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Was Dovie a CIA Femme Fatale?

Here At Last

The Uncensored Intimate Details Of

An Incredible But True Story

Worse Than Watergate • Dwarfs The Profumo Scandal
Stranger Than Fiction!



In the same tradition of bad U.S. foreign policy, Dovie went to bed with an Asian dictator, learned of his plan to declare martial law as early as 1969, and got caught in the web of international power play but miraculously survived as a living witness to truth.

HERMIE ROTEA

MARCOS' LOVEY DOVIE

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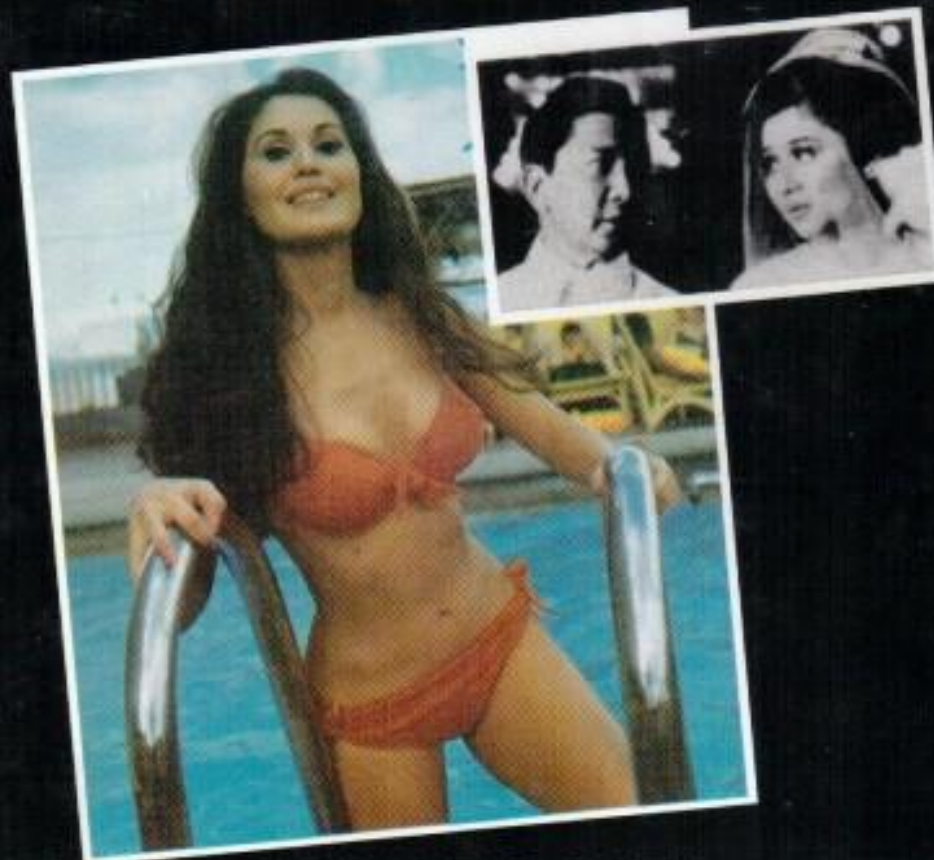
The Torrid Love Triangle That Shook The World!

Philippine President Ferdinand Marcos

His Wife Imelda The First Lady

Hollywood Actress Dovie Beams

MARCOS' LOVEY DOVIE



HERMIE ROTEA

ISBN 0

Until this book, full disclosure of this "sexplosive" love triangle was prevented by President Marcos' declaration of martial law in 1972 and continued imposition of a dictatorship. But like a ghost from the past, he is haunted by the stigma of his own misdeeds.

Dovie Beams' cover photo was taken in 1969 at the Manila Hotel at the height of her popularity in the Philippines and secret love affair with President Marcos.

A
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Los Angeles, California

Contents

Prologue	I
Chapters:	
1. Moment of Truth	15
2. The Setup By "Fred"	18
3. Baguio Interlude	32
4. Second Time Around	44
5. Trip To Hongkong	47
6. Pangs Of Separation	52
7. The Love Nest	59
8. Ang Mga Maharlika	69
9. Motion Picture Feud	86
10. It's A Family Affair	92
11. The Plot Thickens	97
12. Falling Out	112
13. Imelda Steps In	117
14. The Breakup	126
15. Assassination Attempt	136
16. X-Rated Sex Tapes	143
17. Dovie's Nude Pictures	182
18. Down But Not Out	225
Epilogue	246
About The Author	257
Order Form	259
Plus 124 Photographs	

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In Loving Memory

Benigno S. Aquino Jr.

New Martyr to Philippine Freedom
1932-1983

Philippine Democracy

Killed by Marcos Dictatorship
1946-1972

Ma. Sheilah Rotea

Daughter, Inspiration, Guardian Angel
1967-1980

Prologue

CATALINA ISLAND, Off The U.S. Mainland — Writers have an obligation to history to write what they know for the sake of truth and posterity.

With this in mind, I have undertaken to write this book which exposes the moral bankruptcy and criminal nature of the Marcos Presidency and, subsequently, of the Marcos Dictatorship in the Philippines.

For the true story of American actress Dovie Beams of Beverly Hills, California, which is the subject of this book, not only reveals what kind of a leader Ferdinand E. Marcos is, but also heralds the rise of his wife Imelda from a ceremonial First Lady to a conjugal tyrant reminiscent of Evita Peron of Argentina.

When news of their love triangle first broke out in 1970 and burst into explosive fury with its tremors felt in Hongkong and Washington, D.C., it was easily the worst scandal that rocked the Marcos government and shook the Philippines.

For a time, it also triggered diplomatic and political crises

between the Philippines and the United States.

However, when President Marcos declared martial law in 1972 he prevented a full public disclosure of the Dovie Beams' case. For this reason, it has remained a mystery up to now.

But with this book, for the first time the uncensored intimate details of this untold true story are revealed with all their sizzling, sordid and shocking facts.

One is brought inside the inner sanctum of power in Manila to see behind the scenes the blow by blow, round by round, and from beginning to end account of a government scandal that has probably no parallel in human affairs anywhere, dwarfing even Richard Nixon's Watergate or the John Profumo Affair in London.

Yet although the Dovie Beams case has been hidden as a skeleton in Marcos' closet with his destruction of Philippine democracy and imposition of a totalitarian government, nevertheless it has immediate relevance to the present turmoil on the island nation.

In 1965 when Marcos was first elected president, his slogans were "Forward the Filipino!" and "Let this nation be great again!"

But since that time up to now, a total of 17 years that he has been in power, the Filipinos could not move forward as the promised greatness never came, precisely because of the moral bankruptcy and criminal nature of his administration, as seen in the Dovie Beams episode.

In his book, "Today's Revolution: Democracy", published prior to martial law, Marcos also preached morality in government. But his preaching later proved hollow in the face of his widely-reported immorality in public office, the Dovie Beams case as its best example.

Again, in "The Marcos Revolution", which is the latest (1982) official state "Progress report on the New Society of the Philippines", it extolled his achievements, reforms in government, and painted a rosy picture of the country.

But behind this facade of progress, the people are actually suffering from their gravest economic and political crises, pre-

cisely because Marcos not only robbed them of their freedom but also mortgaged their future with a \$25 billion foreign debt that will probably take generations to pay.

Needless to state, the rootcauses of Marcos' government tyranny, corruption and illegal acquisition of personal wealth while in office (he is one of the richest men in the world), may be traced to his moral bankruptcy and criminal propensity, which this book has documented.

As a leader of his people Marcos should have set a good example and practised what he preached. Instead, he violated his own oath of office and lost the moral value of his leadership as clearly shown in the Dovie Beams story. As a result, he is the most hated man in the Philippines today.

But despite a continued public clamor for his resignation and other government reforms, Marcos still clings to his position of power like a leech — aided by his military and police gestapos who terrorize the population.

In contrast, U.S. President Nixon resigned due to the Watergate scandal, Japanese Prime Minister Kakuei Tanaka quit after he was accused of accepting a \$2 million bribe from the Lockheed Aircraft Corp., Israel's Menachem Begin vacated the premiership due to ill health, and even England's King Edward abdicated the throne for marrying a commoner.

Not with Marcos.

Indeed, not only is Marcos made of a different breed or moral fiber. He has also led a life of violence and deception. A shrewd manipulator of people and events, he is obsessed — if not possessed — by an evil greed for power that knows no bound.

In 1939 at the age of 22, he was convicted of the murder of Assemblyman-elect Julio Nalundasan of Ilocos Norte who had just defeated his father, reelectionist Assemblyman Mariano Marcos, and was sentenced to 17 years in prison. A sharp-shooter, young Marcos was accused of shooting the victim between the eyes. However, he appealed to the Supreme Court which later acquitted him on a legal technicality.

Marcos emerged from World War Two as the most decora-

ted Filipino soldier cited for heroism in the field of battles, but subsequent reports said that most of his medals were merely based on false affidavits of witnesses and therefore fake.

Instead of turning over to the Philippine government what became known as the Treasure of Yamashita named after a fallen Japanese general, Marcos reportedly kept for himself the multi-million dollar war loot, including the Golden Buddha.

After rising from congressman to senator and finally to the highest position of the land, Marcos was reelected president in 1969 amid charges that he had rigged up the polls with his three G's — guns, goons and gold — so much so that his opponent, Senator Sergio Osmena Jr., never conceded defeat in that election.

Then in 1972 Marcos declared martial law just to perpetuate himself in power illegally and indefinitely without the benefit of democratic elections, at the pretext of saving the government from a serious Communist threat.

To complete his charade, Marcos himself masterminded a series of fake bombings and fake assassination attempts on his life and other government officials, to create an atmosphere of anarchy and emergency.

Having imposed a military dictatorship, Marcos now stage-managed another series of deception like fake referenda, fake ratification of a new self-serving Constitution, and fake elections, among others, even as he was charged with jailing, torturing or executing his political enemies, including opposition leader Benigno Aquino Jr.

In the case of Mrs. Imelda R. Marcos, it was not until Dovie Beams became the other woman in their married life that she began her own rise to power.

Before Dovie Beams, Mrs. Marcos was content with just being a ceremonial First Lady and patron of the arts, cutting ribbons here and there and keeping a low profile in public.

In fact, the ultra-modern Philippine Cultural Center on Roxas Boulevard facing the Manila Bay was built as a monument to her contribution to Philippine arts, although it was criticized as a waste of public funds and display of extravagance

in view of the deteriorating national economy.

But now that Marcos is said to be seriously ill with an incurable kidney disease, the specter of his now aggressive wife Imelda succeeding him in case he dies or is incapacitated, lurks as a grim possibility despite her denial of entertaining such an ambition and a new move to revive the position of vice president.

Persistent public suspicion that the much-healthier Mrs. Marcos is actually maneuvering to take over her husband's post can be traced back to 1968-1970 when Dovie Beams carried a secret love affair with President Marcos behind the First Lady's back.

When Imelda Marcos in 1969 finally discovered her naughty husband's on-going intimate relations with the American actress from Beverly Hills, irate and incensed, she threatened to expose his immorality and divorce him.

Because Marcos at that time was campaigning for reelection and obsessed with becoming the first reelected Filipino president in history, he succumbed to his wife's threats and later even dedicated a bridge connecting her native Leyte to Samar as a gift to her in an act of appeasement.

Now Imelda Marcos had a taste of power she never dreamed possible. From that moment on, she moved to strengthen her position in government.

From a ceremonial First Lady, she rose to become the governor of Metro Manila, minister of human settlements, member of the National Assembly, ambassador at large and, until its abolition, member of the Cabinet Executive Committee that was to run the government if Marcos died or were incapacitated in office.

In effect, next only to her husband, Imelda Marcos became the most powerful figure in Philippine government and the most known Filipino official abroad, prompting some sectors of the foreign press to label her as the "Iron Butterfly" or the new Evita Peron.

Not only that, *Fortune* magazine eventually listed her as one of the 10 wealthiest women in the world, along with Queen Elizabeth of England among others, although before she mar-

ried Marcos she was only a government clerk at Central Bank.

In view of all this, the uncensored story of Dovie Beams in the Philippines during that crucial period now demands to be told because it is inseparably linked to the nation's history itself.

As a survivor of the ill-fated free Philippine press, I found myself in a unique position to know the inside story of their "sexplosive" love triangle, partly through research I started in 1970 and later partly through interviews with Dovie Beams herself.

Yet when I met her in 1973 I honestly wished that she herself would write this book as she had announced that same year. As a victim of the Marcoses, Dovie was more than an eyewitness — she was a major part of the story.

But since then 10 years have passed and Dovie Beams has not come out with her promised book. What happened? Did Marcos' foreign agents in the U.S. threaten her to keep quiet? Did she chicken out?

Indeed, it is now public knowledge that the conjugal dictators in Manila have spies in America whose mission is to gather intelligence information about Marcos' critics here and terrorize them.

As an opposition group warned: "The recently uncovered July 23, 1982 U.S. Intelligence Agency secret report reveals the extent of the Marcos regime's fascist maneuvers to silence the opposition beyond the physical boundaries of the Philippines.

"The expose following the heels of the brutal slaying of Senator Benigno Aquino confirms that Marcos' exercise of power is strongly abetted by the U.S. government posing grave threats to human rights and civil liberties at home.

"This document revealed that Philippine Army-Brig. Gen. Angel Kanapi, Cdmr. Domingo Tucay, Lt. Col. Roman Maddela, Lt. Col. Melchor Rosales and Lt. Col. Narciso Abaya — all ostensibly military attaches at the Philippine Embassy in Washington, D.C. — are actually handpicked Marcos intelligence agents assigned to spy on the U.S.-based opponents of Ferdinand Marcos and to disrupt their political activities.

"The discovery of this classified document substantiates the U.S.-based Philippine opposition's long-asserted claim that the dictatorship of Ferdinand Marcos is systematically extending its repressive rule to the Filipino community in the United States.

"It also proves that the U.S. government is well aware of the Marcos' sinister activities and tolerates — to the point of complicity — his illegal attempts to undermine the rights to free speech and political assembly that the Constitution guarantees to all people in this country."

Thus why Dovie Beams has kept quiet on her celebrated love triangle with the Marcoses after these past 10 years despite its historical value and the righteousness of her cause, which she alone knows, is understandable to some and a puzzle to others.

But regardless of her reason, I felt that under the circumstances the need to document her untold true story into this book has not only become a matter of necessity but also a compelling duty on my part as a writer with an obligation to truth and to history.

Precisely because of the importance of this book, I have taken time out from sheer newspaper work as editor and publisher of **Philippine Press** in Los Angeles to come to Catalina Island and ponder over the question of whether or not to go ahead and write it.

I must confess that I agonized over this ticklish problem and did a lot of soul-searching here because of its serious ramifications, but in the end I finally decided that in view of the journalistic and historical value of this book, I have no other choice but to write it.

Thus it is now or never.

And so as I write this, I cannot think of a better time and place to embark on this, my second book, than on an island — away from the noise, crowds and social activities of a big city — for the purpose of writing this untold true story of Dovie Beams in relation to Philippine history itself.

I purposely did not have a TV and telephone in my rented

cottage up on a hill because they are such a temptation, although I brought along my pocket-size tape recorder and cassette tapes of singers like Everlita Rivera and Julio Iglesias for my listening pleasure during breaktime.

After all, it is inherent in a writer to dream of writing a book in style, or in full concentration without interruptions if possible, without having to deal with the usual cares and problems of the world. I told myself that if I were to finish this book at all and stop giving excuses, I had to be like the mad scientist in a laboratory, his head buried amongst all the microscopes and chemical formulae.

Whereas before when I wrote my first book in the Philippines, "Behind The Barricades", which earned me an honor roll in the Marcos enemy blacklist in 1970 which I consider like an Olympic gold medal, I did so under adverse conditions.

Now I am writing this second book in America amidst a beautiful setting in an atmosphere of freedom and away from the clutches of Marcos' military gestapos. What more can a writer and political exile ask?

From the windows of my rented cottage here just less than a block to the beach — as I write this, I can see the picturesque Avalon Bay, the gateway to this fabled island, and the hills overlooking the blue waters of the Pacific Ocean across where, to the east — halfway around the world, lies the oppressed land of my roots where a suffering people cry out for liberation.

At a distance I can also see Mount Ada on which is majestically nestled the former summer mansion of William Wrigley Jr., who in 1919 acquired ownership of the Santa Catalina Island Company, and whose guests there included the Prince of Wales, President Calvin Coolidge and President Herbert Hoover.

I have been strolling and sightseeing around this tiny sea-side city of Avalon (only one square mile of real estate) in order to feel the pulse of Catalina Island, which is really my kind of a place — lovely, serene, enchanting and virtually unspoiled by modern civilization.

For the first time in my life I can indulge in a luxury of enough time for sleep, recreation, sunshine, good food and exercise to keep myself fit for this combination of vacation and

writing.

Naturally, just like almost everybody else here, I just wear casual clothes without worrying about how I look. I really love this place because of its natural charms, casualness and informality, and I think it loves me too.

In my strolling and contemplation of the beauty of nature on this island paradise, I also found time to reflect on my little fortunes and misfortunes, my successes and failures, my joys and griefs, and I remember my daughter Ma. Sheilah whom I terribly miss, because even in her innocence she shared my dreams and aspirations during my dark hours of limbo but who at 12 died in 1980 in Los Angeles as a daughter of freedom, and in whose memory — along with our new hero and martyr Benigno Aquino Jr., who personally came to my office and consoled with me after her demise — I therefore dedicate this book.

I thank God that despite the agonies and tragedies that I have suffered during my 13 years of living in exile in America, I can still find inner strength within myself, draw inspiration from doing what is right, feel lucky that I have loyal friends around, appreciate the gift of life, behold the beauty of nature, and commune with our Creator.

Indeed, it is a wonderful feeling to stay alive and responsive to the sound of the waves pounding against the sands, the flight of the sea gulls in the sky, the gentle touch of a sea breeze, the smile of a child, the "hello" of a total stranger, the sweet melody of a song, the harping of the birds, or the wagging of a dog's tail.

It is like reaching a crossroad of life where time stands still and the sun never sets.

Now I know why Ernest Hemingway travelled around the world — from the snows of Kilimanjaro in Africa to the streets of Madrid — in search for subjects for his famous novels that were bigger than life itself.

More importantly, for me, I came here to Catalina Island to feel and capture the magic of the moment, knowing that this book I am now writing is a victory for truth, that in God's own time it may also continue where my friend, fellow-journalist and author Primitivo Mijares (who mysteriously disappeared

10 Marcos' Lovey Dovie

after writing his book "The Conjugal Dictatorship of Ferdinand and Imelda Marcos") left off, and rekindle some fading hopes, in our lonely crusade for truth, justice, freedom and democracy.

Yes, go tell the world that truth in this case has been vindicated, that the eternal flame of liberty that Philippine revolutionary heroes and founding fathers had first ignited in the crucible of 1896 is still alive, and that the torch has been passed on. □

— Hermie Rotea

1983



The National Press Club of the Philippines

sordially invites you to the

BOOK-LAUNCHING

of

"Behind the Barricades: I Saw Them Aim and Fire!"

(The Inside & Untold Story of the Jan. 26 & 30 Student Revolt)

By **HERMIE ROTEA**

on Thursday, June 11, 1970, at 5 p.m. at the NPC Bulwagang Floridel

Magallanes Drive, Intramuros, Manila

In an unprecedented move, the National Press Club of the Philippines launched the author's first controversial best-selling book in 1970. Below, book-launching crowd is led by NPC president Antonio Zumel (6th from left front row next to author). Among the guests in photo are Philippine College of Commerce president Nemesio Prudente, radio-TV commentator Roger Arienda, writer Crisostomo Ibarra and student leader Portia Ilagan.



Behind the Barricades

**Story of the Jan. 26 & 30, 1970
Student Revolt in the Philippines**

This book angered President Marcos who blacklisted the author as early as 1970 and instigated the filing of libel suits against him.



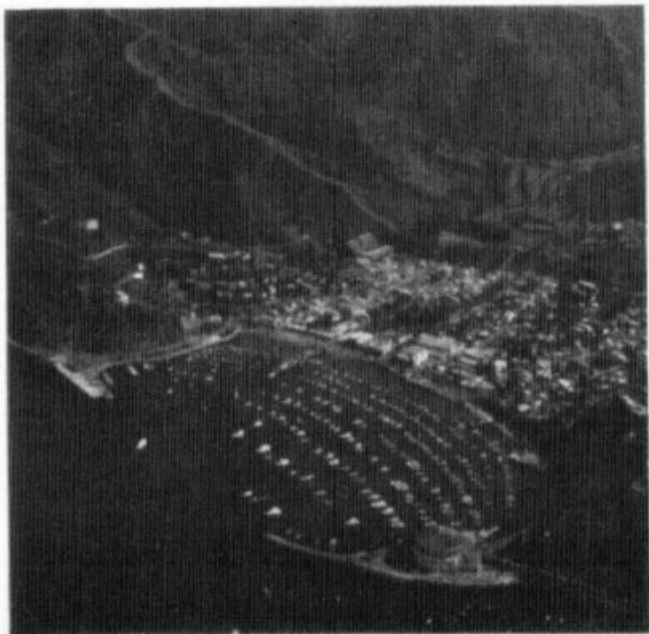
Author with Dovie Beams in 1973 in her Beverly Hills home. She sits in front of grand piano President Marcos gave her as a gift. On top is his portrait he also gave to and autographed for her.



A souvenir pose outside her bungalow.



A mountain view of Catalina Island where author wrote this book.



Aerial glimpse of Avalon where author rented a cottage within a block from the bay.

I. Moment of Truth

When President Marcos, 53, in 1970 untangled himself from a love scandal with American actress Dovie Beams of Beverly Hills, California, and left her unprotected and at the mercy of hired Philippine goons, that really hurt.

Adding insult to injury, the First Lady Imelda R. Marcos, jealous and fuming mad, through Immigration Commissioner Edmundo Reyes, was also instigating her deportation as an "undesirable alien."

That did it.

It was November 1970 in Manila and Dovie Beams, 38, decided that the key to her own survival was to stop protecting President Marcos, break her silence, tell the truth and fight back!

For the first time the Hollywood actress realized that her great lover at Malacanang Palace was not really a man but a mouse who had no qualms in throwing her to the wolves just to save his own neck.

Finally she now believed that President Marcos was making

a sacrificial guinea pig out of her to get the political heat off his back despite what was once a beautiful relationship between them.

Gone was the kind, thoughtful, understanding, loving and chivalrous Marcos that she used to know while their love affair lasted.

Until her great lover, in the face of widespread rumors that he and Dovie were having intimate relations behind Imelda's back, untangled himself from the scandal, the actress had actually been protecting him by keeping quiet about their secret love affair.

The least that she had expected from him was also to keep quiet about her instead of calling her a "whore" as she had heard; better still, to likewise protect her from government harassments if only for old time's sake.

But calling her what she was not and then abandoning her to the wolves was too much. That really hurt and she could not accept it. It was a dirty lie and she wanted her chance to prove it.

From her suite at the Bay View Hotel on Roxas Boulevard in Manila facing the American Embassy, she called a press conference and served notice that she had proofs — tapes — of her intimate relationship with President Marcos.

Since he had called her a "whore" and left her at the mercy of hired Philippine goons, she was now going to disprove his charge and reveal all to show who was really lying because at that time she really did not give a damn anymore for him. She had been dishonored and her woman's wrath had been provoked.

Dovie Beams was busy packing her things in preparation for her departure to the United States. The American consul, Lawrence Harris, was standing by to personally escort her to the Manila International Airport. The U.S. government had placed her under its protection.

She was leaving not as a "deported" undesirable alien but voluntarily on her own free will because she was fed up already by the whole thing. She was leaving with dignity and the U.S. Embassy in Manila, which had come to her rescue, was sup-

posed to see to that.

But against the wishes of the U.S. Embassy, Dovie Beams had called a pre-departure press conference at her hotel suite in a last effort to redeem her good name and honor before she was to leave the Philippines.

She had suffered enough. She had been insulted, threatened, intimidated, tortured and hospitalized, if not almost killed.

Now the die was cast and she was finally leaving and burning the bridges behind her. At that moment she had only one thought in mind, and that was to tell the truth no matter who would be hurt.

The news media in Manila were excited about her call for a press conference and assigned their crack reporters and photographers to cover it. Coffee shops buzzed with talks that something big was about to explode.

And the nation braced itself for the worst government scandal in history. □

2. The Setup by "Fred"

Looking back, it was in the middle of December 1968 when Dovie Beams at her Beverly Hills home in California received a call from Paul Mason, a producer at Universal Studios.

"There is a picture that is going to be done in the Philippines and I'm sending you and another actress over there for the interview," Mason told Dovie.

The producer made her understand that they would both have parts in the movie but that the people behind it wanted to meet them first, which sounded logical to Dovie.

Mason alerted Dovie that a Mr. Ilusorio would be calling her from Manila and arrange for her trip to the Philippines.

Foreign travels were not new to Dovie. In fact, as a former piano teacher she had come a long way from home in Nashville, Tennessee. She had been to Paris, Berlin and Madrid. Having been around, she thought that a trip to the Orient would be a welcome change.

Dovie had settled at her Alpine Drive bungalow in Bever-

ly Hills to be among the established stars in Hollywood hoping to be one of them. After all, she had both beauty and talent. If others made it, why not her?

Divorced from her husband Edward Boehms, Dovie at 38 could pass for 23. Slim and statuesque, with long hair and big, expressive eyes, an intelligent conversationalist with a slight trace of southern accent, she was even more attractive than some known stars around. All Dovie needed was a break.

At that time she was under option to 20th Century Fox but remained an independent. She had just done an act on "Bonnie and Clyde" at the Carousel Theatre, on the Bob Dale Show in San Diego, and on the Hurdy Gurdy Show in Las Vegas. Dovie had also done "Name of the Game" for Barry Shear among other roles she played while waiting for the big one.

Ilusorio called from Manila but she was out at the time and her phone mate picked up his message. When Dovie returned his call it was his wife who answered.

"Oh yes, Miss Beams. He's expecting your call but he's out playing golf. I'll have him return your call," Mrs. Ilusorio said.

Later Ilusorio called Dovie again and this time they were able to talk to each other. He turned out to be Potenciano Ilusorio, a business crony of President Marcos — but she did not know this until later.

Nicknamed Nanoy, he told Dovie that arrangements for her transportation and everything were already being made by a William Sanchez in Los Angeles. He also requested her to pick up some cosmetics and other things for him to give as Christmas presents to some people in Manila.

Sanchez showed up with a Joyce Rees whom he introduced to Dovie as the other actress Mason had recruited along with her for the picture in the Philippines. She was pretty and as tall as Dovie, but her breasts were bigger.

It was now Christmas Day in 1968. Dovie and Joyce flew to Manila together while Mason had left ahead three days earlier as they could not all be accommodated on the same plane because of the busy season.

At the Manila International Airport Dovie and Joyce were

met by Ilusorio and Diosdado Bote, manager of the Wack Wack Golf and Country Club in Mandaluyong, and other persons.

Ilusorio and Bote took the two American actresses by car to Sulo Hotel in Quezon City where they gave them separate suites. It was a nice place and they liked it.

But unknown to Dovie and Joyce at the time was that they had another room registered in their names at the Manila Hotel which was supposed to be their official address. Thus their hosts were actually paying two hotels for them.

It turned out to be for security reasons but Dovie and Joyce wondered why all the fuss over them anyway. They were obviously being very careful because of him. Who was "him"? They were too tired to care.

Ilusorio and Bote, joined by Manuel Nieto, president of the Philippine Overseas Communications, sat with them at a table in Dovie's room. They told the visitors that they could just sign for anything they needed. They were also given a car with driver plus P400 just for tips.

After the men left, Joyce went straight to sleep while Dovie, although also tired from the long flight, was still agog over the fact that she was in a strange country on Christmas Day.

Thus although the hostess of Sulo Hotel had invited them to join the Christmas dinner party, she went to the dining room and ate alone because she was in no mood for company or talk. Then Dovie went to bed.

The next morning Dovie and Joyce were awakened by a call from Bote.

"Where is Paul Mason?" Dovie asked Bote.

"Well, he is going to be at a cocktail party tonight. We are having a cocktail party honoring you two girls and Mr. Mason will be there," Bote assured Dovie.

That night the son of Bote named Roy drove Dovie and Joyce to a big house at Northwestern St. in Greenhills, San Juan, Rizal, a suburb of Manila, within a fashionable section of the town.

It was an old 2-storey building which Dovie thought to be in Japanese style with white walls and trimmed brown plank

wood. Inside, the ceilings had beams made out of brown wood and paneled.

The white house had some structures like gables in trimmed brown wood with little checkered designs.

Dovie also thought that the sofas in the living room were Japanese or sort of, with brown wood and orange cushions. A little brown round dinette stood in the center of the dining room.

As the visitors went inside they were told that the house had just been bought and therefore was still being fixed. Indeed, they noted that there was a big hole in the ground obviously for a swimming pool.

Dovie and Joyce were taken upstairs to a room which had less furnishings than the other rooms they had just seen. It had only a plain brown square bed, a dresser, a picnic table, a make-shift table with six chairs and various hor d'oeuvres set on the table. There were also other chairs all around.

What kind of a cocktail party was this? Both Dovie and Joyce felt it was a strange place to hold such a cocktail party — or was it really? Their curiosity was now building up.

The men were there and they introduced themselves only by their first names or nicknames. Thus Ilusorio was just Nonoy, Bote just Dado, Nieto just Manuel, and Honorio Poblador who had just joined in, just Norrie. Which was just fine to Dovie because she would not have been able to remember all their full names anyway, strange names to her, except Ilusorio whose name she already knew.

Mason was not there. So Dovie and Joyce sat there, looking at each other and trying to figure out what the hell was going on. They were supposed to be the financiers of the film Mason had told them about. But they were just making small talk and mentioned nothing about the picture.

As the evening progressed a newcomer arrived. Another weird guy, Dovie thought. But she noticed that the other men all stood up and showed high respect for him.

"This is Fred," the man was introduced to Dovie and Joyce, and they to him. They shook hands and greeted each other with the usual "How are you?"

He looked about in his early 50's, the same height as Dovie, about 130 pounds, wore a tan silk suit, a white shirt, a brown tie and with a brown silk handkerchief in his pocket.

Fred sat at the head of the table. He seemed to be in-charge. Beside him was Joyce while Dovie was seated at the far corner. Now Dovie knew why the head of the table seat was left open until Fred arrived and Joyce was positioned next to him. It was a setup. They figured out that he would be interested in Joyce.

But Fred never took his eyes off Dovie and she sensed that too, as did the others. Anyway, Dovie noted that Fred had a beautiful grin, an infectious smile, was absolutely striking and had a magnetic personality.

Thus before everybody realized it, Fred and Dovie were monopolizing the conversations. He kept directing questions to her and in fact asked most of the questions.

Fred appeared enthralled as he watched and listened to Dovie as she talked, and the other men looked at each other with the realization that he was interested in her, not in Joyce.

As Fred and Dovie monopolized the conversations it seemed as if they were the only two people there. Actually, the others did not have much of a chance to say anything.

As for Joyce, Fred seemed to have forgotten that she was sitting just next to him. She was gracious though and showed no sign of displeasure.

The group did go through the motion of an interview but it centered on Dovie only.

"Are you under contract with any studio?"

"I'm under option to 20th Century Fox."

"What is your contract obligation?"

"Nothing - it's just an option thing."

"Are you obligated to anybody?"

"Nobody - I'm independent."

"Whom do you date?"

"I don't date lawyers, doctors or ministers."

"Why don't you date lawyers?"

"Because lawyers are dishonest."

They all laughed.

Now the attention was focused on Fred and Dovie. As she was explaining about an act, Fred asked her to get up and do it, and the others all chimmed in.

"Yeah, Dovie, come on, do it!" they chorused.

But at first she hesitated because to do such a "Bonnie and Clyde" act a blonde wig and a gun were needed.

"Oh, come on, Dovie, get up and do it!" they insisted.

Well, Dovie thought, if this is an audition already, she may as well do it. So she got up, sang the old Helen Kane song "I Want To Be Bad" with a southern accent, and then went through a dialogue.

"Fabulous!"

"Bravo!"

They all clapped. Now everybody was having fun. As for Fred, he had also been looking at Dovie's legs.

She was wearing a mini dress, a copper-colored cordian pleated attire that came up in the neck and had long sleeves.

Fred got up and moved his chair over to Dovie's and then, without her noticing it at first, one by one the others were leaving the room.

"You have the best-looking legs I have ever seen," Fred complimented Dovie.

"Thank you," she replied.

"You know," he continued, "when I first saw you, you really looked fabulous. But I said to myself that I am not going to look at your legs thinking that they must be terrible. Anyone who looked that good has got to have terrible legs."

"Oh?"

"But when you stood up," Fred added, "and I saw your legs, I knew that I was in love with you."

"Really?"

Strange that Fred said that about her legs, Dovie reflected. She guessed that he had hoped she would be perfect for him but was afraid to be disappointed.

Dovie also remembered that just a while back before he moved his chair over to hers, he had told the other men in the room in Philippine language about her which she did not understand.

What Fred actually told them was that he was interested in the one with the "beautiful legs" and "big eyes" — and that was Dovie.

Apparently that was his cue for them to leave him and Dovie alone. After they left Fred and she chatted so much that they lost track of time. They covered so many areas and enjoyed talking to each other.

About two hours later, Dovie looked around and asked Fred: "Hey, where did everybody go?"

Also strange was the fact that nobody even ate the food in the room. It did not seem to matter to all of them. In Dovie's case, she was so engrossed in her conversations with Fred.

She thought he was so intelligent that everything that he said made sense. He fascinated her with his respect for her views. Most men she had known did not have that consideration. But with Fred, he put her on equal footing, and she liked that.

That there was chemistry between them, was apparent enough to them. So Fred decided to level with her.

"I don't think you are going to like the work that I do," he told Dovie, and started laughing.

Remembering the interview earlier, Dovie said: "Oh-oh, I guess you're a lawyer?"

"I have something to do with the legal profession — I am the President of the Philippines," Fred confessed.

"You're what?" It did not register right away. Dovie was totally unfamiliar with the Philippines.

Not politically inclined, what she had just heard did not seem to impress her at all. It held no immediate significance to her at the time. Her mind was on the film.

As far as Dovie was concerned then, it was just an interesting and intelligent conversation on several topics that now included politics — that was all. She did not think of anything else.

Although they had talked for two hours now, still Dovie felt she did not really know him well enough. Sure, they had chatted but it was part of a business interview or audition.

Fred or Marcos must have noticed the non-interest in

Dovie's reaction. So he took his time and did not come at her. He just lifted Dovie's long brown hair and gave her a soft kiss on the back of her neck.

It was not a makeout kiss, just a little peck. Then Marcos shook her hand and reiterated that he was in love with Dovie.

Well, Dovie was not born only yesterday. She had been around. When a man came to her with the "you're so beautiful" or "I love you" stuff, she was not that gullible.

So Dovie did not even think about it. She did not feel it really meant anything anyway. She would not waste her time thinking about it although she really enjoyed the conversation.

The others had gone downstairs and were waiting for Marcos and Dovie. By that time Dovie had mosquito bites on her exposed legs. The lighted coils did not do any good. It was the same with Joyce.

As Dovie and Joyce left the house they noted for the first time that it was heavily guarded. They were taken back to Sulo Hotel. It was past midnight.

The next morning Dovie called Bote. He had given her his telephone number in case she would need him.

"Hey, where's Paul Mason?" she asked.

Bote avoided the question.

"Well, where's Paul Mason?" Dovie repeated. "I want to see him."

"He is over at the Sheraton. You can reach him there," Bote finally said.

So Dovie paged the American producer at the Sheraton Hotel.

"Hey, you were supposed to be at the cocktail party last night. Where were you?" she asked.

Mason did not answer.

"Listen, when are we supposed to sign the contract? It was a strange thing last night with this meeting. I don't understand all this," Dovie complained.

"Oh, just cool it," Mason admonished, then reassured her everything would be all right.

"Well, then you just don't up and leave when you're on

the other side of the world, you know," she reminded him.

"Just stay put," the producer advised. "I've to go to Bangkok, Thailand for two days."

"To Bangkok, Thailand — for what?" Dovie asked.

"Well, they're not the only investors. You see, I've to go and get the signatures of the other people. So just relax, do a little shopping, have a good time and I'll be back in a couple of days, okay?" Mason suggested.

"Well, Paul, then I start to go through my number again," Dovie served notice.

"Just stop your bitching around and we'll get it all taken care of in two days," the producer said with finality.

Dovie had no choice but to wait — and think. What were they all up to? It was beginning to read like a "Mission Impossible" script. They never talked about a film. It was never brought up. Did Mason really have a deal there or was he still trying to clinch one?

But while Dovie was puzzled, now she was fully convinced everything was a setup. Except for Mason, they were not really movie people. The cocktail party was held at an unlivable house still undergoing repair. The men apparently just looked them over.

The cronies of Fred or Marcos — now she was getting confused — just kept on telling her, "Just make him happy, just make him happy."

So Dovie and Joyce compared notes. It turned out that Joyce already knew that Fred was Marcos, the President of the Philippines. Apparently his cronies told her after they had noticed that he was really interested in Dovie and was going to reveal his identity.

"What happened? What went on between you?" she asked Dovie.

"Not a thing," Dovie replied.

"Same with me," Joyce said. "Just conversations."

After much thought, Dovie decided that they really just looked them over and if Fred or Marcos did not like any of them they would not even know they had met the President of

the Philippines.

But then while Fred or Marcos did not like Joyce because he hated big-breasted girls, he fell for Dovie because of her beautiful legs and big eyes and fabulous looks.

Thus his confession that he was the President of the Philippines. That was logical enough for Dovie.

At any rate, Dovie and Joyce continued their brain storming. They still thought the whole thing was fishy.

"I know they want something. Do you think they want us to smuggle for them?" Dovie thought aloud.

"Maybe this room is bugged," Joyce whispered suspiciously. "Do you think they've got tape recorders and other things set up and are listening to what we say in this room?"

"I don't know. But it certainly is possible," Dovie speculated.

After a pause, Dovie continued: "I just don't understand this. It's really kind of weird."

"I know," Joyce agreed.

"Did anybody say anything or do anything out of the way whatsoever to you?" Dovie asked her companion.

"No — just as nice as they could be," Joyce answered, curious at the question.

"Will you promise me, if anyone says anything or does anything, will you tell me?" Dovie urged.

"Agreed," Joyce nodded.

"They gotta want something. Now, if it's not sex, it's got to be something else. What it is, I don't know. But they want something," Dovie concluded.

"Right!" Joyce said, and added: "I'm going to call my boyfriend in Los Angeles who's a lawyer."

"All right, let's do it!" Dovie said.

Joyce placed a long-distance call to California and talked to her boyfriend about the situation.

"Well, have they said anything or done anything?" he asked.

"Not really," Joyce admitted.

"Well, it doesn't make sense because you're given fantastic hotel suites and a car with a driver and no one said or did any-

thing — so what are you complaining about?" he wondered.

"Actually, we're having a glorious time!"

"Good!" Joyce's boyfriend said. "But if anything happens, then you call me, okay?"

After Joyce hanged up the telephone she turned to Dovie and asked: "Now what do we do?"

"Look Joyce," Dovie said, still alarmed. "I don't want to be left alone because we're supposed to go and have another meeting tonight. Now will you promise you won't go off and leave me?"

"No, no," Joyce swore.

"Okay. Because look, we got to stick together," Dovie emphasized.

"Okay."

It was now Dec. 27, 1968 in the evening and as usual the big house at Northwestern Street in Greenhills, San Juan, was full of guards just like the night before, when Roy Bote drove Dovie and Joyce back there.

They went up to the same room upstairs again and saw the usual food laid out on the table. Shortly thereafter in came Marcos who kissed Dovie on the cheek and shook hands with Joyce.

The same group sat there and chatted with the two women for about 15 minutes. Later Marcos approached Dovie alone and said: "Did you notice that I shook hands with Joyce and I kissed you on the cheek?"

"Dovie told him that in California and Tennessee as well as in Europe a kiss on the cheek even by total stranger was equivalent to a handshake and perfectly normal.

After they sat at the table chatting for a few minutes, Marcos stood up, took Dovie by the hand and led her downstairs to the living room where they settled on a sofa, leaving the rest of the group upstairs.

He made Dovie sit with her back on the stairs facing him and continued their talk alone. It was about half an hour later when the others were now coming down the stairs toward the doorway.

Joyce was trying to call Dovie who could not see them as they came down the stairs, but the men hustled her out of the front door. So quickly she hollered: "Dovie, we're going out for dinner — let's go!"

"Good. I'm starved!" Dovie responded as she looked back and tried to get up.

But Marcos held her by the hand and said: "You don't want to go with them."

"Sure I want to go with them. Aren't you hungry?" Dovie corrected him.

"Oh, you don't want to go with them," Marcos repeated, gently but firmly.

While Marcos and Dovie bantered back and forth, the other men were pulling Joyce out of the front door. At least she was trying to live up to her promise not to leave Dovie alone.

"Don't you just want to stay here and talk to me?" Marcos asked, as if she really had a choice.

"I guess so," Dovie replied, almost limply. Marcos' blitzkrieg strategy was beginning to work.

So while the others went off to have dinner at a nightclub, Marcos and Dovie sat and talked alone at the house while guards stood by outside. Later he invited her for a tour of the rest of the house.

After surveying the ground floor Marcos guided Dovie back upstairs to see the other rooms. They passed through a long corridor and then entered a corner room that was better furnished than the others.

It was bigger, had a bed, a dresser and other basic furniture, including a dressing area and a tiled bathroom. It was definitely much nicer than the other rooms.

Dovie was half-expecting Marcos to make a move but he did not. Instead they continued their chat as if they were not hungry at all, standing all this time.

Finally they sat on the bed still making small talk and intelligent talk. Dovie was now having some mixed feelings she could not comprehend.

In her mind, she was not sexually attracted at all. All she could think of was his mind. He was so intelligent and articulate

30 Marcos' Lovey Dovie

and gentle and understanding.

