

CHAPTER TWENTY

The Real Hart Stopper: The Selling-Out of Donna Rice

"There was a stakeout and then the very next morning was the story in *The Miami Herald*. When I realized there was a stakeout, I said to Lynn [Armandt], 'Get those pictures and destroy them.' She said 'okay,' so I thought she had . . ."

—DONNA RICE,

referring to the pictures her friend Lynn Armandt sold to *People* after the Gary Hart scandal in May 1987

ONLY WEEKS BEFORE it was announced in the spring of 1987 that Pat Ryan would be leaving to become the new managing editor of *Life*, *People* was awarded the National Magazine Award for General Excellence for magazines with circulations above one million. It was the first time the magazine had won the prestigious honor.

In her five years as managing editor of *People*, Ryan had made some important contributions: She had improved conditions for the staff, raising salaries almost across the board. She had also done what she could do to improve the hours, although, because of the very nature of the magazine and its need to conform to a story when it happened—which so often was just under the deadline—that was not always possible to control. Now that *People*'s identity was firmly established, she had also brought in writers of note, writers she believed would improve the quality of the magazine. She gave Dick Stolley some of the credit for her accomplishments. "He had already done the heavy load," she admits, "so it was easy for me to come in . . . suddenly I had more money to spend because they made the money. And I

wasn't battle fatigued, so I could stand back and look at it, and say, Yeah, there are other ways to do things."

But Ryan's tenure had not been without controversy. Ever since the Korean Air Lines disaster cover that Jim Gaines had done while filling in for her in 1983, differences of opinion had often arisen between Ryan and some of those working under her, not only about what *People* covers should be but also about the general direction that the magazine should take. Pat Ryan had not been nearly as captivated by entertainment as Dick Stolley had been. Things like television did not interest her much, and in fact, while she was editor, television covers were proving to be less successful than they had been up to that point. Ryan was more interested in social issues—women in the workplace, anorexia, abortion, weight loss and exercise videos.

Jim Gaines and two of his colleagues, Jim Seymore (senior editor) and John Saar (the senior editor of "Up Front"), often disagreed with Ryan. They believed that *People* should be geared more toward news, that even celebrity stories should have a strong news angle, while Ryan often chose to stay away from them altogether.

"The guys," as they had come to be known, had been beside themselves, for instance, when Pat Ryan had turned down an exclusive story on Mick Jagger and Jerry Hall when she had been busted for marijuana possession in Barbados in 1987. Hall had called to offer *People* an exclusive. Seymore, a warm teddy bear of a man, a perceptive and talented editor whose well-honed instincts were usually right on target, had gotten the phone call. "She said she was set up," recalls Seymore. "She said it wasn't true. She said they wanted to tell us all about it. She told me, 'If you can get somebody down here, we'll give you the story.'"

Seymore and Gaines were all for it. They saw the value of Jagger and Hall, especially since there was a news story involved, which they were being offered exclusively. "We said, 'Great. Let's do this story,'" Seymore recalls.

But Ryan had no interest in either Jerry Hall or the story she wanted to tell *People*, exclusively or not. She did not care what Hall had to say and she made her feelings very clear. "We didn't do the story," says Seymore.

In spite of their disagreements, Ryan valued "the guys" and often respected their opinions. Seymore credits Ryan with valuable contributions. Among other things, she personally offered him one of the great opportunities of his life when she gave her blessing to a special issue, "*People* in Russia," in 1986. The issue was the culmination of a story-finding tour of the Soviet Union—covering twenty-five thousand miles over a six-week period—which Jim Seymore had overseen.

Emotions were running high in the offices of *People* magazine by the time word of Ryan's new appointment got out. What no one knew right away was who would be named to replace her. Among the likely candidates, there were two leading contenders: Lanny Jones, who had been wrested away from *People* in 1984 to become managing editor of *Money* magazine, and Jim Gaines, who had been second in command under Pat Ryan.

Anxious to have the unfettered opportunity to show what he could do, Gaines was dying to have the job. A week had passed since he had heard the news about Ryan going to *Life* and he had been doing a lot of worrying about whether he was going to get it. "By the end of the week, I had been through a state of anxiety so complete and thorough that it's like you're underwater," he says. "It's like your brain is in a vise . . . I was just a complete mess."

