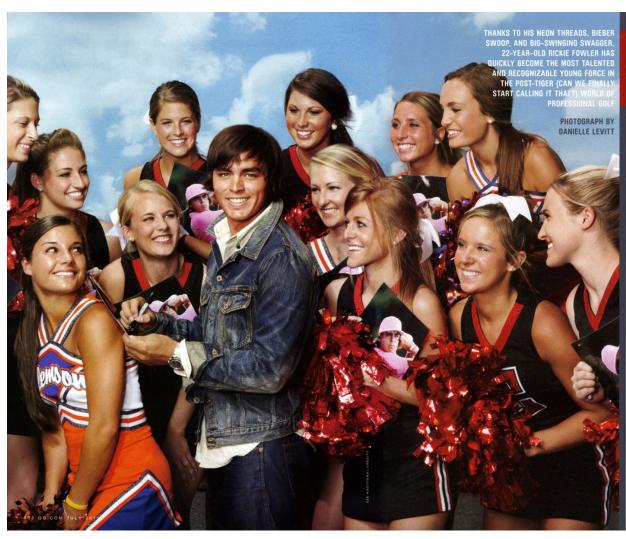


James Mooney









ack in April, just days before his Masters debut, 22-year-old Rickie Fowler sauntered into the media room at Augusta National wearing a hat. Not a fedora or adriving cap, it was more the sort you see on skate rats—oversize and flatient of the state of

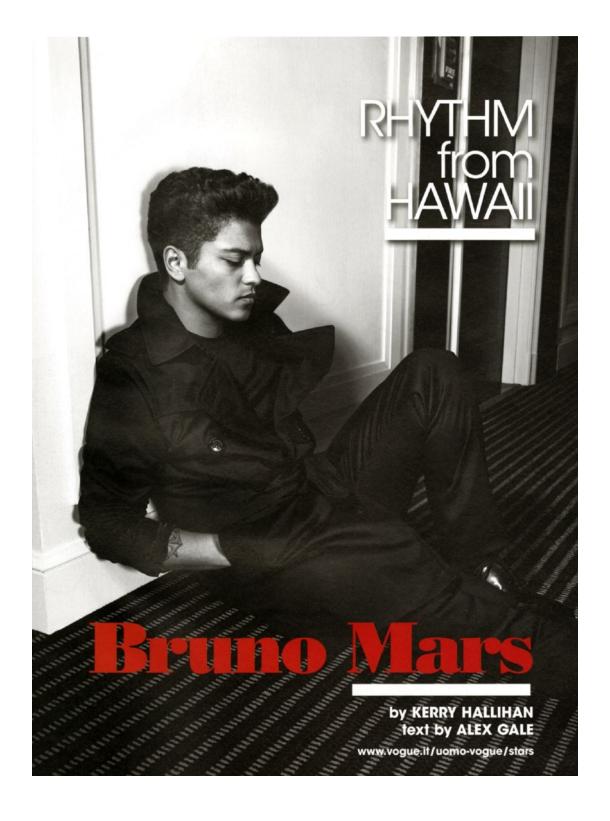
Which seems to happen quite a bit. After all, look at the hair spilling down the neck, all, look at the hair spilling down the neck less golfer than dirt biker. (Fowler raced motocross growing up in California.) Or that grin, not unlike the one a too-tan rich kid might flash you from the end of the bar when you catch him checking out your grif-riend's ass. Or perhaps most obviously, the colors: fruit-snack purple, Oklahoma State to orange. All of which makes it tough for Fowler to convince people that he's the deferential workhorse he turns out to

Fowler leapt to the PGA Tour in 2009, after his sophomore year of college. His whip-quick, homespun swing-eliciting exceptional power from his five-foot-nine frame—complements the audacious breeziness with which he tears around a course. He made enough runs up leaderboards last season to win Rookie of the Year and notch a slot on the Ryber Cup squad. All standalone impressive, but what can't be overemphasized is the crackling charge this sort of presence gives a sport struggling to market itself in the absence of Tiger supermeacy.