Dovie had met other men who were scared of her because she was pretty and brainy and therefore competitive which made them feel insecure. But here was a man who listened to every word she said and made her feel important.

Thus it was both a philosophical and spiritual bond that was now developing between Marcos and Dovie, more than the physical attraction of her legs and big eyes or his boyish grin. And she felt good about that.

In Marcos' case, Dovie observed that while he was firm and persuasive he was also gentle, thoughtful and chivalrous — and again she liked that. At least he did not think of her as a dumb bunny.

Because Dovie had never met a man like Marcos before, thus she also had never felt that way before. And it seemed that they both felt the same way judging from how he was acting.

The spontaneity of the moment was now taking its due course. Out of tiredness they both laid down on the bed beside each other, still just talking. Then Marcos unburdened himself.

"I really love you, Dovie. Do you love me too?"

"I love you, I think," she replied.

"Why do you say, *I think*?" Marcos asked.

"Well, it's going to take me a long time to catch up with you," Dovie explained.

Now, Dovie thought, Marcos was going to make a play for her. If he did, she was prepared to tell him, hey, this is not proper. She kept quiet with anticipation.

Marcos must have read her mind because he said: "I have no intention of touching you — because I really love you. Do you love me too?"

"Well, I love you too," this time Dovie said it more positively, although she still entertained some mental reservations but did not want to hurt his feelings. □



Marcos fell for her legs . . .



And big eyes.

3. Baguio Interlude

Before Marcos and Dovie parted during their second and meaningful meeting, he had mentioned something to her about going up north the next day, and she said okay, but she did not really understand what he meant at that time.

On December 28, 1968, the day Marcos left Manila, his cronies told Dovie and Joyce about going to Baguio which they knew nothing about. Naturally they both did not want to go.

They were thus told that Baguio is the summer capital of the Philippines, a real cool and beautiful place up on the mountains with lots of pine trees and some Americans living at Camp John Hay there.

"I don't want to go to Baguio," Dovie told Bote who alerted them about the trip on a private plane.

"I don't want to go either," Joyce said.

"Oh, you will love Baguio," the manager of the Wack Wack Golf and Country Club ignored them.

"Besides, I'm scared of private planes," Dovie excused.

"So am I," Joyce echoed

"Oh, you want to go," Bote insisted. "Just get ready and we will pick you up tomorrow morning at six."

After talking to Marcos' crony, the two women huddled again.

"You know what, Joyce, I think they want us to smuggle and I've decided that's what they're really up to now," Dovie suspected.

"Where did you get such idea?" Joyce asked.

"Well, what else do they want?" Dovie speculated. "He didn't touch me."

"Nobody touched me either," Joyce said.

"I certainly couldn't say he had done anything out of line and I couldn't really believe that in two days time that guy could have fallen that much in love with me," Dovie continued.

"Yeah."

"But smuggling — that's such a remote damn thing!" Dovie added.

"Right!"

"I had an idea what he wanted but he made no advances whatsoever. They must want something more than that. It just don't seem logical to me that all he is interested is . . ."

"You know, you might be right," Joyce interrupted. "I bet these rooms are really bugged."

"I don't know why I'm so suspicious, but it seems to me it had to amount to something — maybe dope or something like that. Maybe they were just really trying to find us out if we would agree to do it. Maybe he figured out that if he said he was in love with me that I'd be willing to do it or something like that. You see what I'm trying to say?" Dovie said.

"I tell you what — I'm getting out of here!" Joyce decided.

"I think I should too!" Dovie joined.

"Maybe we should go to Hongkong. Yeah, tell them we have got to go to Hongkong and do some shopping because we want to go to Hongkong anyway," Joyce suggested.

Thus Dovie and Joyce agreed not to go to Baguio, come what may.

But the next morning at six o'clock Marcos' cronies first went to Joyce room, talked her into it, had her get up and dressed up in a huff, and then pounded on Dovie's door while she was still asleep.

"Hey, Dovie, come on, come on, hurry up, hurry up! It is getting late and we have to go to the airport!" it was Ilusorio.

Dovie, with much protesting and with cobwebs still in her head, reluctantly rose and dressed up hurriedly.

The two women were still protesting when they arrived at the airport and saw a little private plane, painted blue and white with six seats — a Folker type — with a sign "The President" on it.

"Is that the plane?" Dovie asked Ilusorio.

"Oh, that plane belonged to John F. Kennedy and we have an engineer who works on it everyday. It is safer than the commercial plane," he said.

Both Dovie and Joyce wore pant suits and as Dovie climbed on the plane she tore hers because of the high step, and they all laughed.

In due time the plane landed in Baguio and they proceeded to Camp John Hay rest and recreation retreat up on the mountain which had a restaurant, golf course and everything. Later they went to a hilltop house that belonged to Ilusorio.

Because Dovie had not completed her morning sleep and also was tired from the plane trip, she fell asleep on a sofa. She was still lying there fast asleep when Marcos came in.

He leaned over the back of the sofa and woke her up. When Dovie opened her eyes, she saw his smiling face and he had on a white leather and knit jacket and a mint green knit turtle-necked shirt which complemented his brown complexion.

Marcos was not overly dark, just golden brown, and he was grinning from ear to ear and his eyes lit up like two lights — at least that was how he looked to Dovie as she opened her eyes.

So she said: "You know, you're the best-looking man I ever saw in my life." And Dovie really meant it, for he looked gorgeous as he leaned over the sofa in front of the fireplace.

Then, like a ton of bricks, it hit her. If Dovie had ever any doubt before, now for the first time she knew she was falling in love with him. Finally, she caught up with him.

During lunch Marcos laid out some plans on how he could keep on seeing Dovie despite his busy schedule, and she in turn told him of Joyce's and her desire to shop in Hongkong. He okayed it without hesitation.

Later Dovie admired and complimented an unusual round table about 36 inches made out of a tree with a flat piece cut out of the middle, on a base of three black wood carvings of men sitting on turtles.

Then and there Marcos, over Ilusorio's meek objection, ordered it packed and shipped back to Dovie. She too objected but Marcos also ignored her.

It looked like Marcos was really trying to prove to Dovie that he really loved her and would do anything for her. In fact when Ilusorio reminded him of the traditional New Year's Day public open house at Malacanang Palace in Manila when everybody could come and greet the First Couple, he said make it a week later because he wanted to be with Dovie in Baguio.

"But, Sir, you cannot do that!" Ilusorio said.

"I said make it a week later," Marcos was serious.

But Ilusorio and Bote reminded him: "But, Sir, Boss, you always have the annual open house at the Palace where all the people come in and greet you!"

"Postpone it one week," Marcos insisted.

Embarrassed, Dovie cut in and admonished Marcos: "Oh, no, don't postpone now. Why do you have to do that for me?"

"Of course, I want to see you," Marcos said.

And so postponed it was — or so Dovie thought.

Dovie felt flabbergasted. But she was impressed that Marcos would care that much for her as to postpone a traditional annual event at Malacanang Palace over his cronies' objections.

After lunch everybody started doing the disappearing act again. Now Dovie suspected Marcos must be interested in something more from her.

"Joyce doesn't have to leave too," Dovie told Marcos' cronies as they were leaving.

"Oh yes, we have to go somewhere. Besides, you do not like that little plane so we are going to send a bigger plane back for you this afternoon," Ilusorio said.

The group left but Bote stayed behind, apparently to serve as a guard.

Although Dovie now realized for the first time that she was also in love with Marcos, still she would have preferred not to be left alone with him. It was too soon.

Marcos and Dovie sat down by the fire, feeling each other's nearness yet no insinuations of sex — just a lovely, sweet and relaxing conversation.

"Oh, this is nice — it really is!" Dovie said.

"Yes, it's just wonderful and heavenly!" Marcos agreed.

After some more small talk, Dovie noted: "You know, this place is cold. I'm absolutely freezing!"

"Well, let's look around and see if we can find some heat or something," Marcos said.

"Yes, that's a good idea.

Dovie observed that Marcos was acting like he had never been in that mountaintop house before because they were both exploring around. They snaked up the spiral stairs and went into a bedroom. It was really cold.

"This house is just cold, isn't it?" Dovie said, to break the silence.

"Yes. You're cold, aren't you?" Marcos asked, as if he did not know.

"Yes," Dovie replied, as if she had not told him already.

They entered a bathroom and wound up into another bedroom. There they found an electric heater, a tiny portable type. So they plugged it in but it did not produce much heat.

By now Dovie was really chattering and shivering.

"Hey, I'm going to get under the covers," Dovie said as she saw a stack full of covers on the bed. "The best place in this house is on that bed under the covers."

"I think you're right!" Marcos agreed, excited. He had his jacket on and was not really that cold.

"I'm going to get under the covers and get warmed," Dovie announced.

"Good idea!" he said.

After Dovie crawled under the covers Marcos sat down on the side of the bed. Then he threw the covers back and joined in, like two kids playing.

They just snuggled up close to each other, with her head on his shoulder, and in this position she fell asleep.

Marcos missed several appointments that day. His appointment secretary had been frantic. Many people were waiting at the Mansion House. And there was also that appointment at the Philippine Military Academy.

"I'll just stay here," Marcos said.

"Well, listen," Dovie told him, "you've been missing appointments all afternoon. Why don't you just go and take care of this one and come back later? By the time you get back, Ilusorio and the others will be back with the other plane."

"All right," Marcos said and left.

While Marcos was gone, Bote engaged Dovie in conversation. He asked her a lot of questions and she knew he was trying to probe her for Marcos' sake. But he was very nice about it.

After sometime Col. Fabian Ver, head of presidential security, came to the house and sounded very apologetic.

"Ma'am, good evening, Ma'am," he greeted Dovie.

"Hi. Where's Fred?" Dovie still called Marcos Fred as a matter of habit. For a colonel he was acting shy, she thought.

"Oh, Ma'am, he wants you to come over to the Mansion House," Ver said.

Knowing that she had no business being there, Dovie replied: "No, I do not want to go to the Mansion House."

"But Ma'am, if you will just come over here and sit down, I will show you everything has been all worked out," the presidential security chief assured.

Ver showed her a diagram and drawing of the rooms and the grounds at the Mansion House, and sure enough they had plotted how Dovie could come in and out of it, etc.

The colonel sat Dovie at the bar and told her: "We have got it all planned out. Now here is a map of the Mansion House and here is the side door and over there we have the stairs, and

the dining room, and so on."

So they came and got Dovie into Col. Ver's car and apologetically said: "We hope you don't mind, but when we get almost to the gate, will you please get down on the floor?"

Dovie nodded but felt strange.

Col. Ver continued: "When we pass the first security guard and the second security guard, we will go to the far end of the house.

"Now that guard walks down this way, makes a turn and when he goes back, on a signal from me, we will open the car door, let you out and you will go in the side door. You will wait there inside that room. I will go around and come to the side and meet you. You follow me?"

Dovie nodded but still was unsure. To her the whole thing really sounded incredible. She had never done anything like that in her life before. Oh well — she thought.

Now the car was approaching the gate of the Mansion House. The presidential security guard recognized Col. Ver, stood at attention and saluted. He returned the salute, all the while seeing to it that Dovie stayed down the floor.

After passing through the security guards, the car pulled to a side. On a signal from Col. Ver she crept out of the car and sneaked through a side door. So far so good.

Dovie waited in the room as instructed. Col. Ver came in, led her through the dining room and then into a room with a big wide open space.

Lo and behold, there was President Marcos standing and smiling and laughing and looking handsome as ever. He led Dovie up the stairs by the hand.

While passing through a big corridor upstairs, Marcos lifted a window blind and pointed to the front lawn where the security guards were all over the place.

"See what you went through?" Marcos told Dovie.

Dovie said nothing. She did not think that was amusing.

Now Marcos led Dovie down the hall to the right side and went into the last room across, then inside a first door, second door and third door, locking each one as they entered, until she discovered that they were in the presidential bedroom suite.

It was furnished with white French provincial furniture, including two double beds placed side by side, and down on the end on each side of the doorway were closets with sliding glass doors and stacks of sweaters and things like store shelves.

As Dovie saw no chair she sat on the left bed as Marcos pulled down the windows and closed the blinds nonchalantly, apparently to reassure her everything was okay.

"This is really nice," Dovie complimented the presidential bedroom suite. "But you're crazy to bring me here."

But Marcos just grinned. He thought that was funny. Then he sat down on the bed too. Marcos seemed shy at first, but finally he said: "Well, take your clothes off."

"No, I don't want to take my clothes off," Dovie resisted, but felt nervous.

"This is not what I intended," Marcos explained. "But when I saw you earlier today lying down on that sofa I couldn't resist making love to you now. So please take off your clothes."

"No!" Dovie could not think of anything else to say, so she added: "Well, I tore my pants getting on that plane today — what am I saying?"

Marcos now came over and without further ado unzipped Dovie's pants and started undressing her over her protestation.

He laughed: "You never heard such an explanation as to what was wrong with your pants or as to why you couldn't take it off."

Then Marcos turned the lights down, took Dovie's pants off, next the blouse, until she was naked.

Dovie, feeling ashamed, at first covered her thing with her long hair and hid her breasts with her two arms. Better still, she jumped into the bed under the covers to hide her exposed body.

Marcos now also undressed, his excitement building up, and jumped into the bed with her. Sensing that Dovie was so up tight, he started talking reassuringly to make her feel at ease. They snuggled close to each other and talked.

He told Dovie that he was impotent with his wife Imelda and that they had been sexually estranged for a long time already. That sort of took off the sting and they both felt better.

Especially so when Marcos also told Dovie how he had thought he saw a ghost when he first saw her because she looked like his wartime sweetheart, Evelyn, his first love, who was 18 and a mestiza, half-Filipina and half-American.

Marcos ruefully told Dovie that Evelyn gave her life for him. A Japanese soldier was aiming a gun at him but she covered him and took the bullet meant for him.

He emphasized that he was still alive because of Evelyn's love for him, but he swore that even though they had fought side by side during the war, he had never touched her at all.

Marcos told Dovie that she looked and sounded like Evelyn and that he had never told that story to anyone before in his life.

In Dovie's case, she had not made love to a man in a long time. She had not been physically involved with anybody for some time, although she had dated some celebrities but not seriously. In fact she had even feared that she might be under-sexed or that something was wrong with her.

But with Marcos, Dovie was now on the verge of surrender. She not only could not resist any longer, or did not resist, but also that she really had nothing much to resist for. It was now the moment of truth.

It was now love — both physical and spiritual — what else could it be?

Marcos and Dovie laid on their backs, side by side, naked. Then he reached over and started playing with her. When he put his finger on her, she lit up and came alive. It was like Pandora's box.

Dovie tried the same on him. She could not see him because it was dark. So she reached over and felt him but there was nothing there.

Oh my, that's funny, Dovie thought. But she did not say anything to him about it. So it went on for a while. Later Marcos became hard and was now going to make love to her and she was ready for it.

He tried to put it in but he could not. He seemed like an amateur like her. He did not know how to put it in and neither did she, so he went soft.

When Marcos started to make love again, he went down; he could not have an erection.

But Dovie was now nearing her climax in spite of his short-coming and just could not let him stop. So she pleaded, "Oh, don't leave, just stay where you are!"

Marcos was incredibly small. He was just laying on the outside. Despite that, Dovie did something that she did not know was possible. Even though he was soft, she unbelievably came!

Dovie screamed with joy. Then she developed a headache. Her nerves were so tight for accomplishing such a feat without his erection.

But Marcos did not believe that Dovie came. She repeatedly assured him she did. Yet he found it hard to believe.

Then Dovie dozed off while Marcos remained half-asleep and half-awake.

Col. Ver kept pounding on the outer door of the presidential bedroom suite at past four in the morning but Marcos and Dovie could not hear because Marcos had locked the three doors behind them.

The presidential security chief was really getting nervous because the household at the Mansion House were already waking up. The original plan was for Dovie to leave at five o'clock before Marcos' personal nurse attend to him.

Finally Marcos heard the pounding on the outer door. He woke up Dovie and then opened the door. Col. Ver was very uptight because the household were moving around already.

Marcos told his security chief: "Oh, no, you go ahead and we'll leave later."

But Col. Ver insisted: "Oh, no, Sir, she has to leave — you know how it is."

"Okay," Marcos relented.

He and Dovie dressed up. Then Marcos led her back all the way down the stairs and into the dining room or through the same route that she had come in.

There was a window that was shaped like a diamond at the door to the dining room where one could see if someone was coming in or out.

42 Marcos' Lovey Dovie

Col. Ver walked over there and put his back up to the glass door so that whoever was in the kitchen could not see him walking past with Dovie.

Now he walked Dovie all the way to the back door room where she had come into the first room the night before.

Marcos stood there and opened the door. Col. Ver got nervous and said: "Sir, Sir, please don't step out!"

The President just laughed it off. He thought it was funny.

Then when the time was right on the security guards marching back and forth out there, Col. Ver opened the door while Dovie sneaked out and crawled back to the car floor, with Ver apologizing for the inconvenience of staying down the floor.

Actually, Dovie was so relieved to be back on that car floor. She was even afraid to breathe because of the suspense.

When the car passed through all the presidential security guards and out of the gate of the Mansion House, the colonel told Dovie: "Ma'am, you can sit up now."

They drove back to Ilusorio's house where Bote was waiting. As they arrived there Col. Ver burst into a mixture of laughter and surprise at the incredibility of what they had just been through.

Doubling up with laughter, the presidential security chief praised Dovie: "She crept like a cat!" □



Col. Fabian Ver smuggled Dovie Beams into the Mansion House in Baguio for a love interlude with President Marcos in the presidential bedroom.



For serving as "pimp" among his other chores for Marcos, he is now a general and Chief of Staff of the Armed Forces of the Philippines.

4. Second Time Around

Back in Manila, both Marcos and Dovie could not still get over their experience in Baguio. For one thing, he had not proven himself, and he felt bad about that. As for her, she had just proven that she was not undersexed or that there was something wrong with her, and that made her feel good.

Now that they had gone all the way, Dovie wondered if the others knew — or was she being naive? On second thought, she figured out that Ilusorio, Col. Ver and Bote of course might suspect something but she was not going to tell them or discuss it.

As for Joyce, Dovie felt that she should not really know what was going on. Of course until that time they had kept no secrets from each other. But she had not known her before they came to the Philippines and thus was not sure if she could trust her.

Besides, Dovie thought, discretion was the better part of valor and that since she now really loved Marcos she must keep their affair secret and protect him. Joyce might suspect all right

but she was not going to tell her or admit it.

In fact Joyce was suspicious already but she felt that it was Dovie's business, and as long as she was being treated fine — who cares? So she did not bother to ask Dovie about it out of respect for her personal affair. Anyway, she sensed that Dovie was not as open to her now as she was before.

As for Marcos' cronies, especially Ilusorio, Col. Ver and Bote, they could indeed see that the President had really flipped over Dovie, something that had never happened to him before with any other woman after his marriage, for he was known to be like a hit and run driver.

If Marcos had gone to great lengths to go to bed with her at the Mansion House — of all places — they deduced that he must really be in love with her or he would not have acted that crazy.

On the part of Marcos, he now became obsessed in proving his manhood and felt relieved in the meantime that Dovie was gracious about his inability to perform sexually. Thus on the very first opportunity after their return from Baguio he arranged to make it out with her again for the second time around. This time he was confident that it would be different.

Marcos as usual continued his rendezvous with Dovie at the same Greenhills house in San Juan where they had first met which now seemed ideal as their love nest. First they reminisced on how their love affair had progressed and enjoyed their uninhibited conversation.

"Are you catching up with me?" he teased her.

"I don't think I love you yet as much as you love me," she teased back.

"Come on, say you are," Marcos prodded.

"Well, at least I love you a lot more now," Dovie said as a consolation to him.

After their warmup talk they got into the bed, bantering and laughing.

"Now you can't leave until I accomplish this. I'm embarrassed," Marcos said.

Dovie laughed at him and he laughed back.

46 Marcos' Lovey Dovie

It was daylight, so when they started making love she saw him for the first time and she could not believe it at first — he was small, incredibly small.

No way he could perform with that, she thought.

But Marcos had a surprise for Dovie. He brought with him a little tube of Ky sterile jelly, and when Dovie saw it she laughed to herself.

Now he repeated, "Like I said, you can't leave until I accomplish this."

Shortly thereafter Marcos got an erection. Before they both knew it, it was in there already. They laughed like two crazy kids as their lovemaking progressed.

It was not passionate because it was also funny. The thought that it took a tube of jelly for them to come to that point, was just funny to Dovie. She could not help laughing.

But now she was definitely enjoying it more. She had never experienced that before. And to think that it was being done in a joking manner.

They both came like crazy. After which Dovie, still in a teasing mood, said: "All right, I guess I can go now."

"Shut up!" Marcos shot back.

"But you said I can leave after you accomplish this. Well, you just did. Congratulations!" Dovie continued teasing.

"Oh, no, you don't!" Marcos held her down.

And he proceeded to make love with her again and again and came several times.

"Hey, you're something else!" Dovie observed, surprised.

Indeed, Marcos was suddenly different. He was too hot and wild. He did not get soft — he stayed hard. That was really satisfying to both of them because they just kept coming.

To Dovie, it was truly an incredible and remarkable experience. That evening she felt they had just established great physical and spiritual rapport. □

5. Trip to Hongkong

Ferdinand Marcos was a chivalrous and gallant man when it came to pleasing Dovie Beams. He was like her magic wand. She only had to close her eyes and make a wish and — presto — it would be fulfilled. Like the trip to Hongkong.

While they were still in Baguio she had told him of Joyce's and her desire to go to Hongkong to buy some pearls because they had heard they could get these fantastic buys there.

Speaking of pearls, Marcos told Dovie that he had sultan blood and that sultans had black pearls and their ladies gold pearls.

"Well, I never heard of a gold pearl before. I never saw a black pearl. I've heard of them but not a gold pearl," she admitted.

"Oh yes. They are quite beautiful," Marcos assured.

"You mean you can see them here in Manila?" Dovie asked.

"Oh yes."

"How wonderful! I'll go find one. I'd like to see one very

much," Dovie wished.

The next day when they saw each other Marcos pulled out a jewelry box from his pocket and gave it to her. When Dovie opened it she saw beautiful rings — one with a black pearl and another one with a gold pearl with diamonds around them. There was also one gold pearl ring with gold pearl earrings.

Dovie was speechless.

"Do you girls really want to go to Hongkong?" Marcos asked Dovie.

"Yes."

"You can go on New Year's Eve and just make sure that you are back on New Year's Day," Marcos said.

Bote accompanied Dovie and Joyce to Hongkong. In the plane Marcos saw to it that Bote, not Joyce, sat beside Dovie. They could not understand it, but it was for security reasons.

Dovie was staring out of the window, looking melancholic, and had not said a word for the past 30 minutes after takeoff.

"You really miss him, don't you?" Bote guessed.

Dovie did not answer, but tears rolled down her cheeks. It gave her chills to think about it. Now she realized she was hopelessly in love with Marcos — so much so that upon arrival in Hongkong Dovie still could not keep her mind off him.

She wanted to see him, she wanted to go back to Manila, know what he was doing, or at least call him.

"I've got to call him," Dovie told Bote.

"No, no — not now. You just shop and have a good time," the manager of the Wack Wack Golf and Country Club said.

"No," Dovie insisted.

Marcos had given her the hot line to his security office number where he said she could call him.

Now Dovie wanted to call him just to tell him how much she loved him.

So she tried to call Manila but its cable line with Hongkong was broken and she could not get through. Next she tried to contact Manila through Hawaii but it was not possible. Finally, Dovie just wrote a telegram.

Dovie asked Bote to send it for her but he did not dispatch

it for fear that it might fall into the wrong hands. He did not want to take any chances.

Dovie and Joyce were given suites at the Peninsula Hotel on the Kowloon side of Hongkong costing \$100 a day. It was one of the best there and Marcos' favorite.

It was just fantastic. The view was beautiful. Little Chinese boys ran in and out to serve tea and fruits. They even had individual ironing boards.

They were recommended by Ilusorio to a jeweler friend of his at the Crown Colony where the prices were supposedly right, the quality super, and the service honest.

The man was Angus Lee and his store was located on the ground floor of the arcade across the Peninsula Hotel and Ambassador Hotel.

Dovie had only shopped at small jewelry stores before so this was a new experience for her. What she and Joyce saw were really beautiful and expensive and made their eyes pop out. They were truly dumbfounded.

"Pick out anything you want," Bote kept saying.

There were all kinds of diamonds, gold, sapphires, emeralds and pearls. Dovie wondered: When Dado (Bote) said pick anything you want, did he really mean *anything*?

In Joyce's case, she did not hesitate — she picked out a gorgeous ring with diamonds and sapphires.

But Dovie did not quite know what she really wanted. So the jeweler showed her an emerald stone in a contemporary setting.

She had always liked emeralds and she liked the color of this one. But she hesitated, then asked: "Is this very expensive?"

Bote cut in: "You do not ask how much it costs. If that is the one you want, then that is the one you get."

Well, Dovie thought, it really does not cost as much as those diamonds. So I guess it is all right.

"Now you girls wanted some pearls, didn't you?" Bote reminded them.

"Oh, I'm excited to death about this ring!" Dovie said, pointing to another item.

"Oh no, because Fred said to get you what you wanted and you said you wanted pearls and I cannot take you back (to Manila) if you do not have pearls," Bote emphasized.

As a compromise, Dovie suggested: "Let's see some inexpensive pearls, something that would make a nice strand, you know."

Bote turned to Lee, who was apparently a Chinese Filipino and told him in Tagalog (translated): "Well, you show them some nice pearls."

Thereupon the jeweler patiently showed them the big pearls.

"No, I think these are expensive," Dovie tried to dismiss them.

"Oh no, they are not expensive," Bote butted in.

"You're sure?" Dovie asked.

"Yes."

So Dovie said: "I'd like a strand to come down about here — not a choker — I don't like chokers — but one that is a necklace."

"How would you like to have a nice double strand with a little clasp on it but set with little emeralds to match your ring?" the jeweler suggested.

"Oh well, that would be beautiful but I can't," Dovie refused.

Bote turned to Lee and ordered: "Well, give her that one."

In the meantime, Joyce picked out a clasp that had diamonds and sapphires to match her ring.

The jeweler next showed Dovie a South Sea pearl and diamond earrings to match it.

"Now you really should have this to complete your collection," Lee stressed. "After all, you are a Guest of State."

Although that flattered her, as far as she was concerned, she felt she was still the *country* type.

"This little ring is very pretty. It has some little diamond chips around it but they are not terribly expensive. I will show it to you and the little earrings," the jeweler continued.

"No, I don't want those. I can't have those," Dovie decided, again thinking that they were really expensive.

But Bote turned to Lee and ordered: "No, you wrap them up."

At that point Dovie felt she had just been presented with crown jewels. She was absolutely ecstatic.

After their shopping, Bote kept asking Dovie, "Aren't you hungry, aren't you hungry?"

"No, no."

Actually, Dovie was still virtually walking in the air on their way back to the hotel. She was so excited to think of food.

But not so with Bote. Not used to missing his merienda, he was so relieved to grab some food after Dovie and Joyce had returned to their suites.

Now Dovie needed to buy Marcos a present but she could not figure out what to get for him. She and Bote went to a dynasty shop but she could not find a suitable gift for a man.

Finally when she saw a beautiful silk robe in flamingo pink, Bote, knowing Marcos' taste, insisted that she buy it.

It was New Year's Eve 1968 in Hongkong. While the city celebrated near the stroke of midnight with all the noise and lots of merry-making, Dovie excused herself from the group of Bote, Joyce and a certain Alfred who were partying at the hotel, to return to her suite alone.

Thinking of Marcos, she cried. □

6. Pangs of Separation

The old saying that separation makes the heart grow fonder was very true in the case of Ferdinand Marcos and Dovie Beams. Although she had gone to Hongkong only for a day, when she returned to his arms she was crying with joy as if it had been a long time and he was kissing her eyes and wiping away the tears.

Joyce did not come back to the Philippines. She had proceeded to Hawaii on the way back to the U.S. mainland because it turned out there was no picture at all. Up to then they could not figure what the catch was. Not that it mattered anymore to Dovie. She seemed stuck to Marcos and the situation had developed a personal twist.

So Dovie herself was now planning to return to Beverly Hills because she was also needed there by January 2, 1969 for a film, although the contract was not yet signed.

Now if there was anybody who would be relieved to see Dovie go, it was Ilusorio. It turned out that even before she went to Hongkong he had already tried to convince her to pro-

ceed back to the U.S.

Ilusorio was afraid that if Imelda Marcos found out about Dovie's illicit love affair with her philandering husband and that it was he who had brought her to the Philippines, she might have him shot.

Marcos found out about his crony's move and had it blocked by seeing to it that Dovie came back to Manila. However, it was necessary for Dovie to return to California to clinch a new movie contract.

"You want to do a film?" Marcos asked her.

"Yes, of course!" Dovie replied, surprised at his question.

"Well, instead of doing a film for those guys, I'll let you do a film and we'll do it over here," Marcos offered.

"All right."

It was apparently Marcos' desperate move to keep Dovie in the Philippines. Now he gave her a preview of what the film was all about. Marcos said it would be based on his wartime exploits and he would like Dovie to play the role of his sweetheart Evelyn.

Marcos said Dovie was cut out to play Evelyn because she looked like her, sounded like her, had eyes like her and had long hair like her. He said he had loved her but never did tell her even when she begged him to, but then his mind was on the war and he felt bitter about it.

So Dovie promised to be back in Manila as soon as she wound up some unfinished business in Los Angeles. When she was ready to leave, Marcos brought her an orchid kept fresh in a clear plastic box.

She cried and Marcos kissed away the tears from her eyes — sad at the prospect of being again separated from him for a longer period this time.

Marcos pulled out a bundle from his pocket and gave it to Dovie. "Here's some money for you. You might need it."

"No, I don't need any money," Dovie refused.

But Marcos just unzipped her bag and put it inside. She instantly forgot all about it, thinking it was in pesos.

When Dovie arrived at her home in Beverly Hills and unpacked her things, she was shocked to find out only then that the bundle Marcos had given her contained \$10,000 cash. Until then it had never dawned on her that he had U.S. currency in the Philippines.

Actually the Central Bank in Manila regulated the flow of U.S. dollars out of the country, and what Marcos had done was against the law.

Before Dovie left the Philippines he had also discussed with her the use of code names in writing to each other while she was away. Marcos was to use as his address P.O. Box 472, Makati Commercial Center, Makati, Rizal, Philippines — a Defense Department security mailing address.

Thus when Dovie arrived at her Beverly Hills home, she found a telegram from Marcos waiting for her which read: "I WISH I NEVER LET YOU GO STOP AM MISERABLE BEYOND WORDS STOP RECEIVE MY LOVE ALWAYS LEE".

It was followed by a letter from him, which said:

6:00 P.M. Manila Time
January 4, 1969

Darling Dee,

It is barely 21 hours since we parted. However, I can now feel the pain of losing you and I can not imagine how much longer can I bear it. The whole day I busied myself trying to keep you out of my mind, in vain. I played golf with our friends this afternoon but memories of you keep on haunting me. For how can I easily forget you, your love and your cares?"

Tonight I boarded my boat hoping that the trip can relieve me of your absence. But I was wrong because the sea only reminded me of you and my loneliness. I came out of my boat and the moon was high upon the sky. I could almost feel your face upon mine as I kissed your tears away when we knew we had to say goodbye if but for now.

Each passing moment away from you is torture no earthly mind can conjure. I suffer all these so I may savor your love again when you return. For that will be all that will sustain me,

that you will be here again soon. Til then beloved, receive my adoration . . . unending and complete.

With all my love,
Lee

P.O. Box 472
Makati Commercial Center
Makati, Rizal, Philippines

After Dovie read Marcos' telegram and letter she wept uncontrollably. And when he called her up by long-distance she had a hysterical fit.

"Oh, you can't give me money like that! I can't accept that money!" Dovie blurted out. "I didn't know you gave me \$10,000!"

"Oh no," Marcos appeased her. "That is a retainer to show you my commitment, as you know, to make the film, for your signing the contract, that is, to hold you."

Somehow that made sense to Dovie, which also made her believe that he did love her. She remembered that after she had told him of her plan to make a film in Florida, he begged her not to be tied up in another project so that she would be free to return to Manila for a picture.

Two days later Dovie had an accident. She was struck by a hit-and-run driver and her car was a total wreck. She suffered a brain concussion and hemorrhage and had to be given a tetanus shot at the Beverly Hills Citizen's Emergency Hospital where she was confined for three weeks.

Marcos was very upset to know of Dovie's accident, called repeatedly to monitor her condition, wrote more letters, and then alerted her that he was sending Ilusorio to see her with instructions about the film. Now he also asked who would she want to hire as a producer.

"Well, Paul Mason," she said.

"Now are you sure that's who you want?" Marcos wanted to be sure.

"Yes, I think he would be the logical person," Dovie reiterated, more out of loyalty to the Universal Studio producer because it was he who had recruited her for the Philippine trip to

begin with. Besides he also loved Filipino and Oriental women.

In due time Ilusorio arrived in Beverly Hills to fetch Dovie with instructions from Marcos to take her out shopping for dresses she might like. So the President's business crony brought Dovie to Las Vegas and did it there in grand scale because he also had some business there.

Ilusorio kept asking Dovie who she wanted for a producer of the film to be shot in the Philippines although she had already told Marcos her choice. However, by asking her repeatedly, they had hoped that she might catch on to the fact that they really did not want Mason as he was privy to what was going on.

Naturally Dovie insisted on Mason, and when they gave in reluctantly, that was the first time she realized that if she asked for something — whether it be bad or good for her — she would get what she wanted.

Now something else happened when Dovie and Ilusorio returned to Beverly Hills. While they were in her living room Ilusorio was in deep thought and nervously pacing back and forth. Suddenly he stopped and turned to Dovie.

"You know, you are the kind of girl I have always looked for," Ilusorio told her.

"Look, I'm sorry. You're a nice person but I'm in love with Fred. I'm just in love with him and that's all there's to it," Dovie told him straight.

"Don't you have a girlfriend like you?" the married man asked.

"No, there's nobody else like me that I know of," Dovie told Ilusorio.

It annoyed Dovie to hear such talk from Ilusorio because she thought he was a trusted man of Marcos. In fact at that time she was already anxious to return to the Philippines to start shooting the movie but Marcos instructed her to delay her return until the 27th of January 1968 for some reason.

But Ilusorio was insistent. While he kept telling her what a fabulous woman she was, he also reminded her that it was he who brought her to the Philippines and she had an obligation to reciprocate his feelings for her.

"Well, you don't understand," Dovie made it clear. "I wouldn't be going back (to Manila) at all if I'm not in love with Fred."

It was not only Ilusorio that Dovie had to put up with. There was also the Sheik of Kuwait whom she had dated before she went to the Philippines, but was not serious about him at all. Because she was a one-man woman, at first she tried to avoid him by going to the Bahamas when she learned that he was coming to Beverly Hills.

She took her daughter Dena and her mother with her for a short vacation at Nassau where she deposited part of the \$10,000 that Marcos had given her for tax-free purposes as he had suggested. When she returned to her Beverly Hills home, lo and behold, the Sheik of Kuwait was there waiting for her at the porch outside.

Dovie had told Marcos about the Sheik while she was in Manila and he had told her to break it off with him. That is exactly what she was going to do now. But because he had been nice to her she would be as gentle as possible about it.

The Sheik had waited for five days to see her there. Since Dovie had other unfinished business, like shooting a layout at the Hilton Hotel for a brochure with Bill Banks, the Sheik followed and waited for her as she worked.

He sat there for four hours watching Dovie work and kept complaining about his stomach which hurt, every now and then taking a pill. It turned out that his ulcer was bleeding, which made it urgent that he go to the hospital for an operation.

Thus later, for old time's sake, Dovie visited the Sheik of Kuwait at the St. Johns Hospital upon his wish and insistence. That was the day before she was to return to the Philippines. It was also time to bid goodbye.

As Dovie walked into his room she saw flowers all over. She never saw so many. After all, she thought, he is a businessman with offices in the U.S., London and other countries.

He apologized for all the flowers, and she thought that was silly. He was that sort of person — always apologizing for things he did not have to.

They talked for a while although Dovie's mind was not in the conversation but on her trip to the Philippines the next day. He knew she was leaving for Manila because she had told him, and although he had tried, he could not stop her anymore.

Finally the Sheik said: "Look, I want you to sit down on the side of the bed. I'd like to say goodbye."

"Okay."

"I'd like to kiss you goodbye but I've bad breath," he added.

"You know, you're being silly. Everybody has bad breath after an operation. Let me see your operation anyway," Dovie tried to make him feel better.

"Oh, no, no, no!"

Then the Sheik pulled Dovie down to him, embracing her and putting her head on his chest, rather tightly.

"Will you come back through Curate on your way home?" he asked.

"Oh, I don't know. I don't think so," she replied.

"How long are you going to be gone to the Philippines?" he asked again.

"I don't know — six weeks or eight weeks — I don't know," was her answer.

"You promise me now that you will come back through Kuwait," he urged.

"Okay. Maybe I'll try," Dovie said, just to make him feel better.

Then the Sheik released her from the tight hug and she stood up as he turned his head away.

Feeling sympathy for him, Dovie reached over to turn his head towards her and she saw a little tear in his eye.

Oh, well, she thought, I guess I'd better go. So she said: "Goodbye. I'll see you." □

7. The Love Nest

Dovie Beams was at first disappointed when her great lover Ferdinand Marcos had asked her to delay her return trip to the Philippines, but when she finally arrived she understood why. He had a big surprise for her. It was February 1969.

They brought her straight to the Northwestern house in Greenhills, San Juan, where she had first met Marcos. She hardly recognized the structure. It looked very different now. It was beautifully renovated and they really did a good job of it.

The house was refurbished inside and out, completely redone, recarpeted, refurnished and the big hole in the ground before was now an indoor-outdoor swimming pool.

As Dovie stood there by the pool, she could hardly believe it. In a cage over the side were six love birds. She pulled open the curtain and there stood Marcos with his usual happy, infectious boyish grin — a smile and twinkle in his eyes.

His particular body smell, so familiar to Dovie now — blended with his favorite after-shave lotion "Brut" — engulfed her. He was dressed in his favorite tan silk suit with brown tie.

How handsome he is, Dovie thought.

They embraced and she cried on his shoulder. Her heart was pumping too, for she had never been so incredibly happy. He said that was her house now, her dream house, their love nest. From that point on, that became her home, her life, her love, her happiness.

Now Marcos gave her a tour of the house. It was behind a very high wall. Along the top were jagged pieces of glass stuck on the wall to ward off possible trespassers. Inside, lovely tropical plants of different varieties made the place look like paradise. Palm trees were lined around the swimming pool.

In the yard there were some outdoor furniture made out of lovely driftwood. After entering through the side door into the garage there was a health and game room. Past its door was an area surrounding the indoor pool without walls but the pool itself was screened all around.

The roof was made of plastic corrugated materials that sealed the area from the sun but not the outside view. The kidney-shaped pool was lighted and surrounded by plants from inside to the outside area.

The entire floor area of the house was large. A stairway with seven steps led from the dining room and formal room to the living room. The old brown and orange sofas and chairs were now replaced with blue tweed sofas shaped to a letter "L" around the room. An area of 25 to 30 feet were covered by sofas and side tables that matched. In one corner of the room, the bird cages hung with love birds chirping happily inside them.

In the dining room, situated across the entrance hall which ran the entire length of the house, was a large round table made of expensive wood and chairs. Along one wall was a long cabinet which opened up and ran its full length to the back room.

It had a huge kitchen equipped with a modern stove and a refrigerator filled with food. One door led to a basement where the laundry room was. There were two bathrooms on the ground floor alone.

Another hall that ran the entire length of the house joined the bedrooms upstairs. The bedroom where Dovie and Marcos

had made love the last time was on the right side of the hall and to the left was the room where they first met. There were other bedrooms and each had its own bathroom.

There was no question in Dovie's mind that the completely refurbished house must have cost a lot of money. To be sure, it had more class than many affluent houses in Beverly Hills where she came from.

Talking to her personal driver later, Roy Bote, son of the Wack Wack Golf and Country Club manager, he told her that when the question of security was discussed before her arrival, Marcos had said it was easy — just buy the land on each side, about a block.

To be sure, at that time it was a perfect love nest for Marcos and Dovie. Now that she was the first lady of the house, he instructed his business cronies and the household personnel that henceforth they must always speak in English and not in the Philippine language so that she could understand.

So that if anybody as much as speak in Tagalog out of habit which did happen later, Marcos would say: "I told you to speak in English."

Having thus established their love nest, President Marcos regularly spent half of his time there. He would come in every morning about 6 a.m. and stay there around 10 o'clock in the morning for his appointments in Malacanang Palace or outside.

Then Marcos would come back after lunch for his afternoon nap with Dovie, later leave around six o'clock, come back around eight and stay until midnight or 2 a.m. That was in the beginning. But whenever Marcos got a chance, especially when his wife Imelda would leave for abroad or stay out of town, he would stay with Dovie all night.

Dovie really lived comfortably in that Northwestern house in Greenhills. She got all the help she wanted or needed. She had an office staff and live-in helpers. They were provided by the cronies of the President.

Some of them were relatives of Bote, the manager of the Wack Wack Golf and Country Club, who worked mostly for Ilusorio. They included his own two sons, Roy and Eddie — the former as Dovie's personal driver, and the latter part of the

office staff.

Bote even had his mistress named Zeny there with whom he had three illegitimate children, but she only worked there and had an apartment somewhere. A newpew of Bote and his parents also worked there, plus Marcos' own security people who were assigned there.

So Dovie was surrounded by a lot of helpers or personal servants, not to mention Vicky as a girl Friday, Conchita, wife of Joey (code name for Teddy Marasigan, brother of Marcos' driver Bonnie) who was her secretary. She was related to Col. Ver, chief of presidential security.

Bote paid all the salaries of the house personnel and other household expenses from money given to him by Ilusorio who in turn would give the bills to Marcos who in turn would reimburse him.