On Friday morning of that week Gaines awoke with a feeling in his gut that this was going to be the day he heard about Ryan's successor. He just knew it, and he was beside himself. "I didn't have a clean white shirt," he recalls, "and I thought, It really doesn't matter . . . I'm not going to lose the job because I don't have a white shirt. And if I don't get the job, I won't need a white shirt." So he got dressed without one and went into the office, where a message from Henry Grunwald, the editor in chief of *Time*, awaited him. Just as he had suspected, this was going to be the day.

When Gaines walked into Grunwald's office on the thirty-fourth floor of the Time & Life Building, Grunwald was sitting behind his desk with his foot propped up, while Jimmy "the shoe-shine man"—who had been a fixture at Time Inc. for so many years that he was never asked to leave even the highest-level meeting—buffed his brown leather shoes to a glow. Grunwald started talking, but Gaines was already in such a daze that he did not hear a word out of his mouth—until Grunwald said, "Congratulations."

"Oh, my God," Gaines replied.

Grunwald looked at him quizzically. "Why don't you sit down?" he said.

Jim Gaines sat down and Henry Grunwald kept on talking. Gaines still had no idea what he was saying. He had wanted this so badly. He thought, Is this real? Is this some kind of weird dream that I'm having? He really was not sure. Grunwald finished talking, finally, and asked Gaines to step outside so that he could give his assistant the necessary biographical information to write up the memo announcing his appointment.

When Gaines got back to his office, he still was not sure that what he thought had just happened had really happened. Could it really be? he was hinking, when Jimmy the shoe-shine man showed up to shine *his* shoes. "Jimmy," Gaines said to him, "I don't remember a thing that happened when

Grunwald told me that I was the new editor of *People*. He was talking and I was so freaked out that I don't remember a word that he said. What did he say? You were there." Jimmy the shoe-shine man looked up at Gaines and said, "He told you not to fuck up."

That is precisely what Gary Hart, the leading candidate for the Democratic presidential nomination did the very week that Jim Gaines started his new job as the editor of *People*. It was the first week in May, and late on Friday night, as Jim Gaines left the Time & Life Building for home, thinking that his first cover would be Dustin Hoffman and Warren Beatty, who were starring in the movie *Ishtar*, Gary Hart was in his Washington, D.C., town house with a woman who was not his wife, and reporters from *The Miami Herald* were watching from outside.

While Gaines spent the weekend recuperating from the anxieties of the preceding weeks, Hart was dodging that group of reporters, and although there had been no big surprises for Jim Gaines during his first five days on the job, that would all change momentarily because of what was about to happen to Gary Hart.

On Monday, Gaines happily set out for the office to close his first issue as the official editor of *People*. He made his way through the lobby toward the elevator that would take him to his office, passing the newsstand as he went. That is when he saw the headlines plastered all over the place: The giant scandal had broken the night before in the Miami paper. Gary Hart, the notorious womanizer who had recently dared the press to catch him, had been caught with a blonde in his Washington home. She was Donna Rice, a beautiful Phi Beta Kappa graduate of the University of South Carolina who had dated Prince Albert of Monaco and chummed around with the likes of Don Johnson of *Miami Vice* and the racecar driver Danny Sullivan.

When Gaines saw this news, he uttered the words that most aptly expressed his feelings—the same exact feelings he had had during the Korean Air Lines disaster, and even more recently when Henry Grunwald had told him that he was the new editor of *People*: "My God," he said, "this is amazing."

He arrived in his office just in time for the regular Monday-morning meeting at ten o'clock. He stepped into the conference room and said, "We've got to change the cover."

There was not, at that point, much to go on. All that was known was that some reporters from *The Miami Herald* had gotten a tip the previous Friday night that a Miami woman was going to be spending the weekend with Hart

in Washington at his town house. They had quickly flown in from Miami and staked out Hart's apartment.

They claimed they had seen Rice go into his apartment on Friday night (around the time Gaines had left his office for home). They claimed she had spent the night there with him. Hart and Rice would later claim that she had not spent the night there, that she had left out of a back entrance.

Whether she had left or not, and which door she had used, had not stopped the newspaper from going with its story:

WASHINGTON—Gary Hart, the Democratic Presidential candidate who has dismissed allegations of womanizing, spent Friday night and most of Saturday in his Capitol Hill townhouse with a young woman who flew from Miami and met him. Hart denied any impropriety.