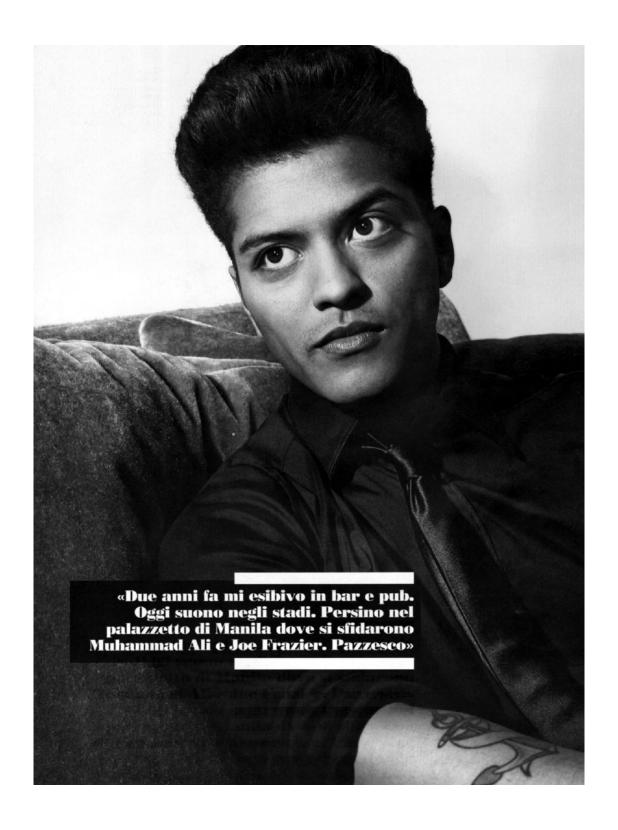
"I draw a sounger crowd who can relate to me," says Fowler. Some of the girl fans will message me online, saying, 'Fou're the reason I watch golf." This isn't to say he's turned the course into a Justin Bieber concert. But if you find yourself amid the warms of young women—more than you remember from your last time at a tournament—know that, yes, many of those female fans are, in fact, slipping Rickie their phone numbers. But look, I've got a girlfriend," he says, cracking a diplomatic smile. "So I'm to calling them back. But it's flattering. Plus, the guys I'm paired with seem to like it. 'Hey, Rickie, I hope there's some girls out lollowing you today..."—O ANEL RILEY

