

"What you see is what I got," Country Singer **Randy Travis** likes to say with humility. But there's a lot more to Travis than the eye can see. The heartbreak baritone he eases onto such million-selling albums as *Storms of Life* and *Always and Forever* has not only rekindled interest in traditional country music but also won him several awards, including a Grammy for Best Male Country Vocal. Last week at the first Viewer's Choice Awards of the Nashville Network, a sort of countrified MTV, Travis romped off with every honor except, naturally, Group of the Year, Best

severe bureaucratic hurdles and generates lots of bad feeling. Asked if the team wanted the services of the world's best tennis player, an official said, "There is no room."

Poor **Lisa Bonet**. In her torrid love scene in last year's thriller *Angel Heart*, Co-Star **Mickey Rourke's** flabby backside got all the attention. But if at first you don't succeed, try, try again. In the current issue of *Rolling Stone*, Bonet, once a regular on *The Cosby Show*, appears on the magazine's cover barely covered by a flimsy white frock and with a ring dangling from her right nostril. There's more—or less—within: on page 42 she wears only the nose ring. In addition, the 20-year-old actress's NBC sitcom *A Different World* last week passed its parent, *The Cosby Show*, to top the Nielsens for the first time. Bonet is keeping her cool. "People think you're hot if you're on TV," she says. "I don't have a TV, really. I've seen, like, two episodes of my own show."



JIM HARRIS

King of country: Randy Travis

Newcomer and Top Female Vocalist. "My whole career has been a nice surprise," he says. Aw, shucks.

He may have been born in Ostrava, Czechoslovakia, but since 1981 **Ivan Lendl** has been a good ole boy from Greenwich, Conn., who would like to play for the U.S. tennis team in the Seoul Olympics. There's one big catch: Lendl won't be eligible for citizenship for four more years. Never fear. Congress may just waive the rules. Last week the House Judiciary Committee approved a special immigration bill to speed up the process for Lendl, who personally lobbied for the act. The bill's chances of passing both House and Senate are good. Still, the U.S. tennis team is already made up of **Tim Mayotte** and **Brad Gilbert** and cannot be altered unless Lendl overcomes

Vroom! Vroom! It happened nine years ago and was bound to recur, just like a cyclical California earthquake. **Barbara Walters**, the talkative imperatrix of the prime-time heart-to-heart, has once again caught up with the less-than-loquacious **Sylvester (Sly) Stallone**, king of the shoot-first-ask-questions-later flick. If the earth did not quake, Beverly Hills shook a bit. On her ABC special, which airs May 11, Stallone puts Walters on his Harley and zooms around town. The rest of the interview takes place in Stallone's house, which is furnished with a few paintings ("a Chagall, a Monet, a Dali") and a collection of ancient daggers. Says Walters: "He has everything, but he's like a poor little rich kid." Still, both of them had better learn to ride with helmets on.

For eight decades, **Pablo Picasso** has been the irreproachable god of art. He won't be for much longer if Socialite-Biographer **Arianna Stassinopoulos Huffington** has



MATTHEW BOLSTON

Shifting up: Bonet tops the Nielsens and fronts for *Rolling Stone*

her way. The author, who wrote *Maria Callas: The Woman Behind the Legend* in spite of having only thrice heard Callas sing, spent five years researching her latest work, *Picasso: Creator and Destroyer* (Simon & Schuster; \$22.95). She paints a portrait of him as a malevolent force, a betrayer of friends and a savager of women. Huffington's

Picasso overcame his homoerotic attachments by entering into domineering and destructive affairs with a succession of mistresses. Breathlessly, the author speculates that a drawing of intertwined worms may be a reflection of the young Picasso's "confused sexuality, of his unresolved feelings" toward Art Dealer **Pere Manyac** and an unnamed male gypsy

who helped him discover the "gypsy in himself." Picasso's anger nurtured creativity but destroyed those who loved him. He once set a lighted cigarette against the cheek of **Françoise Gilot**, mother of his daughter **Paloma**. He painted distorted portraits of **Dora Maar** and taunted her to hysteria, saying "You don't attract me. I don't love you." The time has passed for such violent passions, says Huffington. She herself meditates on a crystal ball and is a disciple of **John-Roger Hinkins**, the New Age philosopher of love.

—By **Howard G. Chua-Eoan**
Reported by **David E. Thigpen/New York**



BOB D'AMICO

Barbie meets Rambo II: Stallone and Walters