Now it was Gaines's turn. This was big news and he knew that everybody would be on it. As it happened, it was Monday. Perfect timing for the cover—except for one problem. There was no picture of Donna Rice, and Gaines knew he did not want to put Gary Hart on the cover by himself.

M. C. Marden was already on the case. There were a few pictures of Rice around, as it turned out, but what M.C.—and *People*—wanted was a picture that nobody else had of her. Although M.C. did not know much about Rice, she did know that Rice had been a catalogue model. Holly Holden, a picture researcher who had worked in the Los Angeles bureau at one time, suddenly realized that she knew somebody who just might have photographed Rice.

Peter Borsari was a well-known photographer who had done a lot of work for *People* in the past. He often photographed catalogue models; Holly, who was both thorough and persistent, knew that he kept extensive files. She called him right away and asked if he had any pictures of Donna Rice. She did not hold out much hope that he would, but she figured she would try him anyway. She virtually forced him to look through his files. "Peter," she said to him, "we'll pay you five hundred and fifty dollars, just look under R." He did, and there was Donna Rice.

The picture had been taken in the south of France, in Cannes, nearly eight years earlier when Rice was twenty-one, fresh out of school, on vacation with a friend. They had been lying on the beach and a photographer had come up to them and asked if he could take their picture. Why not, they thought. They were wide-eyed young women. They did not see any harm in it at all. In fact, they cut up for him, played to his camera. He was smoking a cigarette, and when he was taking Donna's picture, he had handed it to her

and said, "Here, take this. Give me a campy kind of look." And that is what she had done.

When she got back to the States, Rice looked Borsari up because she and her friend wanted copies of the pictures he had taken. Sure, he replied, asking them to sign releases when he gave them the pictures. "If you ever become famous," he said, "then I'll have pictures of you." Rice laughed at that; she thought the whole notion of becoming famous was funny. Little could she have imagined that one of the pictures she had in her hands would end up on the cover of *People* magazine.

Now Jim Gaines and Jim Seymore were staring at the picture in the layout room. It was incredibly *perfect*. There was Donna Rice, a pretty blonde with a thin, braided, bandana-like tie around her forehead, in a bikini, lying on her stomach on the beach, holding a cigarette in her right hand, looking right smack into their faces! Looking just exactly the way they had wanted her to look, hoped she would look. Unbelievable!

By this time, Gaines had already unleashed his reporters around the country to pick up anything they could on Rice. One of them had actually managed to get to her mother, Miriam, in South Carolina and had been invited in for tea. Miriam told the reporter that Donna was "a fine Christian girl," and she talked about her past. She had been in a gymnastics group called the Tumbling Tots, was active in church missionary groups, sang in the church choir, participated in church youth activities, became a Girl Scout, worked summers in a pizza parlor, and once had ambitions of becoming a doctor. She had been making commercials since she was thirteen. She took modeling lessons, and her mother tried to explain why. "You have to live in Columbia [South Carolina] to understand that," she told the reporter. "All the girls were taking modeling. I thought the basic course would be good for her to learn to walk properly and have poise." Donna later said she was shocked that the *People* reporter had gotten to her mother before she could even warn her not to talk to anyone.

BY TUESDAY, Jim Gaines was ready to close the issue with a story put together from *People's* own reporting—what little they had been able to get—and a lot of clips of what had been reported by *The Herald* along with everything that could be found about Gary Hart, Donna Rice, and Lynn Armandt (a friend of Rice's who had been with the couple and another man, Bill Broadhurst, that weekend). When Cutler Durkee, a senior writer, came up with the perfect cover line—"Hart Stopper"—Jim Gaines was ready to go.

His first cover as editor was a great success, one of the bestselling covers

of the year. "It was an augury of the future," Jim Seymore said later. "Can you imagine a better story to begin with?"

As it turned out, it was only the beginning of the Hart-Rice scandal. Nobody knew exactly what had happened that fateful night in the nation's capitol, and everybody was dying to know more. Besides that, Gary Hart was still in the running as the Democratic presidential nominee. Shortly after the *People* cover ran, the *National Enquirer* published a picture of Donna Rice sitting on Gary Hart's lap. It had been taken two months earlier during a trip to the island of Bimini on a boat called, ironically, the *Monkey Business*.