James Mooney

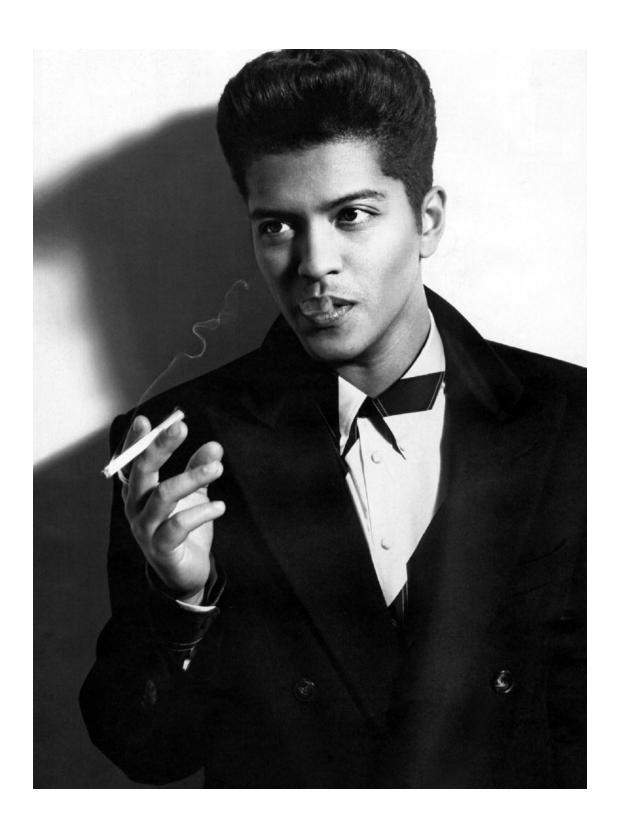




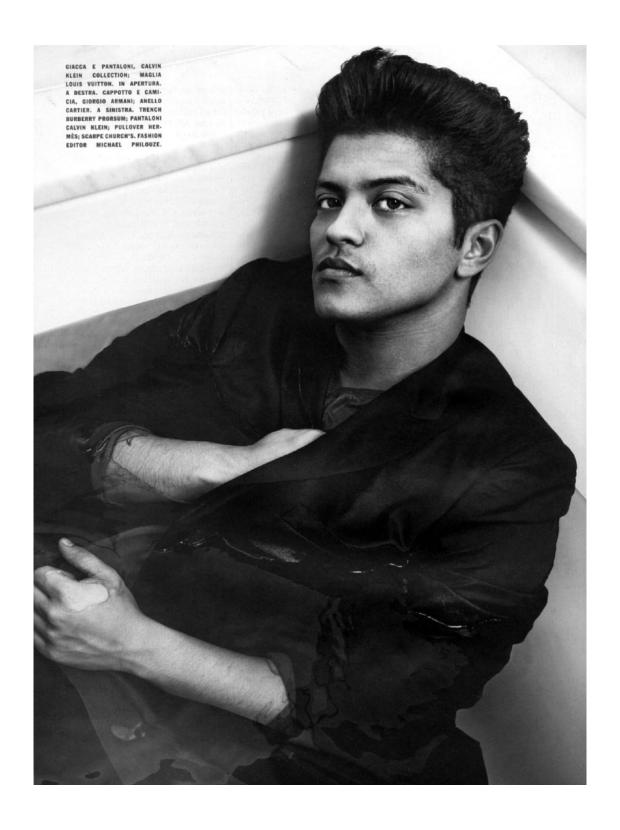
James Mooney



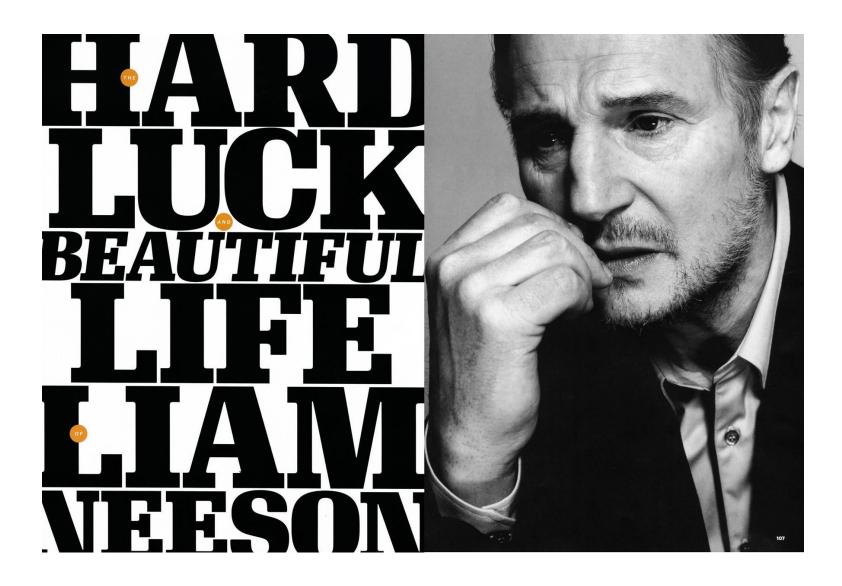
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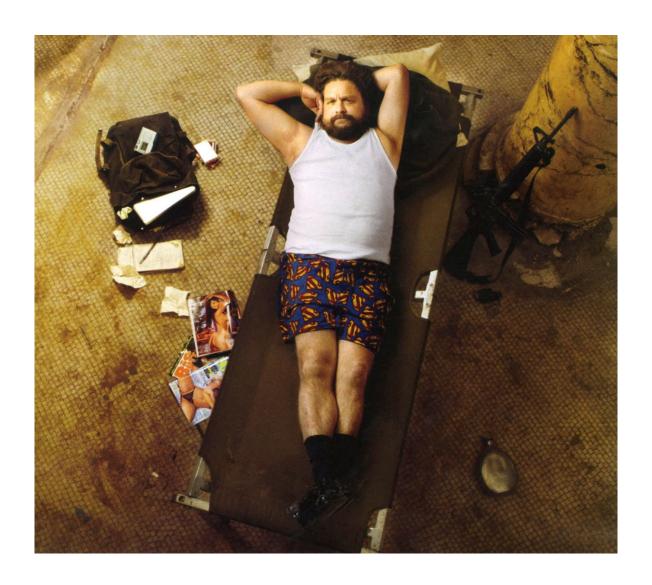