Most of Dovie's meals were sent in by Bote from the Wack Wack Golf and Country Club at nearby Mandaluyong, an adjoining town. She could order anything she wanted and it would be fixed special. She also had food prepared right there in case Marcos came in unexpectedly as he sometimes did and was too hungry to wait for food to be brought in from the outside.

One day Marcos was getting ready to leave and he was so happy as he had been with Dovie for a long time, Ilusorio was waiting downstairs thinking it was a good time to give him the bill because Marcos was feeling good.

"Boss, may I be reimbursed for the expenses?" Ilusorio requested.

"How much is it?" Marcos asked.

"P300,000" (about \$75,000 then) came the answer.

Marcos was stunned and repeated in a loud voice: "P300,000?"

Ilusorio started to explain and justify the bill, but Marcos did not want to embarrass Dovie or make her feel he did not want to pay for her needs. He also knew the bill was inflated and padded.

His cronies were obviously using Dovie to make some extra

money thinking that they could get away with it because Marcos loved her so much and did not want to deny her anything.

Bote, Ilusorio, Nieto and Poblador were constantly assisting Dovie, while Bote and Ilusorio kept on telling her "make him happy, make him happy," meaning Marcos. Actually, Marcos told Dovie that she had saved him from having a nervous breakdown.

So happy was Marcos with Dovie in that house that his cronies kept on asking her what else she wanted. So did Marcos. One day he insisted that she get an organ and a piano. So Bote went to Yamaha at Pasong Tamo, Makati, and selected a six-foot Yamaha grand piano in American walnut with a hand-rubbed finish it was so shiny it looked like a mirror.

After the grand piano was delivered at the house, Marcos and Dovie had so much fun with it. He would sit on the bench on her right side and listen while she played. They placed it in their bedroom which was huge. She had arranged their bedroom beautifully.

The piano was positioned against the inside wall. On top of it was a large autographed color picture of Marcos. Beyond it was a black and white television console with sliding doors. A bedroom door opened into a balcony which run the length of the house — overlooking the swimming pool down.

Sliding glass windows as long as the wall area provided ventilation. On the wall were two black leather chairs with ottomans and a floor lamp in between them. Next to them was a stereo system. Above the master's bed were high windows. The double bed was made into one piece with a headboard with a top to set things on.

The headboard was connected with the night tables to make one unit. The doors opened by spring lock. On top of the tables were lamps, some ashtrays for decoration because neither of them smoked. In the drawer on his side of the bed was a tube of Ky sterile jelly which he had used for his lovemaking with her the second time around.

There were also his reading glasses with black rims. On the headboard was a picture of Marcos and the photo of an American-Filipino baby with "big eyes" that they imagined their

baby was going to look like. Marcos already told Dovie he wanted to have a son with her.

The bedspread and draperies were triple-striped with grey and yellow. The entire bedroom was carpeted to match the draperies. There was a large area with a counter on each end, including sinks and mirrors. One of the walls led to a large walk-in closets with built-in shelves for everything. The first closet belonged to Marcos. He kept his clothes, robes, slippers, black pants which he always wore with his barong tagalog shirts and jackets with the presidential seal on the jackets, some suits, his golf shirts, knit turtle shirts, and so on.

In the drawers were his underwear — he always wore the knit white T-shirts with sleeves and white knit jockey shorts, white handkerchiefs, clothes brush, etc. There were two more large walk-in closets where Dovie kept her things.

Their bathroom was big and tiled all over. It had a sunken bath with steps leading down and a railing to hold on to, and a shower on one side of it. On the counter Marcos kept a Brut, his favorite and hers, Tancho Tique (pomade for his hair), comb and brush, etc.

In the medicine cabinet he kept a nose spray which he used constantly, his razor, razor blades, Gillette menthol shaving cream, toothbrush and other personal items.

At one corner was a round table with four arm chairs. They usually had their meals served there because the first thing Marcos would do when he came in was take off all his clothes and ask Dovie to do the same. They seldom ate at the dining room unless some of his cronies were there.

They both did not want to wear clothes when they were alone together. So oftentimes they were naked while doing the things they wanted or needed to do, like working on state papers on his part while Dovie played the piano.

When Marcos was at their love nest he was with Dovie every single second. She either took a shower with him or she watched him. She watched him shave. She went to the bathroom with him and was always there even when he used the john.

Marcos told Dovie no one had ever done that to him,

saying that he just could not imagine him shitting in front of anyone else. But that was an example of how totally free, relaxed, uninhibited and close was their relationship.

He said it was like being in heaven with Dovie plus other things he confessed to her which he had never told any other living person. Because Marcos was so happy with her, he said he really would like to have a son with her and that when he grew up he would study at Harvard University. It turned out that he had a great desire to enroll there before but never had the chance.

It was in March 1969 when they discussed their plan to have a baby. Marcos explained that he could not give Dovie a marriage so he wanted to give her his baby — a son. That was how much he loved her, or so he assured her.

But Dovie was not all heart. She was also using her head. She quite frankly told Marcos how she felt about it.

"No, I don't want the responsibility of raising a child by myself. I want a child to have a father."

"I will be around," Marcos assured.

Dovie did not feel he would divorce his wife Imelda, the First Lady.

So Marcos pleaded: "Just be patient with me and have faith in me."

When he went to the extent of saying he would even abandon the Presidency for Dovie, she said: "Oh no, I can't let you do that."

"You see, there is no divorce law here, it is a Catholic country," Marcos further explained.

At any rate, Dovie did not take any chances. Without Marcos' knowledge, she had been taking birth control pills to avoid being pregnant.

So much so that later when he thought that her menstruation should have stopped according to his calculation, but did not, he asked her: "Are you sure you can have a baby?"

"Yes, of course!" Dovie replied positively.

Marcos was puzzled. He thought he had figured it right and could not understand what had gone wrong in his estimation.

Then one night when Marcos went home to Dovie he found a bottle of birth control pills in the bathroom that she had forgotten to hide.

In a flash of anger he threw the bottle away and then confronted Dovie with his discovery, provoking a quarrel between them.

Later when Marcos cooled off, he followed Dovie inside the bathroom, hugged her and pleaded: "Please have a baby for me. I have never said *please* to anybody like this before."

Still Dovie started telling Marcos she could not live that way as she realized, again like a ton of bricks hitting her, that she was living with a married man who also happened to be the President of the Philippines subject to public scrutiny.

"Will you promise to wait until my term of office is over?" Marcos asked Dovie.

"Yes."

"No matter what, will you promise that you will wait for me?" he reiterated.

"Yes."

Marcos informed Dovie that he had made financial arrangements for her that would take care of her for life, further assuring that if anything happened to him she did not have to worry about a thing.

When she asked him who would take care of it or how would she know, he answered that a trusted person had already been given instructions and that the unknown confidant, whom he refused to identify, would just act accordingly for her benefit. She suspected it might be banker Bobby Benedicto, another Marcos business crony.

At about this time Dovie was starting to get intrigued by Marcos' repetitious question: "Will you love me forever no matter what?"

"No matter what" was always included in his questions during those days, and it did not seem natural to Dovie.

One day Marcos seemed worried and said: "If you hear any stories about me being a ladies' man, what would you say?"

"Is there any basis for it?" Dovie asked.

"Of course not," he assured.

"I'd pay no attention to it then," she said.

For whatever reason, Marcos was obviously feeling insecure with their relationship. But he loved her so much that one day while she was having trouble with her kidney he personally went to a drugstore and bought some medicine himself.

That deeply touched her and Dovie thanked him very much for it. Whereupon Marcos said: "If only everyone appreciated what I did for them like you do. . ."

For her part, Dovie also handwashed his underwear and ironed them. She also handwashed and ironed other things like shirts, socks and handkerchiefs. She did not have to because she was surrounded by servants, but that was her way of proving to him that she loved him too and would do anything for him.

Marcos told Dovie that in all his life that was the first time anyone had ever handwashed and ironed his underwear. He meant no one had done it because of love for him.

Indeed, Dovie did other little things for Marcos. Although her life then revolved around him she never treated him like a President in office. She would even sit him down on the floor and feed him fried chicken. It was just a wonderful love affair.

It was now April 1969 and she had lived in the house for almost three months now. The initial preparations for the movie, after some delay, were now proceeding smoothly. It was now time for Dovie to start being seen in public and be introduced to the press. So she began getting uptight about living there, which was top secret, because of its possible ramifications.

Since Dovie was going to be the star in the picture, to be sure the press would ask her where she lived and naturally she would not want to tell them. That was the problem.

Marcos' cronies came in one day and discussed the situation with him.

"Well, Boss, we have to have another house for Dovie," Ilusorio suggested. "This house in Makati is much more fantastic than this one you live in now. It has more privacy and it's new. And it's a larger house."

"How much is it?" Marcos asked.

"P300,000 — a fantastic buy," Ilusorio assured, giving it his best sales pitch.

"Okay, buy it," Marcos agreed.

And Ilusorio did.

But when Marcos later told Dovie she could move in to the other house, she said: "No, I don't want to leave this house. This is where I met you and when you're not here, I go into that funny room where we met and the house is full of fond memories. I see the spot where we sat on the sofa and I remember and I feel good.

"And you fixed this house for me and it's the way you wanted it and in no way therefore will I move out of this house for another. I don't care if there are ten mansions over there. I'm happy with this house.

"But I do want another house where the Press may come and see me as I can't really meet them here, right?"

"Well, okay," Marcos agreed. "You go and pick out another house of your choice, but don't tell him (Ilusorio) what you're doing."

So Dovie looked through the **Manila Chronicle** classified ads and saw something she liked: "Executive House Furnished near Wack Wack Golf & Country Club in Mandaluyong, Rizal." She noted that was where Bote worked as manager which made it a perfect choice.

Sure enough, when Dovie inspected the house, it had brand new electric appliances, double-door freezer, refrigerator and a built-in kitchen stove and washer. It also had a piano and was really beautiful. And the rent was very reasonable — P1,500 (\$400 a month) — which she thought was a steal.

Thus, Marcos and Dovie now had their decoy house to avoid public attention on their love nest. □

8. Ang Mga Maharlika

Now that their love nest and decoy house had been set up, it was time for Ferdinand Marcos and Dovie Beams to get into the movie business. Of course, although he was the financier, Potenciano Ilusorio would front for him. And naturally he was just doing it for Dovie — to keep her in the Philippines.

To be called "Ang Mga Maharlika", which meant free and noble men, it was based on the reported saga of Ferdinand E. Marcos during World War Two as the leader of a guerrilla intelligence unit called "Maharlika", which operated in Luzon, Northern Philippines, during the Japanese Occupation.

Official records showed that Marcos emerged from that war as the most decorated war hero with 27 medals, although later opposition quarters came up with evidences purporting to disprove their genuineness because most of them were on the strength of signatures of dead U.S. generals falsified by a professional forger notoriously known in the Philippines as the man with a "golden" arm.

In any event, the motion picture was to focus on the war-

time exploits of Marcos and his love affair with his sweetheart Evelyn who had saved his life by covering him and taking the bullet meant for him when a Japanese soldier fired the shot.

It was estimated to be a \$3 million motion picture epic to be shot entirely in the Philippines with foreign distribution. By comparison to other local films, "Ang Mga Maharlika" was destined to be colossal movie undertaking with stars imported directly from Hollywood.

Dovie was to play as Evelyn in a starring role and at the same time act as executive producer behind the scene because of her closeness to Marcos, the hidden financier of the venture. She was to report to him directly, brief him on what would be going on, and also to receive his instructions.

To play the role of Marcos, they were first trying to get Stephen Boyd who was then in London. He had appeared in several motion pictures shown in the Philippines, including the "Ten Commandments" along with Charlton Heston, and was therefore popular among Filipino moviegoers.

Boyd was reportedly available and willing to take the part, but because of the delay in the start of the shooting, a communication gap developed between Manila and London. Thus the Hollywood actor backed out of the deal.

Finally, another Hollywood actor Paul Burke was recruited for the film in the starring role along with Farley Granger, who were also established names in the American movie scene.

While waiting for the actual start of the shooting, it was necessary to introduce Dovie to the Filipino viewing public so that she would be a known star when the picture was released.

In the Philippine movie industry, as in Hollywood, they followed the star system. It was the known stars, not the story of the movie itself no matter how good it was, that more or less insured the success of any motion project.

Thus the public image "build-up" operations for Dovie Beams got underway to propel her to stardom. At first she was nervous about it because that meant meeting press people who would ask all sorts of questions, including who she was dating.

Fortunately for Marcos and Dovie, her date with the

National Press Club of the Philippines, her first official meeting with the local news media, developed a favorable twist.

That day as Dovie was going to the production offices at the Manila Hilton, in the elevator she met local actor Pepito Rodriguez. When they got off she was surprised to know that they were going to the same place.

Writer Manual Borlaza introduced Dovie to Pepito. She had an appointment with the writer to escort her to the NPC, and since the actor was also going there, they went together. The press immediately thought Pepito escorted her.

Pepito was young and good-looking, half Spanish and half Filipino, and came from a wealthy family. He was gentlemanly and Dovie instantly took a liking for him.

The situation was made to order for Marcos and Dovie. They agreed it was good for the press to think that Pepito had escorted her to the NPC. That drew the attention away from her real lover, the President.

So later when Borlaza invited Dovie to visit the studios of Sampaguita Pictures to observe Philippine film-making, she went there partly to pursue her charade with Pepito.

The handsome actor was filming on the set. Naturally the movie reporters thought that Dovie went there to visit Pepito. They asked if they could take some pictures of her and the actor.

The first picture-taking session was held at her Princeton house in Mandaluyong which served as her official or decoy house in order to protect the secrecy of her real home in Greenhills, San Juan, where she lived as Marcos' mistress.

Her second photo date with Pepito was made at his home where his mother even graciously served a lovely dinner for her in honor of her visit which she really enjoyed.

Inevitably the press was on their backs. Soon gossip columns and magazine articles romantically linked them, prompting the establishment of Pepito Rodriguez-Dovie Beams Fan Clubs all over the Philippines. To be sure, Filipino moviegoers were crazy over imported stars especially from Hollywood.

Marcos and Dovie got a kick over what was happening and

they could not help laughing over it. The charade was working, and poor Pepito did not even know he was being used to draw away public attention from the President.

So far so good. But Marcos gave himself away when he later appeared as guest speaker at the Famas Awards ceremony — the Philippine equivalent of the Oscar Awards night in Hollywood.

In the past Marcos had not even conceived of speaking in that kind of affair because it was not appropriate for him as the President, but this time he did it for Dovie. He wanted to associate her with everything top or first-class.

Dovie during the ceremony was seated with American actor Farley Granger in the front row. As Marcos spoke at the rostrum the press noticed that he never took his eyes off her during his speech. In effect, he betrayed his interest in Dovie before the big crowd.

So the press picked up on it that early. The next day, April 30, 1969, one columnist wrote that President Marcos had looked too long in her direction because obviously the pretty lady on the magazine cover was sitting right in front of him.

Ironically, while Dovie's PR buildup was proceeding smoothly, the movie project itself was being bogged down. There were some complications involved.

First Marcos wanted the script rewritten with as much dialogue as possible for the leading lady, Evelyn, his wartime sweetheart. He would dictate the dialogue to Dovie and she would take it down in shorthand, write it and have it incorporated into the script.

The President wanted certain episodes in the film included according to what had actually taken place. He met with writer Sy Salkowitz, Paul Mason, Ilusorio Bote and Dovie to discuss some sequences at Ilusorio's office.

"We went to the right, then to the left," Marcos said as he pointed to the war routes in the map while describing various battles which he wanted to be shot with more realism and dramatic impact.

After the meeting, and taking over from Marcos when the

group got the thing in order, Dovie said: "Now, look, we better get started because this is costing thousands of dollars a day just to let all the cast and crew sit here!"

Second problem was Stephen Boyd in London who was getting restless waiting for the shooting to start. They wanted him to play the role of Marcos but because of the delay they were not sure if they could get him at all.

Worried, Dovie in a meeting with Marcos, Ilusorio, Bote and Poblador said: "We've got to get started or we lose Stephen Boyd!"

Marcos agreed and asked: "Why haven't you started yet? She has been asking you to start for several weeks."

Turning to Ilusorio, Dovie said: "You keep saying that the money has got to be sent from New York and so on. How long does it take for the money to be transferred anyway? It really doesn't take that long."

At that juncture, Ilusorio finally confessed that he had taken the money that Marcos had given him to make the picture and had invested it in stocks but that the stock price had gone down.

Ilusorio had been stalling for weeks waiting for the stock price to go back up. His original scheme to make a big profit from the stock market without anybody knowing it backfired on him.

Marcos was mad. He asked his crony: "How low did it go?"

"Pretty low, Boss," Ilusorio said. "Do you want me to sell it?"

"No, don't sell it," Marcos advised.

Then he turned to Dovie and indicated for her to leave the room. He apologized, and Dovie went upstairs to her bedroom. While there she could hear loud voices in the Philippine language, mostly that of Marcos.

Tension was dying down when Dovie returned. She heard Marcos say to Poblador with emphasis: "Look, you get \$200,000 and get this picture started immediately."

When the President left, Ilusorio stayed behind and was so mad at Dovie.

"From now on, you ask me first," he told her.

"Ask you first? That's what I've been doing for weeks. In the meantime we lost Stephen Boyd, and he was important to the picture. And worst, the budget climbed to incredible amounts of money that should have never been spent," Dovie argued.

"I have never seen him mad like that before," Ilusorio said of Marcos.

From then on Ilusorio was on Dovie's back. The next day he sent Bote to talk to her.

"We thought we could handle you. After all, your responsibility is to us. What you did was like a gestapo!" Bote said.

Dovie knew that the manager of Wack Wack Gold and Country Club was under pressure from Ilusorio to say those things.

"Congratulations, you got your picture," Bote continued. "You have the idea that Fred can do everything. You can do nothing without us."

Dovie listened and took note of what Ilusorio's assistant had told her. He pressed on:

"Ilusorio and Norrie said that you said critical things about them to me the night Fred wrote the note to Ilusorio to live up to agreements made in regard to the picture.

"They don't come to see you because they don't trust what you'll tell Fred. They all agreed — at first you were easy to handle. You are too aggressive. You are a hothead.

"You have to do everything they say or else you won't live here. From now on you are to ask my permission for everything."

To isolate Dovie, Ilusorio later told her that Paul Mason whom she had recommended to be the film's producer had insisted that she should not be the star and that in her place it was suggested that Hollywood actress Suzanne Pleshette be given the role of Evelyn.

Dovie later told Marcos what had happened. She also complained that his cronies who had something to do about the film had not even contacted Paul the producer at all. Bote had not

returned his calls. Not only had Bote also not returned her calls — he had even stopped sending her food from the Wack Wack Gold and Country Club.

But Marcos knew his own cronies and was not too worried about the situation. He felt he could handle it later. In the meantime, he had other things in mind. Bataan Day was approaching and he wanted to give it his special attention.

May 9, 1969 marked the annual anniversary celebration of the Filipino and American soldiers who had died in that peninsula during World War Two in defense of freedom and democracy, and to commemorate that event, the government had constructed a huge cross on top of a hill.

While they were lying on bed together Dovie saw a tear in Marcos' eye as he reminisced on what had happened in Bataan. She felt so concerned because she had never seen a tear in his eye before. There was a deep sadness in him.

Marcos started talking about his father and how he could have saved him from the Japanese soldiers who killed him, but his cowardice kept him from going to his father's rescue. He expressed a very profound feeling and deep sense of guilt about it.

He also justified it and attempted to ease his pain by saying that he had put up that big cross on top of that hill that could be seen miles away in remembrance of that sad chapter in the nation's life and in his own life.

Thus Bataan Day was so important to him because it was his own private memorial service to his father. Through it he could also relive his own past glories, including the 27 medals he had gained for heroism in the field of battles although some of them were received under false pretenses.

Marcos also remembered how he had hidden the missing gold bars to be used after the war was over. In fact even during the war he got some things done by paying off in gold bars. During the war years he and Ilusorio smuggled together, which explained why they were close to each other now.

Thus Bataan Day was extremely important to Marcos. So the night before the celebration he told Dovie: "I want you to

to be there tomorrow."

"How can I be there tomorrow?" she asked, knowing that the First Lady Imelda Marcos would be there.

"Well, I want you there. You bring the cameras and we will start filming," Marcos decided.

"Well, that's pretty fast," Dovie said.

"Well, you call them up and get them there," Marcos commanded.

"Yes sir!"

Excited, Dovie called up Mason: "Paul, get the crew. They're to be there tomorrow morning. We're going to start filming."

That night the crew were all up without sleep, charging the batteries and getting everything ready for the shooting, especially the trucks carrying the equipments and all that. Dovie alerted the proper people to get everything cleared.

Dovie and Mason the next morning were brought to Bataan peninsula by a Philippine Navy speed boat, along with all members of the Cabinet. She asked Mason to shield her from anybody who might talk to her out of curiosity.

At the ceremonial site Dovie saw Marcos, for the first time, in the company of the First Lady. Until that moment she had not seen her in person, only on television and in the newspapers. They arrived in his car bearing the presidential Plate No. 1 surrounded by heavy security amidst flags, pomp and pageantry.

Dovie hid behind a film truck because she was afraid to be seen by Imelda Marcos. The American actress wore a light moss green, silk dress with long sleeves and buttons down the front which Marcos himself had personally chosen for her to wear on that occasion.

The President had told Dovie to be where he could see her when he spoke because his speech would be delivered to her, for her, and that he would be saying what he wanted to say to her at that moment. They had even planned signals to transmit their feelings in front of the crowds. Crossed arms meant "I'm thinking of you" while touching the cheek with hand meant "I love

you."

Thus when Marcos was on the presidential stage he kept on looking for Dovie but he could not see her because she was hiding behind a film truck. After he had located her, they moved her from the bottom of the steps to the stage level near the television cameras, which scared her.

The First Lady looked right at her direction. So she moved to the back of the crowd, and everytime the people in front of her shifted positions or moved their heads she would also move hers so that Imelda Marcos could not see her. If the First Lady did, Dovie was afraid she might ask who that lone Caucasian girl doing out there.

Dovie felt guilty and uncertain about the whole thing. Everybody must have enjoyed the event except her. She felt out of place, in the wrong place at the wrong time. Even loving him, she felt she was in the wrong place.

After the ceremony was over, several sequences of the movie with Dovie in them among with the crowd were filmed. Earlier they had also shot the affair as a documentary to be used in Marcos' reelection campaign.

Later Dovie got word that she was supposed to join the First Couple for lunch at the presidential yacht 777. She did not go because she thought it was either a joke or misunderstanding. So she rode down the hill and lunched on a boxed fried chicken at the navy speed boat.

There she met a man who said his wife was a Blue Lady or close follower of Mrs. Marcos. Later as she got off the boat he introduced her to Dovie. The American actress was a nervous wreck and even dropped her sunglasses into the water. She decided to go straight home.

Marcos was mad at Dovie for not showing up at the yacht, and had his presidential security chief Col. Ver call her.

"He is really mad," the colonel told Dovie.

"What for?" she asked.

At that time, President Marcos did not mind the risk with the First Lady on the same boat because he wanted to show off Dovie to some of his close friends.

Following the Bataan Day celebration, shooting of "Ang Mga Maharlika" continued in earnest. For the first time much progress was made. They shot more action scenes. Dovie was happy.

It was about that time when the Pope had invited the First Lady to go to Rome for the inauguration of Jaime Cardinal Sin of the Philippines. Bote advanced the information to Dovie as some kind of good news for her.

That night when Marcos came to the house Dovie asked: "Oh, is that true? Is she really going to go?"

"Who do you think set up the invitation?" Marcos said. "I arranged for her to go so she will be away for several weeks and we can be together all the time."

"You're kidding!"

"Of course not," Marcos assured.

Thus off went Mrs. Imelda Marcos to Rome with their daughters Imee and Irene.

"What will you do with Bongbong, your son?" Dovie was curious.

"Oh, I will send Bongbong to camp," Marcos said, and he did.

So, while the First Lady and their children were gone, Marcos spent the nights with Dovie at the Northwestern house in Green Hills, San Juan. But while they now had more time together, the shooting schedule of the picture was getting tough.

Dovie had to leave at 5:45 o'clock in the morning while Marcos was still in bed to be on time for the filming. She had trouble getting enough sleep as he sometimes wanted to make love to her or she had to do some work at the house until midnight or later.

The hot climate and the strain of the tight shooting schedule plus her responsibility as executive producer in addition to being the star of the movie, were really getting on her nerves. For one thing, how could she look good on the cameras if she did not have enough sleep?

But Dovie did not mind all that because of her love for Marcos. In fact she also appreciated him for spending time like a

director to teach her how to play the role of Evelyn, as he only could because after all the film was based on their true-to-life wartime love affair.

For one thing, Marcos taught her how to shoot. She had never shot a Thompson submachine gun before. So Marcos had her lying down on the bed like she was on the ground behind a log with a pillow on her side and showed her how to shoot that way.

Then Marcos showed Dovie how to shoot standing up and how the gun would move and how, with proper stance and other rudiments, she could do it effectively.

He also taught Dovie her lines, because after all it was he who had dictated the dialogue for the script, and she was so excited. He was like a real movie director, teaching Dovie how to play with a toy and molding her into a fine actress.

In his mind, he was trying to reincarnate Evelyn through Dovie, because he would not have remained alive were it not for her love when she took the bullet meant for him. As first loves always go, it was really hard for Marcos to forget. Thus the picture meant a lot to him and he wanted to make it as authentic as possible.

There were annoying circumstances during the shooting of outdoor scenes. Sometimes Dovie had to change outfits on the side of the road. Some boys climbed up the trees to get a good view of her and this unnerved her quite a bit.

Fed up with the annoyances, one morning she called and woke Marcos up and almost hysterically blurted out: "Hey, this is ridiculous! How come Paul Burke has an air-conditioned trailer and I don't even have a dressing room? Well, I've got to have a dressing room! Why are these Philippine guys hanging up on the trees?"

Dovie really gave it to Marcos as if it was his fault. She did not even give him a chance to get in a word. All he was able to do was grunt between her statements because she just hung up afterwards.

She went back to the set to shoot some more scenes. There was one in which Marcos had taught Dovie how to pronounce

80 Marcos' Lovey Dovie

words in Tagalog, like a baby's name called Pagasa, which meant hope. It was a beautiful scene in which the baby reached up and took her long hair and brought it across her face.

Her own hair was completely covering her face and director Jerry Hopper just kept running the film. As long as he did not say "cut!" she was supposed to continue and she did, as part of the acting code.

When the scene was finished Dovie turned around and gave the director a funny look and everybody broke up.

"That's the sweetest thing we ever saw," Director Hopper said. "Print it!"

"Print what?" Dovie asked.

"I'm printing this for your memoir," the director said.

When Dovie looked up, there stood her driver Joey who was grinning from ear to ear and frantically motioning for her to come over to his side. A little annoyed because she did not want to be interrupted in the set, she thought, what now?

"Ma'am, Ma'am," Joey said, his eyes aglow. "I have a surprise something to show you."

"Joey, what is it?" Dovie asked, somewhat irritated.

Her driver answered: "Ma'am, just come take a look."

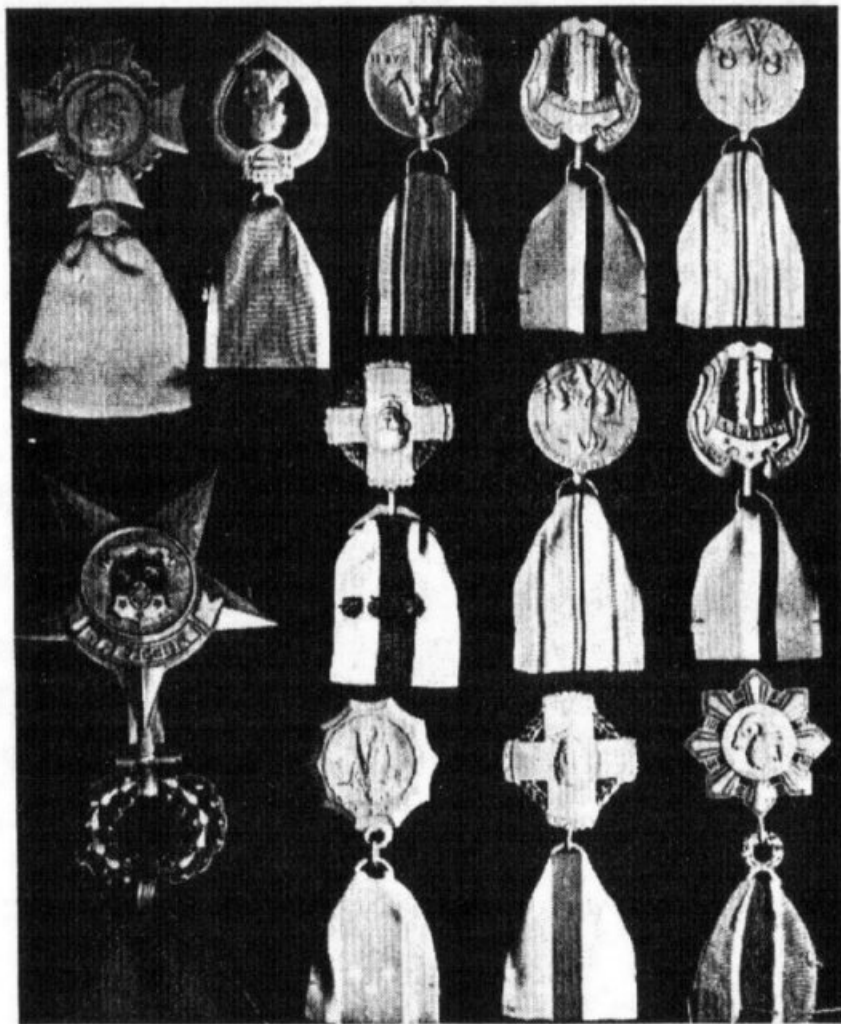
"I don't have time to look at anything. What is it?" Dovie insisted.

Reluctantly, she went with her driver to see the surprise and, lo and behold, there stood a deluxe Volkswagen Combie — a camper that was custome-made and outfitted with a double bed, pop-up top with a place for a third person, a small table, stove, refrigerator, mirror, closets, a john, and a dressing room.

When Dovie returned home that night she threw herself into Marcos' arms and thanked him. Marcos was happy that she was happy. They named the deluxe vehicle "Friday" because it was sent to her so fast on a Friday. □



Is Ferdinand Marcos a real or fake war hero? True or false, the motion picture "Ang Mga Maharlika" was filmed and based on his war exploits as an army major.



The President's alleged 27 war medals for the most part were branded as "the product of forgeries and/or bloating of minor battle actions into epic and great sagas."



America's most-decorated war hero Audie Murphy is nothing compared to the Philippines' Ferdinand Marcos – that is, if the latter's unproved claims were to be believed.



Dovie Beams is featured on the front cover of newsmagazine *Philippines Free Press* at the height of her popularity and secret love affair with President Marcos.



Dovie Beams captures the nation's imagination as "A Lovely Argument For Special Relations" between the Philippines and the United States, as another *Philippines Free Press* cover story puts it.

9. Motion Picture Feud

To film "Ang Mga Maharlika", Dovie Beams as Evelyn had to wear jungle fatigues and boots. But when they brought in her outfit she noted that the fatigues had zippers and the boots were beautifully hand-made.

"Hey, wait a minute," Dovie told the wardrobe man. I don't believe they had zippers in World War II."

"Oh yes, they did," he assured.

About the boots, Dovie also thought that if she were running around in the jungle why would she be wearing those beautiful boots? As executive producer, more than as the star of the film, she was meticulous with details.

Dovie went to the library and did her own research, and sure enough they did not have zippers in World War II. Then she found a shopping area where they had some old genuine army clothes and jungle boots made out of canvas, and thus confirmed her own doubts.

When she came back she told the one incharge of the wardrobe: "You're fired!" She had him replaced by a girl.

The shooting of the film was being done on location at Novaliches at this time. Dovie had another big problem with her co-star Paul Burke. Before that he had demanded that his girlfriend Carol Brite be brought over to the Philippines, all expenses paid — which was done.

Carol later became jealous of Dovie and that made Dovie very uptight. Because of the situation, Burke was trying to be over-cautious about coming around Dovie and himself developed a dislike for his co-star.

Thus during one of the scenes when Dovie was to put something in his mouth, which was nothing but a pineapple, Burke flared up: "Well, I'm not going to have that girl put her dirty hands in my mouth."

"Well, Paul, I washed my hands," Dovie said.

"That doesn't matter — the water is dirty," Burke insisted.

Vicky!" Dovie shouted to her girl Friday. "Bring me that sterile water." Then Dovie washed her hands and did the scene.

Next they were supposed to swim in the river but Burke refused because he said it was too dirty, but to Dovie it was not really. Nearly everybody in the cast and the crew all jumped into the water, including her, while he sat on a log.

With the unpleasant encounter with her co-star, Dovie decided she would just follow the script literally. However, in another scene, where the script asked for her to run her fingers through his hair, Burke refused once more.

"Oh, don't touch my hair!" he said.

When Dovie next started to touch his face, Burke said: "Oh, don't touch my face. You'll smear my makeup."

In the script Dovie was supposed to be saying to Burke: "I see myself in a home overlooking Manila Bay and some daughters and a husband who loves me," along with the action.

Dovie turned around and looked at the producer but he just shrugged his shoulders.

In any case, what she was most concerned about was the last scene that was very important to Marcos, who told her the night before: "Now don't you let any of this scene be changed."

Indeed, it was very important to Marcos because it was the scene where his wartime sweetheart Evelyn was killed when she

took the bullet meant for him. It was important to him that the scene be filmed just exactly the way it had happened.

So Dovie in her concurrent capacity as executive producer called Mason over to her house to discuss this important scene.

"Listen, Paul, I want to go over this very carefully with you. You see, Marcos never talked directly to Paul (Burke). He always told me to talk to you," she said.

"Now Marcos wants this reenacted just the way it happened, the right plank and the left plank and all that," she stressed.

"O.K., I've got it down," the producer assured.

So when they all went back to the set that day, Mason had Paul Burke, Farley Granger and Dovie walk through the background. She thought: How can you see? I'm supposed to be in the foreground. I'm supposed to take the bullet meant for Paul Burke.

The director had shifted the whole thing around where Paul Burke, after shooting the Japanese, now just accidentally came back. Dovie further thought: Well, now I just can't let this go.

So she very subtly said: "Well, you know this is not exactly the way the script was written."

Paul Burke whirled around to face Dovie and angrily said: "I'm not taking any orders from any actress! I'll get on a plane and leave right now!"

"Cool it! Cool it!" Mason intervened. "I'm the director on the set."

Dovie did not say another word because it had really been building up during all the past three weeks and it was just too much for her already. She actually could not say anything more. So she just ran off from the set and rushed to the make-up truck where Marg Westmore gave her a tranquillizer to calm her nerves. There she let go and cried her heart out.

Now by the time the scene got to where the sun was going down, Mason came over and said to Dovie: "Come on, we're losing light!"

"Have you changed that scene so it's going to be the way he wants it?" Dovie first asked.

"Well, we're just going to compromise a little bit because now Paul Burke has an ego and he won't have it the way you want it," the producer, acting as the director, explained.

"I couldn't care less how you see that scene, but that's the way Marcos wants it. Besides, I can never get back into shape and shoot that scene now. We'll just have to call it a day," Dovie said.

The next morning, as the cameras started rolling, Burke still remained in the foreground and Dovie was now moved towards the bushes at one side.

Dovie also observed that Burke always wanted only to be shot at his best angle — his left side. Thus he never stood any other way but on the left side.

Finally it was the last day of the shooting and they came to the last scene, which was both dramatic and tender, because it was the moment that Evelyn died in Marcos' arms in real life.

Even at the last moment, Evelyn wanted to know if Marcos loved her but he refused to reveal his true feelings because he was bitterly lamenting the consequences of war.

Shooting this tender yet dramatic scene and making it look as real as possible was such a strain for both Dovie and Burke, who were in such "bad vibrations", and the presence of the jealous Carol Brite did not help either.

Anyway, as Evelyn (Dovie) gasped for her last breath, Marcos (Burke) lifted her head, kissed her, and she whispered: "Now I know you really love me."

That night when Dovie came home Marcos asked her if they had shot the scene the way he wanted it.

"I'm sorry I could not get it shot right," she reported sadly.

Marcos gave her the devil's look and barked: "You go out there and have that scene reshot!"

Mason refused to do it. In fact Dovie laid the blame on him for some of the changes in the script. She had found him very difficult to deal with, but being the producer and the one she had recommended, she decided to just let things pass.

Another instance that made Dovie unhappy was that the

90 Marcos' Lovey Dovie

Filipino actress Rosa Mia, who was cast in the film, had made remarks about her being a very demanding person on the set and that Paul Burke and Farley Granger did not like her for it. She of course did not know the background of the whole situation.

In any event, Rosa also commented that Dovie did not like crowds. What really happened is that she had nine girls around her and every time she would come off a scene they would start combing her hair and straightening up her clothes.

Dovie had told them over and over again they were not supposed to touch her hair or touch her unless she first told them, because if her hair was messed up after a scene, it must remain messed up for the next shot, especially for closeup shots.

Although she told them over and over again, as soon as she came off the set the girls would grab the brushes and start working on her hair. Finally she told them: "Get away from me! Stop touching me!" Not knowing what was really going on, Rosa Mia and the others resented Dovie's behavior.

The situation lightened up a bit after the film was finished. Dovie gave each of the cast a little gold medallion each that Marcos had made to order for her which proved to be meaningful later.

On one side of the medallion read: "Bataan and Corregidor" on top with a picture of Mount Samat with the huge cross and three stars above it, and below it further said: "Maharlika".

On the other side of the round medallion was engraved "Dovie Beams" on top and "June 1, 1969 Maharlika" below, while in the center it read: "That's the trouble with love. You don't know if it's real until it's over." □



Playing the role of Evelyn, Ferdinand Marcos' war-time sweetheart and first love, Dovie Beams is shown with Hollywood actor Paul Burke who is cast as Marcos in the movie "Ang Mga Maharlika".

10. It's a Family Affair

If a man really loved a woman one of the best ways to prove it was to meet her family. That is exactly what Ferdinand Marcos did with Dovie Beams. In May 1969 he asked her to bring her mother and daughter Dena to Manila.

When they arrived from Nashville, Tennessee, she first brought them to her official residence at Princeton in Mandaluyong, then to her private house at Northwestern in San Juan, Rizal.

It was like a family reunion. Marcos invited her special guests to Malacanang Palace. He showed them all around and took them to a porch overlooking the Pasig River. He also took her mother to play golf at the palace grounds.

A chivalrous person, Marcos praised Dovie's mother and daughter to high heavens. He told the mother how beautiful she was and how cute Dovie's daughter Dena was. He also told them he really loved Dovie. They instantly liked him after that.

It was Sunday and normally Malacanang Palace was closed to visitors. But he made an exception to Dovie and her guests.

They brought along other very special people and they all had a grand time there.

President Marcos had sent for the palace photographers to take pictures of the mother and daughter and the other guests. They were very impressed with him and with his official residence which was the Spanish Governor-General's Mansion during the 19th century.

Marcos would come to the house for dinner and later he would sit down with Dovie's daughter Dena alone for a chat. He would tell her about his son Bongbong and tried to match him with the blond girl. He was direct in telling her that he thought she ought to marry his son.

Marcos said Bongbong loved horses, so Dena agreed she also loved horses. He suggested that she should major in business administration and get her mind interested in some sports and school work and other worthwhile things, in order to harness her full potential and value as a person.

He really gave her some good advice and for hours talked to her about Greek philosophy and his activities during the war. He also spoke to her on very index subjects, just as he did with Dovie, with the intention of lifting her to higher intellectual plane.

Dena returned the conversation intelligently and said things which Dovie was not even aware she knew, and she was glad. They really got to know each other rather well even during such a short period of time.

Dena later told Dovie: "Oh, if only I had a daddy like him!"

Dovie was glad Dena and Marcos liked each other. It was the same with Dovie's mother. Before the day was over, Dena had already started to call Marcos "Daddy Fred". Marcos liked that too.

He was happy with Dovie's family that he even told her to take them to Hongkong for some shopping and good time. That was exactly what they did. They brought \$5,000 and spent it. They also stayed at the Peninsula Hotel.

Before they left Manila there was a little incident at the airport. Dovie had forgotten all about her expired visa. So she

was stopped at the immigration section. Marcos' security man who drove them there told the immigration man to let her go.

"Oh, no, her visa expired," he said.

No matter how diplomatically Marcos' security man told him to let her pass through, he refused to do it.

Marcos' security man turned to Dovie and apologized: "Don't worry about a thing. Just sit down there and I will call the palace."

At that point the airline stewardesses came in to see what was holding up the plane. Marcos' security man told her the situation and then asked her just to wait on the plane, which she did after giving Dovie a funny look.

Marcos' security man then told Dovie: "Ma'm, just don't worry about a thing. We'll hold this plane all day if necessary."

After 30 minutes Dovie, her mother and Dena finally got on the plane, and everybody sure looked them over. Her mother sat down with an ambassador from Venezuela who had visited President Marcos that day and proudly showed a picture with him taken with the President at Malacanang Palace.

Dovie's mother almost died laughing. He was trying to impress her with the fact that he had met President Marcos. If only he knew!

Their visit to Manila was really both enjoyable and memorable. Aside from shopping, a blue helicopter flew them around the city and as far as Tagaytay where picturesque Taal Volcano was located in the middle of a lake.

They flew over the crater and coconut plantations and saw how primitive the country was in some aspects. When their helicopter landed on a spot there, people appeared from all sides offering them fresh coconuts and getting their sharp bolos (big knives) to crack open the coconuts.

The fresh coconuts tasted so good that they ate about four apiece. They had never eaten that kind before. Dovie's mother was just tickled to death about it, so she kept on saying. Later they all got sick in the stomach from eating too many coconuts.

From Tagaytay City their helicopter flew them over to Corregidor Island on the Manila Bay. There they saw the longest tunnel in the world. President Marcos saw to it that the tunnel

and other relics of the war were preserved for posterity.

