularly since Gorman's description of the incident was different from what Goux supposedly told Jimmy and Frances Swaggart. The similarities of particulars between Goux's story and Savage's story of her and Gorman's initial meeting were too starkly parallel to overlook. Further, Goux's closeness to Frances Swaggart—and to Jimmy—was highly suspect. In the course of events, she actually moved into the Swaggart mansion in Baton Rouge.

Of course, what we more specifically suspected was that Goux and Frances were extremely close friends. Knowing what we did about Catherine Kampen's story of Swaggart's confession, and knowing what we did about his alleged proclivity for watching two women make love, the pieces of the sexual puzzle surrounding Swaggart began to fall into place. Whether it was an exact fit or not, that is, whether we were correct or not, would never be known, as we were prohibited from using either Murphree's or Kampen's statements as a basis for inquiry.

At the same time, the issue of homosexual behavior continued to emanate from the case, almost like a dark aura that could never be clearly seen or defined. The obvious scenario with regard to McDaniel, for instance, was that she and Frances Duron were connected, and that Frances Duron and Frances Swaggart were connected, and that Frances Swaggart and Lynette Goux were connected. If these connections were sexually based, then what we were viewing was a secret ring of lovers in the very heart of Swaggart's ministerial family. Further, if McDaniel, as we suspected, was either homosexual or at least bisexual, then it was not beyond the realm of possibility that her experience of being deflowered by a minister might well have come at the behest, not of Marvin Gorman, but of Jimmy Swaggart; we knew from Murphree and Kampen, that Swaggart was at least a marginal pedophile, and by her testimony, McDaniel had been both a child and a virgin at the time of the alleged incident. Was it possible that the Swaggarts had somehow persuaded her to come forward and tell of a true incident but to alter the name of the minister in question from Swaggart to Gorman?

Of course it was possible, but it was not provable, not without McDaniel's cooperation, which we never had. Indeed, she insisted that she was presently and always had been completely heterosexual, and at the trial, she would produce a fiance to prove it.

Even more strangely, Lynette Goux's husband, Ronnie, who had since divorced her and remarried, did testify for the Swaggart defense. Supposedly, Ronnie had listened to taped conversations between Gorman and Lynette, but the tapes supposedly had been destroyed before trial and could not be produced. Ronnie also claimed to have seen copies of revealing letters that Gorman wrote Lynette, but none of this correspondence was ever provided. (As it turned out, most of Swaggart's defense was based on tapes and letters that people supposedly read and heard, although they were never produced, just as Michael Indest's motel receipts were never entered into evidence.)

Thus, for four years we kept hearing about Lynette Goux, but we never saw her. It was soon apparent that her name had been included in the legendary list of women in Swaggart's possession along with the names of a half a dozen other women, none of whom was willing to come forward and testify that the rumored allegations against Gorman were true. They were merely pawns in Swaggart's game, devices used to destroy the reputation and career of Marvin Gorman.

We were now at full circle, back to the problem of Lynda Savage. The question that plagued us more than any other was what motive she would have first for confessing her "sin" with Gorman to Michael Indest, and secondly for lying about the affair being one of long duration and sustaining endurance. A third question had to do with why—even if she was telling the truth about the length of the affair—and we were convinced she wasn't—did she wait so long to come forward? The answer came in the form of a gentleman by the name of Paul Dunn.

Although reared a Baptist, Paul Dunn had in the late 1970s taken a job with the Assembly of God Church in Kenner, Louisiana where David Savage was pastor and where Michael Indest had been a member years earlier. The Kenner congregation was in need of a Minister of Music, and Dunn had a fine voice and was in need of steady employment. At the time, Dunn was in his late twenties, married, but had no children. But most significantly, Dunn claimed that during his tenure in Kenner, he had a longstanding sexual affair with Lynda Savage.

Dunn gave us a statement in which he acknowledged that his work with the Assembly of God Church in Kenner was amazing to him. He had never been around

Pentecostalist-based fundamentalists of any stripe, and his techniques, learned in the Southern Baptist tradition, did not sit well with his new employers. In his experience, as is the case in most churches, the Minister of Music stands on a podium and leads the congregation in hymns. He also directs the choir or orchestra, should there be one. But in the Assembly of God, Paul was instructed to involve the congregation more directly, to go out among them, encouraging them to join in the singing.