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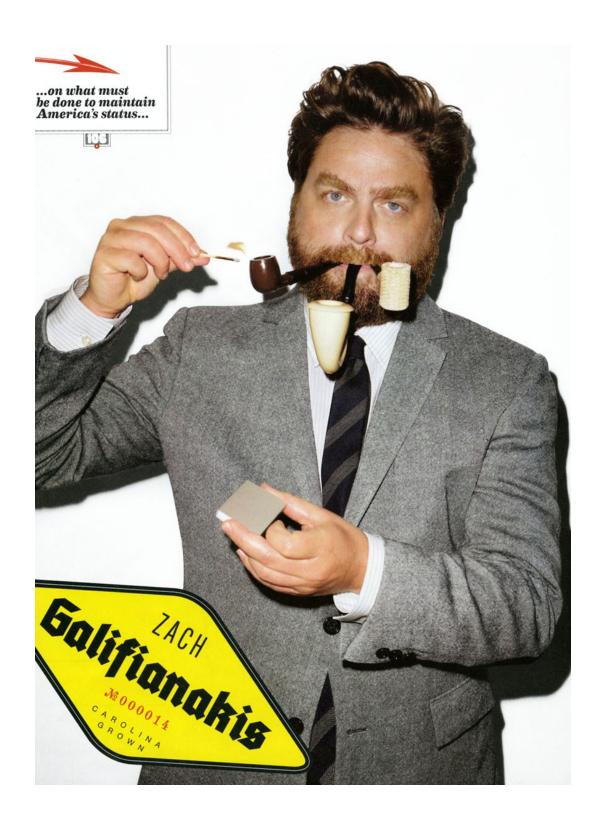


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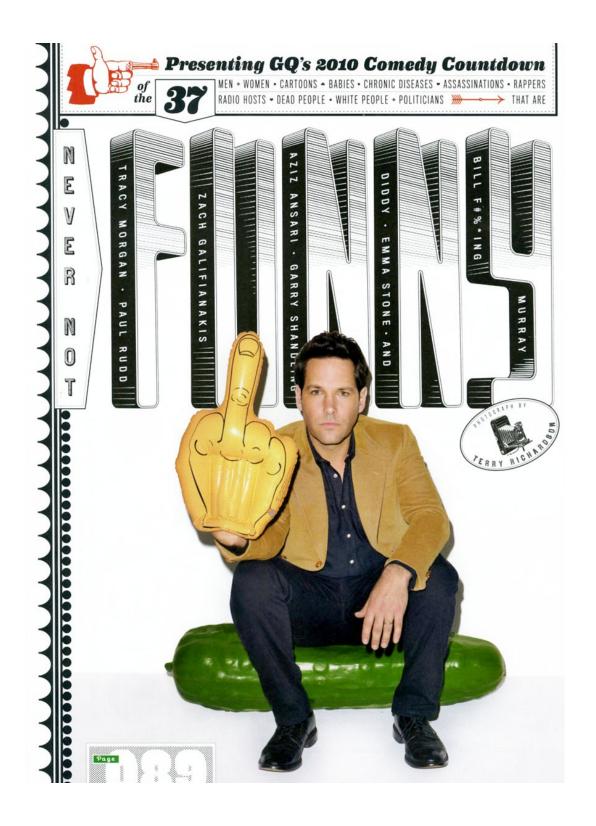