The story that ran along with the picture in the *Enquirer* mentioned an "undisclosed source," but that did not fool Rice for a minute. She knew exactly who the source was. There was only one person it *could* be, and that was Lynn Armandt, supposedly her pal. Armandt had been on the Bimini trip with Hart, Rice, and Broadhurst, and she had actually taken those pictures—with Rice's camera, no less! A few weeks after they had returned from Bimini, long before the scandal that was now exploding, Armandt had asked Rice if she could borrow the pictures to show her boyfriend. Rice had agreed, saying, "Well, Lynn, I'm going to loan them to you, but I want you to give them back."

"Of course," Armandt had replied, stashing the pictures in her purse. At least Rice had kept the negatives.

When the scandal broke, in the midst of the chaos, Rice thought of those pictures she had lent to Lynn. She was not really worried, though. Armandt was, after all, her friend. "When I realized everything was coming down the way it was," recalls Rice, "when I realized there was a stakeout, I said to Lynn, 'Get those pictures and destroy them.' She said 'okay,' so I thought she had. When the *Enquirer* piece ran, she did it as an undisclosed source, but the photos were there, so I knew who it was. There was only one other person who had the photographs besides me. I was absolutely devastated."

Jim Gaines and Jim Seymore, who had by now become the executive editor under Gaines, went crazy when they saw the picture of Rice on Hart's lap. They knew a hot story when they saw one, and this story was really hot—unlike the bumped *Ishtar* cover, which ran later and turned out to be a bomb, as did the movie.

Like virtually every other publication, they had tried everything they knew to get Rice to talk to *People*. As it turned out, *Life* had gotten her, which was hard for Gaines to swallow. That meant Donna Rice would also be Pat Ryan's first cover—*Life* was a monthly—but Rice had agreed to talk to *Life*, giving that magazine's story a cachet not shared by the *People* piece. Gaines

maintains that *Life* got her because "they didn't ask her to write about anything other than what it's like to be a Southern belle."

Rice would later explain that she had made a careful choice. She was desperately concerned about her reputation and hurt by the way she was being portrayed. She felt that everything she had worked so hard to accomplish in her life had gone down the drain in the blink of an eye. "My reputation had been very important to me and I had had quite a good one," she explains. "I saw it all slip away. I had worked very hard academically and I was being called a bimbo. I had worked very hard professionally and I was being called a party girl. Because of that, at any cost, I did not want to be perceived as anyone who would exploit this situation."

Donna Rice was smart enough to see that she was being portrayed, in her words, as the kind of girl who wanted to cash in. "That's what the bimbo, party-girl, *femme fatale* personality would do," she says. "That wasn't who I was but that was the way I was being portrayed and that's the way I believe I was being perceived by the public."

A friend of hers at the large and well-respected public relations firm, Rogers & Cowan, suggested that she talk to *Life*, arguing that it was upscale, classy, and not gossip oriented; even though she says she did not want to do it, Donna had agreed. Pat Ryan had, in a sense, pushed her into it, she felt, convincing her that it would be her only chance to set the record straight; since *Life* was a monthly, if she waited, she would no longer be of interest to the American public. Rice had agreed to the standard writer's fee of four thousand dollars. The only stipulation was that she could not speak to any other publication during the month that the *Life* piece was on the stands. "I thought that would be the end of it," she says. She had just made another grave miscalculation.

Then Gaines got a phone call. After Rice had done the *Life* piece and during the period when, under the condition of her agreement, she could not talk to any other magazine, a woman telephoned Gaines and said she had some pictures—and a story—that she wanted to sell to *People*. Of Gary Hart and Donna Rice. On the *Monkey Business*. Pictures—as it turned out—from the same roll of film from which the now-famous "lap" picture that had run in the *Enquirer* had come. She was, she told Gaines, the other woman on the *Monkey Business*.

Well, she should come up to the office and show him the pictures, Gaines had replied. Jim Seymore could not believe it. These pictures were just dropping out of the heavens. He never ceased to be astounded by Gaines's unbelievable good fortune when it came to these kinds of things.

Jim Seymore and John Saar were with Jim Gaines in his office when Lynn Armandt arrived with her bounty. Seymore could not believe his eyes. She was wearing what he described as an orange tubelike shift that seemed to have been sprayed on her body. "It was the most tantalizing, sexually charged outfit I've ever seen on a woman," he says. "She was quite attractive. She wasn't *gorgeous* gorgeous. She maximized her assets. Quite frankly, most of the men on the staff were just tripping over their tongues after she came to the office."