In Manila, whether shopping or at a television studio, Dovie was always swamped with people around her, many of them fans, because by that time the news media had already made her popular. They would stroke her long hair, rub her dress and even pinch her.

Her mother and daughter Dena did not realize until that time how popular Dovie was in the Philippines, and they were proud of her.

Marcos, of course, monitored what they were doing. He wanted to be sure his special guests were having a good time during their visit. Indeed, it was such a happy family affair. When they returned to the United States, it seemed that time flew so fast, Dovie returned to her normal schedule — to face certain imponderables. □



A former piano teacher from Tennessee, Dovie Beams poses for a Universal Pictures portfolio photo.

II. The Plot Thickens

It was now September 1969 and President Marcos was campaigning for reelection. Running under the Nacionalista Party ticket, he wanted to make history as the first Filipino president to ever be reelected in office.

Thus because of his political activities he did not have as much time to see Dovie as before, and she too had to run here and there for the finishing touches of "Ang Mga Maharlika" and its local showing and foreign release.

She got word from producer Paul Mason to be in Los Angeles on September 8 for the dubbing of the film. Much as she hated to leave, she was also glad because when he was campaigning at night she was locked up and lonely in the house. It was agreed she would come back immediately after the November presidential election.

But before she left for the United States, strange things were beginning to happen between Marcos and Dovie. In their recent love-makings, he had tape-recorded some songs for her to keep her company when he was away.

Since they hardly saw each other now, Dovie would play them and feel as though he was there, his rich baritone voice happily singing away. The songs he had recorded were his favorite Ilocano folk songs "Pamulinawen" and his favorite Spanish song "Come Closer To Me".

They had just made love and remained naked on bed when Marcos recorded the songs. He was holding a microphone on one hand and cuddling Dovie in another while he sang them, after which he made the translations in English for her benefit. It was so romantic and also funny because he was drunk with love and she could not help laughing.

It was in the backdrop of this that Marcos came to the house and did his usual things before Dovie was to leave for Beverly Hills in California for the film dubbing. He had a polaroid camera with him. After he made love to Dovie he started taking pictures of her in the nude.

Marcos explained that the photos that the news photographers had made were not as good as they ought to be.

"I'm your director and I can make better pictures of you than those," he said.

At that time Dovie was lying there on the bed on her back trying to relax after their love-making with her legs spread apart, when Marcos just started shooting with the camera.

"Oh, no!" she said, but it was too late. He had already snapped the picture. She started fighting him over the camera.

So Marcos explained that since Dovie was leaving for a longer period of time he needed her intimate pictures to keep him company while she was away. He even reminded her that since she had in her possession a tape of his songs, he should also have something of hers to remind him of her while she was away. Somehow that made sense to Dovie.

Now with her consent Marcos had a grand time taking her pictures. She had a habit of lifting her hips straight up in the air because she found that relaxing, so in this position he also got a picture of her.

Like a professional photographer, Marcos even coaxed Dovie how to do different poses and then he happily took the pictures. It was silly and crazy, but Dovie did not think it would

do any harm to grant his wish and make him happy this way.

Even when she went to the bathroom Marcos followed her and took shots of her — inside the shower leaning over, and other unguarded poses.

"What did you do that for?" she asked.

"For my souvenir."

Later Dovie said: "Now I'm going to make one of you."

"Oh, no, no, no, don't make one of me. I want to make these of you," Marcos said, refusing to give her the camera.

Now Marcos made another weird request. "I want some of your pubic hairs," he said.

"Not a chance, unless I get some of yours too," Dovie replied.

Marcos got his scissors and cut some from Dovie, then gave it to her and so she also cut some from him. Fair exchange.

But as Dovie reflected on the silly and crazy things Marcos was doing, for the first time she became suspicious about those pictures even though he had just assured her that they were only for his own personal and secret memento of her.

Thus, this incident was part of the reason why she also made tape recordings of their subsequent love-makings, complete with moans, groans, screams and bed creakings.

When Dovie arrived in Beverly Hills on September 8, 1969, she found out to her dismay that Mason had not even scheduled a dubbing of the film "Ang Mga Maharlika" after she had flown all the way from the Philippines. The producer reset it three weeks later.

To keep her company she brought her mother and daughter Dena to her home, and later had them accompany her to the studio for the dubbing. Mason was very upset when he saw them and scolded Dovie for bringing them along.

During the dubbing, writer Brad Rodnick whom Mason had hired, told him what was wrong with the film, which were the same observations Dovie had made earlier in the Philippines. Then and there he accused her of trying to sway the writer to her side. She told Mason she had not even talked to the writer.

Dovie communicated with Marcos what had happened and

also added her other complaints against Mason. She suggested that he be taken off the picture. So they fired him.

But from then on the picture got into a real mess. Unknown to Dovie, they took it back to the Philippines. Ilusorio brought it to a Filipino film-maker who in turn made the biggest botched job out of it. He had no phase and sound effects.

Aside from the film, Dovie's contract was also in a mess. Her contract provided that she would have equal star billing with Paul Burke above the title. But what they had done was put Farley Granger's and Burke's name above hers and put her name in smaller letters.

It was the same thing on the billboard placed in the Manila Grand Opera House. In Dovie's mind, it was a clear breach of her contract. That made her feel very bad.

Also, but not as important as the others because of her relationship with Marcos, was the fact that she had not really been paid. She had advanced the 25% income tax to the Bureau of Internal Revenue in Manila without receiving her pay yet and to worsen matters, without receiving the tax payment receipt.

Dovie did not know to what extent her case had been messed up until she returned to the Philippines. So in the meantime while she was in Beverly Hills she made a preliminary distribution deal with the MGM.

It was about this time that Dovie received another letter from President Marcos dated November 15, 1969 which said:

My Love,

Darling, I know not how I can best greet you. I feel that I have missed you so that no amount of love and carresses can replace the love and kisses I have missed with your departure. I hope that you have not changed. I keep on loving you and loving you always, till the end of time. I wish I could be with you soon.

Sometimes I curse myself for not being able to follow the dictates of my heart in view of the so many things to attend to when I know that deep inside me, I cry and crave for you. I do not know when this kind of life will end. As I enjoy it, I also miss you and miss you so terribly.

Keep on writing me, Precious Baby, and I will be happy. Write to me long letters as you have always done. I enjoy them. I find a new kind of strength when I read them. I am reassured of my love and myself. I wish I were with you always.

Now, I have to reveal to you something which I would hate to do because this will only prolong our unhappiness. But I have to tell you because it is something that affects us both. You know I am preparing to leave the country but cannot tell you now where and when it will be.

I am sure you understand the requirements so let me keep the name of the country myself. This visit is very necessary at this time of the year and I had to delay my plans until I hear from you. So I sent you a cable and since I have to reply immediately and prepare, I could not wait for your answer anymore. I accepted the invitation and planned for the visit. It will not be long but it is just that the exact dates have not been settled.

I will write you more about it next time. What worries me is that I have to be isolated from you again. I hate to do this but it is important that I go on a trip. I think that I also need it, for relaxation. Wherever I go or whatever I do I always have you in mind and I love you so much I cannot do anything without thinking of you. I am so deeply in love with you and wish you feel the same for me.

Let me close now and write to you again. I wish you were here with me to do all the planning but everything has been set. I love you and wish to hold you, kiss you all over.

Lovingly yours,
Fred

Dovie Beams returned to Manila in the later part of November 1969 as was their agreement before she left for Beverly Hills. President Marcos had just been reelected to office.

Upon her return Dovie tried to clear up the mess and see what could be done to save the picture. She could not understand, for instance, why the film was already being advertised when it was not even really finished yet.

She could not believe it when she saw the trailer of the pic-

ture. It was a raid scene. They threw her down the ramp and she was kicking. Paul Burke arrived and shot the Japanese. Dovie got up and ran to the house. The wind blew her dress over her head.

Then they dubbed her voice with a Filipino voice and changed the script. She was supposed to say: "I see myself in a home overlooking Manila Bay and a husband who loves me" but they changed that to "You've made a woman out of me," which Dovie thought was a change of character.

Dovie was furious and demanded that the trailer stop running at the Manila Grand Opera House and not be shown further. Then she found out that the film in rough-cut form was already being shown at the Johnson Theater in Guam with standing room only for which they were charging \$2.50.

That really made her mad because she had already made a preliminary deal with MGM to distribute the film.

At that point Ilusorio and Bote flew to Los Angeles and then asked Dovie to follow them there so that they could finish the picture.

"No way," Dovie said. "I'm not getting on a plane because I don't believe you."

Ilusorio then told Dovie that the money they still owed her was now in the bank in the U.S. for her to come and get it.

"You contact my attorney so he can verify that," she said, but they never got around to it.

It was now January 1970 after Marcos' second inauguration as the first Philippine President to be reelected. Thousands came to demonstrate against him in protest to his reelection which they charged was rigged up made possible because he had used his 3 G's — guns, goons and gold.

Dovie remembered that when she had left Marcos in September he was a happy man. Now she observed that he was very withdrawn. Everything he said and did displayed a hostile feeling. He was not the same person again. Was it because he knew that even though he was still President, the people had not really wanted him?

She also recalled Marcos telling her that he would surely

win in Cebu, home-province of Senator Sergio Osmena Jr., his opposition rival running under the Liberal Party banner, who had never lost in the election there because he was the undisputed political kingpin.

"I'll fix him," Dovie remembered Marcos as saying then.

And sure enough, Marcos did win in Cebu, and Osmena protested the outcome of the election and never conceded defeat.

When they were reunited, Dovie could not understand why Marcos had announced that he was giving away all his worldly possessions at the start of his second term of office.

Marcos told her he had given all of his 200 tailored suits away in an act of charity.

"Hey, wait a minute," Dovie said. You are the President of the Philippines. You can't go around looking like a ragamuffin. If you have given away all your money and you tell me now you have given away all of your clothes, then you have to spend more money to get more clothes. So does that make sense?"

Indeed, at that time President Marcos was really feeling generous. At Macalanang Palace he had envelopes containing cash money and he had military officers lined up there and he started giving them out.

The First Lady came outside and told him: "I told you not to give that money away."

Marcos bawled her out right on the spot and said: "And I told you to keep your mouth shut and stay out of my business!"

Dovie tried to fathom what was really going on with Marcos. When she had a chance she talked a great deal to Col. Fabian Ver, chief of presidential security, who had witnessed some of those strange happenings with him.

"Col. Ver," she asked frankly, "has he lost his mind?"

She also talked at great lengths to Joey, her driver assigned by Marcos to her, to try to piece together bits of information that might help her solve the puzzle.

It was also at this time that Marcos disclosed to Dovie that

he had actually instigated those student demonstrations and riots which he said would help him justify declaring martial law.

It was likewise during that time when he formed the Marcos Foundation that would take charge of the disposition of his worldly possessions. As he did this, he kept asking her: "Are you sure you really love me, just me, or you just love me for my money?"

To which Dovie replied: "When I fell in love with you I didn't even know you had any money."

Now what convinced Dovie that something was definitely wrong was that day Marcos moved out his things from their Northwestern house in Greenhills. She saw him taking down his pictures off the walls and a lot of other personal belongings, including his clothes.

"What in the world is going on here?" Dovie asked Marcos.

Her great lover replied that bigwigs of the opposition Liberal Party were watching their house and so it was now risky for them to continue living there.

It was decided that Dovie move her things out too that day without further delay. She decided to transfer to her Princeton house in Mandaluyong which had been serving as her official address.

Much as she hated to leave the Northwestern house because of the beautiful memories of happy times she spent with Marcos there, she had no choice but to move out.

Dovie also understood from Marcos that her move was just temporary and that she would subsequently go back there. So she did not bring all her things, only the more important ones.

Whether it was just those bigwigs in the opposite party who had given Marcos the scare or there were other reasons for the mystery with him, Dovie could not quite figure it out then.

Later, she found out, much to her dismay, that a certain Carmen Ortega was going to live in the Northwestern house. Ortega was Marcos' girlfriend before he married Imelda Romualdez.

To satisfy her curiosity, Dovie called her former house in Greenhills and a woman answered and she could hear children in the background. When she called again it was the same

woman who always answered the telephone.

When Dovie got the chance she asked Marcos if the Northwestern house really belonged to him. They were sitting in the living room of her Princeton residence adjoining the bedroom.

"Does that house belong to you?" she inquired.

"Yes," he replied.

They agreed that the house was too full of memories and that he would rather sell it. But Dovie did not know what to believe anymore.

It was very hard to catch Marcos in his unguarded moments. He was like an agile fox — too fast for Dovie and very unpredictable.

What was going through his mind, only he knew, Dovie thought. But she knew that this man would never have peace, even in his sleep. He slept on his back with one leg pulled up at an angle and he usually liked to have his left leg bent up.

Then Marcos would suddenly talk in his sleep and scream out. When this happened, he would get up and breathe a sigh of relief.

There were also periods when Marcos' appetite for food was terrible. On those occasions he would take nothing but vitamins and a food supplement mixed in water. He would not eat anything and had an awful lot of rash on his stomach all the time and he was always afraid.

One day Dovie was out shopping when Marcos decided suddenly to come to the house. She did not know he was coming. So when she got home she saw his black car sitting in the garage. And she thought, Oh, no, he could not be here, and when she came in, there he was.

"Why weren't you home?" Marcos asked.

"What's the matter with you?" Dovie said.

"Why weren't you home," he repeated.

"I went shopping," she replied.

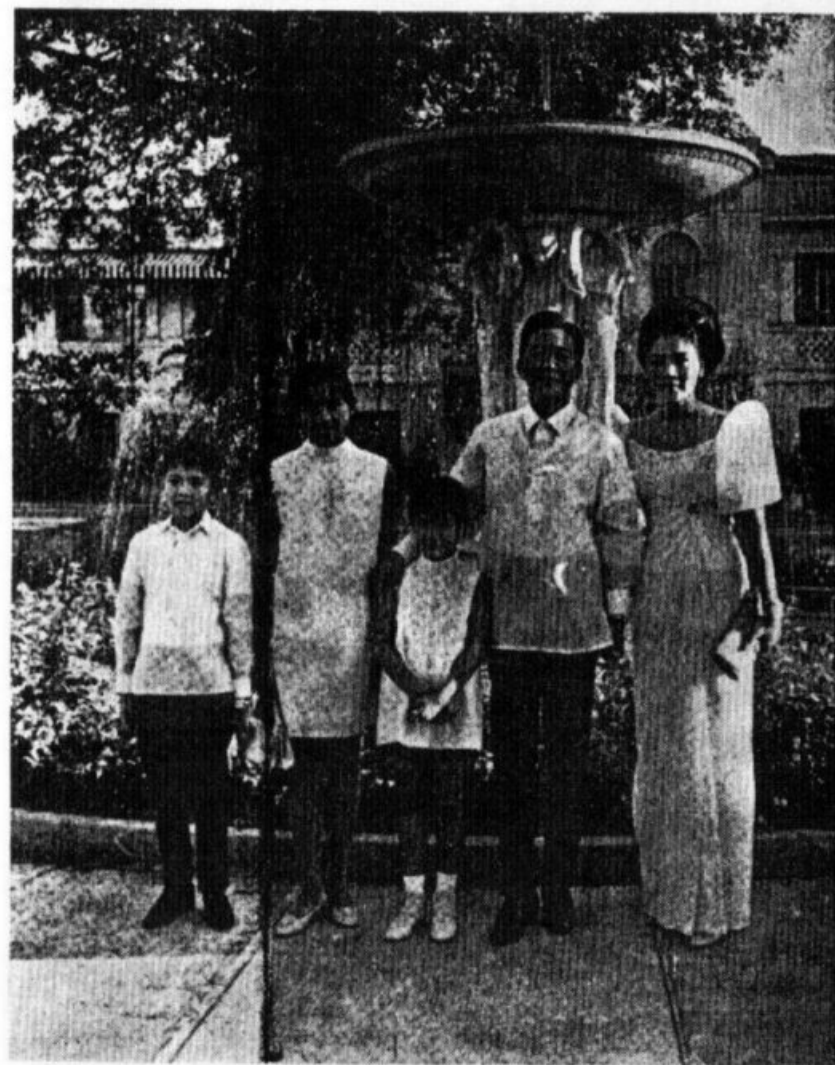
"I swam down in the pool all by myself," Marcos complained.

"Big deal," Dovie quipped. "How much time have I spent waiting for you?"

"Well, I just want you to be here when I get here." □



Ferdinand Marcos' inaugurations in 1966, 1969 and 1981.



The First Family poses for a photograph before a fountain in Malacanang Palace in Manila. From left: Ferdinand Jr. and better known as "Bong Bong", Imee, Irene and the First Couple.



The President's mother, Mrs. Josefa Edralin Marcos, reportedly did not like Imelda Romualdez for her son's wife, preferring instead Cristina Ortega.



Student rebels behind the barricades echo the nation's rejection of Ferdinand Marcos who was reelected with his use of the three G's – guns, goons and gold.



Police brutality of youth demonstrators in 1970 in front of the Congress of the Philippines is documented by this photo.



Confrontation in front of the legislative building in Manila. Riots broke out thereafter and plunged the nation into a political crisis.



Holding up an inverted Philippine flag with the red banner on top symbolizing their being "at war", militant youths "invade" Malacanang Palace in 1970. Hours later the military shot to death five demonstrators in what became known as "The Battle of Mendiola".



Manila demonstrators brand Ferdinand Marcos as the new "Hitler".



And also burn his effigy and dub him as U.S. "puppet".

12. The Falling Out

The after-effects of the love triangle among President Marcos, First Lady Imelda R. Marcos, and American actress Dovie Beams were now beginning to be felt and take their toll.

From the start, Potenciano Ilusorio was afraid for his life in the event that Mrs. Marcos found out about the affair, which he knew would inevitably be revealed. He had mortal fear of this powerful woman, the most powerful figure in the country second only to the President. Known for her terrible temper and vindictiveness, she could do things and get them done very quickly.

So much so that aides at Malacanang Palace who at times were caught in the crossfire of the battle of the giants, more often than not, were more scared of her than of Marcos.

Thus Ilusorio was afraid that if the First Lady found out that it was he who had brought Dovie to the Philippines to become mistress to her philandering husband, she would have him shot.

Already, the business crony of Marcos had admitted to

Dovie that he was partly responsible for messing her up in the projected movie "Ang Mga Maharlika" whereby she did not get an equal star billing with Paul Burke and her role was downplayed to make her appear awful.

Dovie now surmised that Ilusorio's motive in doing that was to appease Mrs. Marcos and get back to her good graces, assuming that she already knew what was going on between her husband and Dovie.

She further suspected that he was in cahoots with Paul Mason whom they had already taken off the picture as part of the groundwork to cushion the impact of Mrs. Marcos' anticipated counter-move. For like Marcos, Ilusorio was also a good poker player.

The way events were turning out, the film "Ang Mga Maharlika", which was first envisioned as a monument to President Marcos' war heroism, had now become trouble for everybody.

The double-dealing Ilusorio had underestimated President Marcos' love for Dovie. He had thought it was going to be just another of those hit-and-run affairs. When he realized it was not, then Ilusorio maneuvered her to leave but Marcos himself blocked the move. Next he messed up the movie.

Marcos himself was not satisfied with Ilusorio as his business crony. One time he told Dovie that Ilusorio was nothing but a "drunken bum."

Before Marcos got elected as President, Dovie was told that Ilusorio did not even have money to rent an office. Then a friend took pity on him, furnished him an office rent free. After Marcos came into office Ilusorio became a rich man.

After Ilusorio had misused the money for the film and invested it in stocks whose price later went down, Marcos told Dovie he hated him for doing that. But when she asked him why he did not get rid of him, Marcos replied that it would still be hard to replace him because he ran errands for him and that they had smuggled together during the war.

Before their affair turned sour, Dovie never had it so good during that part of her life. Even now, as she recalled it, despite all the bad things happening at the time, she could still be

thankful for all the good that had happened to her and the cherished moments of love.

In fact, looking back now, Dovie did wield some power without even realizing it. Behind the scenes, she was actually responsible for some reforms in government. One instance to prove this fact was an incident that happened upon her return to Manila from one of her trips to Hongkong.

When Dovie passed through customs at the airport, they tried to tax her P2,000 for clothes she had previously brought into the Philippines from the United States. In addition to that, a customs policeman had stolen her makeup kit worth \$500.

She got mad and reported it to President Marcos. After that he set up a Tourists Court and mandated that complaints by tourists must be tried and resolved within 24 hours.

Another improvement and benefit for the Filipino people that Dovie was instrumental to was the birth control pills. In the beginning they were banned because of their alleged harmful effects and the opposition of the Church.

But Dovie told Marcos: "Look at me. I've been taking birth control pills for years and you don't see anything wrong with me, do you?"

Thus after that they brought birth control pills into the Philippines, and now the people were free to make their own decision regarding having or not having babies.

Dovie also helped the tourism industry, if not helped improve the relationship between the Philippines and the United States.

In conjunction with the documentary films that were being shot about the Philippines, Marcos had asked Dovie to virtually chair his pet project called Studio Manila.

Although the main purpose of Marcos was to keep Dovie in the Philippines by giving her some responsibility, she actually helped boost the tourism industry.

Also, if it were not for Dovie, the film "Ang Mga Maharlika" would have cost much, much more because everybody who had some say in it, especially Ilusorio and Mason, wanted bigger "slices of the cake."

Even Marcos' business cronies benefited much from Dovie's presence. Ilusorio at a meeting about the film, kept proposing to Marcos to get into a copper mine deal, because there was money to make in it.

"Boss, what about it?" Ilusorio asked Marcos.

At that time Dovie could not understand what it was really all about as she was not into that sort of business, although Ilusorio had kept talking to her about it, as if she really cared.

She sensed that he was trying to influence President Marcos to get into the copper mine deal.

So Ilusorio told Marcos: "Oh boss, you know, she would not have been here if it were not for us."

Marcos looked at Dovie and just grinned and smiled and said: "How about it?"

Now Ilusorio suggested: "How about letting her decide?"

So Marcos looked again at Dovie and smiled and she smiled back. Then the President told her: "What do you think? Should we have the copper mine or should we not?"

Dovie just threw up her left hand in the air and flicked her wrist and said: "I don't see why not."

Of course, Dovie did not know what she was doing. She really was not even interested.

Thus was born the Benguet-Bahamas deal, which later turned out to be a controversial issue against the Marcos administration in the area of graft and corruption.

But what Dovie thought now must have been a personal blow to Marcos was when he had failed to impregnate her at Malacanang Palace because he wanted very much to have a baby from her.

This happened on December 12, 1969 shortly after Dovie had returned from Beverly Hills for the film dubbing and Marcos was already reelected President.

Ever since that time, they had arguments about this matter. She had explained to him that she did not want to have a baby without a father.

Marcos that night brought Dovie to Pangarap House, an annex of Malacanang Palace across the Pasig River, and then and

116 Marcos' Lovey Dovie

there tried to impregnate her. At that moment Mrs. Marcos was resting at the presidential bedroom.

After they made love the President asked Dovie if she wanted to cross the river and go with him to the main palace building for a while.

"No way!" she said, knowing that the First Lady was there.

Marcos pointed to his boat. "Don't worry, we will keep it running."

"No way!" Dovie repeated.

Marcos must have figured out that if he had succeeded in impregnating Dovie at Malacanang Palace, of all places, she would be committed to him for life. But he failed.

Now things were not the same anymore between them. Marcos changed a lot, for worse. Whereas before, when Dovie wanted or needed anything it would be given or done right away — now, nothing happened anymore.

The fallout started, and as subsequent events would show, it was a bad omen. □

13. Imelda Steps In

As the cronies of President Marcos had feared all along, First Lady Imelda R. Marcos, 41, had not actually been unaware of what was going on between her philandering husband and Dovie Beams. In fact, not only did she now know but also that she was doing something to protect herself and teach this American mistress a lesson.

She had been sexually estranged from Marcos for years now because of his flair for slim and younger women. As Imelda was losing her slim, trim figure, Marcos was staying farther away from her. But although they had not gotten along sexually, they forged a conjugal partnership for the satisfaction of their mutual interests — business, political or governmental.

Imelda knew that Marcos had other women in his life, before and after they got married. Before they wedded, his girlfriend was Carmen Ortega, an Ilocano mestiza, with whom he had four children. Carmen was the choice of his mother Josefa Edralin to be his wife.

But Imelda was faster. When then Congressman Marcos in 1954 pursued her to Baguio after they had met at the Congress cafeteria, an 11-day whirlwind courtship climaxed with their marriage there. The nation thought it was Marcos who pursued her. That was how astute she was.

After they got married, Marcos continued his favorite pastime of going after beautiful women, and it did not matter whether they were single, married, divorced, Filipino or foreigner. His appetite for sex knew no bounds. Besides, what was he in power for?

As for Imelda Marcos, she really had it coming to her. What she saw was what she got. Besides, she herself reportedly had skeletons in her closets. It was even bruited about that she and the late Manila Mayor Arsenio H. Lacson had a romantic fling, but this remained unconfirmed.

It was through the city executive that Imelda during his time became "Miss Manila". Reports said that there was some "fair exchange" to get her the beauty title. That is why Marcos and Lacson hated each other because they had one thing in common: Imelda Romualdez.

Imelda's background reveals much to provide enlightenment to what she is now. A beautiful country lass from Leyte, she went to Manila and served as a girl Friday in the house of her relative, Speaker Daniel Romualdez. She was also a salesgirl at a piano store in Escolta, Manila. Later she worked as a clerk at Central Bank.

She was poor. Her father Vicente O. Romualdez got bankrupt and her mother Remedios Trinidad died of a broken heart. Imelda used to live in a garage with her mother and brother Benjamin Romualdez, now Philippine ambassador to the United States.

Imelda hated her past. Like Scarlet O'Hara in the American motion picture epic "Gone With The Wind", she also vowed not to be hungry again. Thanks to Marcos who had married her, she lived up to that vow.

In fact, she became one of the 10 wealthiest women in the world, although before she met Marcos and subsequently

became the First Lady, she had nothing. Indeed, hers was a true from rags to riches story.

Thus Dovie Beams did not know what was coming to her when she got involved with President Marcos. The American actress began to feel the power of the First Lady when she suddenly realized that nothing good was happening to her anymore.

It was like a sinking ship — everybody was abandoning her to save his own neck.

The film "Ang Mga Maharlika" inevitably fell into Imelda's hands, and from thereon the situation took a turn for the worse. With the help of Mason and Ilusorio, they virtually emasculated it.

Because money had already been spent for it, the First Lady decided to salvage the film — use those parts that were good and favorable, and delete those that would glorify Dovie and put Imelda to shame.

Her Blue Ladies had done a good job of spying for the First Lady. As it turned out, they provided her with information of what was going on. Then Ilusorio chickened out and cooperated with her in messing up Dovie in the film to get back into her good graces, or at least avoid her woman's wrath.

Thus while Imelda's aides spied on President Marcos' camp, his own security people were also spying on them. It was a cat and mouse or a tit for tat affair.

The First Lady banned the showing of the movie at the Manila Grand Opera House because she did not want to glorify Dovie as an established Hollywood actress and insult herself.

But after they emasculated the film, it was shown at the Johnson Theatre in Guam, and Mrs. Marcos and her people were taking the credit for the job, although it was Dovie who had really worked hard for the movie project.

Now that the First Lady had stepped into the picture, the situation was already out of President Marcos' control. He knew it, she knew it, and everybody knew it — except perhaps for Dovie who did not know Imelda that well.

So Dovie kept on trying to protect her rights by virtue of

the contract. They had not fully paid her, they had messed her up in the film, now they were even grabbing the credit away from her. What was she supposed to do under the circumstances?

The financier of the film was ironically none other than her great lover, no less than Marcos, the president of the Philippines. What could he possibly do for her now? If not, how could she protect her rights and interests? She could not sue him.

Because Dovie really felt aggrieved by the breach of contract, she decided to sue for what ever money was due her on the basis of the contract alone. She felt she had been wronged and her name damaged.

Compounding her problem, President Marcos had other problems of his own. Big demonstrations against the government had been taking place and there seemed to be no letup. The opposition and the press were hot on his track, and the First Lady was also closely watching his every move.

It was now October 1970, and Marcos and Dovie had been isolated from each other. He had stopped seeing her, she had moved out of their Princeton house in Mandaluyong and checked into the Manila Hilton, with her future in the Philippines now a big question mark.

By this time, President Marcos had already been embarrassed by reports and articles published by the news media insinuating about his affair with Dovie. Even the hard-hitting **Philippines Free Press** put out a cover story on her as a "lovely argument" for a special relationship between the Philippines and the United States.

The press was also hounding Dovie for confirmation of her love interludes with the President, but she hid from them. She was still trying to protect him in the slim hope that he would also protect her.

But while Dovie kept silent about her affair with President Marcos, the First Lady was now moving in for the kill. She ordered Immigration Commissioner Edmundo Reyes to deport

her for causing a scandal.

Thus armed with a deportation order, Commissioner Reyes sought out Dovie at the Manila Hilton. He tried to give her a paper to sign. But she brushed him aside.

"Hey, nothing doing!" Dovie said.

The commissioner insisted.

"I won't be insulted this way. I'd leave tonight if I liked to on my own free will but I won't be deported because I've not committed a crime here and I'm not an undesirable alien," she continued.

The attempt to deport Dovie backfired because the next day her case hit the newspaper front-page headlines. One paper said: "Pretty Dovie breaking up a jealous fight" and another said that a top official's wife (Mrs. Marcos) was behind the move.

Now news reporters and photographers were really hot on Dovie's heels. But each time she refused to admit that President Marcos was her lover. She even played dumb just to take them off the track but they were like the paparazzi.

Apparently afraid that Dovie might eventually talk to the press, later the cronies of President Marcos — Potenciano Ilusorio, Honorio Poblador and Diosdado Bote took Dovie from her Manila Hilton suite to Suite 300 of the Savoy Hotel at the pretext of talking to her about her contract.

But once there, instead of settling the terms of her contract on the film, the three presidential cronies started threatening and intimidating her. Previous to that she had already told them that she had made tape recordings to protect her interests, and they said that they were afraid of tape recordings.

It was like a police interrogation or third degree. The group of Ilusorio, Poblador and Bote had her arms twisted and directed a lamp light on her as they illegally detained her.

They told her that Mrs. Marcos would cut her throat for causing trouble in the Philippines.

"I really think she is smarter than that." Dovie said. "She has no reason to rock the boat with me. Listen, doesn't she know what I have done for her? I have walked away from the

situation. I haven't opened my mouth. I can't see that she's got anything against me."

"Oh, well, you know torture — all that sort of stuff," the group threatened, including throwing acid at her face.

"That doesn't scare me either," Dovie said defiantly.

Then the group of Ilusorio, Poblador and Bote warned her that she could be taken off unconscious to a boat for Hongkong and nobody would even know it.

Dovie kept quiet, now really nervous.

"Even if you are back in Beverly Hills, it won't make any difference because we have men out there and it will look like an accident, and no one will ever know the difference," the group further threatened.

Mustering back enough courage, Dovie shot back: "I tell you something. I'm not afraid of you guys. Look, I have evidence in a sealed envelope in the hands of my attorney. If anything happens to me, if I were you guys I wouldn't want to find out who else it is going to be."

Dovie must have sounded convincing because the group of Ilusorio, Poblador and Bote quizzically looked at one another, hesitated, and then released Dovie from their custody after advising her to better forget the whole thing and stop causing trouble in the Philippines.

That night Dovie, fresh from the ordeal at Savoy Hotel, was sick in her stomach. Her ulcer was again bothering her because of the stress and tension. When she returned to her Manila Hilton suite she immediately called up her secretary Vicky who had remained loyal to her.

Suspecting that she was under surveillance by both Imelda's and Marcos' goons, and afraid for her life, she requested Vicky to send S-O-S telegrams to William Randolph Hearst Jr., editor-in-chief of the Hearst chain of newspapers in the U.S., at his Washington, D.C. office, her mother and to several other people, if she were not in her hotel at midnight.

Dovie also asked Vicky to call her every 30 minutes to monitor her presence at the hotel.

The urgent code message that Dovie made up was "Happy

Birthday on your special day," which meant that she was in trouble. □

Portrait of young Imelda Romualdez



As Miss Manila (left), on her wedding (center), and as Rose of Tacloban (right).



With her mother (left), her parents (center), and on her confirmation (right).



Unlike other wives, Imelda Marcos was not the last to know of her husband's philandering.

14. The Breakup

October-November 1970 was the most critical point in Dovie Beam's misadventure in the Philippines. At that time, what had started as a beautiful love affair was now really coming to a bitter end.

Caught in the web of their love triangle that was becoming to be the talk of the town, President Marcos, the First Lady and Dovie were now headed for a showdown. The moment of truth had come.

The Chief Executive was already having big trouble with the demonstrators, the political opposition, and the critical press and could not therefore afford to keep Dovie as an additional, if not the worst, problem he could possibly have.

Therefore he actually had no choice. The lid of his illicit relations with Dovie had been opened and publicly exposed and she has now become a dangerous liability.

Besides, in his mind, she was becoming more aggressive and inquisitive lately and quite difficult to handle. He was also worried about the tape recordings that Ilusorio and Bote had

reported to him. But, on the other hand, she could be bluffing.

Thus it appeared that President Marcos decided to cover up the truth of his affair with Dovie at all costs because of the political heat. The situation had already come to a dead-end. It was either his own neck or her neck.

The press and the political opposition had been on President Marcos' back lately because of his now widely-rumored love affair with Dovie, and he felt greatly embarrassed. He had already untangled himself from such a relationship by abandoning her because the situation was already too hot.

On the part of the First Lady Imelda Marcos, she vowed to herself that she would not stop until Dovie was deported from the Philippines as an undesirable alien for causing so much embarrassment to her and her family.

As for Dovie, until that time she still clung to the hope that Marcos, even if their love affair was for all intents and purposes finished, would at least protect her from government harassment if only for old time's sake. After all, they had such wonderful times together.

Being a sentimental fool that she was, Dovie in fact had exhausted efforts to know what the real score was despite the bad signs of their strained relationship. She had tried to see him, if only to talk to him for the last time before she would leave, but to no avail. He was always busy. Or scared.

Dovie was already resigned to the fact that the situation had turned from bad to worst. She had caught him lying to her about his other women. He once told her "I'd never lie to you." But he did — and repeatedly at that.

In her mind, Mr. Marcos had become some kind of a Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde. One time, during one of their heated arguments in the presence of Ilusorio and Bote, Dovie had called him "a goddam liar!"

As the sweetness of their affair turned sour, their quarrels became more frequent. They yelled at each other the way cats and dogs growled at each other.

But Dovie thought that if she were to finally leave the Philippines, she wanted to do so without bitterness and conti-

nue being in good terms with Marcos.

In a last effort to stop the situation from getting out of hand, Dovie talked to Col. Fabian Ver, the presidential security chief, who picked her up and brought her to Malacanang Palace where she stayed until 5:30 in the morning.

She talked to Col. Ver all night long and unburdened herself because he was a close aide of President Marcos and it was he who had arranged some things with them before.

Dovie told the colonel that she now knew about Carmen Ortega and Marcos' other women, although he denied it. She felt that after this, she could not believe him anymore.

While she was airing her grievances to Col. Ver, she suspected that Marcos was having their conversation monitored but she did not give a damn. She continued telling Col. Ver what she thought of his boss.

"He's a murderer," Dovie even went to the extent of accusing her great lover, as she thought of the things he had told her about he being the one behind those violent demonstrations and riots.

"But Ma'am, you loved him," Col. Ver reminded her.

"Well, I know," Dovie replied.

"But Ma'am, you have always known how to handle him," the presidential security chief said.

"Yes, I know," Dovie answered, although unsure of that.

"Ma'am, you called him a *goddam liar*, and you know, no one talks to him like that, not even his Cabinet," Col. Ver told Dovie.

"But he is not God and I have lost all respect for him — I have nothing else to see him about," Dovie finally said with a heavy heart.

At the Manila Hilton where Dovie had holed herself up, using her own money, she got terribly sick after the mental and physical torture she received from Ilusorio, Poblador and Bote at Savoy Hotel.

If it were not for her bad condition, she would have left the Philippines earlier, not because of the deportation proceed-

ings against her, but because she was already fed up with the whole situation.

Dovie was having so much pain and could not even hold up her head. People at the hotel gave her a shot to ease up the pain. She could not eat and sleep. So they suggested that she go to a hospital but she refused. She wanted to just sleep it off.

Because Dovie was really in bad shape, the hotel personnel were concerned for her. In the meantime, the foreign press had also picked up the news of the government attempt to deport her. Her case was news in Washington, D.C.

Later she received a telegram from William Randolph Hearst Jr., who knew Dovie, advising her to contact the American ambassador to the Philippines, Henry Byroade, at the U.S. Embassy in Manila, for assistance.

It was at this point that the U.S. government, through the American Embassy, officially put Dovie under its protection. Embassy personnel took her away from the Manila Hilton without any luggage and she checked out without any forwarding address.

The U.S. Embassy immediately put her under the care of a doctor and suggested that she check into a hospital, but she refused thinking that she would be okay the next morning.

But by the time the embassy people took her under their care, she was throwing up profusely. Then Dovie started hemorrhaging. Only then did she finally consent to be taken to the nearby Manila Medical Center where she checked in incognito.

After Dovie checked out of the Manila Hilton the press was thrown off her track. Now all sorts of speculations were in the air. Was she kidnapped? Did she flee for life? Was she killed? Or was she brought to Clark Air Base for protection?

Again, the news media printed follow-up stories on her mysterious disappearance. The media attention that Dovie got sure made Mrs. Imelda Marcos jealous. Not to be outdone, Mrs. Marcos started making her own bitter side remarks and getting some attention.

The press finally tracked her down at the hospital. Reporter Amelita Reysio-Cruz of the **Manila Daily Bulletin** was the

first to find her. All along the local news media were actually sympathetic to Dovie and critical of the Marcoses.

But while recuperating at the Manila Medical Center, Immigration Commissioner Reyes again sought out Dovie and tried to serve her with a deportation order right in her sickbed. When she refused to sign, he grabbed her hand and forced her to sign the paper, but she held off.

When Dovie was well enough to talk, although still recuperating at the hospital, she received a \$100,000 bribe offer in exchange for her tape recordings and sealed evidence. The U.S. Embassy, which relayed the offer, made her understand that it came from Mrs. Imelda Marcos.

But the American actress brushed the bribe offer aside, emphasizing that she did not want to take a payoff because it was against her conscience. All she wanted was to settle her contract and get what was due her — fair and square.

"Think about it — it's tax free," she was encouraged.

At this point, Dovie wondered if the U.S. Embassy in Manila was for her or against her. At first it seemed to be with her and now suddenly it seemed to be against her. She found this really weird.

When Dovie was strong enough to check out of the hospital, she was brought to the U.S. Embassy for a conference with Ambassador Henry Byroade and Consul Lawrence Harris, during which the \$100,000 bribe offer was again brought up.

It appeared that the price kept going up as the pressure became greater, but Dovie refused the bribe offer again.

Finally Dovie was warned that if she did not accept the payoff the Philippine First Lady might not let her out of the country alive, that she might have her killed.

That really made Dovie mad. So she said: "Now look, I've not done anything to hurt her. I'm not being malicious. I'm not hurting her. I'm not even opening my mouth. She created this monster."

The U.S. Embassy was apparently cooperating with Philippine authorities in preventing the scandal from getting out of control because of its political and diplomatic repercussions.

But Dovie, consistently resisting the pressures, told Ambassador Byroade: "I want nothing. But I'm not going to leave this country if I don't have my passport because I don't deserve to be deported."

"I believe your story completely. Now the only worry is how to put it together," Consul Harris told her.

"Well, I've got to give a pre-departure statement to the Press. There is no way I can avoid it, and I'm going to do it with dignity," Dovie said.

In her mind, she felt deeply hurt by President Marcos' cruel face-saving tactics and machinations. As a result, she had suffered mentally, emotionally and physically from all the aggravations.

Her love affair with him, which had started out beautiful and sweet, was now so ugly and dirty. She felt like a lamb being thrown to the wolves. She felt so alone and scared. Ironically, the U.S. Embassy was acting palsy walsy.

Dovie felt she almost got herself killed by being silent. So she decided that her best defense was the truth — at least, to save herself and her future.

"We think you've no choice," the American consul agreed.

So Dovie called a press conference and alerted the news media that she got tapes to prove that President Marcos and she had really a love affair.

It was now November 1970. She was booked at the Bay View Hotel along Roxas Boulevard facing the U.S. Embassy. Standing by to protect her was no less than American Consul Lawrence Harris.

Reporters and photographers swamped at her like bees during the press conference and barraged her with questions. She really gave it to President Marcos. She minced no words in confirming that they had indeed been lovers.

To prove that, she played for them a portion of her X-rated sex tapes with President Marcos in which they were heard making love and he was also singing his favorite songs, the Ilocano folk songs "Pamulinawen" and the Spanish love song "Acercate Mas".

There was no question in the minds of those present that the voices were those of Marcos and Dovie. A Manila news report described the press conference:

"A hush settles over the room as the recorder is placed on the table, the group seat themselves around the machine in a semi-circle . . . Slowly a "baritone voice begins, half-exhausted, half languorous, singing Pamulinawen in a slight off-key.

" . . . the voice drags as if the singer is about to fall into a slumber. But the accent is unmistakable: only an Ilocano could properly enunciate the "en" sound that way, as in 'wen Manong.'

"The spirit perks up in the second part of the song, but obviously the flesh remains weak. The voice still drags. But the suggestion is clear throughout; if certain intonations could evoke the position of the speaker, we here get the image of a man naked in bed.

"He starts a recitative, beginning with, 'I see you in the moon, I see you in the stars, I see you in the breeze (sic), now I do not see you anymore.'

" 'He's obviously happy,' says one of the listeners.

"The voice starts to sing again. Acercate Mas, then a pause.

"The next after the pause is a female voice asking: 'What was that song you were singing?'

" 'It's a Spanish song.'

"The next sounds are a series of sighs, giggles, accompanied by the creaking of metal, then a scream from the woman. And finally, the sound of heaving breathing."