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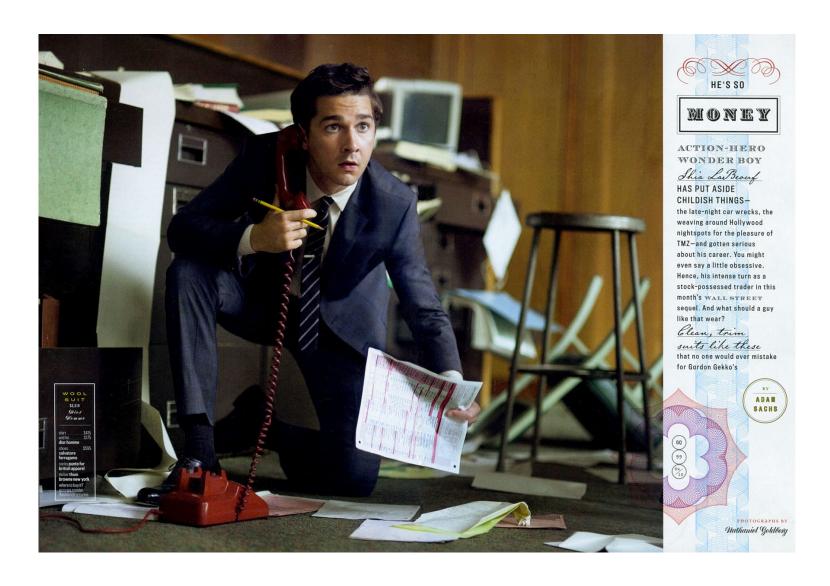
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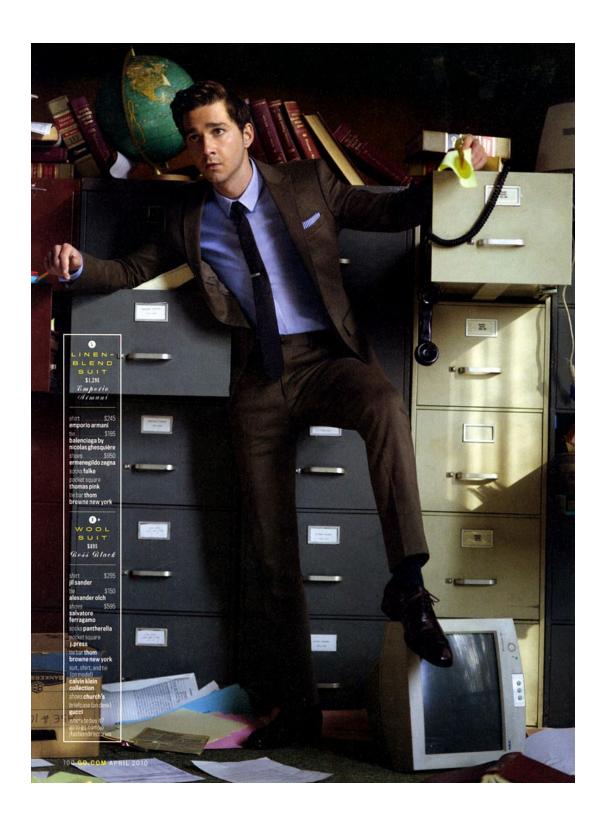


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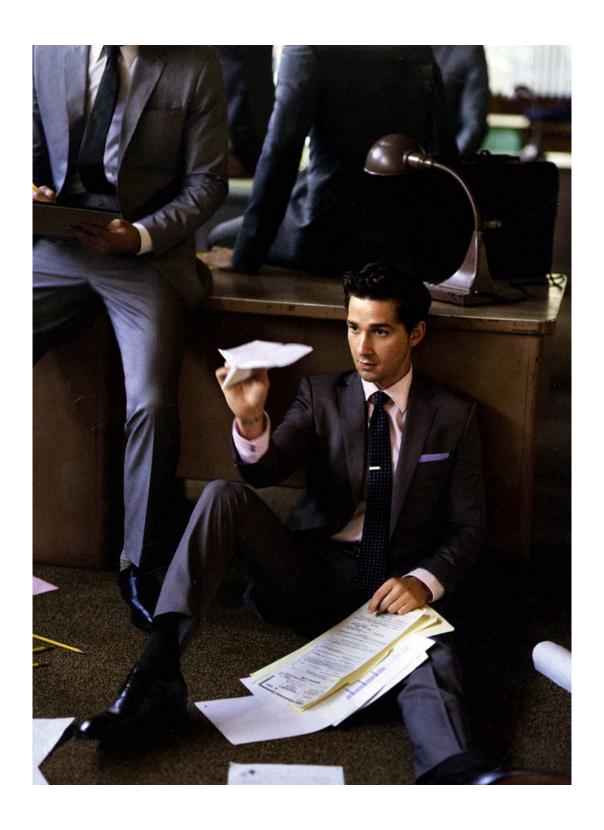