Gaines and Seymore and Saar looked at the pictures. It did not take them long to agree that they wanted them. Yes, they told Armandt. They wanted to make a deal.

They agreed to pay her \$150,000 for the pictures and her story. She would give them her account of the affair between Donna Rice and Gary Hart before, during, and after the *Monkey Business*. It was not the first time *People* had paid for a story. It had not happened during the Stolley years, but later under Pat Ryan there were times when it seemed appropriate—certainly for the book excerpts that the magazine published, and occasionally for a first-person account of a story, like the one by Carol Ann, the mother of the Bubble Boy. This, however, was the first time in the history of *People* magazine that a secondhand source would be paid to talk about someone else. It would also be the last time. It was a mistake that Jim Gaines would come to regret.

At that point, Lynn Armandt checked into the Dorset Hotel on Fifty-fourth Street in Manhattan, only a few blocks from the Time & Life Building, courtesy of *People* magazine, where a writer by the name of Michelle Green began to debrief her for the story.

The reason she was coming forward, Armandt told Green, was that she was beginning to weary of the whole mess after keeping herself in seclusion for weeks. "Armandt," said the *People* story, "decided last week to tell what she knows on the theory that 'the story would never be laid to rest and my life would never return to normal until I made a statement.'" Then she told what she knew of the bungled Bimini excursion and, in *People's* words, "the scandal that toppled Gary Hart." The borrowed picture that ran was of the happy foursome—Rice, Hart, Armandt, and Broadhurst—in a bar in Bimini, singing "Twist and Shout." There was also a picture of the group in Bimini taken by Bill Broadhurst.

Just before the piece was to close, Donna had heard from Pat Ryan at *Life* that *People* was planning the story. Before the *Life* piece, *People* had been hotly pursuing her. Now, come to think of it, they had stopped calling and

Rice was starting to see a pattern. The *Enquirer* had also been hotly pursuing her; thinking back, she realized they had stopped shortly before Armandt had sold them the picture. It was obviously happening again.

She called the magazine and told them that the photographs that Armandt might be trying to sell them were her photographs, that they had no right to print them. They told her they were going forward.

The issue was a blockbuster, outselling "Hart Stopper" by nearly one hundred thousand copies, earning back for *People* many times the fee that had been paid to Lynn Armandt:

EXCLUSIVE

DONNA RICE

Her pal Lynn Armandt was there throughout the Gary Hart affair. Now she tells what really happened.

Again, Donna Rice was on the cover. Again, she was wearing a bathing suit, this time a scantily cut, very revealing black bathing suit. In a small inset next to her on the cover was a head shot of her "friend" Lynn Armandt.

When the second *People* piece ran and Donna saw the cover, she felt her life was really out of control. The bathing-suit picture was a perfect example of how people were exploiting her. It had been taken some time ago by a photographer whom Rice had considered a friend in a series of test shots for her modeling portfolio. The photographer, Mark Woodbury, knew how Donna felt about them—she hated them, partly because they were too revealing. She hated them so much, in fact, that not only did she not use them for her portfolio, she told him to throw them out. He said he would, and she assumed that he had. She never signed a release of any kind, so he did not have her permission to sell them, but that had not made much difference. Lynn Armandt and Mark Woodbury were some friends.

After the *People* piece ran, Rice knew she had to do *something* to defend herself. As she watched what was left of her reputation being destroyed by people who were making money from doing it—some of whom she had trusted in her personal life—she agreed to do an interview with Barbara Walters on *20/20*. She wanted to explain about her "friend" Lynn Armandt selling Rice's own pictures to *People* and the *Enquirer*, among other things.

Rice knew that things had sunk to an all-time low when she boarded the plane to fly to New York for the Walters interview. Her hair was pulled back, she was wearing sunglasses and no makeup, and she was traveling under an assumed name at the request of *20/20*. The TV show paying her way did not

want anyone recognizing her—nor did she herself desire any more attention either.

As Rice took her seat in the first-class section she saw that the man sitting next to her, dressed in expensive clothes and looking quite distinguished, was engrossed in *People* magazine—the one with the sleazy picture of her in the black bathing suit on the cover. He did not even look up when she sat down. She glanced over and saw that he was reading the Lynn Armandt story. “Excuse me,” she said, doubting that the man would recognize her. “What do you think of that story?”

“Well,” he said, “it’s very interesting. This one gal seems really sharp and intelligent. I really appreciate what she’s gone through and what she has to say.”