Unknown to Dovie at the time, two reporters had sneaked into her bedroom and copied her tapes until she discovered them.

"What're you doing? Hey, that's my tape!" She was furious.

After Dovie Beams had answered questions from the Manila press and played portions of the X-rated sex tapes, Consul Harris whisked her off to the Manila International Airport. It was November 11, 1970.

The airport was swarming with Marcos aides, the First

Lady's spies, immigration officers, U.S. Embassy people, CIA agents, unidentified goons — all anxious to see her leave the country.

She was virtually given a royal carpet treatment. A lei was placed on her neck. Philippine associate immigration commissioner, Victor Nituda, was there to personally see her off.

He told Dovie that she was not being deported. They made a big thing out of it.

"Miss Beams, I understand you are going away on some business and that you are coming back in one month?"

"Miss Beams, are you producing another film?"

"Miss Beams, I hope everything is okay?"

Dovie, looking pale and thin because of her recent illness, told newspapermen in an interview that she had been told by immigration authorities that she could come back to the Philippines anytime she want to.

"That makes me very happy," the American actress beamed. "I love this country very much."

As Dovie walked through customs and immigration with head high and as a big news celebrity, she also passed by and shook hands with Press Secretary Francisco Tatad who had just gotten married.

"Congratulations, Kit, on your recent marriage!" she greeted the Cabinet member.

Members of the press who covered her departure and who were impressed by her courage to tell the truth, also bade her goodbye and wished her luck.

At 4:15 p.m. the controversial actress boarded a Philippine Airlines jetliner, Flight No. RP396 bound for Hongkong. Consul Harris escorted her up to the plane and sat there with her until all the passengers were aboard and they were ready to shut off the doors.

As Dovie Beams left for the British Crown Colony on the way to the United States, the nation reeled from the impact of her dramatic X-rated sex tapes disclosure of a love affair with President Marcos.

For in her wake, a gathering political storm was brewing over the sexplosive love triangle that shook the Philippines, in-

134 Marcos' Lovey Dovie

cluding a Senate investigation of the Dovie Beams affairs sparked by opposition sleuths led by Senator Benigno Aquino Jr., Marcos' arch critic. □



American Consul Lawrence Harris escorts Dovie Beams to plane at the Manila International Airport in November 1970 on her way back to the U.S. after she played an X-rated sex tape for the news media to prove her love affair with President Marcos, thus plunging the nation into its worst scandal in history.

15. Assassination Attempt

Dovie Beams' departure from the Philippines amidst news publicity and a gathering political storm did not by any means end her long nightmare there. For just when she thought that she was finally safe and out of the range of Philippine goons, on the contrary now she was marked for execution — but she did not know it at first.

When she left Manila she had actually four Filipino companions. They included her secretary Magdalena Gomez, 29, single, of Caloocan City; her maid Victorina Abalos, 39, single, of Pangasinan; former **Free Press** photographer R. Bugtong and movie cameraman Rufino Nepomuceno.

They decided to go with Dovie to the U.S. in search for better opportunities through her help.

Although they were together and she had bought the tickets she was annoyed to learn on the plane that they were not numerically seated together. The one seated beside her was a man in his mid-40's whose looks Dovie did not like. Her two male companions were in front of her while the two females

were given seats across the aisle.

There was something creepy about the man sitting beside Dovie. She sensed it right away just by his looks and she felt suspicious. Oh, oh, he's probably a spy, she thought. Then the man started talking to her shortly after the plane took off.

"We met at the Hilton with Ilusorio," he said.

"I'm sorry I never met you," Dovie replied.

"Oh yes we did," he insisted.

Dovie turned her head and looked out of the window, holding a newspaper.

When the "Fasten Your Seat Belt" sign was turned off the stranger then asked: "what do you think about this newspaper?"

She just shrugged her shoulders.

The man kept on asking questions and Dovie merely replied with a yes or no.

Finally she asked him: "What's your name?"

"Defin Fred Cueto." He said *Fred* loud.

"Fred?!" Dovie exclaimed. That was President Marcos' secret nickname with her. That was strange.

"Yeah, have you easily forgotten?" the man said.

"I beg your pardon! I've never met you!" Dovie retorted. "You'll have to excuse me. I have laryngitis — I can't speak."

Of course Cueto knew she was lying and had no intention of talking to him anymore. Whereupon Dovie called her other companion across the aisle.

"Martha, let me have my notebook. I want to make some notes for you, she asked her secretary. After it was given to her, she wrote: "There's a spy sitting beside me. Don't say anything. Tell the boys."

In the meantime, there was an old woman standing up behind who also looked suspicious. So Dovie got up and moved over to the girls and asked: "What did she just ask you?"

"She asked for our passport numbers," they said.

"And you gave it to her?" Dovie asked.

"Yes."

"You fools! Oh, come on, you've got to be crazy!" Dovie was so mad. Then she stressed: "Look, you've got to realize that's a spy sitting beside me and that's another spy behind you. So just shut your mouths up and don't say anything to anybody. You don't owe that woman behind you any favors. Who do you think she is?"

Unknown to Dovie a familiar face at the back was watching all these goings-on. He was the same unidentified man who had been looking after her at the Manila Hilton, a sympathizer. He took the same flight to see that she was okay.

Only when they arrived at the Kai Tak International Airport in Hongkong did he reveal his presence to Dovie. Her low-key friend handed one of the girls a note to give to her.

It read: "That is Cueto, the hatchet man of the administration." It confirmed her suspicion.

Dovie's friend and Cueto had an altercation at the airport but they kept their cool because they were on foreign soil.

The Hongkong press was aware of Dovie's coming but upon her arrival at the Crown Colony she refused to see any reporter. She had already said her piece in Manila and that was enough. She did not want to rock the boat any further.

For one thing, she also did not want to be asked why she came to Hongkong instead of heading straight to the United States. Because she was still feeling weak from her recent illness, she thought it would do her some good to give herself a few days rest there before taking that long flight back to Los Angeles.

Except for her bag Dovie did not bring any luggage. She had left her things at the Manila Hilton and was afraid to bring them along for fear that she might be framed up for smuggling or dope. All she had were her wallet, passport and credit cards.

She first checked in at the Peninsula Hotel where she already had a reservation. Thinking that she might have been followed, and while still figuring out what to do, her unidentified friend called.

After discussing her security problem, she decided to

transfer to an out-of-the-way hotel and check in under an assumed name. Her friend helped her get a taxi and made the necessary precautions that they were not being trailed. As usual her faithful friend was a big help.

Her four Filipino companions first booked themselves at the Ambassador Hotel where they spent the first night. But thinking that they might have been followed, Dovie moved them to another hotel. Sure enough they were followed.

They had to play hide and seek with the cooperation of a taxi driver who did all sorts of crazy road maneuvers to get the pursuers off their track, before they finally got settled in another out-of-the-way place called the "Monkel".

As the tension eased off a bit, Dovie had dinner with a friend named Maria who lived in Hongkong. She was surprised when the host told her that they (Marcos' cronies) had some money for her. Dovie told her she would not take a payoff but said that if they wanted to talk to her about her contract it would have to be done in Los Angeles.

Maria said: "Well, they will talk to you in San Francisco, London, anywhere, but Los Angeles."

"Now that makes no sense. Just why would I talk to them anywhere but Los Angeles? There's where I live," Dovie stressed.

"Well, they will pay the lawyer's way to London, whatever," Maria said.

"Do you think Greg Baxter (Dovie's attorney) will have them pay his way to London? That's ridiculous!" Dovie added.

"Well, you will never get out of Hongkong because every exit is watched," Maria told her.

If that is true, Dovie thought she probably should charter a plane or a boat. But on second thought she decided she might be safer on a commercial carrier because of the authorities and the crowd.

Meanwhile, an Atty. Villegas who worked for Honorio Poblador wanted to talk to Dovie's helpful unidentified friend. He said it would be to her interest if they could talk.

The lawyer advised Dovie to tell her friend not to go back to the Philippines because "he will be killed."

"Well, he is brave," Villegas observed.

Indeed, that was true, Dovie thought. Without him, without his daring and concern for her safety, making sure that she was physically protected, she would not be around to tell this story.

There were other different people who wanted to talk to Dovie, give her money or something, but she refused to see any of them because she was afraid for her life and was suspicious of anybody she did not know.

Thinking that the situation could get even worse than it was now, Dovie decided to leave Hongkong quickly. She gathered her four Filipino companions and rushed to the airport. Her strategy was to board the plane at the last-minute so no one could stop them.

Unfortunately, Dovie's pursuers were already there ready to pounce on her. As she walked towards the Pan American Airways plane — lo and behold, Philippine Consul General Rafael Gonzales popped out from nowhere and stood himself in her way to stop her from boarding.

He grabbed her arm, bruising it in the process, as he tried to block her departure.

"Stop it, stop it!" Dovie yelled, hoping to catch the attention of people around who were now curious as to what the screaming was all about.

It was her pursuers' last desperate effort to prevent her from escaping without their mission being accomplished.

Suddenly several people stepped in and stopped the altercation. Dovie did not know where they came from. It was too fast.

"Are you from the American Embassy?" she asked.

"No, we're not. We're the British police," came the answer. They were all in plainclothes, some type of special forces.

Dovie observed there were also Hongkong police and some Americans whom she thought might be CIA agents. Only then

did she realize that she had been under surveillance all along.

At this juncture, Consul Gonzales told the British authorities that the passports of her two female companions had been revoked.

"For what reason?" Dovie asked.

The consul general did not give any reason except to repeat that their passports had been revoked.

So the British police started interrogating Dovie to find out what was going on, and she started telling them a little about it. She did not go into great depth and naturally it sounded like a tall tale.

Hongkong authorities stopped Dovie and her companions from boarding the plane until the whole thing was cleared up. They started interrogating her from 5 p.m. to virtually all night long for a total of 15 hours. She also had to remain under protective custody for five days.

They quartered her in a room without windows and assigned 12 detectives to protect her under a rotation basis. Dovie slept in a sleeping bag with the lights on.

Meantime, her two male companions were allowed to board the plane but her secretary Martha and her maid Vicky whose passports had been cancelled were barred from leaving.

But instead of forcing them to leave Hongkong, British immigration authorities — acting on their expressed fear of political persecution if they were returned to the Philippines — extended their visas and allowed them to stay.

Dovie was so tired from the interrogation that her throat dried up and she could hardly talk. However, she did not break down because she had told the truth. The authorities tried their best to get to the bottom of her case.

Recognizing its delicate nature, no less than the chief of the British special police force was there. So was Atty. Villegas who also seemed to be suddenly around. Dovie concluded that Consul Gonzales had called for him.

A reporter from the **Hongkong Standard** sought out Dovie and warned: "Girl, your life is in danger more than you ever believed."

In fact the Hongkong press did their own investigation and knew more about Dovie's case at the Crown Colony than she did herself. This really surprised her.

They said a hired killer named Delfin Cueto was behind a plot to execute her.

Whether Dovie realized it or not, she became top news in Hongkong, just as she was in Manila even after she left it. All the newspapers published her story in the front pages as the local police were mobilized in the manhunt for Cueto.

Police officers, both uniformed and plainclothes, went to hotels and other places in the city, searched room after room, floor by floor, looking for the Marcos "hatchet" man.

Cueto, 43, married, of Makati, Rizal, Philippines, who was reputed to be a half-brother of President Marcos, had disappeared in Hongkong and apparently went into hiding after the plot was exposed.

As local law enforcement squads pursued their manhunt for Cueto, Hongkong authorities were seriously worried about Dovie's case. Much as they wanted to help her yet they could not risk her being executed in their city.

They betrayed their fear when they talked to Dovie. The authorities explained that they would continue to try to do what they could, that they doubted the liquidation plot against her could be successfully carried out, but that she had to leave.

The law officers further explained that while they did not want to be cruel, yet they could not afford to risk her being there. So they commanded Dovie to leave without further delay for her own good. With that, they put her on a plane with three bodyguards back to the United States.

As soon as Dovie left, Hongkong police captured Cueto, disarmed him, and deported him to the Philippines. □

16. X-Rated Sex Tapes

The X-rated sex tapes that Dovie Beams was talking about constituted the most crucial evidence to prove that there was indeed a love affair between President Marcos and her.

For on these tapes, the truth could be determined. They could show who was telling the truth and who was lying.

Now, *for the very first time*, transcripts of at least two such tapes which were not possible before are published here. The first tape was recorded on January 17, 1970 and the second one on January 22, 1970.

Note that Mr. Marcos had just been inaugurated as the first reelected Filipino president in the nation's history. But during his inauguration, ironically some 50,000 demonstrators denounced his poll victory as a farce and the result of a rigged up election through his use of the 3 G's — guns, goons and gold.

So much so that although by tradition former presidents were usually present during such important ceremony, former President Diosdado Macapagal boycotted it in protest against Marcos' reelection and expected criticism of his out-going admi-

ministration, which was the first time it ever happened.

Thus as Mr. Marcos took his oath of office for the second time on December 30, 1969, the tightest security ever imposed on such occasion cordoned off the crowd at a safe distance while machine guns were perched atop the Independence Grandstand, a helicopter hovered over the Luneta, and navy boats patrolled the Manila Bay.

Apparently feeling somewhat guilty about it, at the start of his second term President Marcos stunned the nation when he announced his decision to give up his wealth and fulfill a pledge to lead his people in self-abnegation.

In his dramatic move, the richest man in Asia declared:

"Moved by the strongest desire and the purest will to set the example of self-denial and self-sacrifice for all our people, I have today decided to give away all my wordly possessions so that they may serve the greater needs of the greater number of our people through a foundation to be organized and to be known as the Ferdinand E. Marcos Foundation."

But the people were not appeased. Another big demonstration was planned for January 26, 1970 in front of Congress when President Marcos was scheduled to deliver his annual State-of-the Nation address before a joint session of the legislature.

It was in this hostile atmosphere and when Mr. Marcos was starting to act strange that the two X-rated sex tapes were made on January 17 and 22.

Now for the January 17 tape first:

D — Darling, I want to ask you a question. Oh, you've got your jacket (laughter). God, I like that. Gee, I like that.

M — I want you to wear it.

D — (Laughter) Well, I've got to have a place to live, and I've already told them they could have this house.

M — Who?

D — Well, because I was told to do that. Let me see, how does it look?

M — Umm, beautiful.

D — (Laughter) Let me see (laughter). Ya, I like it. I knew

it would when I saw it. (laughter). Hey, that's a good looking jacket.

M — Ya?

D — God, I like it. Can I have it? (Laughter).

M — Why do you want to have it?

D — 'Cause it's gorgeous. Don't you love it?

M — Ya I do.

D — I do too. And you know what I see with this? Oh, it's already packed. I have a brown blouse. It's this man's blouse sport-like design.

M — But you're going away. You're leaving me.

D — Well, what do you want me to do?

M — I don't know. But, um, what's this bit you're going away and selling your mountain? I should beat you up, you know.

D — You should beat me up?

M — Ya.

D — Why?

M — Uh, why . . . uh why . . .

D — Oh, Vicky made that for me (laughter). She embroidered it (laughter). Oh I love it.

M — You mean you are not coming back anymore?

D — Well, I didn't much figure out — ah, to tell you the truth, I don't know what you've got in mind. Why don't you tell me what you've got in mind? I don't know anymore.

M — Look dear, I can't afford you. I've got no money, but I probably can raise a little here and there but not immediately. I don't know. I haven't gotten around to it. I'm so busy. My wife's in the hospital, and I'm, ah, in a state of tension. Now it's over because it's not malignant, but ah, I, ah, well I thought you were . . .

D — Well, you see . . .

M — I thought we agreed upon it.

D — Well, I thought you . . . that's what we agreed . . . but ah, when you said that the other night that my money was there, I thought you meant the 27 — five that they were going to give me for, you know, the film and . . .

M — You're a very . . . girl, right? Let me tell you.

D — Well, I know but you see if, I wouldn't be if I hadn't known this. Now the problem is I have to get out of it because you see . . .

M — All right, all right. You will get out. Why, what do you intend to do? You going to get married?

D — Well, I don't know. I don't really. I don't have the foggiest idea of what I'm going to do. I really don't. Because see, it all depends on what you — that is, your intentions and what are your plans for me.

M — I told you my intentions. They're honorable.

D — Well, I rather like them better when you're dishonorable. Umm.

M — You're a good girl (Kisses D)

D — Well, I'd like to hear you say you love me or something.

M — (Unintelligible).

D — Well, tell me about it. I want to hear about it. I haven't heard . . . I haven't hear it but . . . but two times, you know.

M — You're running away. Whatever am I going to do without you?

D — No, I'm not running away whatever you do . . . I found an eyelash and you know what that means? You make a wish it will come true.

M — I wish, ah, you'd stay being in love with me and you'd come back and everything would be . . .

D — Oh, I wish the same thing of it. We'll wipe it on blue and it will come true.

M — . . . and that you'd be less quarrelsome.

D — Less quarrelsome?

M — . . . less demanding.

D — OOOohhhh.

M — . . . more, um, understanding.

D — OOOOOOohhh, oh.

M — Oh I'm sorry. No, you're beautiful.

D — You don't mean those things.

M — You say here, you . . .

D — You take that back now.

M — I take it back.

D — All right.

M — You've been very patient. You've stayed here since November. I'm a first class bum.

D — Ok.

M — I mess up the lives of everybody I touch.

D — No, come on. Let's don't be talking that way. What I want to know is just really seriously, what your plans, and what do you want me to do and I shall try to do them.

M — . . . Um. You shouldn't try to do them. You have a beautiful dress.

D — Yes. Don't I have a beautiful dress. Somebody who loved me gave me that.

M — You know, he has good taste in . . . good taste in women (laughter).

D — You know, he does have pretty good taste, I must say that.

M — He does, huh?

D — Uh huh.

M — Well, turn around.

D — Well, let's start over again.

M — I'm driving you away and I'm asking you to come back (whispered) back to hell.

D — Well, what is . . .

M — Darling, I don't know and don't know. I'm in a state of turmoil. Um, you're too in a state?

D — Well, it's . . . the reason I am.

M — The problem is because of money. If, others? . . . pay is done, are you just giving me a line. Tell me, tell me.

D — Ah, well, it's, it's both. It's both. It's . . .

M — What are you? What do you . . . you just want to run out? You want to run away because you're sick and tired of this whole thing?

D — No, no, no!

M — You know that it's . . . that you haven't got a future and you don't know where you stand and you . . . I know, I realize that.

D — Ok. Here, here's the way it is really. Those problems

are very real as a matter of fact. Oh, and I sent a general power of attorney which is about the dumbest thing anybody can do, to my attorney.

M — Why?

D — Well, Darling, because . . .

M — To do what?

D — Because I've talked to . . .

M — To do what?

D — Well, I told you.

M — To do what?

D — To straighten all this out, dear.

M — What is a mess. Now first, the house . . .

D — The house.

M — All right.

D — Ok.

M — But what is the mess about the house?

D — The mess about the house is, is that I signed up for that dumb house and, ah . . .

M — Why can't you get that \$10,000 and put it down and why can't they wait for . . . I thought you bought it on installments.

D — Well, you do, but, but ah the way it's set up, ah, the total price, well you see, I had to pay \$23,500 down, plus \$3,000 for the, and that \$23,500 includes, oh, I don't know what all those charges are, escrow and, ah, title fee and all those things.

M — How much did you pay, nothing?

D — And ah, \$5,000. I've paid already \$5,000. I've paid a \$1,000 check and then a \$4,000 check and then see I lost \$7,500 on that dumb studio thing where I put the option to buy. I lost that.

M — Well, why didn't you tell me about it . . . that you were going to lose money?

D — Well because, well because, ah, well you just don't take an option, well you have to put up money for taking an option and that's what you told me to do.

M — There are many kinds of options. That was one of them.

D — Ok. Well, anyway. That's done. And, oh the thing is that, ah, so, anyway I, I, I had to close that by the 31st of December.

M — Which one? The options on the . . .

D — The dumb house because I already was committed to that and I told you I was dealing with an estate with the studio thing I get a . . .

M — Somehow, what's the arrangement?

D — The arrangement is, is that, um, I figured that I would sell my mountain and get out of what, you see, I've accumulated all these stupid things.

M — How do you fix these things?

D — Well . . .

M — How do you need to pay for the house? Immediately?

D — Well, if the ten thousand is . . . Well, Bill . . . wouldn't have advised it, if he could have deposited it to my account I would have told my attorney. Well, there's ten thousand already there and the rest is coming. But you see, I can't swear by them anymore, you know what I mean, then telling me it's theirs . . . it's not like, well, it's not the same thing as being there, you know what I'm saying? Because see, they told me the money would be there the first time and, you know, don't want to feel this way. I'm just telling you that, that way is that I just really can't tell for sure, I mean can't, you know what I'm trying to say? So anyway, if they put that over into my account and my banker could give it to, or my attorney could write the check out, whatever, I don't care, he's got the general power of attorney now. If he could . . . then I could convince him to . . . I mean, he could then trust me if he sees that I did that, then he would trust me for the rest, if I say I's going to do.

M — All right . . . stay and I'll tell them to deposit it to your account.

D — Ok, well, then what do I do with the house here? Do I tell them I'm not giving it up yet or you find another place for me to stay?

M — What do you want?

D — I don't care. I don't care. If I have a one room somewhere as long as there's one other condition, and that is . . .

M — Which house, this house?

D — This house, that . . .

M — Have you given notice that you're giving it up?

D — Yes.

M — For how long?

D — Well, um, they have not, in other words, I'm supposed to . . .

M — Leave when?

D — Leave, in other words, I'm . . .

M — You've got two, three months.

D — Yes, I'm paid up through February but then I went ahead and told them to go ahead and rent it, because I thought I was leaving but I can still call them and get out of it.

M — Darling, well, you . . . you want to get back there.

D — No, no, wait a minute.

M — No, no, no. Let's settle this whole thing in your home. See that the ten thousand is there and then we'll see what we can put in some more. I'm going to find how much I can raise for you. I haven't had time and I, ah, I don't know how much I can raise, but . . . you fight for time, that's all.

D — Ok, now . . .

M — Now I know why money is necessary.

D — It's just that people expect it. I couldn't care less about it. You know that? Don't you know that?

M — Um.

D — It's just that, well, for existing you just have to have a certain amount of money. 'Cause I don't exist all that good, necessarily, you know. By that I mean, well, O.K., I guess maybe I do, but ah.

M — Six or three thousand dollars a month is not . . . ?

D — But ah, before I met you I paid \$6,000 for that coat. Yes I did. So I mean maybe it's just the way I was used to living and . . .

M — I think it's perhaps . . .

D — Maybe I didn't realize after all.

M — Well, whatever. Obviously it's all right, now that we have talked about it. You go back home but you come back here, huh? You go back and fix all these things. And . . .

D — Well, let me ask you this. He has my power of attorney now so that if they actually deposited it to my account, he can, you know, go ahead and, ah, it's the same as if I'm there, you know. He can sign and do everything for me. And then the next question is, if I stay here, is it possible for you to come here to this house with no problems or would we have to have another place where you can come? I mean, do you feel it's difficult to come to this house? Because if it is, we could just find another one.

M — (Unintelligible).

D — But you see, darling.

M — I haven't seen you in over a week and I must tell you . . .

D — Oh, it's been more than that.

M — Is that so?

D — But I know you've been busy but what I wonder is now, well say, are things getting like to where I'll get to see you more?

M — Well, it's . . . Now there's another plot . . . killing me.

D — What kind of plot?

M — Oh, it's crazy (whispered) plot. Planning to assassinate me and, ah, it's coming . . . never mind.

D — Well, listen, I mean, I know that your work is continuous.

M — . . . you go back. Ah, because you won't be able to work here — that's definite now.

D — Why?

M — They know about you.

D — Who does?

M — Everybody, everybody knows.

D — Everybody like who?

M — . . . the intelligence, ah, we found, ah, well, we have police under surveillance, it's their duty . . . the foreign police have been trying to trace you. Hold on, yes . . . in that house up there.

D — . . . that apartment over there?

M — (Unintelligible).

D — Oh, I don't know. Whatever it is.

Pause.

D — This one right next door or the other house on the other side, northwest. Ya.

M — There's been . . . and yet keep the house under surveillance and a . . . We've ran a check and we found out who they are.

D — Who are they?

M — The Liberals. Ya, all in one . . . and these other fellows who are out, I think are out to wreck the administration.

D — Ah huh.

M — Now . . . we need time for things to simmer down and in the meantime, I, ah, say a month or so, in the meantime you can settle everything, whatever it is. What I want you to do is, ah, look, perhaps, we can, um, we can recover some of the money.

D — Now you go back there, you understand, the first to be done. Don't quarrel, please, with everybody. You know, in this life . . . I suppose we don't like many people. I don't like many people.

M — I don't always quarrel.

D — Let me ask you one question.

M — Promise me first, promise me.

D — Ok. I'll ask you one question and then I'll promise. Well, you know, what they were doing to me . . .

M — I guess they . . .

D — So, but if that's what I've got to do, Ok. I'll do it. But I don't like it.

M — (Unintelligible).

D — Huh?

M — The only society of . . . You know, in quarreling with other people. What are we doing in here?

D — Well, I don't know. I suppose that, ah, everybody holds court in the bathroom (laughter).

M — What are we doing?

D — Ok, listen, I'll go back there and I'll do whatever the hell they say even if I think it's upside down.

M — No, it is not fair. What I'm asking you to do, what I'm asking you to is . . .

D — So, so, what am I supposed to do?

M — You are a big girl. You know what to do.

D — I'm not afraid.

M — You know what . . . ?

D — But I mean, am I just supposed to do what they want me to?

M — Did you put on weight?

D — Do I look like I have?

M — No, but I'm asking you.

D — I don't know. I don't think so. I don't think so. Ok, I'll just do what they say do.

M — You come back here. I'll be, I'll be more . . . I'll have more time then. I'll be through with all this violence . . . fighting.

D — When do you think you'll be through with all these fights?

M — One year.

D — One year?

M — The first year is always the toughest.

D — It is. What about our baby. Do you think I'm pregnant? You don't think I am? Umm.

M — You still want the baby? The trouble is, you see, when you wanted this to belong to the whole world and I don't think I can stand that. In fact, I will not be able to stand that.

D — Now wait a minute, wait a minute. I, what'd you say?

M — You wanted everybody to know he was a Marcos. Remember, you were even going to change his . . . your name.

D — Oh, that was a long time ago but you were agreeing with me.

M — Yes, but that was my mistake.

D — Ok, if you change your mind you change your mind. Don't blame me for it.

M — All right.

D — Don't you find I usually go along with what you want?

M — Well (laughter).

D — Laughter) Well, next time I won't leave myself open. I won't ask a question like that. Well anyway, so . . .

M — It's ah . . . ? That's wrong, isn't it?

D — 6:30?

M — It's 5:30?

D — 5:30?

M — That's wrong. Where's your watch?

D — I don't have have a watch.

M — Where did you send all these things?

D — To Beverly Hills. I was . . . to send it. What the heck was I going to do with it? I didn't know what to do with it. So I just stuck it in a box.

M — Come live with me. Stay with me, give them another story.

D — Now you said that after I'd already packed those things, because when you came in the other night . . .

M — That's not true.

D — I said isn't that what you wanted me to do? Ok, the heck with them, let them be there. I don't have to have them. I don't have to have that junk.

M — (Unintelligible).

D — Huh?

M — (Unintelligible).

D — Ya. I got one hair brush and one bottle of alcohol (laughter). I'm living that way, I tell you. No television.

M — You even sent home the TV (laughter).

D — Well, what was I going to do with it? So I just, I said, just put it on the box and that's what I did and I'm not going to worry about it anymore. I'm just tired of worrying about it. They didn't even . . . I . . .

M — Believe me, it will improve your mind (laughter).

D — . . . be bothered about things . . . Do it, do it, so ah, anyhow.

M — Anyhow?

D — Anyhow, what about our baby?

M — Well, I don't know. You promised to keep it a secret?

D — I'd told you the other night, I told you I wasn't going to go tell everybody, but that was a big line. You know, I was teasing.

M — I don't know. You're not the type of woman who can

keep a secret like that (laughter).

D — Well, I think I've kept a pretty good secret for, um, more than one year.

M — Ya?

D — Well . . .

M — That baby is going to be around a hundred years.

D — Oh?

M — No, I will say, we have to do it under certain conditions and I can't stand this right now.

D — What are the conditions?

M — You're going to keep it so secret. Nobody will even know that . . . love you anymore. Not Deluge Gaure Norie or anybody. Now, how are we going to do that, you know, till you go back there? Well, since you are known as my girl . . . your baby will be known as my baby. To have a bit part, there are people here who know.

D — But I can't believe they know and they don't say anything.

M — But darling, you are more . . . than this. They know you are my girl. They know Dovie Beams (laughter).

D — Why do you tease me like that? Umm?

M — I do it because . . .

D — Ok. I think that's a good idea.

M — That's the best idea we ever had.

D — Ya, but you're not getting this back. I want it (laughter). It's beautiful. Where'd this come from? Austria? Ha, ha, no wonder I like it. I thought that looked like an Austrian jacket and didn't say anything. You know, ah, the Prince and Princess . . . of Austria are friends of mine, and this looked like a jacket that . . . was always wearing.

M — Well, you're not giving it to him . . .

D — No, they're friends, ya dummy (laughter). Well ah, wait till I tell you this. I used to sit in a duck blind with him, just he and myself only.

M — Ah huh?

D — Um huh?

M — Well a duck blind? That's not a comfortable place for a . . . you know?

D — We were out shooting ducks. This was in Ireland. Oh, miserable as hell. The mist is coming down. And ah, so we're sitting there at dusk, you know, cold, and so about that time you know, what's heron is, those great big white birds with wings around and here comes this heron over, about 10 feet above our heads and he's about this big and nobody shot. Then right, so all of a sudden — blam! — and he falls down. You know, I'd been dating the Baron for about a year, so the baron was over there with some other people . . . Marco, was he good! Was he good? You never have believed me about that anyway . . .

M — (Chuckles) Was he as good as I am?

D — So, so . . . I'm going to hit you. So anyway, the guide said oh, you shouldn't have done that. Einsel's going to get mad because ah, he doesn't like anybody to kill those herons, so ah, Alexander said . . .

M — Who said that?

D — That was the guide. So, Alexander, I mean ah, Alexander said that, that's all right, we'll just tell them Dovie shot it. So we go back and we have dinner and everybody's razzling me about the shooting this, ah, heron, because they had already accused me the day before of, they said when I was shooting at the swipe, they said I shot a con, you know, they'd already been begging me ah, um, so I just said ok what do I care, I don't care if they say I shot it.

M — Why don't you ah, get yourself ah, injected with ah . . .

D — I don't want that stuff. You know what happens if you get injected with that stuff and you have an accident and that stuff goes into your blood stream, it kills you.

M — All right then, get something else.

D — What the hell, don't you like it?

M — Un unh.

D — I don't want that stuff.

M — All right then, then work on your . . . I don't know what I'm saying.

D — Ok, I'm not going to do any nude scenes and when I do the other nobody knows the difference.

M — (Chuckle) Do your nude scenes for me.

D — You mean, you liked it?

M — I do.

D — Well?

M — But ah, you know, you could improve your shape, you know.

D — Well, you don't use that anyway. You only use this.

M — Um why not?

D — Are you serious? Do you really want me to do that?

M — You know what they do? Don't use that, use that, whatever it is.

D — Injection . . . no. But they cut you underneath and they fill you up, they're . . . putting foreign body into . . .

M — What?

D — They put, ah ah, Foram in there. Don't want that stuff inside me.

M — Will you stop trying to be . . . so?

D — Oh?

M — No I am serious. I want to take a nude picture of you, you're beautiful.

D — For what? You going to make calendars?

M — Ya. For my, ya, calendars.

D — I swear, sometimes, I don't know. You're, you're really serious about that?

M — Ya. Will you please wash the soap all off tonight so we don't eat soap.

In the shower:

M — Don't you like it, huh? Huh? Don't you eat soap?

D — No, I don't want to eat soap.

M — No, I am serious.

D — You really are. That's what you want, huh?

M — And ah, you'd look better in those pictures.

D — Well, anyway, I think that costs a lot of money. I don't even know what it costs. Right now, is not a time we can spend money.

Back to the bedroom:

M — Promise me you'll do it and I'll foot the bill.

D — You really want me to?

M — Ya.

D — Well?

M – (Unintelligible).
 D – Oh, I don't know, scratched myself I guess. So you do, huh?
 M – So then you can have the baby without anyone knowing.
 D – Well, I don't guess anybody has to know it.
 M – I mean, seriously now.
 D – Well, seriously, who has to know?
 M – The . . .
 D – Huh?
 M – (Unintelligible).
 D – Well, as I said, I don't see who has to know.
 M – Um um um.
 D – Does it burn. What a . . . here.
 M – No inside. I put a dumb stuff inside.
 D – Well, what did you do that for? That's silly. Here, you're not, I mean, you know inside you. There, did you know that's the cleanest part of your body, is on the inside? Really, don't do that again. It's foolish (laughter). That'll learn ya.
 M – You put on a bit of weight.
 D – I don't think I have.
 M – You look better now.
 D – Oh, except you don't like me up here. I'm really surprised to learn that because I thought you did.
 M – I do . . . that's wonderful. On second thought, I think I'm going to . . .
 D – Ah, well . . . ? Get active and learn to remove my earrings, as lovely as they are. You could do me a favor by removing that thing also.
 M – You needn't remind me.
 D – I want to tell you something. I have a strong suspicion we're going to get active.
 M – (Whispers) Right now.
 D – Ok . . . ?
 M – I want to be doing something . . .
 D – You know, I'm glad you thought of that. I'd like you to be doing something.
 M – (Whispers).

D – Well, listen, you know the moment you say fuck, what do you think happens? I get wet and easy?
 M – (Whispers).
 D – Just tell me you love me.
 M – (Whispers).
 D – Ok, but I know but, it's good to hear you say you love me. You know it sort of turns me on. Tell me.
 M – I love you and I want to fuck you. Come on, get, go to work.
 D – Now you've done your duty, right?
 M – Get to work (whispers).
 D – Get to work?
 M – Ya.
 D – That's work, isn't it? (laughter)
 Love play.
 D – That excite ya? Talk to me, talk to me something.
 M – I'm concentrating, don't.
 D – Oh.
 M – Tell me something . . . (laughter). I want to fuck you and fuck you good.
 D – That excites me.
 M – (Unintelligible).
 D – Guess what?
 Love sounds for several minutes.
 M – Fuck me.
 D – I fuck you. Did you know I loved it?
 M – How much? Fuck me. Ya.
 D – This is like making a baby.
 M – What?
 D – Fuck me (love sounds).
 M – Oh I think that was like one.
 D – Let's make another one (love sounds)
 M – Want to make another one? Ok (love sounds)
 D – Yes, oh, yes! Fuck me, fuck me! Oh yes, yes! Oh darling, oh, fill me up, way down deep.
 Climaxes.
 M – Can you feel it? What do you feel?
 More love sounds.

D – Feel good?

M – Ummm.

D – Darling, you know what it is . . .

M – I don't want to talk. You talk all the time?

D – (More love sounds). Oh darling, oh! (love sounds).

M – Oh, oh (love sounds).

D – Yes (love sounds). Don't go away (love sounds).

M – Do you feel that?

D – It's pushing me all around, on all the sides (love sounds). What are you doing? That's so . . . fuck (love sounds).

M – Are you still coming? (love sounds).

D – Don't go away (love sounds).

Climaxes.

D – I feel you. I feel you.

M – (Groan).

D – . . . It's always just as hard like this. As if you didn't have time to think. Darling, it's so hard. And you see . . . when it's hard like this it makes me want to keep going. And I know . . . to stop.

M – Feel that crazy thing. It's hard and it's hard as if you, just started.

D – I'd like to know where did you get this thing?

M – It's funny. I like it, you know that?

D – No, I love it. It sure does know how to fuck.

M – Do you remember . . . um . . .

D – How long have you been fucking me?

M – Over two years.

D – More than we dreamed, two years now. I think I'll stick with you. Let it be like this.

M – (Unintelligible).

D – I have no pride.

M – . . . Rainbows.

D – Oh my goodness! Your face is red. You should see your face.

M – My face is not only red – it's inflamed!

D – And if you alternate between grating your teeth and smiling . . . your eyes are sparkling and your penis is as hard as a rock. It's fucking and hard as a rock and as big as a brickbat.

However big that is (laughter) . . . it touches me all over. I can't understand it. I feel it all around inside and I feel it in my body and I feel it on the outside.

M – Let's do it again.

D – Un huh, ok. Fill me up, practice means baby. Fill me up, put it down inside, let it all out inside, fill me up. Please darling, put in the baby.

Love sounds and climaxes.

D – Ah huh . . . there baby. Was it in for baby? Fill me up darling. There. Please darling, ah huh. That's the way you continue.

M – You just keep coming and coming. Well, that's like to make three babies. I said only one.

D – (Giggles).

M – That was enough though.

D – (Laughter and clapping).

M – Oh boy, that was nice.

D – Ummm. That was a nice one, um umm, umm. Did you listen to that tape recording that I gave you? Did you not have time?

M – Mmmm.

D – Huh?

M – Yes I did.

D – What do you think of it?

M – What did I think of it?

D – Did you know I was going to surprise you with that? I learned it, you see.

M – (Whispers).

D – Were you surprised that I learned it?

M – (Whispers).

D – (Unintelligible).

M – Did you like it?

D – I always did. You know I like, I like older men. I'm partial to older men, you know.

M – Just four years.

D – Uh huh, four years. Well, you know, that's a lot. For heaven's sake. With me being 20 and you being 60.

M – (Whispers) Go to sleep.

D — Oh, I had in mind all night.

M — . . . We'll get to do that again?

D — Do you love me?

M — (Unintelligible).

D — Don't you know I love you?

M — Without any money and all? How are we going to take care of our baby and . . .

D — I don't know but ah, don't you see I love you? If I would sell everything I've got and I wouldn't even have anything. That's what I would do. Depending on if when I have no more and I have to work. And that's the only thing I regret because since the baby, I'd really, ah, I want it to, ah, you know, to just spend every bit of my . . .

M — Let me up.

D — Do you have to get up?

M — I have to go.

D — Oh sorry. No, I'm wonderful.

M — (Unintelligible).

D — I like it. The only thing I regret is that . . . do you want this up or down?

M — Up.

D — Up. The only thing I regret is that I had such plans for what I was going to teach you, you know, I know you're working. You just can't do it. You come in and you're tired and at best you don't have more than a couple of hours with me and you're ready to go to bed.

M — (Unintelligible).

D — It's kind of a drag when you have to leave me.

M — Hey, but listen, we could even offset that if we just got someone . . .

D — I don't think I could have it here so good. I don't know how to tie those cords and besides I want to be sure you call on me.

End of tape.

Now for the love tape that was made on January 22, 1970, just four days before a big demonstration was to be held in front of the Congress on January 26, as follows:

M — See what I'm wearing?

D — What?

M — See what I'm wearing?

D — Oh, that one's a good looking one too. Guess what?

M — You do not need it? You're leaving, eh?

D — Oh, ah, that's why I need it. I'm going to wear it. Are you kidding? Oh.

M — No, seriously . . .

D — Now that's what he originally told me. I don't know if he reduced it since then or not.

M — (Unintelligible).

D — Oh, I called Dado last night and said I'd like to see you. I didn't mention about what. I just said I'd like to see you and he said he'd call me, but ah, I never heard from anybody . . . and he wasn't there. Anyway, this is ah, I'm going to . . . These people of course, but ah, that's my turn.

M — What is the address?

D — Ah, we can make it this address. 8861 . . . I haven't kissed you. Hey, you look like you've slimmed up or something.

M — What do you mean, slimmed up. I'm slim.

D — But you didn't bring me my jacket. That's terrible. I like it.

M — You're leaving tomorrow, leaving with the full moon, huh?

D — Oh, I don't know what the moon's doing. I haven't seen one in months. No one ever takes me out to see one. You know I've never seen sunset here. Isn't that incredible. They're the most famous in the world. The sunsets here. But I've never seen one.

M — You haven't seen a sunset in Manila Bay?

D — Oh, uh . . . Manila Bay sunset . . .

M — Why didn't you see one at the Hilton? You slept there one time.

D — Yes, but that's when I got in from work one night. It was late. It was already dark . . . Oops. So . . . Now he may, ah, he possibly was going to move his office. Hopefully he hasn't moved yet.

M — (Unintelligible).

D — what about my currency . . . ? That's a better one, right? Well, that's . . . Well, I don't know though.

M — What's the forty-five thousand for?

D — Oh, that's Paul Mason's proposal. You see, he originally told me that it would cost twenty-five thousand to do the scenes. I don't know if he reduced the amount or not. Ah, \$5,000 for the writer. Um, now this producer's salary. I just estimated that on the basis of his letter, which says that his usual salary is \$1,750 a week, which incidentally, I thought he was lying though. That's not what Universal pays him.

Because a head of business affairs at a department of Universal is a very close friend of mine and he told me. But anyway . . . it's neither here nor there. The point is, I just estimated this. I don't know if that's right . . . included or what . . . salary.

I can get it actually for less, but it's not that big a figure. The dubbing would be the same. The sound track I can get original music for five. He says original music will cost \$15,000 to \$20,000.

And ah, instead of 15 or 20, he was going to use 7,000 and used canned music instead of an original for the sound track. And the answerproof will be the same for distribution. So in other words, if these things that are marked "same" are already allocated which Paul told me he already had the funds for these.

Then I can do it for an additional \$10,000 to \$15,000. The reason I put here 5 to \$10,000 maximum is that makes, I don't know, but to get 5,000 to 10 absolutely outside. But maybe 5, I don't know. And ah, ah, so that's presuming that these items that are marked "same" are already covered by the bank so . . .

M — You're leaving tomorrow? I won't see you again?

D — Well, I don't know.

M — They don't know . . . demonstrations and bombings. I'm going to take a shower . . .

D — All right. An ah, also . . . baked a fresh applie pie. You'll like that.

M — Hope . . .

D — (Unintelligible).

M — Where are you going from here?

D — Well, I guess I'm going to play it by ear.

M — This is terrible!