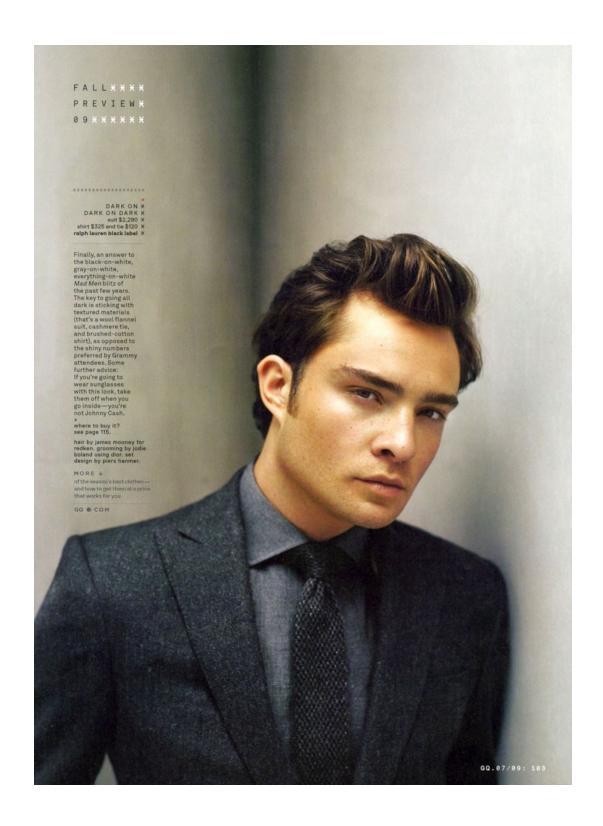
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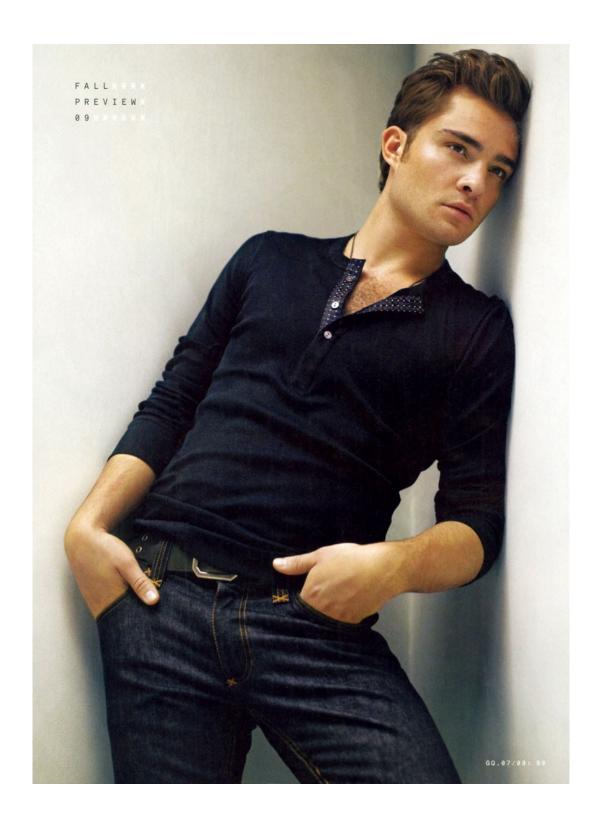
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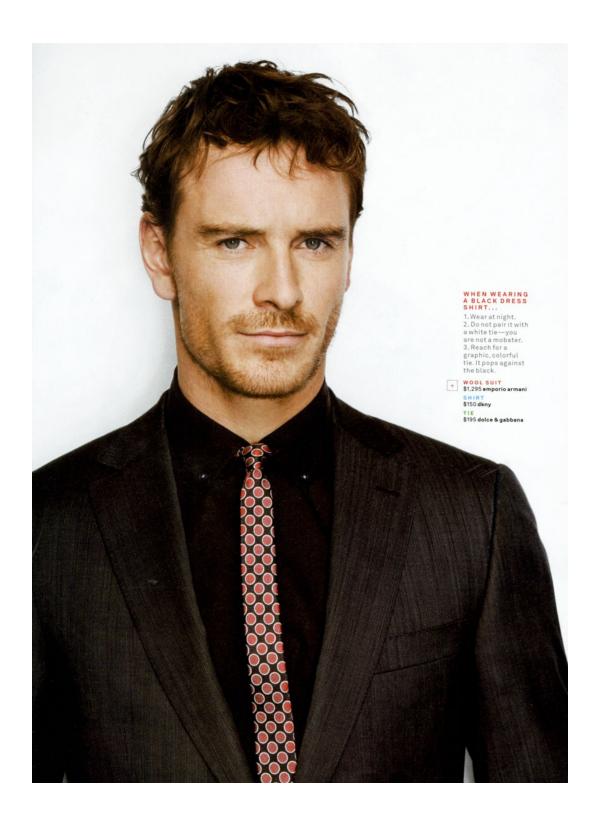
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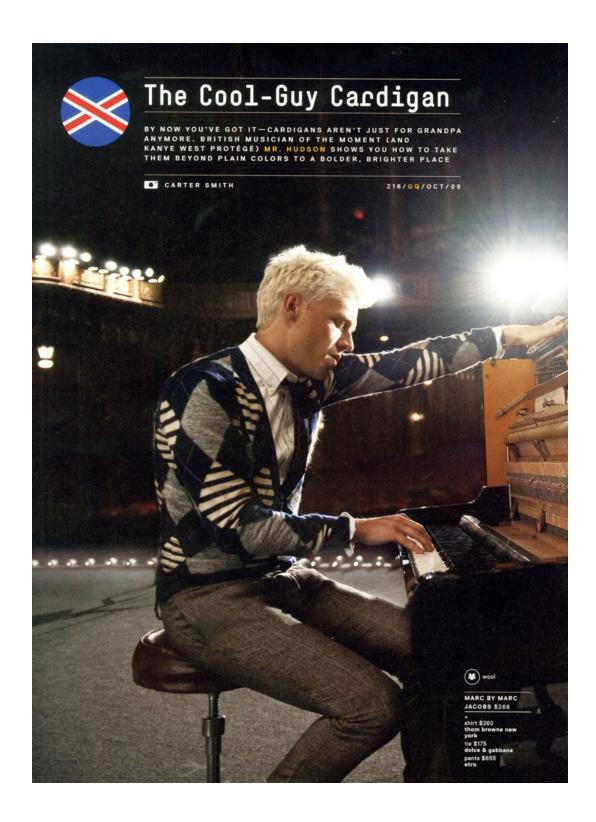