Rice breathed a sigh of relief and for a fleeting moment she started feeling positive about herself for the first time in what seemed like forever. Oh, she thought thankfully, this man can see what’s going on. This is good! People aren’t falling for this! Then the man turned to her and said, “But the blonde! God, if this . . .”

She was devastated. Oh, no, she thought, as she began defending the blond bimbo. The man had not recognized her yet, as Donna went into a tirade about how much the other woman had probably gotten paid for the story, how he did not necessarily have the right perspective, how she knew someone who knew the blonde and that she was really rather sharp. She began to defend herself vigorously in the third person until he finally said to her gently, “I’m sure she’s a very nice girl, after all. Maybe I didn’t see things the right way.”

Rice did the *20/20* interview and afterward she felt that Walters had helped straighten out the damage caused in part by Armandt’s story in *People*. When the TV show aired, the gossip actually died down for a while. Maybe, she hoped, this would really be the end of it.

Jim Gaines had never given up on Donna Rice. He had always wanted her story. He continued to talk with her on the phone a lot, trying to convince her to do a long piece for *People*, and they kept in touch. He had even taken her to an Overseas Press Club event, which was, as he puts it, her social unveiling after being cornered by the *People* story. They had become friendly, and had talked about Armandt once over lunch.

In time, Gaines came to believe that maybe Armandt had set the whole thing up for her own enrichment. Maybe she had tipped off *The Miami Herald* before the stakeout of Hart’s D.C. home while Donna was there—the event that started the scandal in the first place.

He began to feel that he had made a mistake, and after extensive soul-searching and discussion, much of which took place with Jim Seymore and John Saar in meetings in their offices—and at the steakhouse downstairs in the Time & Life Building, now and then—they made a rule. It was one thing, they decided, to pay for someone's own story or photographs, but in the future they would not pay anyone for being a source, as they had with Lynn Armandt.

Seymore admitted that they felt "a little sleazy" when the piece came out. He later explained, "If you're paying someone to talk about someone else, you're really subverting the whole journalistic enterprise. That's what the tabloids do regularly. We made a rule that we would never do that again, and as far as I know, the magazine hasn't."

The Hart-Rice scandal would not go away, though. Everything was fine for a while until Gary Hart reentered the race, and the frenzy began anew. Once again, everyone was after Donna Rice. She had not said a word since the Walters interview. This time the press was really running amok. *Playboy* offered her a blank check. She describes it this way: "They said, 'You have been so smart.' Like I was playing this, and I wasn't. I was just trying to do the right thing by myself and by everyone else. *Playboy* came to me and said basically, 'Look, you have kept silent. We believe that an interview with you or anything with you in our magazine would prove to be the best-selling issue we've ever had, outselling our top-seller, which was the Jimmy Carter interview, and we're willing to pay you any amount of money for it.'"

According to Rice, they knew that she would not pose. Like Gaines, they had been after her for a long time, and she had absolutely refused to pose. Now, along with the blank check, they gave her an alternative: "You can do a swimsuit layout and an interview," they said. "You don't have to take your clothes off. The more you're willing to say, the more we'll pay you and we'll start at a million dollars. You've basically got a blank check."

Playboy was not alone. *Newsweek* made a cover offer. As she describes it, they told her, "We will basically do a pro-Donna Rice piece if you will say certain things." Of course, *People* came back, offering her more than the \$150,000 they had paid Armandt—somewhere between that and \$500,000. And *Parade* offered her their standard writer's fee—\$10,000—to tell her story.

Rice said no to everyone, including *People*. She explained why to the *Newsweek* writer. "You are going to attempt to exonerate me in the public's eye to some degree," she told her, "if I'll say whether or not Gary Hart was telling the truth. That's all you want me to say. You know," she continued,

"my grandmother gave me a piece of advice. She said, 'Donna, you've already been blamed for the downfall of this man once. Don't be blamed for it again. Say nothing.' If Gary Hart fails," she told the *Newsweek* writer, "nobody can blame it on me. Being on the cover of *Newsweek* magazine and your exonerating me, as much as I want that for myself, I have to sit this one out."

In the end, in terms of the media, Donna Rice made her point. No one had wanted the Donna Rice story more than Jim Gaines, but years after the scandal, he says, "I kept trying to get her to write her own story, and to this day she hasn't done it. I respect her a lot for that."