D — I guess you don't like it 'cause you're letting heads roll. And . . . you think they'll ah, do something serious?

M — Huh?

D — Do you think they really will do something serious?

M — No. They . . .

D — Disturbed.

M — People.

D — I'm going to get you fixed in the bath.

M — . . . You take 'em for one hour.

D — I did already. Oh, I see.

(Dovie talks to someone at door, inaudible)

(In the bathroom, shower on)

D — You look like one of those, um, you know, this look, what do you call those things that go behind . . . ?

M — Monocles.

D — Monacles. Well . . .

M — Is this mine?

D — Yes.

M — Umm, look at all the meat on you.

D — Yap. It's staying hard.

M — Look at my hair. It's . . . what that? Pick, pick.

D — Don't pick. Spelled pup, pik. I'm going to turn it off. Hey, listen, I'm not teasing you about that. I want that jacket. And you know what?

M — Tell me what.

D — I'm going to marry it, I tell you . . . Are you kidding.

M — Of course not.

D — Huh, course not.

M — Course not, when it reminds you of him.

D — No, it reminds me of you, dummy! Oh, anyway, I figure the next time if I tell you it reminds me of . . .

M — . . . Darling, please.

D — Oh, but I can be reminded of him without having to look at a jacket from Austria. I can look at the . . . Hah, look, he gave me an antique silver, 2 ducks, flying together, and in it is the tail feathers off his bow. I can look at that instead. So,

that was already passed away. That's a long time ago. Baroness Dovie, doesn't sound very good.

M — Huh?

D — Baroness Dovie, doesn't sound very good, right? I don't know if all that hot water is running out or not. Let's see. I think it's already hot.

M — You're just as flighty-minded as I thought.

D — Why, oh ooo. You're getting worse. I'm just as flighty-minded as you thought. What's that supposed to mean?

M — You're thinking about other men when you're with me.

D — Ooohh. You're the one that brought that up. I only asked for my jacket. You're the one that talks about men from Austria, barons and things. Oh, I tell you!

M — What are you doing on that throne there?

D — I'm trying to pee pee. I wish this thing would open, my fingers hurt. I can see you.

M — I'm making pee pee too.

D — You are? Feels good, doesn't it? There, are you finished?

Toilet flushed.

M — Why are you so . . . After all, flighty-minded. Why are you so good-looking and not faithful to me?

D — I don't mind admitting I'm flighty-minded. But I'm not unfaithful.

M — (Whispers something).

D — What?

M — (Whispers again).

D — You know, I've never seen myself as close to being so faithful, not much less being that.

M — That's true.

D — Are you kidding? You couldn't have tied me, nobody could have tied me down for one week, much less for over one year. Ten months no less in a house. Oh, that's why I said. My friends wouldn't believe this, not even to mention anybody who knows me at all.

M — Tied you down, huh?

D — Tied me down, I guess.

M — Why, what would you do — run from one man to another?

D — Run from one thing to another.

M — Not thing — man.

D — Yes. Well . . . already. Sometimes I'd go and on a date and in five minutes I had a headache I was so bored. I had to go home. I'd think of some reason, of why I couldn't stay out for the rest of the evening. It's true. Oh, you wouldn't believe the dumb people I've been with. Oh, so dull you wouldn't believe!

M — Any of it rub off?

D — I'd never gotten to that state.

M — I better rile you . . .

D — What?

M — Or get her sore or something (laughs). Close the door.

D — It's closed already.

M — Then get me my, um, kimono.

D — I got so sore I forgot to get it for you. That'll learn you. As they say, that'll learn ya, learn ya. I was . . .

M — Let us see you be faithful to me.

D — What?

M — Let us see you be faithful to me.

D — Now? After you're sending me away?

M — Oh, so you want me?

D — You didn't ask me yet. I just was asking hypothetically.

M — So you want me?

D — That's not what I said. I placed a question mark in between that exclamation mark.

M — Now just between us . . .

D — Huh?

M — Just between us, whose boyfriend . . .?

D — I don't have any boyfriend.

M — That . . .!

D — In the past year and one month, almost exactly to the day, which I have known you, just when and where did you think I was going to acquire a boyfriend?

M — Well, you had several before that and they might have been hanging around and ah . . .

D — Well, I had several before that but not anyone who . . . I told you already, there is nobody that knew the name of Bill Sanchez except those people who I gave the name to Mr. Balltai, to call up. Because I've never mentioned Bill Sanchez' name to nobody. And then Bill Sanchez went to my house. And that's all I can tell you.

M — Hey you.

D — What?

M — What are you doing?

D — I came in here so I wouldn't get angry.

M — So you won't get angry. Do you want to quarrel with me? I'm not going to quarrel about those people anymore.

D — No. If you want to believe what they say, you just believe it.

M — You want me to believe it, huh?

D — What?

M — You want to quarrel with me?

D — I'm not quarreling.

M — Ok. I'll quarrel with you.

D — Well, I'm not going to quarrel.

M — I'll quarrel with you in bed. Not here. If you're going to be naked, we'll be naked in bed.

D — Now that sounds like a splendid idea. Did you take your shoes off?

M — No. Are you going to be faithful to me?

D — Are you asking me or telling me?

M — I'm asking you.

D — You say you want me to?

M — Ah huh. That thought you were going to have our baby.

D — Well, I wouldn't ever see you time enough to give you . . . a fuck. Whenever I'm ready to have one.

M — When are you going to be ready to have one?

D — I don't know. I'd have to be here all that. I had my last period on the second. Anyway, I'm already past it.

M — Course not.

D — Well, I'm so.

M — Second . . . when did you fuck for fertility?

D — Yes, you said it was the 14th day. So I already was infested.

M — . . . are you going to be faithful or not? Will you be faithful to me?

D — Ah huh.

M — . . . I will miss you. There, does that satisfy you?

D — Yes.

M — (Unintelligible).

D — I didn't act up since I was a little girl.

M — (Unintelligible).

D — No. I just want people to think I was pretty special.

M — You have all your men for all these years?

D — No, I have as many girlfriends as I have men friends . . . people, old people, young people, I like them all. That's my problem. I like everybody and nothing specific.

M — What's your problem?

D — I mean, I like everybody, but I never liked one particular, oh, damn you, you're the first person I ever fell in love with!

Television in background.

M — I doubt that's the way you love.

D — Oh, well, the way I can look at this are two different things. What do you think I cried for when I came back from Hongkong? You don't remember?

M — Mm uh. But you've been crying since you came back here.

D — Are you kidding? I used to worry about it because I used to think I must have a bad heat. I couldn't care less if I didn't care if I hurt somebody. If they fell in love with me I just said huh. I told you when I met you I wasn't interested in getting married, I wasn't interested in having any kids, I wasn't interested in settling down.

M — Are you in love with me?

D — Yes.

M — How long?

D — How long?

M — Yeah.

D — Too long.

M – Um hum um um . . . How long do you think you'll be in love with me? Until tomorrow?

D – Um . . . I want to tell you. Whether I like it or not I'm in love with you forever.

M – Is that strictly on the level?

D – Well, I mean it, and I kinda like it too. You know.

M – You mean you won't change?

D – Let me tell you something. You just don't fall in love with somebody and then you fall out of love with them, do you understand?

M – Un huh. Will you miss me?

D – Do you miss your arms and your legs if you don't like them? Did you listen to that recording I made for you?

M – No, I'm keeping that.

D – No?

M – Do you want to quarrel some more?

D – Un uh no. How about you, do you love me?

M – What do you think I'm here for?

D – Well, I don't know. But I'd like to hear you say it maybe.

M – Your hands are cold.

D – Let me see . . .

M – Your hands are cold either when you're lying or you're . . .

D – No, I'm not lying. I think it's still . . .

M – If you start crying . . .

D – I'm not crying.

M – What do you think I'm doing all this for?

D – . . . Anybody understood some things. There's a lot of things I don't understand.

M – Like what?

D – . . . maybe.

M – You were the one who said you had to leave on Friday . . . Dena were it not.

D – You already said I could go on Tuesday or Friday, whichever I chose, so I figured I might as well go on Friday so I could see Dena on Sunday and go on straight to Nashville. Anyway, it'll be better because if I stop off in Los Angeles I'd go

crazy.

M – If you keep on crying . . . I can't stand that. Or are you gonna stand there . . .?

D – I'm not crying. You're a nut!

M – (Kisses Dovie) Ummm.

D – That always makes it go away (little laugh).

M – You shouldn't quarrel, so you won't leave . . .

D – Angry.

M – You'll forget me. I won't forget you.

D – Listen, when you're in love with someone . . .

M – I'll miss you, I'll feel you, I'll wake up every morning and curse the whole world that you're not here and you for being so hard-headed.

D – Hard-headed? About what?

M – And unsympathetic and un . . .

D – Unsympathetic and hard-headed and what else?

M – And such a nut (kisses D).

D – I don't know. I think going for three months is kinda sympathetic. I don't go away for two or three months. Why are you thinking I'm unsympathetic?

M – You don't understand it so you don't understand so many things. You don't understand (kisses D) why I want a baby and . . .

D – What?

M – Why I want a baby and yet the baby must be kept a secret.

D – Well, I want a baby too. I said I'd keep it a secret.

M – Can't you understand that I want to keep it?

D – Yes.

M – You haven't answered my questions.

D – Which one is . . .?

M – You'll keep it as a secret and will you deny it?

D – Yes.

M – When can I fuck you for the baby?

D – (Unintelligible).

M – (Unintelligible).

D – (Unintelligible).

M – Come back . . .

D – When?

M – As soon as you're through with the damn movie – one month.

D – I'll wait for you to tell me.

M – Why do you wait for me to tell you? How do I know you're fertile?

D – I'll write and tell you when I'm gonna be.

M – I can tell you your period started the 30th and you'll be fertile on the 14th of February and . . .

D – That's Valentine's Day! That would be a nice Valentine's Day present.

M – Then you'll have your regular mense on the 28th . . . Then you'll have your period again. Then you'll be fertile on the 13th of March and you'll come back. I'll fuck you and I'll give you a baby then.

D – If I'll be around.

M – Why, I hope you'll be around.

D – Did you bring me a picture of you tonight?

M – Picture?

D – Huh. I don't have one.

M – I'll give you a picture of me and Imelda so there won't be any . . .

D – Why those . . . pictures. You know, that one that you gave me that was in the picture frame that you took off the wall the night . . . It probably got lost somewhere. Anyway, it's gone so, anyway, I was thinking if you find it . . . sign it.

M – Gone?

D – Unuh.

M – My God!

D – (Laughter).

M – Your hair is long. Where did you get so much hair?

D – Oh don't rub it on. I can't help it. Do you like it?

M – Of course I do, it's exciting.

D – Oh, I've got so much hair you know (laugh). Did you ever see so much hair? I used to be so embarrassed because I had so much hair and it's so good hair. Did you ever notice it, look at it?

M – Let's fuck now and not so much messing around.

D – You know what? I used to ask my mother to thin it out and she'd take me to the beauty shop and have it thinned out.

M – This one (pointing to pubic hair).

D – This one (pointing to head).

M – (Laugh).

D – But what happens when you do that it grows back thicker. Just one second . . . it fits. Do I look all right?

M – (Unintelligible).

D – What's that got to do with the price of eggs in China? Look, I was or I wasn't . . .

M – You know, I enjoy this very much.

D – (Laughs) Well, I'm glad to hear that.

M – (laugh).

D – (Laughs) You want me to tell you something funny? You know, your belly button has a lot of powder embedded in it last night. And after you left I looked at my belloy button. It was full of white powder. Anyhow our belly buttons hit at exactly the same spots and it was so funny I sat there and laughed.

M – Hey, feel that?

D – Un huh. (Sounds like a shot).

M – It's not important that I eat. I love you.

D – Ummm.

M – I want to see you come.

Bed squeaks.

D – (Giggle) Wooo – great!

M – You know, this is one thing we enjoy too.

D – Yeah (laugh). Yeah, I'm hooked on it . . . an addict I am, that's really something . . . isn't that great? Oh, thank you.

M – Wait a minute till I finish fucking.

D – (Laugh) You're a devil, you know it. You're a devil.

M – . . . Talking to you . . .

D – I know but I like to do that because it makes me happy . . . Love sounds, squeaking bed, groans.

D – I'm gonna kiss you.

M – (Unintelligible).

D – (Laugh).

M – Unhuh.
 D – . . . Let's practise.
 M – . . . Or what?
 D – (Groans).
 M – Oh oh (in loud groans).
 D – Oh, darling, don't stop . . . I love you, oh!
 M – I'm about to come, can you come now?
 D – Unhuh. Oh! (loud voice).
 M – (Loud groan).
 Climax reached.
 D – See how big you are . . . ?
 M – Oh?
 Love-making resumed.
 D – (Groans) Oh.
 Bed squeaks.
 M – (Groan).
 D – (Murmur) I gonna miss you.
 M – That's an awfully enjoyable fuck.
 D – That's what I say, an awfully enjoyable fuck.
 M – . . . fuck.
 D – . . . It told you I never fucked anybody . . . but that don't count.
 M – And you . . .
 D – Why, I never fucked anybody either. I told you I I didn't even know I had a clitoris until you found it.
 M – I think you're right too.
 D – Well, just don't you worry about it. You don't have to get any practice while I'm gone.
 M – Mm . . . Quit talking about that too. Ah.
 D – Hey, don't go out! . . . Get back over here for just five minutes, oh baby!
 M – I'm hungry.
 D – You're hungry?
 M – Yeah.
 D – After you eat will you swear you'll fuck me again?
 Huh?
 M – I can't fuck any more tonight.
 D – I know, but I want to fuck some more tonight.

M – I know.
 D – Oh screw you! Oh shit! How can . . . the last night . . . I'm not through. I want to fuck some more, five more minutes, honey, huh?
 M – Don't be a spoiled brat.
 D – That's your business to spoil me. I can't do it.
 M – (Kisses).
 D – (Unintelligible).
 M – I'm about to faint from hypoglycemia.
 D – I don't know what that is but . . .
 M – That's lack of sugar in the hemoglobin (laugh) . . . do you know?
 D – Well, why didn't you say so.
 M – Did I tell you the President . . .
 D – Yeah, I heard that over the news. Oh, you got most of the problems solved, huh? You got enough to do to be President.
 M – Ohh.
 D – I mean that's nothing to do (laugh).
 M – Why are you so good looking, huh?
 D – (Laugh).
 M – I wish I didn't love you so much. Then I wouldn't miss you so much. I'll be crying my heart out. I will in the next month or so.
 D – You mean to tell me . . . ?
 M – Then I won't be looking at the moon like a sick uh . . .
 D – Cow.
 M – Cow, sick dog or whatever it is, and barking at the moon.
 D – But every time . . .
 M – And I say, damn you! Why did you make me fall in love with you?
 D – Well, I didn't make you. You started the whole thing.
 M – I did?
 D – Oh yes, the very first night you said you were in love with me and I looked at you like you had two holes in your head.
 M – I have two ear holes.

D — (Laugh) Hey, how come you fell in love with me like that first night so quickly anyway? How did you know you were in love with me?

M — You remember?

D — No I don't.

M — You looked like somebody I know.

D — Oh I know, I know. I looked like Evelyn but that's not much excuse for falling in love with me.

M — You're much better than Evelyn. Evelyn was the type.

D — Muscular type. I'm a girl.

M — I wouldn't doubt. You're pure?

D — (Laugh).

M — She wanted to sleep with me.

D — She did?

M — I wouldn't let her.

D — Why not?

M — I was fighting a war.

D — Oh, well, you could have had some in between.

M — Ah.

D — No.

M — I didn't know a woman until after the war.

D — Oh?

M — I was . . . How old was I — 26, 27?

D — (Laugh) Ah.

M — Started late and I'm ending late.

D — How did you happen to start? Did you decide you wanted to?

M — You crazy girl! I've told you this story a hundred times. I was wounded.

D — Yeah.

M — I wanted to find out if that thing could work.

D — If you had never used it you wouldn't know whether it works or not.

M — Oh, go on . . .

D — (Laugh).

M — You know damn well I . . .

D — I know but I like to hear about it, I know.

M — I knew it still stood. I would wake up in the morning and it would stand but I wanted to know . . .

D — Unuhuh.

M — If it worked on a woman.

D — (Laugh) And so what happened?

M — And she also wanted to know.

D — She wanted to know if it worked.

M — Yeah.

D — Oh, how come? Did she know you had this injury?

M — Yeah. Everybody knew about this injury who was a Filipino.

D — Oh, was she in the war?

M — You see, you don't even know anything about me. She was the daughter of the President, the great Manuel Quezon.

D — Ah?

M — I was supposed to marry her.

D — Well, you didn't tell me.

M — She died too.

D — Oh?

M — She was killed in an automobile . . .

D — Well, that's terrible.

M — Don't die on me now.

D — Don't die on me either, I mean you know.

M — (Laugh) Never die on me.

D — (Laugh) Am I disturbed woman?

M — You shut up! You know damn well I never ask questions like that.

D — Oh well, I . . .

M — Go on . . . I don't like to be crossed. It has no relation . . .

D — (Unintelligible).

M — (Unintelligible).

D — Oh hell, I couldn't care less.

M — I have got children already and . . .

D — Oh, I didn't meant it.

M — . . . around.

D — I didn't . . . now wait a minute, wait a minute. I . . .

M – And have not . . .

D – (Unintelligible).

M – And therefore, I'm on the losing end of this balancing and accounting.

D – I was only interested in the pursuit of knowledge. It was not jealousy or whatever. It's like you just said I don't know you that well.

M – How can you be so mistrusting and you can't remember anything I tell you? If you're so in love with me . . .

D – Oh, I'm so in love with you.

M – (Unintelligible).

D – Oh.

M – Sixteen years old when you had your first boy. He flipped you on your back and . . .

D – He raped me.

M – You don't rape a 16-year old.

D – I was not 16. I was 14. I was so – I didn't even know what you did with that.

M – In that case you were lying to me because you said 16.

D – I did not.

M – (Unintelligible).

D – Oh (laugh) Oh my, my, my, why don't you just put on your robe and eat and then clean up, honey?

M – I don't want to (goes to the bathroom).

D – You don't want to.

M – I'm too dirty.

D – Huh.

M – I'm too dirty.

D – Oh well . . . Put on your robe and eat and then come clean up . . .

M – I want to . . .

D – You want to eat, you're going to eat.

M – Well, nevertheless, then I'll feed you while you're cleaning up. You've got to have something to eat. Don't be . . . All right, shall I bring it here and feed you while you're cleaning up. I insist you eat.

M – All right. Bring it . . .

Door opened with television sound in the background, then closed.

M – (Coughs).

D – (Laughs).

Col. Ver – Hey, it's 9 o'clock (whispered).

M – Who?

Col. Ver – (Whispers).

D – Is it urgent?

M – Yeah, it's a caucus. It's a meeting of all the leaders.

D – Oh.

M – It has something to do about . . . and this demonstration and the military council is there and . . .

D – Well, what'll I do (cries)?

M – Cut it out! There's an attack . . . Anything to be worried about.

D – What honey?

M – They're attacking and bombing.

D – Oh, umhuh.

M – Here I am fucking around.

D – Well, your mind will be clearer when you get there.

M – I hope so. It better be.

D – Of course it will.

M – (Unintelligible).

D – Anyting I can get you?

M – I think I'll wear this. I'll look like I just came from golf.

D – Huh, you want me . . .

M – This way I'll look like I just came from golf.

D – Oh you want it to look like you just came from golf?

M – Unhuh.

D – Oh.

M – That's good enough.

D – Yes, you (laughs) like that skin, don't you? Whoops, you're like me!

M – (Unintelligible).

D – (Laughs) I tell you we're so much alike it's not even funny. Who was that who said haste makes waste? (Laughs) . . . Eat off that chicken or not . . .

180 Marcos' Lovey Dovie

M – Never mind darling, come on.

D – Oh. I guess we aren't so delicate, right? (laughs). Tell me if you want water (laughs).

M – I like this being . . .

D – Informal.

M – This one is . . .

D – It's on at . . .

M – I like this bottomless and topless service.

D – It's an at home (laughs).

M – You mean there are actually girls serving people?

D – Oh yes.

M – Naked?

D – Of course. Hey, listen, no kidding. If you ever come, you know, I'll put you up in a disguise and I'll take you around to some places you've never seen before. Really, it'll be fun! Hey, listen . . .

M – What do they do? You mean they stalk around naked?

D – Un uh.

M – What happens if a man grabs for them?

D – Oh they, some of them, are precisely hoping that they'll grab for them. That makes their night's wages increase. That's part of the intrigue of it. And listen, if she goes on that tour, will I get to . . .?

M – Quit talking about it.

D – Huh.

M – Quit talking about it.

D – Why?

M – Probably won't if you keep on talking about it.

D – Why, why?

M – Pass me some tomatoes please.

D – Unhuh.

M – I'll be damned.

D – (Laugh) Hey, no kidding, you find me a picture of you. You know I think I should have one. I don't care what you look like.

M – Give me another tomato please.

D – Unhuh.

X-Rated Sex Tapes 181

M – These are the best . . . I've ever eaten.

D – (Laughs) It's not often you have a lunch like this (laughs). Suck it in (laughs). Don't you think that chicken . . . Oh, that's some pork. You want a taste of it?

M – No.

D – No. Chicken, do you want to take that one with you in a napkin? □

17. Dovie's Nude Pictures

Dovie Beams' safe return to the United States following her harrowing experience in the Philippines and in Hongkong, did not at all write finis to her case. She was not to be left in peace. After she was hounded out of Manila and then marked for execution in the British Crown Colony, now insult was added to injury.

Republic Weekly, reputedly a Marcos-owned newsmagazine in metropolitan Manila with D.H. Soriano as editor and publisher, on February 26, 1971, about three months after Dovie had left the country and greatly embarrassed President Marcos, began a series of 10 articles on her, ending in its April 30, 1971 issue, complete with nude pictures in what it claimed to be "The Real Story".

They were written by one "A.E.", who obviously was not even a regular staff member but a special contributor with fake initials because not one of those listed in its editorial masthead had those initials. The articles were written in a strong attempt to discredit Dovie and hit her hard.

The series started with the headline "DOVIE'S DEVILISH CAPER" (with two nude photos, one laying on bed and the other sitting) and began:

"After weeks of diligent research and inquiry here and abroad, **Republic Weekly** feels that it is finally in a position to expose one of the most dastardly, cowardly, and diabolical plots ever hatched to assassinate the character of the highest official of the land.

"The main conspirator was Dovie Beams, that obscure Hollywood bit player who had come to Manila to extort money from President Marcos and from certain Filipino businessmen who claim to be close to the President. When she failed to get the thousands that she wanted, Miss Beams rocked the nation by involving the President in a lurid sex scandal with herself.

"It is the intention of **Republic Weekly** to recount the Beams story for what it actually was — an extortion attempt that boomeranged against the evil minds that devised it. With this issue, **Republic Weekly** begins a series of articles about the conspiracy.

"As the pieces are fitted together, one of the outstanding things that will appear are the hands of a powerful oligarch and a notorious alien who was deported in 1963.

"It will be shown how the press, TV, and radio, knowingly or through sheer ignorance of the facts, have made a heroine out of Miss Beams, the seeming underdog. At the same time, public hatred has been built against the machinery of the government that tried to rid this country of an undesirable alien."

With that introduction, **Republic Weekly** proceeded to demolish Dovie Beams. It said that the tape that she had played for the news media before she left Manila to prove her love affair with President Marcos "was a figment of Dovie's imagination" just spliced together, that it was fake, and that it had witnesses to prove it was spurious.

Republic Weekly said that Marcos was the main victim of that plot. It noted that millions had identified him as the mysterious Fred and Dovie's lover, although he was not named in the

reports. Thus he had no choice but to suffer in silence and not dignify such reports which were loaded with innuendoes.

The newsmagazine stressed that because Marcos' name was not mentioned in those news reports his hands were tied. But if he were mentioned, it was through defamatory and malicious gossips encouraged by an irresponsible press which had swallowed her story without checking the truth.

"There was a deliberate effort to make the Beams case a sex and security scandal similar to the John Dennis Profumo case in the British cabinet seven years ago," **Republic Weekly** said. In that case, the war minister was forced to resign after having confessed his relations with call-girl Christine Keeler.

In Marcos' case, it added, it was broadly hinted that "Fred should resign because he had not only scandalized the government but might also have spilled state secret indiscreetly to Dovie."

The Marcos publication lamented that most of the press did not check on the background of Beams. For example, they had reported that she was 23 years old, the age she had allowed, and not 38, as evidenced by her record of birth. There was no serious effort to balance their reports. They did not even get the side of Marcos.

"In 1969, during her first visit to this country," **Republic Weekly** alleged, "... she was occupying the same bed with a businessman in his early thirties. Interestingly, this man's name is Fred."

The publication demanded to know what kind of woman was she to record her own intimate love affair and then play it for total strangers at a press conference.

"**Republic Weekly** nosed around. We asked one more question: If Miss Beams had a tape-recording, was it possible that she might also have had pictures taken. Diligent digging produced results ... A set of photos of Miss Beams, alone by herself, on bed. The kind taken of prostitutes and lunatics. She posed for those photos made with smile on her lips as though out of her mind."

The **Republic Weekly** came up with statistics about Dovie.

It reported that she was born Dovie Osborne in Nashville, Tennessee, on August 5, 1932. That made her 38 years old, instead of the 23 years that she had allowed while in Manila. Her parents were Theodore Hollum Osborne and Mildred Jake Osborne.

In 1954 at 22 she married Edward W. Boehms. Later she changed her name to Dovie Beams when she went to Hollywood. An only child Dena Dovie Boehms was born on September 24, 1955 from her marriage.

Difficulties developed in their marriage life, first over her daughter. According to the findings of Dr. Henry B. Brackin Jr., a neuropsychiatrist, "Mrs. Boehms has a very poorly integrated personality and is extremely narcissistic (obsessed by self-adulation)."

She was under psychoterapic care from January 3, 1958 to June 19, 1958 when, against the doctor's advice, she stopped it.

In the March 5, 1971 issue of **Republic Magazine** with the headline "DOVIE WAS INDISCREET - VERY" (one nude picture with the subject laying on bed with her feet up in the air as though in yoga exercise), the article dwelt extensively on court records in Tennessee regarding her divorce and on the report of her neuropsychiatrist Dr. Brackin Jr.

It was alleged that before Dovie married she had already been intimate with a number of men. After marriage, it "did not make her miss a step in her strong sex drive."

"The evidence taken to court by her husband when he finally filed divorce proceedings tended to show that it was impossible for just one man to satisfy Dovie. It was shown on the record that on some occasions she was with two or more men on the same day," **Republic Weekly** reported.

It appeared that Dovie had a tendency to neglect the little girl, and at times displayed an extreme irritability toward her. Thus, he took more than a man's share in the care and upbringing of the child.

Reporting on conflictual feeling, Dr. Brackin Jr. was quoted: "Her husband has had to do a lot of the care of the child and the presence of the child created considerable nervous

tension in Mrs. Boehms.

"The conflictual feelings that she had toward Mr. Boehms tended to intensify her irritability toward the daughter. The daughter's presence tended to reopen old feelings of resentment toward the birth of her (Dovie's) younger brother."

Continuing, her doctor said: "My initial impression of Mrs. Boehms was that she was a case of anxiety hysteria. But as I had an opportunity to observe her more it was my opinion that she manifested *schizoid traits* (characterized by, resulting from, or suggestive of, a split personality)."

"Mrs. Boehms undoubtedly was suffering from elusion (sic) if not from hallucinations," the doctor's analysis added. It went on:

"Mrs. Boehms has a very poorly integrated personality and is extremely narcissistic (always standing before the mirror in self-admiration of her face and body). She is too poorly integrated to be giving to others except as it serves her own needs.

"She is, in my opinion, a latent *schizophrenic* (a psychotic disorder by loss of contact with environment and by disintegration of personality) but I never found any evidence of explosive aggressiveness but rather that of withdrawal from responsibility and the pursuit of erotic self-satisfaction through romance."

Republic Weekly reported: "It was at this point that the Boehms marriage went to the rocks. The husband became completely fed up by Dovie's unbroken string of liaisons. At first he was willing to forgive and forget if Dovie would only desist. But the lady could not restrain her tendencies. And so the husband picked his little daughter and moved to another abode."

At the same time that Mr. Boehms filed for divorce in the Fourth Circuit Court of Davison County, Tennessee, Mrs. Boehms also filed a countersuit for divorce against her husband in the same court, and both fought it out.

What Mr. Boehms wanted above everything was custody of the child. On the other hand, what Mrs. Boehms wanted was alimony. There was also the conjugal property at stake, **Republic Weekly** said.

In an amended and supplemental bill filed with the court of Judge Benson Trimble in 1961, the husband manifested that

his wife "did over a long period of time act in an improper fashion for a married woman."

The newsmagazine disclosed that Mr. Boehms had cited illicit relationship with one Guy Leonard Hecker while she was still married to him. Their affair was even recorded in exchange of love letters between them.

"The letters carried not only vows of unending loyalty but also recalled bliss of their stolen meetings," it was said. The man backed off when he learned that Dovie was married.

The husband further complained that "during and throughout the marriage, the defendant has become more interested in other men and kept company of them. She has shown little interest in the home and preferred to be away from home in the company of other men than at home with your complainant and the minor child."

To prove his allegation, even Dovie's rendezvous dates were cited. Her clandestine meetings with one Arthur R. Croley, which lasted three years during the period 1958-1960, according to **Republic Weekly**, included:

In 1958 — July 27, August 3, 7, 25 and September 13, 20, 25, not including the unrecorded ones. In 1959 — March 1, April 14, 20, May 2, June 18, 19, 20, July 20, 24, 29, 31, September 23, November 23, December 1, 12, 23, not counting the unrecorded ones. And in 1960 — January 29, February 18, March 2, 17, 27, including out-of-town trips.

Croley, according to the newsmagazine, got tired of their affair but that Dovie pressed on, until he had to tell her husband to get her off his back. It continued:

"An examination of the records of assignments by the court revealed some interesting sidelights into the love habits of Dovie Boehms. It was found out, for instance, that on several occasions, she dated two or more men on the same day, or different men on successive dates.

"Taking the cases of Arthur R. Croley and Paul Reed, it was shown that Dovie met both of these lovers on seven identical dates in 1959. She had liaisons with them on June 19, 20, July 20, 24, 31, September 23, December 31.

"In addition, she had a succession of men on June 18, 19, 20, July 28, 29, and September 22, 23 in 1959."

Where did Dovie see them? **Republic Weekly** reported: "There is a clue in the mention of a lover James Lantrip . . . who were lovers during the years 1958-1960 (same as Croley and Reed). They saw each other on many occasions in her home and on many occasions in and about the premises of the Inglewood Methodist Church."

She also met her lovers in hotels and motels, the Marcos publication said. "She added a touch of travel to romance in her liaison with James Crawford III, with whom she went places. She kept company with James Wilson in Nashville, Tennessee; Vienna, Virginia and Washington, D.C., records say."

The complaint of Dovie's husband was for "cruel and inhuman treatment on the part of the defendant." Filed in 1961, it was finally resolved on March 14, 1962 by Judge Benson Trimble. In his final decree, the judge ruled:

"The complainant, Edward W. Boehms, did successfully prove his cause of action, and that the court finds that the defendant, Dovie Osborne Boehms, was guilty of such cruel and inhuman treatment or conduct toward him as renders cohabitation unsafe and improper."

Mr. Boehms was awarded absolute decree of divorce from Dovie, and all his rights and privileges as an unmarried person were restored. On the other hand, the cross-complaint of his wife was rejected.

"The cross-complainant, Dovie Osborne Boehms, did not successfully prove her cause of action, and her cross-bill for divorce is hereby dismissed and disallowed," the court decision said.

It also awarded the principal custody of the only daughter of the Boehm couple to the father, with rights for visitation given to Dovie every other weekend.

Two parcels of real estate owned by the complaining husband before the marriage were restored to him. The judge ruled: "Dovie Osborne Boehms is hereby divested of all right, title and interest in and to the said two parcels of real estate, and she

shall have no claim whatsoever against the two parcels of real estate for any reason . . ."

In the March 12, 1971 issue of **Republic Magazine** (with one nude picture of her standing in a bathroom with head bent down) and titled "DOVIE LOVED TO TELL TALL TALES!" the third article described Dovie's life after her divorce.

"In Hollywood, Dovie Boehms adopted the flicker monicker of Dovie Beams and became one of an army of ambitious girls repeatedly storming the various movie studios for bit parts and a chance at stardom.

"Dovie was no more successful than thousands of others. During her eight-year campaign in Los Angeles, California, she got mostly extra parts. She got principal roles in *Wild-Wheels*, a Grade B. quickie that was distributed here by American International Pictures, and in *Ang Mga Maharlika*, a movie that was filmed here but which was never screened in the Philippines.

"When she came to Manila, Dovie told newsmen in an interview that 'I own my land there in Beverly Hills and some other investments.' According to the findings of **Republic Weekly**, she did put down \$11,000 for an ordinary house where she lived in the movie colony. But that was all." It added:

"How did Dovie manage to keep body and soul together in Beverly Hills? Here's a hint from a report: 'Witnesses described her as one who answered professionally to the call of men from hotel to hotel in Los Angeles.' Part of her income came from the distribution and sale of her own photos in the buff."

The Marcos publication minced no words: "To be blunt about it, it was entirely in Dovie Beams' character to be a prostitute. She used her sex to acquire money or to get a foot in with casting directors." It linked producer Paul Mason to her.

"The cold unadulterated fact, therefore, is that Dovie Beams was not the successful Hollywood actress that she made herself out to be when she came to Manila. But the Manila press without checking its facts played her up for what she said she was. If the naked truth were told, Manila's press seems not only to be the 'freest' in the world but also the most gullible," **"Republic Weekly** fired away.

"This is the thing that caused a lot of trouble later on . . ." So she "became the most quoted darling of every gossip reporter and columnist who wanted to take part in the smear," it observed. The newsmagazine continued:

"Unnoticed and unmentioned in the columns of the press was the fact that throughout all this time that she was claiming liaison with 'Fred', the same Dovie was keeping company with one man after another, including a former president of a chamber of commerce who left his family to be with her in Hong-kong.

"Unknown and unmentioned in the press also was the fact that throughout all this time that she was trying to blacken the country's image, she was posing for lewd pictures for mass distribution.

"She told the lies in the course of one of the most fantastic extortion plots in history." **Republic Weekly** further reported:

"She used herself as a tool of a certain oligarch who wanted to even a score with President Marcos. Finally, she used her wiles to promote a blackmail scheme with few parallels in the crime annals of our country.

Likewise, the newsmagazine debunked Dovie's claims of properties and business investments in Tennessee and in California, as completely false, including a mine, recording studio, etc.

"The astounding part about this curious character from Hollywood is that she also talked big about her sexual prowess . . . According to one report 'While in her employ, an employe of Dovie recalls orgiastic nights in the bedroom of Dovie Beams, various nights with various men, sometimes with homosexuals as well. The details eluded printing, but in any instances, Miss Beams, according to the employe, would end up in the night, dazed and drugged, if not completely stoned, wearing all over her face something that stuck and looked like some body substance.'"

"But what is entirely reprehensible in the case of Dovie Beams," **Republic Weekly** said, is her predilection to make up things about her amours, and if she were to be believed, she had

been in bed with many of the world big statesmen of the century.

"According to her in her various conversations with media representatives, she had carnal relations with the late President John F. Kennedy and his brother, Ted. She was intimate with the Canadian prime minister Trudeau. She went to bed with the former prime minister of England, Harold Wilson. She had sexual relations with the present prime minister of West Germany, the former mayor of Berlin, the president of France, the Sheik of Kuwait, Baron Ernst Valentine Von Wedel, Prince Hohenhow, Howard Hughes, George East Jr., George East Sr., Senator Gore of Tennessee, a certain 'pogi' Filipino senator, and many others.

"These 'revelations' were doubtless part of her 'delusions or hallucinations' referred to by her neuropsychiatrist, Dr. Brackin."

In the March 19, 1971 issue of **Republic Weekly** (with another nude photo of Dovie on her back on bed, her left leg lifted) under the headline "DOVIE BEAMS CAME WITH YOLING", the fourth article began:

The year 1970 will be remembered for the visits of several vicious ladies — Typhoon Sening (587 dead, 193 missing, 1638 injured, 114,507 homeless), Typhoon Yoling (310 dead, 600 injured, 355 missing, P221-million property loss), and finally Typhoon Dovie, the most destructive of them all.

"People will tell you that of all these destructive gals Dovie Beams carried the most punch. She rocked Manila to its very foundation. She staggered 38 million Filipinos with a sex scandal that involved the good name of their very President. Few realized that it was all part of a cunningly devised extortion plot.

"It all began innocently enough. The story goes back to late 1968 at the time when President Marcos was preparing to run for reelection. Some of his admirers organized a movie outfit called USV Arts, Incorporated through which they hoped to help reelect Mr. Marcos. All that they would tell the President, however, was that they were planning a 'surprise birthday gift

for him.

"Among the persons identified with the USV Arts were the following: Diosdado B. Bote, president; Potenciano Ilusorio, Honorio Poblador, Manuel Nieto, George Jose, Jose de Venecia, Pablo Roman, Ramon Ledesma, J. Roxas, and J.V. D'Auray, members of the board.

"Readers will remember that a movie, *Iginuhit Ng Tadha-na*, which was widely distributed throughout the length and breadth of the islands in 1965, materially helped in electing Marcos to the presidency of the Philippines. The admirers of the President who planned to present him with the 'surprise gift' had in the works another film entitled *Ang Mga Maharlika* based on the guerrilla exploits of the President.

"People are aware that *Ang Mga Maharlika* was indeed filmed in and around Manila, but they never saw it screened. Until today it has never been exhibited. Why? In the answer to that question lies the solution to the mystery of Dovie Beams.

"Miss Beams, who was one of the principal players in *Ang Mga Maharlika*, had a contract which specified a deferred payment to her of \$22,500 to be paid out of the 'first monies received' from the screening of the movie, aside from a percentage owned by her. She was never paid those sums because the movie was never screened.

"Why was it not screened? The following letter from President Marcos to Mr. Bote (Dado) and Mr. Ilusorio (Nanoy), both of USV Arts, contains the answer. The letter:

Aug. 21, 1969

Dear Dado and Nanoy:

I have seen the rushes of 'Maharlika' which you say you are giving me as a birthday gift. Hold it as it is not a true portrayal of the well-known story of 'Maharlika'.

There is a lot of miscast. The hero should not be an American because it was not so.

How come the girl looks like a Hollywood cheapie? Check her background. She cannot act. Better yet, take her out.

There are no Philippine sceneries — Dambana, Pagsanjan, Mariveles, no jungle shots.

We cannot show this picture.

(Sgd.) Ferdinand E. Marcos

The rejection of the picture, **Republic Weekly** continued, was a crushing blow to Dovie Beams, a girl who had schizoid traits, according to her neuropsychiatrist who examined her for one and a half years; Dovie was a "latent schizophrenic," on the borderline as a mental case. A disappointment like this could set her off the edge.

The newsmagazine proceeded to quote testimonies of Dovie's own part-time secretary and part-time maid Victoriana Abalos and Magdalena Cotez, secretary during Dovie's second visit to the Philippines (her companions whose passports were cancelled in Hongkong).

Cortez was quoted as saying: "Miss Beams was very happy about the film of *Ang Mga Maharlika*, as she thought it was a great picture. And then suddenly she came home one morning furious and shouting bad words against President Marcos.

"I asked her what was wrong and she said President Marcos would not allow the picture to be shown because the film was not good, that there was a miscast, and that President Marcos was preventing her rise in the movie world.

"Dovie Beams promised to revenge herself against him someday. She almost had a nervous breakdown. Because of this Mr. Nanoy Ilusorio and Mr. Diosdado Bote came to pacify her and they promised to improve the picture so it could be sold and shown later."

Republic Weekly added: "Dovie Beams had another cause for resentment against the President. It seems that under the contract with USV Arts Incorporated, she was to be considered the female lead in the movie. Her contract, according to her, specified that she was to receive 'first star billing' equal in size and prominence to the title of the photoplay; i.e., Paul Burke and Dovie Beams in 'Maharlika'."

According to Victoriana R. Abalos, Miss Beams became very mad at him (Marcos) especially when she learned that the film was shown in Guam and her name was printed below in

small letters. She said she would file charges against USV Arts and Mr. Ilusorio and his companions for millions of dollars in damages and was very happy again because this is a chance to become rich.

Republic Weekly reported: "The above took place in 1969. Dovie Beams returned to Los Angeles in January 1970. But she came back in Aug. 1970 with threats against President Marcos and extortionate demands upon the officials of USV Arts Incorporated.

"The evidence suggests that a certain powerful Filipino oligarch materially encouraged Miss Beams to return in the hope that she would embarrass the Marcos administration. She had to leave Manila last November when her visa expired."

The newsmagazine now turned to Dovie's love life in Manila. "It was at this address (1578 Princeton St., Mandaluyong, Rizal) that Dovie started living with another man, a handsome young businessman named Fred Delfin Cueto, also known as Fred Delfin Cueto Vera Cruz.

"Cueto was later to tell friends that Dovie had a habit of showing around nude pictures taken of herself. Cueto said that Dovie also posed for pictures taken by him in the altogether."

Republic Weekly said Dovie's idea to include President Marcos among her "conquests" must have come from late 1968 to Jan. 1970. During this period she saw him two times, first when the "Ang Mga Maharlika" cast was received by President Marcos at Malacanang Palace, and second at the Famas Award Night at the Manila Hilton where the cast was present.

"This was also the testimony of Miss Magdalena Cortez who served as Dovie's secretary at that time," the publication continued. "I never saw President Marcos talk to Miss Beams nor did I see him at all with her in all the places that we went with Miss Beams and I was with her all the time," she added:

"I have kept quiet about the reports in the newspapers about Fred and Dovie Beams, but in fairness to the President and his family and also the Filipino people, I am coming out to tell the truth that the real Fred, friend of Dovie Beams, is Fred Delfin Cueto with whom Dovie Beams stayed as husband while

I worked with her."