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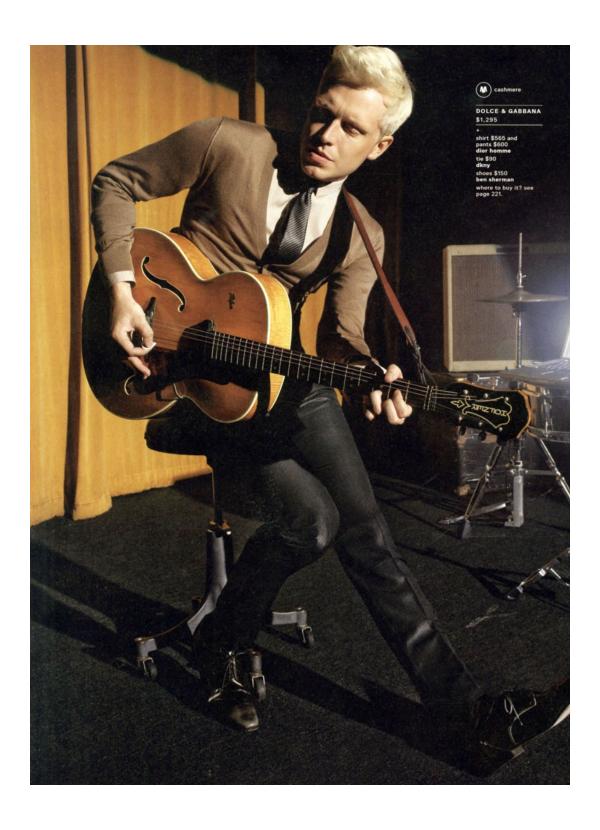
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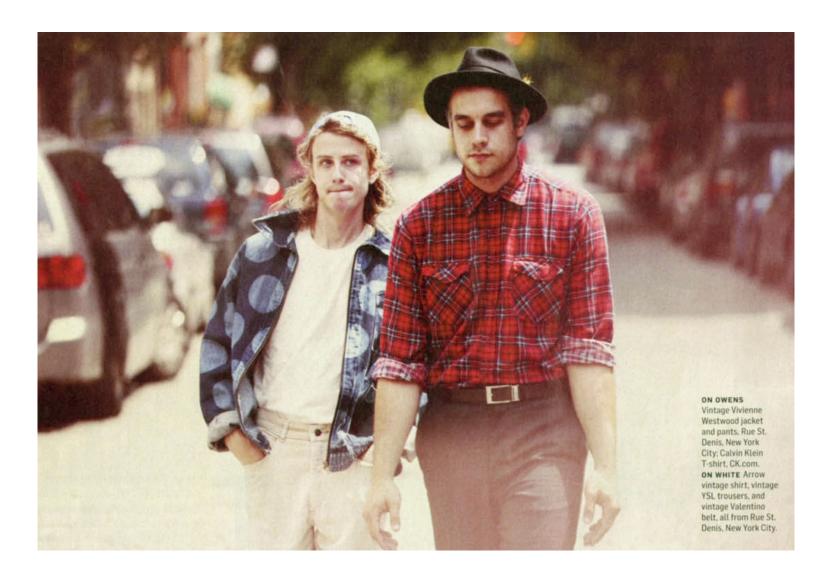
After surviving a religious cult and years of druggy disarray, Christopher Owens emerges with GIRLS, the best new band of the year