Accordingly, he not only led the music, he also paraded up and down the aisles, encouraging people to rise and follow him in a march around the sanctuary, working them up to a frenzied display of hugging and kissing which often became passionate, uncontrolled, ecstatic almost sexual displays. He described the experience as "one giant orgy."

Paul Dunn was a handsome man. When I met him in July 1991, he was living in California. Long since departed from the Assemblies of God denomination, he was now divorced. He stood only five feet nine inches tall, and weighed about one hundred sixty-five pounds. He had curly brown hair and a deep, California tan. He was also very well-spoken and articulate. My secretary, Laura, confirmed that he had a strong sex appeal, one that would easily attract women.

Dunn's voluntary statements to us were extremely revealing of the character and nature of Lynda Savage. He described her as an extremely attractive and sexually active woman. He said once it was clear that they were drawn to each other, they began meeting on a regular basis over a long period of time. She was, he said, demanding and insistent. She developed the habit of telephoning him at his church office after David Savage left for the day; Paul would go to her house, and they would have sex in her bedroom. At other times, they had sex in the church itself, once in Dunn's office while David Savage was down the hall in his own office. They copulated everywhere, he said: in one of the pews of the sanctuary, on his office desk, up against the wall, on the floor, and in a variety of beds. Dunn said it was sex with no holds barred.

Eventually, she revealed to him that she had had a one-time sexual affair with Marvin Gorman, and that she had also slept with her brother-in-law.

In any event, Dunn's testimony would provide important corroboration to Gorman's claim that his affair with Lynda Savage had been but one time, seven years before, if, of course, we could place Dunn's account in the record without any hearsay objections.

Yet, there was more. By May 1986, Dunn's marriage was troubled, and his adventures with Lynda Savage continued. At that time, Dunn's wife, Susan, came to Marvin Gorman seeking counseling because she was certain that her husband was having an affair, although she had no idea who the other woman might be. She feared the marriage was breaking up, which, as it turned out, it was. Ironically, Susan Dunn was brought to Gorman's office by none other than Lynda Savage herself.

Gorman instantly perceived what the situation was. He excused Dunn from his office and called in Savage. He openly accused her of trying to wreck the Dunns' marriage and asked her what she thought she was doing. Her response was, "Well, Marvin, if you would just get with me, I wouldn't have to be having a relationship with any other minister."

According to Gorman, he rebuked her, instructed her to straighten out her life and to leave Paul Dunn alone. Enraged, Savage stormed out of his office. She apparently believed that by revealing her affair with Dunn, she would entice Gorman's interest in her. Having failed, she apparently sought revenge by confessing her affair with Gorman to Michael Indest; and within sixty days, Gorman was finished as a minister in

the Assemblies of God.

Dunn turned out to be an unschooled but excellent witness when he appeared in court. During his testimony, he was harshly cross-examined by Phil Wittmann, who did an excellent job of trying to paint Dunn as a sexual deviant and libertine. Wittmann produced affidavits of five other women from the Kenner church with whom Dunn had had affairs, and Dunn admitted that these were all true. But he stuck to his testimony about Lynda Savage's sexual appetites and her statement that she and Gorman had met for sexual purposes only once.

Dunn's descriptions of Savage's no holds barred demands for physical satisfaction were eloquent evidence that he was hiding nothing. Moreover, he was a volunteer witness, appearing without benefit of subpoena, which gave him a great deal of credibility with the jury. Finally, Dunn's testimony persuaded the jury that if anyone, apart from Dunn, was the libertine, it was Lynda Savage, not Marvin Gorman. Also, if they could produce five women against Dunn, why couldn't they produce any more against Gorman?

More to the point, however, was the suggestion that Savage had a motive for confessing her one-time affair with Gorman to Michael Indest and for going further and confessing her sexual affair with her brother-in-law. Her desire to lure Gorman back to her bed—or wherever—and her anger at her failure to do so was the seed from which Swaggart's conspiracy against Gorman grew.