According also to **Republic Weekly**, "Fred Delfin Cueto himself has something to say on this. A married man residing with his family at Bel-Air Village, Cueto told the **Republic Weekly** that he had common-law relations with Miss Dovie Beams and stayed with her at 1578 Princeton Street, Mandaluyong, for sometime.

"We lived in that house with our maid, Vicky Abalos, and I lived with her as my wife. We lived as husband and wife for several months. During our intimate relationship she showed me nude pictures of herself and I also took pictures of hers in the nude, which she enjoyed."

The newsmagazine said that when Dovie named Fred as President Marcos in November 1970 during a press conference before leaving Manila that was after she had failed to extort \$150,000 from him.

In the March 26, 1971 issue of **Republic Weekly** (with a front-shot nude photo of Dovie standing) the fifth article titled "DOVIE'S PLOT THICKENS" made a lot of repetitious allegations already covered in previous reports, and thus nothing really new were disclosed.

Interestingly, it reproduced a facsimile of President Marcos' letter to Bote as USV Arts president in which he ordered that Dovie be taken out of the film cast because she looked like a Hollywood cheapie, could not act and no local sceneries or jungle shots were included.

In the April 2, 1971 issue of **Republic Weekly** (with two new nude pictures of Dovie, one laying with pillow on back on the bed and the other standing semi-front view) the sixth article came under the title: "DOVIE TURNS THE SCREW". It reported:

"Dovie Beams' second visit lasted less than three months (August 27 to November 11), but in that brief time she rocked the nation from stem to stem like an Intensity VII earthquake.

"She had come with false pretenses. She loved the Filipino

people, she said, and had come to help develop its tourist industry by proposing to film a travelogue in which President Marcos would be featured . . . In addition, she had plans to invite local producers to help her film a feature movie called *Aftermath*.

"Operating from the Manila Hilton under this pleasant coverup, she prosecuted her real mission — to collect the monies she thought were due her from USV Arts Incorporated, or 'these people will be sorry!' She was hungry and at the same time an angry woman.

"She returned to Manila and got a suite at the Manila Hilton using the credit cards of Bert Maniquez, a documentary film producer in Hollywood, and it was only later that a certain oligarch started to subsidize her activities, for reason of his own . . ." Continuing, **Republic Weekly** reported:

"Diosdado Bote, the president of the film company, told **Republic Weekly** that Miss Dovie Beams insisted on collecting 'fantastic' additional amounts in US currency for her services in the production of 'Maharlika'."

The publication further said that Bote's Atty. Felipe Paganlungan had alleged that Dovie threatened to "involve Mr. Bote and other directors of the corporation in a scandal which she said she would create should her demands not be met."

Bote reportedly said: "When she came to Manila in August 1970, she renewed her threats. You can understand our position. We have our social standing in the community. The slightest breath of scandal could ruin us. And here was this woman. She was going to tell everybody that she was our common mistress, the mistress of us USV Arts officials, our friends, the people supporting us."

"Did you give in to the blackmail?" **Republic Weekly** asked.

"In our desire to avoid any scandal, false as it may be," Mr. Bote said, "We finally agreed to give her \$10,000 and nothing more. We refused to accede to her other demands, to which she consented."

The newsmagazine further reported: "It appeared that the payoff came on Oct. 6, 1970. 'Miss Beams invited us to her

hotel down," said Mr. Bote. At that meeting, there were present beside Miss Beams two women. These were Magdalena Cortez, her secretary, and Victoriana Abalos, her personal maid, who confirmed that they would testify for Dovie.

"The records reveal that the pressure must have been terrific. It is shown in a series of letters from the USV Arts to Miss Beams that the company directors were gradually knuckling under."

In a letter dated Sept. 25, 1970 Bote recognized what was due Dovie, which included: \$22,500 deferred payment, \$8,000 to be placed in escrow in Los Angeles, \$18,000 to be placed at Dovie's disposal in Los Angeles by Sept. 30, 5% commission on the sale of the film at a price of not less than \$750, and she was to be given two amounts \$13,500 and \$17,500 in Los Angeles not later than Oct. 12, 1970, the **Republic Weekly** reported.

It said that USV Arts officials had agreed to get rid of her once and for all. But she wanted some more. She wanted to take the film with her to Los Angeles from the Luis Nepomuceno Productions with the bond and/or customs duties to be paid by USV Arts.

The publication said that the USV Arts refused the last Dovie demand and that Ilusorio said: "We have gone as far as we can go. She will have to take the matter up with her attorneys in the United States."

According to **Republic Weekly**, "On Oct. 22, 1970, Dovie wrote a letter to President Marcos asking his help so that her visa might be extended and that she might have time to reach an agreement with USV Arts people."

The letter follows:

October 22, 1970

President Ferdinand E. Marcos
Republic of the Philippines
Malacanang
Manila, Philippines

My dear Mr. President:

My tourist visa good for Fifty Nine (59) days is due to

expire on October 24, 1970. I have been hospitalized at the Medical Center Manila since Monday October 19, 1970 in Room 606 under the name of Miss Victorina Abalos.

I am enclosing a photostat copy of a note written to Immigration Commissioner Reyes and a statement from my attending physician Doctor Ernesto O. Domingo requesting that I be granted an extension on my visa due to my hospitalization.

If you can give any assistance in granting this extension it would be appreciated.

I am also enclosing a photostat copy of various papers in regard to a pending contract between myself and USV Arts Incorporated. I requested Mr. James F. Rafferty of the United States Embassy to give a message to Mr. Potenciano Ilusorio of USV Arts Incorporated that since I was hospitalized, would he give the final papers for me to sign to Mr. Rafferty. The reply of Mr. Ilusorio to Mr. Rafferty was 'We have gone as far as we can go — she will just have to take the matter up with her attorneys in the United States.'

In addition to this pending contract, there are alleged violations of my contract between myself and the USV Arts Incorporated as a performer including but not limited to billing, dubbing of my voice, certain scenes shown at the Manila Grand Opera House and additional compensation due me.

It is felt that it is in the best interest of the Philippine company, USV Arts Incorporated, and myself to settle this matter privately before my departure to the United States.

If you can give any assistance in granting an extension to my visa so that the matter may be settled, it would be greatly appreciated.

On the first contract dated Sept. 25, 1970 submitted for my signature you notice that Item No. 4 states 'this letter contract could not replace the original 18 paged contract between myself and the USV Arts Incorporated.'

Originally, I was unable to sign this agreement. Subsequent contracts submitted to me dated October 2, 1970 and October 6, 1970 were signed by me and returned with notations added which had been agreed upon orally but were not included each time the written contract was submitted to me for signature.

You will note in the other attached photostat copies a letter addressed to the Board of USV Arts Incorporated requesting that I be granted a meeting with the members of the Board in order to reach a settlement.

I request that an extension of my visa be granted in order that I may attend a meeting with the members of the Board if they will agree to a time and place.

It would be most appreciated if you would advise me if you are able to give me assistance to these matters. I can be contacted through Consul Lawrence Harris at the United States Embassy.

Very respectfully yours,
(Sgd.) DOVIE BEAMS

Republic Weekly said the formal letter of Dovie to President Marcos showed that she was not intimate with him at all.

In the April 9, 1971 issue of **Republic Weekly** (with Dovie's nude photo in standing position) the seventh article was titled "DOVIE READIES TRUMP CARD" and also showed a picture of Commissioner Reyes and the photos of Victoriana Abalos and Magdalena Gomez, who were her employees.

The newsmagazine reported that when Dovie increased her extortion demand to \$150,000 and Ilusorio said no and she would just have to take up the matter with her attorneys in the U.S., Bote filed a complaint with the National Bureau of Investigation (NBI), as follows:

"I, DIOSDADO B. BOTE, of legal age, married and a resident of 817 Torres Street, Mandaluyong, Rizal, Philippines, after having been sworn to in accordance with law, depose and say:

"1. That I am the president of the USV Arts, Incorporated, a corporation organized in accordance with the laws of the Philippines and which is the producer of the film tentatively titled 'Maharlika,' a full length motion picture depicting the guerrilla life of His Excellency, President Ferdinand E. Marcos, President of the Philippines.

"2. That in the production of the aforesaid motion pic-

ture, I, as President of the USV Arts, Incorporated, the producer of the aforesaid motion picture, contracted for the services of one Miss Dovie Beams, an American actress, to play one of the leading roles in the said motion picture by virtue of a written contract, a copy of which is hereto attached as an integral part of this sworn statement, said services of Miss Dovie Beams to be paid for in a definite amount as provided in the said contract.

"3. That after the filming of said motion picture mentioned above had been finished, USV Arts Incorporated paid the contractual value of the services of Miss Dovie Beams as indicated in the contract hereto attached except a balance of One Thousand US Dollars (US\$1,000).

"4. That several months after the producer corporation had substantially complied with its contractual obligation to Miss Dovie Beams, the latter demanded fantastic additional amounts in US currency for her services in the production of the picture 'Maharlika.'

"5. That because the producer corporation considered the demands of Miss Beams to be unreasonable and outside of the contract for which her services and performance as an actress had been hired, the producer corporation refused to accede to her demands and told her so.

"6. That Miss Dovie Beams, upon learning of the refusal of the producer corporation to accede to her demands, came to Manila in the month of September (the correct month is August — RW Ed) to produce a travelogue about the Philippines, but in truth and in fact she came to Manila to pursue her aforesaid demands on the USV Arts Incorporated.

"7. That during her sojourn in Manila as stated in Paragraph 6 hereof, I, together with the other directors of USV Arts Incorporated, had several meetings with her in her hotel room and in various places where she insisted on her demands, and during such meetings she made it clear to us that she was demanding over US\$117,000 of which US\$10,000 was to be paid to her under receipt and the balance to be paid to her without any record; that she be given the same billing and prominence and importance in the releases dealing with the aforesaid

motion picture 'Maharlika' as that given to the leading male actor, Mr. Paul Burke.

"8. That in view of the fact that Miss Beams' demands were unreasonable and unjustified and outside of the contract for her services, I refused to give in to her demands.

"9. That on several occasions in 1969 and 1970, in Mandaluyong, Rizal, Miss Beams threatened us that unless we comply with her demands, she would involve us in a scandal which she would create.

"10. That on October 6, 1970, Miss Beams invited us to her hotel room at the Hilton and during this meeting she, in the presence of Magdalena Gomez and Victoriana Abalos, finally threatened us that unless we comply with her demands, which at this time was increased from US\$119,000 to US\$150,000, she, Victoriana Abalos and Magdalena Gomez, would create a scandal which would involve some directors, their friends, the people supporting them and myself whereby she would claim, among others, that she was in fact our common mistress, and informing us that said Victoriana Abalos and Magdalena Gomez would corroborate her false allegations to which Victoriana Abalos and Magdalena Gomez concurred.

"11. That because of our adamant refusal to accede to her demands, Miss Beams started to talk unpleasant and derogatory stories about us and our friends to the press with no other reason than to pressurize us to grant her demands.

"12. That in view of our desire to avoid any scandal involving us, false as it may be, considering our social standing in the community and for the sake of our families, we finally succumbed to her blackmail and agreed to pay her \$10,000 and nothing more, and refused to accede to her other demands, all to which she consented.

"IN WITNESS WHEREOF, I have hereunto set my hand this 20th day of October 1970, in the City of Manila, Philippines.

(Sgd.) "DIOSDADO B. BOTE

"SUBSCRIBED AND SWORN to before me this 20th day of Oct. 1970, in the City of Manila, Philippines, affiant exhibit-

ed to me his Residence Certificate No. A-525689, issued at Mandaluyong, Rizal, on January 12, 1970.

"ILLEGIBLE"

In a separate affidavit executed by Immigration Commissioner Edmundo Reyes, he declared:

"I, Edmundo M. Reyes, Filipino, of legal age, married and a resident of Boac, Marinduque, after being duly sworn to in accordance with law, hereby depose and state:

"(1) That I am the incumbent Commissioner of Immigration of the Republic of the Philippines and I have been holding this position since September 11, 1967.

"(2) That sometime in October 1970, I received report from NBI Director Jolly Bugarin about the extortion activities of a certain Dovie Beams and so what I did was to have Dovie Beams called by telephone at her room at the Manila Hilton.

"(3) That I told Dovie Beams that in view of the adverse report against her showing clearly that she is a person of undesirable characters, she cannot continue staying in the Philippines but should leave immediately.

"(4) That Dovie Beams did not deny this but she assured that she would leave within a few days without completing her 59-day visa which was expiring on October 27, 1970.

"(5) That a week later, I received a letter from her informing me that she was sick and would be unable to leave as promised by her and was requesting for a 15-day extension. I granted her an extension of one (1) week from October 27, 1970.

"(6) That on October 30, 1970, I received again another letter informing me that she is at the Manila Medical Center and that she was confined at the same hospital for serious urinary ailment. I personally went to the Manila Medical Center in the company of two (2) people to verify her allegations, and I was told that she was really sick. She asked for a 2-week extension expiring on November 11, 1970, which I granted.

"That I wish to make it of record that I attended to this case in my official capacity, as in other cases involving undesirable aliens."

Republic Weekly's 8th article in the April 16, 1971 issue (still with another nude picture of Dovie laying on bed with legs apart) under the title of "AN ODD CAPER IN HONGKONG" described the mood of Manila when she played the X-rates sex tape involving President Marcos.

"To a city that was eager to believe the worst, it was an instant hit!"

The newsmagazine also quoted the column of Doroy Valencia who was reputedly the unofficial spokesman of President Marcos.

According to the Marcos publication, Cueto was traveling together with Dovie which was obvious from the plane sitting arrangement in which they were seated beside each other, as corroborated also by Abalos and Gomez.

Asked about it, Fred Cueto told **Republic Weekly**: "On Nov. 11, 1971, Miss Beams asked me to accompany her to Hongkong. I asked her why, and she said she was being threatened by unknown persons after she gave a press conference in which she divulged things about President Marcos, lawyers Poblador and Ilusorio, and others."

Did Cueto consent to go with her to Hongkong? "Yes, I did," said Cueto.

Republic Weekly described Cueto as "a man of some means and can afford to keep up with a fast set."

Cueto added that Dovie had made Hongkong as her base of operations closest to the Philippines to pursue her blackmail and extortion against President Marcos and his cronies. He said she had reported at once to the local police and the news media about the threat.

Columnist Valencia wrote: "**Evening News** columnist Luis Beltran came home fuming mad from a four-day vacation in Hongkong the other day. It seemed that Miss Dovie Beams had complained to the Hongkong authorities (and, no doubt, the US embassy here) that a 'ten-man assassination squad' had followed her from Manila and was allegedly out to get her.

"As a result, all Filipinos staying at the Ambassador Hotel and perhaps other hostelrys had their rooms thoroughly

searched by plainclothes men or detectives. It seems that what most chagrins Beltran (who was in the British Crown Colony with his wife and mother) is that he was mistaken by the 'police' searchers for a Mafia-type hood. Beltran happened to be in the shower in his eighth floor room, taking a bath, when four burly fellows walked in — all Caucasians, not Asians. They identified themselves as Hongkong policemen, but Beltran says he grew suspicious because one of the cops had an unmistakably American accent.

" 'You sound just like a Brooklyn taxicab driver!' the Filipino columnist charged. Beltran demanded to see the detectives' credentials and threatened to call the **Associated Press** and **United Press International**.

"According to Beltran's account this threat made the 'detectives' back off and leave. I didn't have the heart to tell Louie that he DOES look like a tough character."

Republic Weekly continued: "And her (Dovie's) reverses continued to mount. For one thing, she broke up with Fred Delfin Cueto, who came running home with a story (told to the **Philippine News Service**) that "Miss Dovie Beams tried to blackmail me in Hongkong."

The newsmagazine said the blackmail attempted happened on Nov. 17 (one week after their departure from Manila) when they went out dancing and drinking. Miss Beams asked Cueto to get in touch with President Marcos to facilitate the approval of the papers of her two Filipino companions, Gomez and Abalos.

"If you will not help me in my predicament, you'll be sorry," Cueto quoted Miss Beams as having told him.

"I was still in my underwear when unidentified men, foreign agents I supposed, barged in. With guns drawn, they immediately searched me and told me that they were informed that I had a gun."

Cueto said he suspected that Miss Beams had sent the unidentified men to his room to terrorize him for having refused to grant her demand.

In the April issue of **Republic Weekly**, its ninth article

carried five nude photos of Dovie in different positions and was entitled "DOVIE GOES HOME WITH A SHATTERED DREAM". It dwelt extensively on affidavits of Abalos and Gomez.

In their sworn testimonies, they claimed to have seen the light and withdrew from Dovie's conspiracy to blacken the image of President Marcos, extortion plots, and after being shown reports from the U.S. about her psychiatric problem, they had left out of fear of her explosive temper and unpredictability.

Finally, **Republic Weekly**, in its 10th and last of a series of articles on Dovie Beams dated April 30, 1971 under the headline "DOVIE WASHES HER DIRTY LINEN ABROAD", it published two nude pictures of the American actress gracing the pages of **Stern**, a West Germany magazine.

Republic Weekly said that apparently Dovie had sold to that German magazine her story of a love affair with President Marcos, saying that he had used to see her three times a day, which the newsmagazine said was absolutely false and impossible.

The series of 10 articles **Republic Weekly** published against Dovie Beams were very damaging to her. But if President Marcos and his newsmagazine thought that they had finally buried her case to be forgotten, they were mistaken. □



President Marcos, through Republic newsmagazine, puts Dovie Beams in bad light by publishing her nude photos he himself took.



Republic's series of articles paint Dovie Beams as a "prostitute" out to blackmail and extort money from President Marcos and his business cronies.



The author behind Republic's "The True Story" is simply bylined as "A.E." and does a good job of trying to destroy Dovie Beams' credibility.



Cover pages of Republic's issues (1971) that published the anti-Dovie Beams series of 10 articles.



Republic concludes series with a reprint of Dovie Beams' two nude pictures in West German magazine Stern in connection with her love affair with President Marcos.



Following Republic's series against her, Dovie Beams sends copy of her X-rated sex tape with President Marcos to Graphic newsmagazine to prove her affair with him.



Graphic's front covers of three issues (November 1971) in which Dovie Beams replies to Republic's series, including a message to the Filipino people.



Ferdinand Marcos' reputed half-brother Delfin Cueto, who pretended to be Dovie Beams' lover to cover up the President's affair with her, lies dead after a shoot-out with security guards of Makati Mayor Nemesio Yabut.



DOLFIN CUETO IN DEATH

At around 11:45 p.m. Gault and his companions returned. Tabor and some of the men were in the main lobby of the store. Tabor mentioned casually without waiting for the door to be open, the burglar and other individuals who entered in were evidently not at night. They emerged and through the window were to find a glass sign. From the front lobby and some were carried to men in the main lobby where they were being working in particular items. (Continued)

There are three major and a number of minor problems which threaten the State of Texas and which must be solved for the future prosperity of our state. The first is the problem of the water supply.

- Duffy, George, 44, at 44 Maple Street, 2nd fl. Village School, West.
- Arthur Shaw, 30, at 30 Columbia University, Garden.
- Charles Jackson, 45, a student at the University.

What Really Happened?

Mayor vs. "Half-Brother of Marcos"

It was almost midnight when I lay down. Very late, I was actually not about to sleep, but usually all officers in my field have one or two hours of sleep.

...and as the boat sailed, they were looking for Marine Sergeant Robert "Pat" ... a ... who ... to be a ... of ... Marine ... in the boat looking for ... because ... that the ... would find ... in the ... from the ...

Chen says it is a bad mood when he left China last February and happened to hear Chen's wife say that and they would be something negative in coming. They knew the father and Chen was not in the best of moods and it would be extremely unfortunate for the

Several other, 30 members of the
Museum gallery.

by Filimon V. Tutay
CHIEF, LABORATORY

1998, 2000, 2001, 2002, 2003, 2004, 2005, 2006, 2007, 2008, 2009, 2010, 2011, 2012, 2013, 2014, 2015, 2016, 2017, 2018, 2019, 2020, 2021, 2022, 2023, 2024, 2025, 2026, 2027, 2028, 2029, 2030, 2031, 2032, 2033, 2034, 2035, 2036, 2037, 2038, 2039, 2040, 2041, 2042, 2043, 2044, 2045, 2046, 2047, 2048, 2049, 2050, 2051, 2052, 2053, 2054, 2055, 2056, 2057, 2058, 2059, 2060, 2061, 2062, 2063, 2064, 2065, 2066, 2067, 2068, 2069, 2070, 2071, 2072, 2073, 2074, 2075, 2076, 2077, 2078, 2079, 2080, 2081, 2082, 2083, 2084, 2085, 2086, 2087, 2088, 2089, 2090, 2091, 2092, 2093, 2094, 2095, 2096, 2097, 2098, 2099, 2100, 2101, 2102, 2103, 2104, 2105, 2106, 2107, 2108, 2109, 2110, 2111, 2112, 2113, 2114, 2115, 2116, 2117, 2118, 2119, 2120, 2121, 2122, 2123, 2124, 2125, 2126, 2127, 2128, 2129, 2130, 2131, 2132, 2133, 2134, 2135, 2136, 2137, 2138, 2139, 2140, 2141, 2142, 2143, 2144, 2145, 2146, 2147, 2148, 2149, 2150, 2151, 2152, 2153, 2154, 2155, 2156, 2157, 2158, 2159, 2160, 2161, 2162, 2163, 2164, 2165, 2166, 2167, 2168, 2169, 2170, 2171, 2172, 2173, 2174, 2175, 2176, 2177, 2178, 2179, 2180, 2181, 2182, 2183, 2184, 2185, 2186, 2187, 2188, 2189, 2190, 2191, 2192, 2193, 2194, 2195, 2196, 2197, 2198, 2199, 2200, 2201, 2202, 2203, 2204, 2205, 2206, 2207, 2208, 2209, 2210, 2211, 2212, 2213, 2214, 2215, 2216, 2217, 2218, 2219, 2220, 2221, 2222, 2223, 2224, 2225, 2226, 2227, 2228, 2229, 2230, 2231, 2232, 2233, 2234, 2235, 2236, 2237, 2238, 2239, 2240, 2241, 2242, 2243, 2244, 2245, 2246, 2247, 2248, 2249, 2250, 2251, 2252, 2253, 2254, 2255, 2256, 2257, 2258, 2259, 2260, 2261, 2262, 2263, 2264, 2265, 2266, 2267, 2268, 2269, 2270, 2271, 2272, 2273, 2274, 2275, 2276, 2277, 2278, 2279, 2280, 2281, 2282, 2283, 2284, 2285, 2286, 2287, 2288, 2289, 2290, 2291, 2292, 2293, 2294, 2295, 2296, 2297, 2298, 2299, 2300, 2301, 2302, 2303, 2304, 2305, 2306, 2307, 2308, 2309, 2310, 2311, 2312, 2313, 2314, 2315, 2316, 2317, 2318, 2319, 2320, 2321, 2322, 2323, 2324, 2325, 2326, 2327, 2328, 2329, 2330, 2331, 2332, 2333, 2334, 2335, 2336, 2337, 2338, 2339, 2340, 2341, 2342, 2343, 2344, 2345, 2346, 2347, 2348, 2349, 2350, 2351, 2352, 2353, 2354, 2355, 2356, 2357, 2358, 2359, 2360, 2361, 2362, 2363, 2364, 2365, 2366, 2367, 2368, 2369, 2370, 2371, 2372, 2373, 2374, 2375, 2376, 2377, 2378, 2379, 2380, 2381, 2382, 2383, 2384, 2385, 2386, 2387, 2388, 2389, 2390, 2391, 2392, 2393, 2394, 2395, 2396, 2397, 2398, 2399, 2400, 2401, 2402, 2403, 2404, 2405, 2406, 2407, 2408, 2409, 2410, 2411, 2412, 2413, 2414, 2415, 2416, 2417, 2418, 2419, 2420, 2421, 2422, 2423, 2424, 2425, 2426, 2427, 2428, 2429, 2430, 2431, 2432, 2433, 2434, 2435, 2436, 2437, 2438, 2439, 2440, 2441, 2442, 2443, 2444, 2445, 2446, 2447, 2448, 2449, 2450, 2451, 2452, 2453, 2454, 2455, 2456, 2457, 2458, 2459, 2460, 2461, 2462, 2463, 2464, 2465, 2466, 2467, 2468, 2469, 2470, 2471, 2472, 2473, 2474, 2475, 2476, 2477, 2478, 2479, 2480, 2481, 2482, 2483, 2484, 2485, 2486, 2487, 2488, 2489, 2490, 2491, 2492, 2493, 2494, 2495, 2496, 2497, 2498, 2499, 2500, 2501, 2502, 2503, 2504, 2505, 2506, 2507, 2508, 2509, 2510, 2511, 2512, 2513, 2514, 2515, 2516, 2517, 2518, 2519, 2520, 2521, 2522, 2523, 2524, 2525, 2526, 2527, 2528, 2529, 2530, 2531, 2532, 2533, 2534, 2535, 2536, 2537, 2538, 2539, 2540, 2541, 2542, 2543, 2544, 2545, 2546, 2547, 2548, 2549, 2550, 2551, 2552, 2553, 2554, 2555, 2556, 2557, 2558, 2559, 2560, 2561, 2562, 2563, 2564, 2565, 2566, 2567, 2568, 2569, 2570, 2571, 2572, 2573, 2574, 2575, 2576, 2577, 2578, 2579, 2580, 2581, 2582, 2583, 2584, 2585, 2586, 2587, 2588, 2589, 2590, 2591, 2592, 2593, 2594, 2595, 2596, 2597, 2598, 2599, 2600, 2601, 2602, 2603, 2604, 2605, 2606, 2607, 2608, 2609, 2610, 2611, 2612, 2613, 2614, 2615, 2616, 2617, 2618, 2619, 2620, 2621, 2622, 2623, 2624, 2625, 2626, 2627, 2628, 2629, 2630, 2631, 2632, 2633, 2634, 2635, 2636, 2637, 2638, 2639, 2640, 2641, 2642, 2643, 2644, 2645, 2646, 2647, 2648, 2649, 2650, 2651, 2652, 2653, 2654, 2655, 2656, 2657, 2658, 2659, 2660, 2661, 2662, 2663, 2664, 2665, 2666, 2667, 2668, 2669, 2670, 2671, 2672, 2673, 2674, 2675, 2676, 2677, 2678, 2679, 2680, 26

But on that night of Thursday, page 16. The word "and" at the top left of the page had been cut out. The word "and" had been cut out.

... (b) ... (c) ... (d) ... (e) ... (f) ... (g) ... (h) ... (i) ... (j) ... (k) ... (l) ... (m) ... (n) ... (o) ... (p) ... (q) ... (r) ... (s) ... (t) ... (u) ... (v) ... (w) ... (x) ... (y) ... (z) ...

to be returned upon death and the same procedure followed and burial taken as the case allowed.

the main factor when I was and he was
youngest. I was also the only one
in the family who was not married, so
I was the only one who was not married.



DATE: 1/15/01



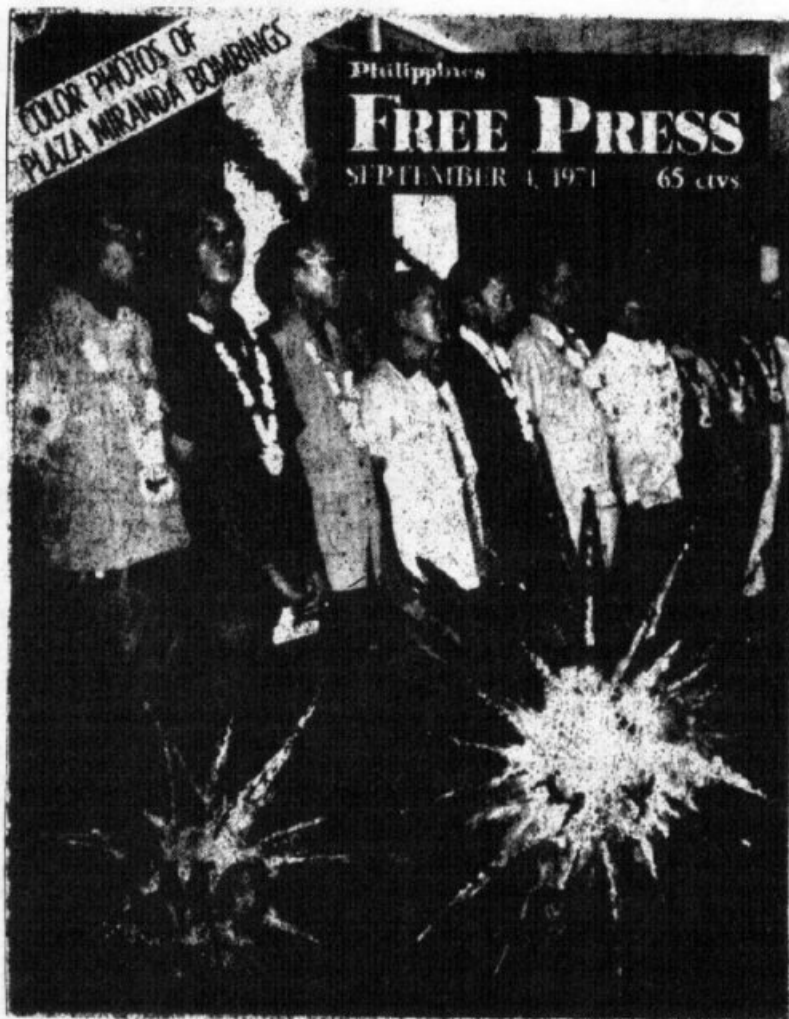
QUETO WITH MRS. MELBA MARCO
A musical dinner



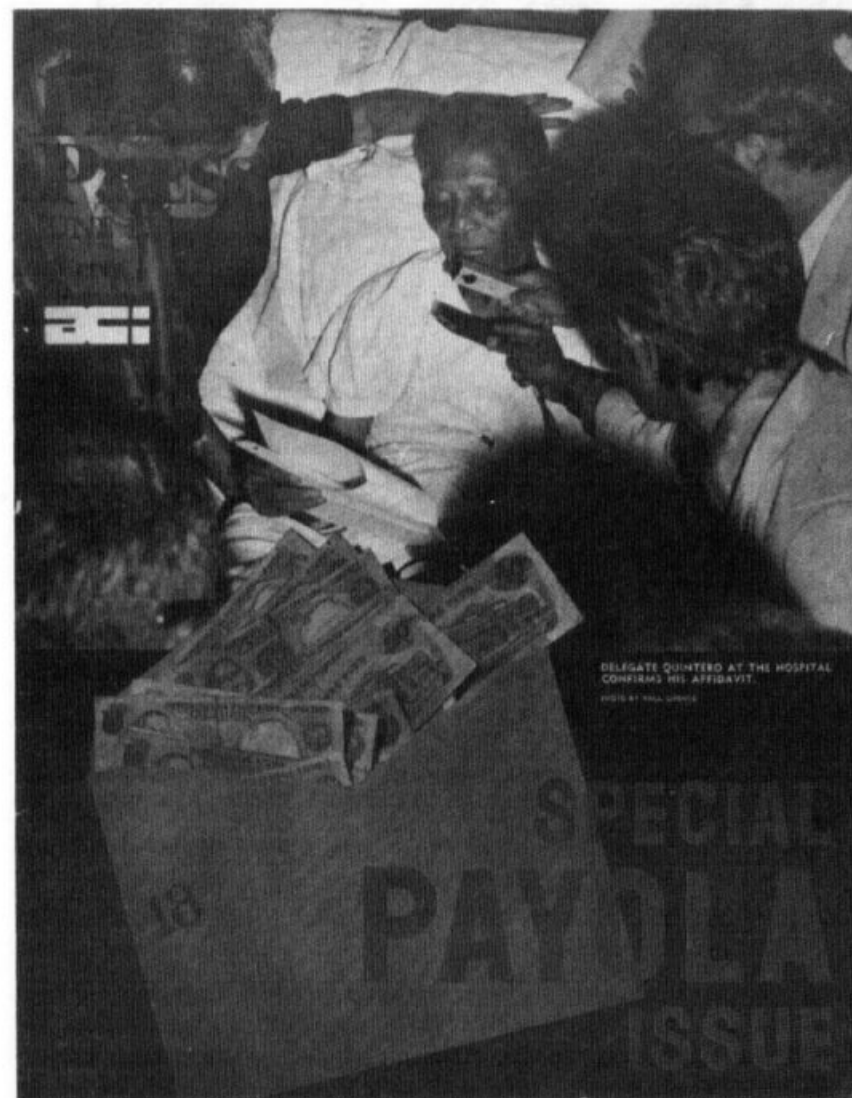
PRESIDENT MARCO
RUBIO

FREE PRESS, AUG. 26, 1972
Where were Cueto, etc., killed?

Marcos has a long history of frame-ups, usurpations of power, jailing, torturing and killing his political opponents.



The Plaza Miranda bombing almost wipes out the entire opposition leadership in 1971. The crime, in which President Marcos is the prime suspect, remains unsolved up to this day.

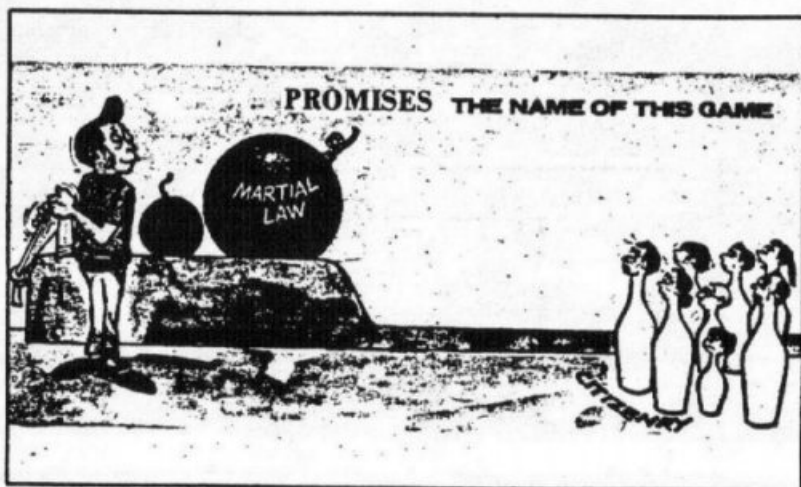


Constitutional Convention delegate Eduardo Quintero, accuser of President Marcos and the First Lady in the celebrated ConCon payola case, becomes the accused when government agents planted evidence and framed him up.



FREE PRESS, SEPT. 2, 1972

President Marcos is accused by the Philippine news media of planning to declare martial law to perpetuate himself in power indefinitely.



Regents Block Rehiring of Angela

Story in Cols. 7 & 8

TODAY'S
RACE RESULTS
COMPLETE SPORTS

LOS ANGELES EVENING AND SUNDAY
HERALD-EXAMINER
National Post-Dispatch
Published Daily Except Sundays and Holidays
Subscription Price \$5.00 per Year in Advance
Single Copies 10 Cents

STARLIGHT
TODAY'S
COMPLETE STOCKS

PHILIPPINE CRISIS

Martial Law Declared By Marcos



Attempt
On Life
Of Minister

**Price Rise
Drops Below
3 Pct. Goal**

100 Police Hunt Buena Park Killer

Police are hunting for a man who is believed to be the killer of a woman in Buena Park. The woman was found dead in a car. Police are looking for a man who is believed to be the killer. The man is believed to be in the area of Buena Park. Police are looking for a man who is believed to be the killer. The man is believed to be in the area of Buena Park. Police are looking for a man who is believed to be the killer. The man is believed to be in the area of Buena Park.

Fall Here: Still Warm

The weather is still warm in the fall. The weather is still warm in the fall. The weather is still warm in the fall. The weather is still warm in the fall. The weather is still warm in the fall. The weather is still warm in the fall. The weather is still warm in the fall. The weather is still warm in the fall. The weather is still warm in the fall. The weather is still warm in the fall.

UC Regents Block Rehiring of Angela

The University of California regents have blocked the rehiring of Angela. The regents have decided that Angela should not be rehired. The regents have decided that Angela should not be rehired. The regents have decided that Angela should not be rehired. The regents have decided that Angela should not be rehired. The regents have decided that Angela should not be rehired. The regents have decided that Angela should not be rehired. The regents have decided that Angela should not be rehired. The regents have decided that Angela should not be rehired. The regents have decided that Angela should not be rehired.

Los Angeles Herald-Examiner headlines declaration of Philippine martial law by President Marcos.

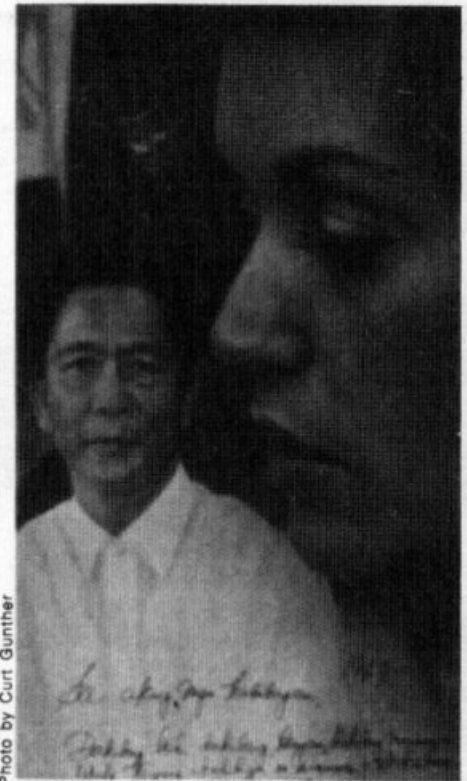


FREE PRESS, JULY 1, 1972

For exposing his evil design to impose a military dictatorship, Ferdinand Marcos jail thousands of political opponents, including opposition leaders, journalists and activists who charged him with raping Philippine democracy and imposing a totalitarian regime.



Dovie Beams, with portrait of her former lover in the background, as published in Qui. Below, the First Couple, who love to play "king" and "queen", sit on their "throne".





Mr. & Ms. November 18, 1983

The Philippines' "Julius Caesar" and "Cleopatra" (Marcos and Imelda) as they are caricatured in Mr. & Ms. in Manila.



The Philippines' "Evita Peron"



And the real one.

Next only to her husband, Imelda Marcos is the most powerful figure in the Philippines.



Dictator Marcos swears in his own wife Imelda as Minister of Human Settlements, in addition to being already Governor of Metro Manila and holding other government posts.



After jailing Maoist leftists, Dictator Marcos and his family travel to Communist China and make friends with Mao Tse Tung. Below: Purportedly anti-Communist, Marcos regime through wife Imelda signs a trade agreement with Cuba's Fidel Castro in Havana in 1975.





The First Couple at their silver wedding anniversary rites.



Imelda Marcos fondles a diamond rosary in a sacro-religious pose. As one of the 10 richest women in the world, her love for jewels, money and power is widely known.

18. Down But Not Out

“What ever happened to Dovie Beams?”

Not a few people were asking this question after the controversial American actress had left the Philippines and more especially after the **Republic Weekly** had published her nude pictures in a series of articles purporting to be “The Real Story” behind her case.

As the **Philippines Free Press** said in an article, “Filipinos will undoubtedly miss Dovie. Not even the proposed Senate investigation of the Dovie Beams Affair will be able to refute such a Lovely Argument for Special Relations.”

It had been a year already since the branded CIA *femme fatale* had left Manila amidst a political storm with a parting declaration that “I love this country very much” and a hope, ala Gen. Douglas MacArthur, that she could return to the land of *adobo* and *pansit* (her favorite native foods).

Just when the Philippine news media were settling back to normal for lack of juicy news, in came a voice like a ghost from the past and across the seas. Dovie Beams, smarting from the

Republic Weekly's nude pictures of her and damaging attacks, came back with a rebuttal.

From her Beverly Hills home, she mailed cassette tapes to Manila's newspapers, TV and radio stations through which she replied to the newsmagazine's no-holds-barred tirades against her and also included her message to the Filipino people.

But it was **Graphic**, a critic of the Marcos administration and a rival newsmagazine of **Republic Weekly**, that gave Dovie's reply tape more prominence in a series of three articles in its issues of November 3, 10 and 17 in 1971, exactly a year since she had left Manila.

With Luis Mauricio as editor, **Graphic** even printed photos of her new tape and the envelope it was mailed in to show it was for real, and ran the articles under the same headline: "DOVIE BEAMS CLAWS BACK".

Written by Rosario A. Garcellano (in contrast to the **Republic Weekly** writer who hid under the initial A.E.), the **Graphic** article in its November 3, 1971 issue identified A.E. as "also the pen-pusher of some higher-up's latest literary caper."

"The series (by **Republic Weekly**) positively identified the male lead of the story (by Dovie Beams) as Ferdinand E. Marcos himself, seemingly upstaging the other earlier articles about the case which had been content with a mere *Fred*," Garcellano wrote.

Then the **Graphic** article summarized its rival's series by taking the fat off the meat for clarity. It said:

"The series was *that* thorough. It seemed then that Miss Beams should thank her lucky stars that the magazine did not enjoy the circulation of, say, the poor man's **Komiks**. When the series ended on April 30, 1971, it was almost with a 'Humph!' a 'So there!' and a 'Case Closed!' "

"A.E. must have been jolted out of a year's growth when news of a cassette tape sent to the Philippines by Dovie Beams from the United States hit the newspapers. Apparently, the woman was not clobbered into silence by 'The Real Story'. Apparently, she is no Scare Sally," **Graphic** quipped.

Graphic received Dovie's new tape on October 15 and determined that she had made it on October 6. Quoting now from its transcription, the tape said:

"This is Dovie Beams in Beverly Hills, California, sending greetings to all of you. I would like to send my warmest thanks to my friends and all of you who have supported me. To those who have done so, I admire your courage. I know you too have suffered humiliation and hardship as I have

"To the person or persons responsible for the assassination of my character in the series of articles in **Republic Weekly**, I am surprised that you revealed to the world to what lengths you would go to destroy a person using whatever power and position necessary in this attempt.

"I would like to call your attention to a letter dated Aug. 21, 1969 reproduced in the March 26, 1971 issue of **Republic Weekly** purported to be a facsimile of the handwriting of President Marcos . . ."

Dovie quoted from the article, which was about that part when Mr. Marcos supposedly wrote Diosdado Bote, president of USV Arts Incorporated, producer of the film "Ang Mga Maharlika", telling him: "How come the girl looks like a Hollywood cheapie? Check her background. She cannot act. Better yet, take her out."

Dovie continued in her tape: "If this letter is the handwriting of President Marcos, and it appears that it is, then I would like to say that the contents of the letter, including the date, are untrue, I repeat, untrue. I am going to play a tape recording made by President Marcos while he and I were eating together.

"This recording was made in April, 1969, and the letter in **Republic Weekly** is dated Aug. 21, 1969. Please note that President Marcos is teaching me my lines from the film *Maharlika*."

And the tape-recording completely belied the contents of the letter. On the contrary, Marcos was all praise for Dovie. He told her she looked, talked and acted like his wartime sweetheart Evelyn, the role Dovie was playing. In fact, he saw in Dovie a reincarnation of Evelyn. Marcos had even thought he saw a ghost the first time he laid his eyes on Dovie.

In the **Graphic** issue of November 10, 1971, as in the previous one, it published Dovie's photo in a mini skirt. Here the second article by Garcellano said:

"While listening to the tape, we had remarked to a colleague that Miss Beams (granting, of course, that it was indeed she) probably had everything written down beforehand. He shook his head and said no, Miss Beams is actually a very articulate woman.

"During her stay here, the colleague went on, Miss Beams never seemed at a loss for words, even when she was talking about her relationship with 'Fred', she was not the type who would falter in a conversation and grope for the proper phrase.

"The voice that the recorder spun out was steady and expressive — conveying warmth when she speaks of her love for the people of the Philippines, and disgust and indignation when she speaks of 'the absurdity of it all', referring to an allegation made by a series of articles published in the **Republic Weekly**."

Dovie's side 1 of her tape continued:

"My only crime is loving President Marcos . . . President Marcos who vowed he would come out in the open and protect me. President Marcos knows that I never expected to be insulted this way and I implore him to speak out and restore the beauty that was in a love story . . . A beautiful love has been made into something ugly by denial and lies.

"President Marcos, Lawin (the name he himself selected for a son by them — HR) as I call you, please speak the truth.

"I have been told that a recording of my voice has been aired on the radio in the Philippines in which I said I never knew President Marcos. If such a recording was played, I would like to say: I never made such a recording nor have I ever or will I ever say that I never knew President Marcos.

"It has also come to my attention that it has been alleged in certain newspapers that I have received a pay-off for making certain statements. I would like to say to everyone that I have never nor will I ever accept a pay-off or make false statements. In fact, I have stated that I will hold my own breath before I will do so.

"It is true that various emissaries have come over to see me and my attorneys asking me to sign a statement saying that I never knew President Marcos, that the press stories were false, that I was never a partner in any business with President Marcos, that I turn over all my evidence which include tape recordings, letters, telegrams, mementoes, etc.

"And I was told that if I did not, then I would spoil the First Lady's chances of becoming president. To which I reply: Good! Then I'll be doing the Filipino people a favor . . . Democracy, which you the people fought to preserve, must survive. . .

"Now I ask you, first why should I give up my evidence which is my life insurance policy? And just why should I deny press stories of a press willing to support me, even at the risk of their own lives and their jobs? I will not let them down. And to deny that I ever knew President Marcos I have to say: To thine own self, be true.

"To deny that there was not any business between President Marcos and myself would be a denial of a legal contract between USV Arts and myself, which represents an oral agreement between myself and President Marcos and an oral agreement between President Marcos and the officers of the USV Arts on my behalf, the specific officers of USV Arts being: Atty. Potenciano Ilusorio, Atty. Honorio Poblador and Diosdado Bote, former manager of Wack Wack Golf and Country Club.

"I am filing suit because this contract has been violated and the agreement made therein has not been honored. The request for the contract to be honored is not an extortion as was stated in **Republic Weekly** but it is a legal document which any one of the aforementioned gentlemen would expect to be honored in any similar business of their own.

"I ask publicly, just why should I be the only one in the cast and crew of the film *Maharlika* not to be paid? Ilusorio told me that they were short on dollars, would I mind waiting for my money. And I said, of course not.

"Would any one of you not expect to get paid for the work that you did when President Marcos himself was the one who said I had the same contract with Paul Burke, a contract signed by the president of USV Arts, Manuel Nieto? (**Republic**

states that Mr. Diosdao is president of USV Arts — RAG).

"The other violations to my contract, such as billing, have been damaging to me. Why shouldn't these things be made right when agreed to in a signed contract . . .?"

Graphic, in its third and last of a series of articles on the Dovie Beams case published in its issue of November 17, 1971 with only a head-shot photo of her reproduced from West German magazine **Stern**, described the mood of the country after **Republic Weekly** had published her nude photos in a series of 10 articles:

"When the photographs of the nude Miss Beams (purportedly) came out in **Republic Weekly**, the country, which had been following the details of the story with undiminished ardor, did a double-take, as it were, and buzzed anew with scandalous intrigue.

"The juicy bit of news oozed around like melted gelatin. Since word of mouth could never be sufficient enough for the inherently curious Filipino, there was a general rush to get a copy of the magazine or, better still, a copy of one of the photographs."

Now **Graphic** proceeded with a transcription of side 2 of Dovie's new tape:

"President Marcos told me one time that Imelda said that any Western girl can be bought off. And I said, 'Not this one!' x x x that I say publicly: You cannot buy me off.

"Detectives from the Philippines have visited my producers at ABC Television where I did 28 shows before coming to the Philippines. They were to see him on the pretext of using me to star in the films they were working.

"My producer at ABC-TV gave me nothing but praise. And then one detective said: 'Don't you know anything scandalous about her?' My producer was so shocked he said, 'Certainly not!'

"These detectives visited my agent, my business partner, and my hometown in Nashville, trying to ferret out anything scandalous. Without success, they returned to the Philippines

with distorted information and misrepresentation.

"In regard to my divorce in Nashville, which President Marcos knew about, my ex-husband has written a letter disputing the claims made in the **Republic Weekly**. This letter will also be used as documentation of the truth."

Shifting to the case of her companions in Hongkong, Dovie said in her tape: "It is obvious that the passports of Victorina Abalos and Magdalena Cortez (**Republic Weekly** at first also said Cortez but later changed it to Gomez), having been revoked for no reason, have not been restored for the purpose of getting false statements from them. The statements which appeared in the **Republic Weekly** were obviously gained under duress . . .

"Just for the sake of showing the untruth contained in the series of articles in **Republic Weekly** in which it is stated that the film 'Wild Wheels' in which I played the female lead x x x was not listed in the weekly **Variety**, I would like to say that the film is not trash and the gross placed it among the top 25 (in the list) of the weekly **Variety**, on Page 9 of the July 23, 1959 issue. The sound track was recorded on RCA Victor."

Dovie likewise refuted **Republic Weekly** downgrading of her properties in California and Tennessee as either unpaid or non-existent, saying she had documents to prove them.

"The **Republic Weekly** also states that, one night, I was dazed, even stoned, after making love to homosexuals. Some persons have a way of accusing you of what you are guilty of. I am certainly not guilty of such a thing. I have never, at any time, smoked a marijuana cigarette or used drugs of any kind for the purpose of getting high.

"As for the nude photos, I think some very interesting information will be revealed in the book that I am writing . . .

"It is really a little silly to go on because I believe I have made myself clear. I refuse to be scared or intimidated by President Marcos, Imelda Marcos or emissaries bearing pay-off. For that matter . . . I have spoken the truth and I will defend it. The best protection against libel is truth."

Graphic ended its own series of three articles on Dovie's taped rebuttal to President Marcos and message to the Filipino people with: "Your move, Lover Boy."

The great "Lover Boy", Ferdinand E. Marcos, president of the Philippines, moved all right. In September 1972, he declared martial law and had **Graphic** editor Luis Mauricio and his staff members jailed, among several thousand others.

The rest is history.

But not necessarily the end of this story. For in 1972 also, Marcos sent Potenciano Ilusorio to see Dovie Beams in Beverly Hills to personally transmit a message.

"Marcos is not mad at you," he told her at a restaurant where they met. "I can see that you still love him."

As Dovie listened, two plainclothesmen from the Beverly Hills police watched them from a nearby table in response to her request for protection.

Ilusorio reassured her: "He (Marcos) loves you very much. He will follow you to the ends of the earth. And when this is all over, he will come and get you. And he wants you to come back as the First Lady."

"What about the First Lady (Mrs. Marcos)? It doesn't mean that I'm going back. I just want to know," Dovie asked, curious.

"Well, she is going to die," Marcos' crony said.

"How is she going to die?" Dovie further asked, now puzzled.

"Just wait and see."

A few months later or on December 7, 1972, an assassin named Carlito Dimaali, welding a 20-inch bolo knife, lunged at Mrs. Imelda Marcos during a televised awards program at Nayong Pilipino pavillion near the Manila International Airport.

Dressed in a formal black suit, the man believed to be a Muslim had penetrated tight security by hiding his deadly weapon in his body and mingling with the crowd.

As he went up the stage and approached the First Lady, he drew out his bolo and thrust it at her in full view of TV came-

ras and a big crowd. Wide-eyed and horror-stricken, at first she just froze. Then she backed off and parried the knife thrusts with her arms. Luckily for her, the bullet vest she was wearing deflected the sharp blade aimed at her heart and stomach.

Thereupon her security guards grappled with the assassin, threw him to the floor and pumped bullets into his body. He died on the spot.

But while the First Lady narrowly escaped death in the assassination attempt, she suffered severe arm and hand cuts. She was rushed to the hospital where doctors treated her wounds which required several stitches.

The incident, which was televised live and flashed around the world, made Dovie Beams wonder and gave her food for thought in view of what Ilusorio had told her when he transmitted a message from Marcos. □



An assassin, Carlito Dimaali, attacks Imelda Marcos with a knife. Seconds later he is shot dead by government security. A bullet vest saves her from death although she suffers multiple wounds.



Dictator Marcos holds up a rifle symbolizing his rule by military dictatorship.



Defector and author Primitivo Mijares is murdered by Marcos agents sent to the U.S.

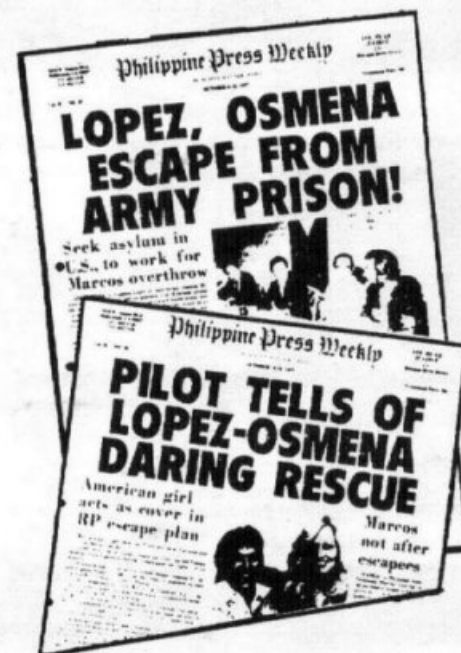




In what is the only picture available, missing defector Primitivo Mijares (center) eats his meal in the company of Querube Makalintal (foreground with face partly hidden) on board a Pan-Am plane during their first trip to Guam. The former revenue attache at the Philippine Consulate in San Francisco is the prime suspect in Mijares' liquidation.

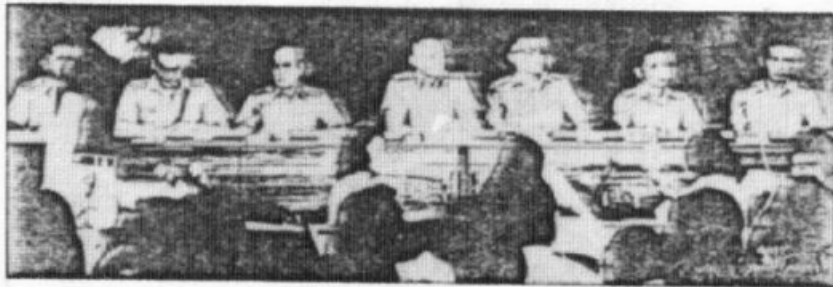


Sergio Osmena III and Eugenio Lopez Jr. (center) are flanked by MPF president Raul Manglapus (left) and Steve Psinakis in Los Angeles following their dramatic escape from a Marcos military prison in the Philippines.

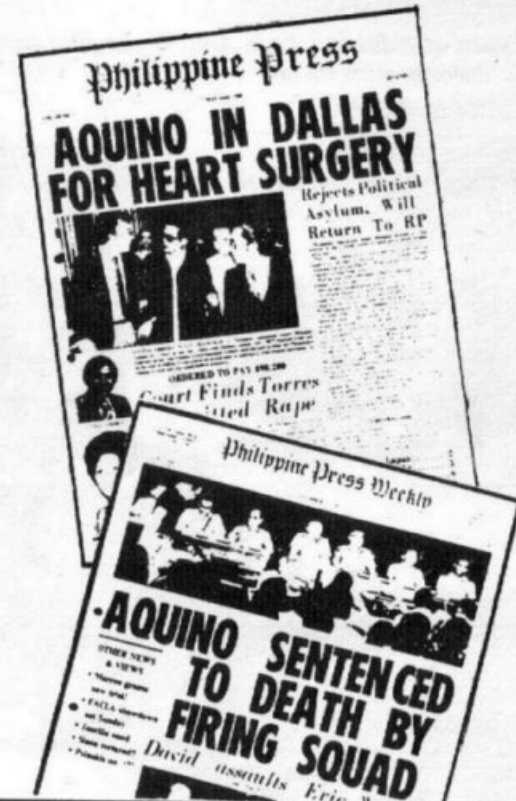




The late opposition leader Benigno Aquino Jr. is dragged to a military tribunal despite his refusal to participate in a farcical trial for crimes he said he had never committed.



The former senator faces a military kangaroo court on trumped up charges.



Benigno Aquino Jr. continues his fight with Dictator Marcos in the U.S. following his release from prison for an emergency heart operation.

After three years of political exile in America, Benigno Aquino returns to Manila for a dialogue with Dictator Marcos, but he is assassinated at the airport upon his homecoming.

Aquino (in white) lies sprawled on airport tarmac while government soldiers aim their guns at suspected assassin Rolando Galman.

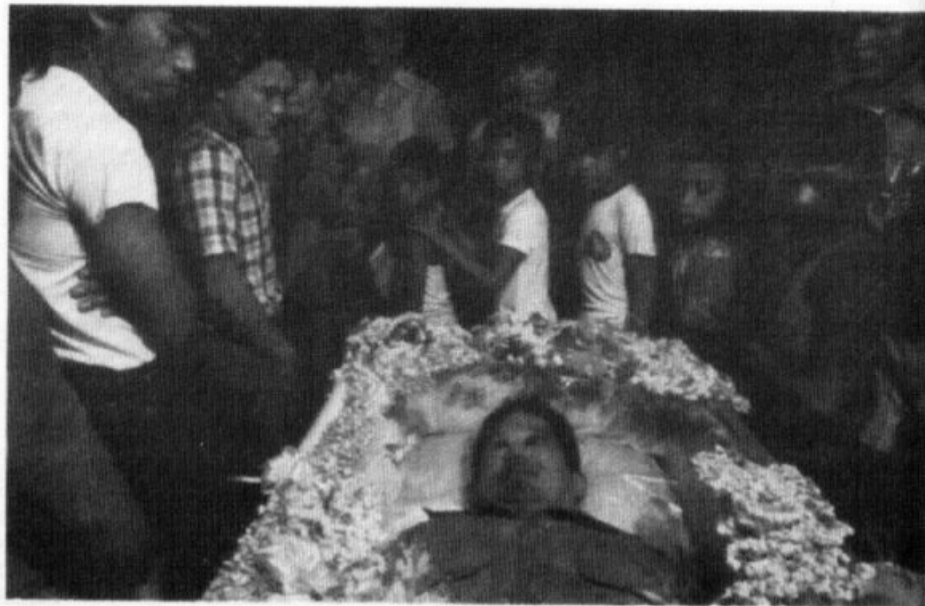


Another soldier aims his armalite at Galman while others reload (left). Aquino is lifted to the AVSECOM van (right).



Benigno Aquino's body is roughly shoved into the van as other soldiers cover the operations.





Mourners crowd around the body of their new martyr Benigno Aquino Jr. at the family residence in Quezon City. Below shows the huge throng at the Rizal Park in Manila during the funeral march.

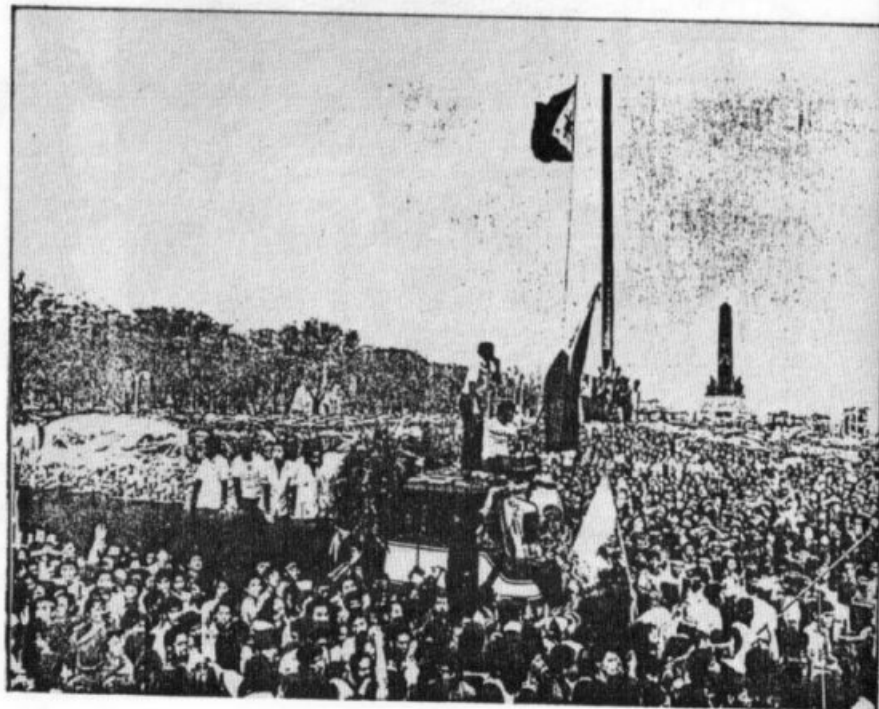
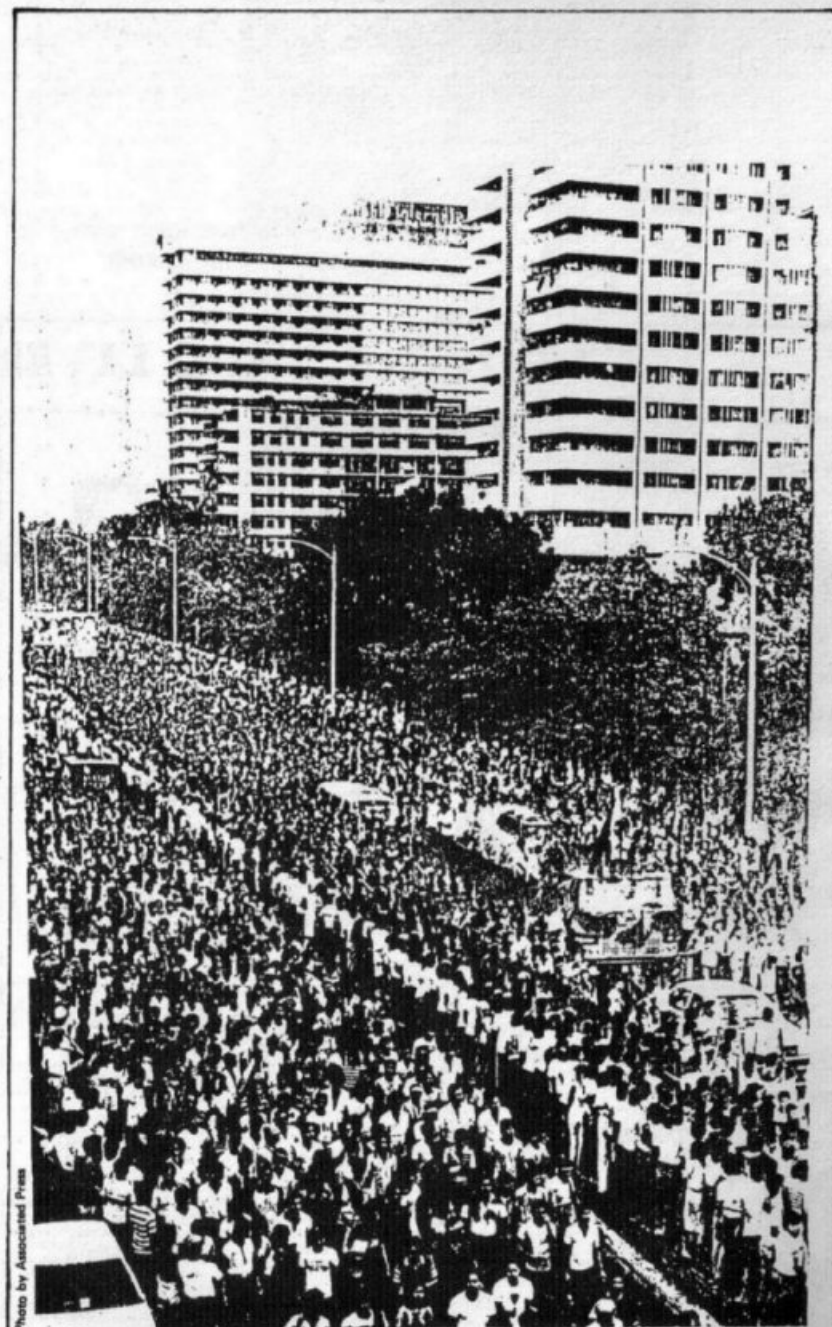


Photo by Associated Press



Millions of Filipinos, a bigger crowd than the one that greeted Gen. Douglas MacArthur's sentimental journey to the Philippines, pay their last respects for Aquino.

Mother of suspected assassin Rolando Galman screams upon seeing her son's body. But evidence later point to the military as the assassin.

WHEN LANDO LIVED

Photographs by ALEX BALUYUT of AP

by FE ZAMORA



At the PC Crime Lab: "My son, my son, I love you, even if your body is rotting!"

'We want this cadaver to rest in peace so St. Peter

by DAVID BRISCOE
Associated Press Writer



Cherruman Laceran-Agrosa after the hearing flanked by probe member Dennis Santos and AP's Briscoe.

Manila, Philippines (AP) — The Philippine government turned over the body of alleged assassin Rolando Galman to his mother Thursday, after she was forced to identify his 10 week-old cadaver before a blaze of television lights in a crowded military morgue.

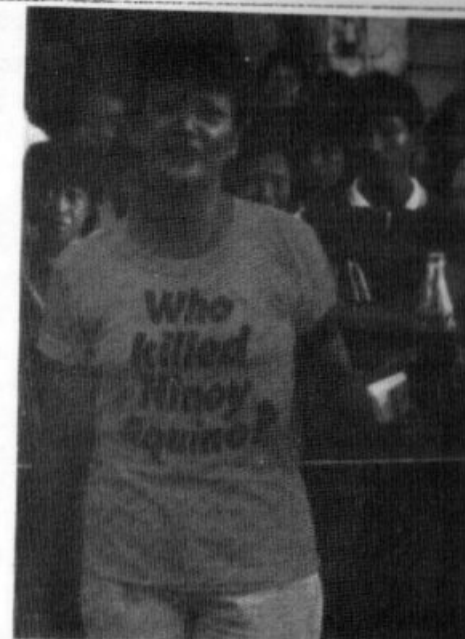
"My son, my son, is this my son?" Galman's mother, Saturnina, 53, screamed, reaching out towards the naked corpse. "I love you, my son, even if your body is rotting," she yelled in Tagalog as she was removed from the room.

Despite her attorney's pleas that she not be put through the pain of testifying, Ms. Galman appeared before the first hearing of a new commission probing the assassination of former Sen. Benigno Aquino. She told the hearing her son was a simple farmer. The commission then adjourned to the

morgue. Ms. Galman had told reporters earlier she did not believe her son killed Aquino. Galman, who was 33, was gunned down by soldiers moments after Aquino fell from a single bullet wound Aug. 21 as a group of soldiers escorted him from the Chase Airlines Flight that had brought him to three year's U.S. exile.

An air force colonel, Arturo Custodio, a man who says he was a former communist rebel, Rosendo Cawigan, also identified Galman's body in the morgue.

It was the first time any military officer had been publicly linked to Galman. Francisco Villa, deputy counsel for the commission, said Custodio was a town mate of Galman who befriended him in 1970. Villa said Galman used to go to Custodio



Joe Cantrell—Black Star

A mourner in yellow T-shirt demands to know who really killed Aquino.

The suspected triggerman is shown whisking Aquino out of the plane just seconds before his assassination.



WATKINS—AP/WIDE

Epilogue

Truth is stranger than fiction — so it is said. This book may well be a good example.

When the Philippine news media first broke out the story of Dovie Beams in 1970, all that was known then was the existence of an X-rated tape that she revealed during a press conference before she left Manila purporting to prove a love affair between her and President Marcos, which he vehemently denied.

After Dovie returned to Beverly Hills, California, Marcos in 1971 made his state-controlled **Republic Weekly** publish nude photos of her to show that she was nothing but an alleged prostitute plotting to blackmail him, extort money from his business cronies, and scandalize his government and the nation.

The American actress refuted the charge by sending a copy of the X-rated Marcos tape to **Graphic** newsmagazine in Manila along with her message to the Filipino people.

Beyond all that, nothing more was really disclosed about the worst scandal in history ever to rock the Philippines.

But now, for the first time, the intimate details of her secret love affair with President Marcos are finally revealed in this book in their sizzling, sordid and shocking truth.

To be sure, it was both a beautiful and ugly story — beautiful, because it started romantically, tenderly and happily; and ugly, because it ended painfully, bitterly and dangerously.

It is probably a story that has no parallel in human experience. And now by merely telling the episode the way it took place, one can draw his or her own conclusion as to what really happened.

Needless to state, it could have been President Marcos' own version of Watergate, only worse, had he not declared martial law in 1972 and put a stop to all the bad publicity. It was a dynamite issue against him and it could have forced him out of office just like in President Nixon's case.

In preparing for this book, the search for truth was not easy. I did not just take Dovie Beams' word for it. As an actress she was paid to act. So I had to be careful that she was telling the truth and not just acting.

Thus when I interviewed her I did not just ask questions. In a ticklish case like this, I had to play the devil's advocate. So I probed and cross-examined.

A lot of things had been said and done before relating to the Dovie Beams case. A lot of mud had been thrown around too. I had to be sure that when I put all the bits of information together, they fit in their right places.

I was tough on Dovie. During the marathon interviews I conducted with her I fired questions as though I were a prosecutor. So much so that at times she would excuse herself to lay down for a while and collect her thoughts.

It was traumatic for Dovie to relive her harrowing experience in the Philippines during such interview sessions. But I am happy to say that in the end she passed my test with flying colors.

That is why I am glad to finally write this book because in so doing I do not have the slightest doubt that she told the truth about her secret love affair with President Marcos despite

his denial and the charges against her.

Of course, it is impossible for me to personally get his side. I could not go to Manila to interview him. For as a survivor of a free press that he muzzled, I am in his government enemy black-list and I would surely be whisked to jail the moment I step on Philippine soil.

But his side is already extensively given on Chapter 17 of this book. So too are those of his business cronies.

One thing I regret is that I had to include here some reprints of Dovie's nude pictures although I did not want to dignify what Mr. Marcos and his cohorts did to her to tarnish her public image.

However, the need for factual and balanced presentation of what really happened in this "sexplosive" love triangle cannot be ignored. Truth dictates that they should not be left out in this book just because I sympathize with her as they are material to the whole story.

Now in the aftermath of this controversy between Dovie Beams and the Marcos group, the issue is really simple. The question is, did the President really have a love affair with her?

She answered that with a big YES and came forward with convincing proofs, and I believe her.

Indeed, from the very beginning of their dispute, she had been telling the truth while he had been lying.

Mr. Marcos and his cronies tried to confuse the issue by digging into Dovie's past. They came up with some unpleasant information about her. So what? Assuming they were true, the truth of their secret love affair still prevailed.

They tried to destroy her credibility so that the people need not believe what she exposed in defense of her honor. But despite the conspiracy against her, the truth remained.

Now let us talk about facts and proofs. The X-rated tapes are the most crucial evidence in this whole case. I know Marcos' voice. I heard it many times before. After all, I once covered him as a reporter in Manila.

And I say that is the voice of Marcos in those tapes. They are not spliced or concocted. They are not fake. They are real.

I heard them several times just to be sure.

To double-check it, portions of the tapes were also played in Los Angeles for a few other persons who likewise knew President Marcos, including his own military officers, and they were all unanimous in their belief that it is indeed Marcos' voice in those X-rated tapes.

Should there still be any doubt, there are always the technical experts who can corroborate it by some scientific method if the matter were put to a test. That is why I do not hesitate to say without fear of contradiction that it is Marcos' voice.

In the same token, that is also the voice of Dovie in the same X-rated tapes. There is no dispute about that. And her voice was spontaneous, beautiful and natural — not the intriguing or conspiring type that could have been sensed if she had taped their conversations for a bad purpose.

Dovie should thank her lucky stars that she had also used her head when she made those tapes originally for the sole purpose of keeping a personal memento of their beautiful relationship, just as she reluctantly allowed him to take her nude pictures. Now she can keep them as her own life insurance policy, as she herself put it.

Indeed, if Dovie had been a 100% sentimental fool and merely used her heart, she would have been left with nothing to prove that she had been telling the truth all along. Then it would have been her word against his word.

Consider this too. For all the acting ability of Dovie, she could not have concocted all those things she said had happened in the Philippines between her and President Marcos.

I covered Malacanang Palace as a reporter before and oftentimes we newspapermen accompanied the President to Baguio City and lived right there at the Mansion House annex as part of the privileges of the press.

I ate at the dining halls of both places and therefore I can say I know how they look like. So when Dovie described those places where she made love with President Marcos — there of all places — I knew she was telling the truth.

No person, no matter how intelligent, could possibly

describe people, things and places with such details and accuracy as Dovie did in the case of President Marcos, his cronies and the places they had gone together, if she had not really been that close to them, especially the President.

In fact, Dovie's knowledge of Mr. Marcos' private and official lives and inside doings in government at that particular point and time, is just awesome and staggering.

Perhaps it can even be said that because Dovie became too close to him, no other person — including his own wife Imelda — really knew him that well.

His inner thoughts, his inner fears, his doubts and anxieties, even the way he slept, were all revealed to Dovie because in their beautiful love affair, while it lasted, they threw all their inhibitions to the four winds.

President Marcos did and said to Dovie what he had not done and said to any other living soul before, including the First Lady. Usually uptight because of the pressures of the presidency, with Dovie he was even like a child — jovial, playful and totally relaxed.

He kept telling her, in their earlier times together, that she kept him from having a nervous breakdown.

And yet, for all the beauty of their love affair, which even seemed like a dream come true for both of them, in the end Mr. Marcos showed that he was not a man but a mouse.

If only for sentimental reasons, if not for old time's sake, he could have leveled with Dovie. He could have told her — look, I am in deep trouble because of our relationship. Can we just forget it? And then saw to it that she was not harmed. Dovie could have understood and appreciated that, it can be assumed. And he could have acted as a man.

But what President Marcos did instead, after using Dovie, was to throw her like a dead piece of wood into the ocean of uncertainty or a piece of meat to the wolves. That is sheer cruelty.

But getting back to facts and proofs, having established that the X-rated tape was true, that Mr. Marcos lied about it and that Dovie had told the truth all along, now all his other allega-

tions that depended on the fakery or genuineness of the tape, must also crumble.

Another lie that Mr. Marcos thorough his cohorts would like people to believe is that the mysterious "Fred" involved with Dovie was not him but Delfin Cueto, reputedly his own half-brother. Cueto was never known as or called Fred before. They just changed his name to Fred Delfin Cueto at that time to suit their evil purpose.

As the alleged half-brother of Marcos, Cueto on the contrary was on a special mission for the President to trail Dovie to Hongkong, and if press reports there at that time were to be believed, he was there as a hired killer to execute her if she did not accept a bribe and turn over some evidence she had against her former great lover.

In fact, Cueto in 1969 had also followed Senator Sergio Osmena Jr. to the United States on a special mission for the President when the opposition presidential candidate wanted to give the impression that Washington was supporting his candidacy.

Was it just a coincidence that it was also Cueto who trailed Dovie to Hongkong in November 1970? As it turned out, his special mission had two purposes. One, to kill her if necessary or possible. If not, to help establish a charade later on that he was her lover.

That is why Cueto was purposely seated beside Dovie on the Philippine Airlines jetliner bound for the Crown Colony although when she bought the plane tickets for herself and four companions they were consecutively numbered. This was not a coincidence or accident.

President Marcos controlled PAL. Right now he is being bruited about as its real owner. Thus he could order them to do anything he wanted done. So on this particular occasion the rules were broken and Cueto was deliberately seated with Dovie to make it appear in public that they were traveling together or were lovers. That is exactly what he said later in his statements to the press and in affidavits, after he failed in his Hongkong mission.

Regarding the cronies of President Marcos — especially Potenciano Ilusorio and Diosdado Bote — and the others who composed the USV Arts Incorporated which produced the film “Ang Mga Maharlika”, their charge that Dovie had tried to blackmail Mr. Marcos and extort \$150,000 from them appeared both false and malicious.

They must think that the Filipino people are stupid. Nobody in his right mind believed that then, nobody in his right mind believe that now. They would have us believe that Dovie, alone in a strange country, up against the powerful machinery of the government, and fighting the most ruthless dictator that Marcos turned out to be, was trying to blackmail and extort money from them.

Since when has formally demanding for what is due one in a breach of contract case become a crime? A written demand is a pre-requisite to filing a case in court. Why would she leave evidence like that if she had a bad intention? One is supposed to exhaust administrative remedies before bothering the courts with another lawsuit because of their backlog of work. And that is exactly what Dovie did. Now why would that be blackmail and extortion?

As for Dovie's former secretary and maid who later turned against her, that was to be expected. The passports of Victorina Abalos and Magdalena Cortez (or Gomez) were cancelled without justification. Then they were forced to return to the Philippines against their will. Thus they had no choice but to cooperate with Mr. Marcos and save their own necks, even if they had to tell lies. The instinct of self-preservation is inherent in any human being. They were no exception because they acted under duress.

The issues that President Marcos through his business cronies raised against Dovie were personal and vicious and had nothing to do with the film they were doing. They were impertinent and irrelevant.

For example, assuming that Dovie had allowed the Manila press to print that she was only 23 years old instead of 38 without her categorically saying that, so what? She did not tell a lie there. But assuming she did, that is part of show business. Many

movie stars would lie about their age and personal status, etc. It does not hurt anybody. Why should they complain about that?

Regarding her divorce, that is normal in the United States. About 50% of marriages end in divorce. But since there is no divorce in the Philippines, Marcos' people tried to make a big thing out of Dovie's divorce as if it were a crime.

Whatever other problems Dovie might have, including medical or psychiatric, still one must not depart from the real issue involved — and that issue was, and still is, did President Marcos really have a secret love affair with Dovie Beams?

If so, what kind of a President was he? How could people trust him if he had lost his moral value? How could he be effective as the President if he had a serious crisis of leadership?

Finally, we come to Dovie's nude pictures. On Chapter 11, it was explained clearly how they were taken by President Marcos himself while they were making love at the Princeton house shortly before she was to leave for the United States for the dubbing of “Ang Mga Maharlika”.

Without her permission at first, he started taking her picture in the nude and in uncompromising positions despite her protest. When he explained that they were merely for his own personal remembrance of her while she was away in the U.S., she reluctantly allowed him. After all, previously he had also recorded songs for her to keep her company while he was out campaigning.

Nothing wrong with that. It was only a fair exchange, as long as it was done for a good and personal reason to be kept secret and only between them, as was in fact their understanding. But he violated that trust and betrayed her.

They also exchanged pubic hairs and other personal effects for souvenirs to remind them of each other. I personally saw those pubic hairs of Mr. Marcos in the possession of Dovie at her Beverly Hills house. He cannot deny they belong to him because scientific experts can easily prove that.

Consequently, Dovie, due to her close relationship with Marcos, learned also some other things which pertained to him and his high position in government — matters which she did

254 Marcos' Lovey Dovie

not realize were important until later.

For example, in his unguarded moments President Marcos had talked to Dovie about martial law, Sabah, oil, beating Senator Osmena in the election right in his own province of Cebu even before it happened, instigating the student riots himself, his puppy love with wartime sweetheart Evelyn, and his affair with President Quezon's eldest daughter Maria Aurora.

Thanks to Dovie, the significance of all this can now be briefly analyzed. It would appear that Marcos had planned to declare martial law as early as in 1968 when they first met. He was to provoke a war between the Philippines and Malaysia over the ownership of Sabah. In that way, he could declare martial law because of the emergency before the 1969 presidential election if he thought that he could not win, cancel the polls altogether and thus perpetuate himself in power.

But the plot was exposed when Muslims trained on Corregidor Island to infiltrate North Borneo staged a mutiny against their camp commander, Maj. Eddie "Abdul Latif" Martelino, for inhuman treatment. In the military massacre that followed, one escaped by swimming across the Manila Bay until a Cavite fisherman rescued him, and thus lived to tell the world what had happened there.

Based on Dovie's recollections, Marcos likewise instigated the student riots in the early 70's to use them as the reason for eventually imposing martial law in 1972 when his original plan failed, on the ground that there was a serious Communist conspiracy to overthrow the government, which was of course exaggerated.

His true purpose was merely to perpetuate himself in power without the benefit of the 1973 presidential election because under the 1935 Constitution he was barred from running for reelection a second time, making the limit of the presidential term to only eight consecutive years just like in the United States.

Marcos had boasted to Dovie that he would clobber Osmena in his own province of Cebu before the 1969 election. Osmena, the local political kingpin who had never lost there, finally did "lose" that time in one of the most incredible poll

outcomes in Philippine history. That Marcos had rigged up the election, was in fact the widespread charge not only there but throughout the country. Up to this day, in fact, Osmena has not conceded defeat in that presidential poll.

Finally, why is Mr. Marcos such a great womanizer who would like to make it with beautiful women despite the fact that he is not only very much married but also is the de facto ruler of the Philippines whose morality must if possible be above suspicion?

Again, he told Dovie that after he was wounded during the war, he had doubts as to whether he was impotent or not — whether he could still be man enough to make it with a girl. He revealed his subsequent attempts to have sexual relations with President Quezon's daughter Maria Aurora.

But now, it would seem, Mr. Marcos still keeps on trying to prove his sexual prowess by making it with every beautiful girl he can grab. He is also sexually obsessed, if not possessed.

Dovie Beams should know, because she too was a victim of his never-ending passion to prove his sexuality and live up to his macho image as a great Ilocano lover or Don Juan.

In retrospect, after all has been said and done, for all the vicious lies, malicious charges, threats, intimidation, physical injury, bribery and frame-up attempts that President Marcos, Mrs. Marcos and their cronies did against Dovie who was alone like a David fighting a Goliath, they still failed to destroy her.

And herein lies the irony and paradox in the case of Dovie Beams. For all her weakness, for all the formidable strength of her enemies who were entrenched in power, yet she emerged strong because she told the truth.

In the end, it was thus proven again that truth has power.

With this book, it may then also be said that in her case truth has finally been vindicated. Better still, let those who read this — and history — be the judge. □

About The Author

Hermie Rotea is the editor and publisher of **Philippine Press**, a community newspaper in Los Angeles, California.

He is one of the few remaining survivors of the ill-fated free Philippine press that fell victim to martial law in 1972.

Rotea is living in exile in the United States, being included in the Marcos enemy blacklist, an honor he considers like an Olympic gold medal.

He is author of a controversial best-selling book, "Behind The Barricades: I Saw Them Aim And Fire!", published in 1970 and book-launched by the National Press Club.

That same year he fled to the U.S. as the Marcos Administration, through its henchmen, filed libel suits against him, an action he branded as political and legal persecution.

While in the Philippines, Rotea wrote for the **Manila Times**, **Philippines Free Press**, **Chronicle Broadcasting Network**, **Daily News**, **Daily Record**, and served as a director of the National Press Club.

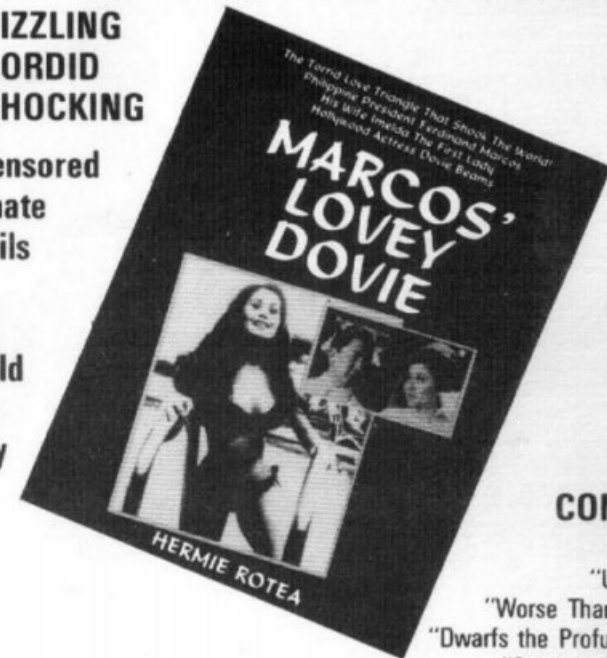
In the U.S., he had articles published in the Ed-Op pages of the **Los Angeles Times** and the **Los Angeles Herald-Examiner**.

Rotea is divorced and resides in Los Angeles, California. □

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