HIS IS WHAT I'm talking about!"
Christopher Owens slams his hand down on a wooden tabletop in a San Francisco diner, sloshing chicken soup out of his bowl. The singer-guitarist for Girls, the fledgling band responsible for the year's most captivating—if not outryill best—debut album, is referring to a moment two years ago, after he and partner Chet JR White posted their band's first song. 'Lust for Life,' on MySpace. A fan had approached Owens at a Los Angeles show, opening her diary to a page on which she had transcribed the lyrics and elaborately pasted pictures of her and her friends all around them.

Stirred by the memory, Owens straightens up, pulling his dirty-blond hair into a pile on top of his head. "I don't care about your band if you're like, "It's really cool because it sounds like my guitar is being played by a cat, and fir m squealing and knocking things over, and oh my God, what a blast," he says with uncharacteristic fervor. "I want to make music where the person will remember the lyrics, they can sing along, and it has a positive effect."

That's more of an imperative than a desire for Owens. After spending his childhood in an apocalyptic, sexually perverse cult called the Children of God (an offshoot of the late "600 hipper fringe group the Jesus Movement), he has struggled his entire adult life to reconnect with the world from which he was once so finantically sheltered. The 30-year-old has lived amid such extreme volatility that he hasn't had the luxury

James Mooney

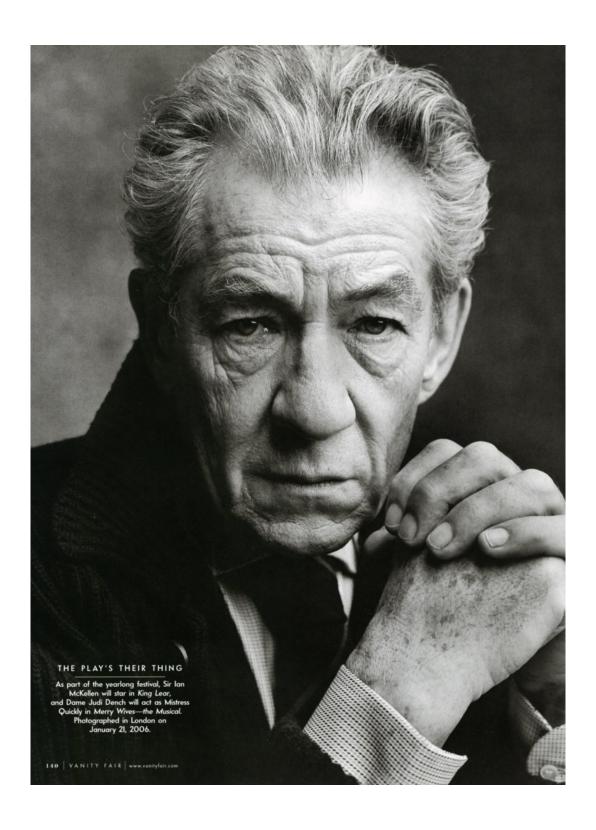


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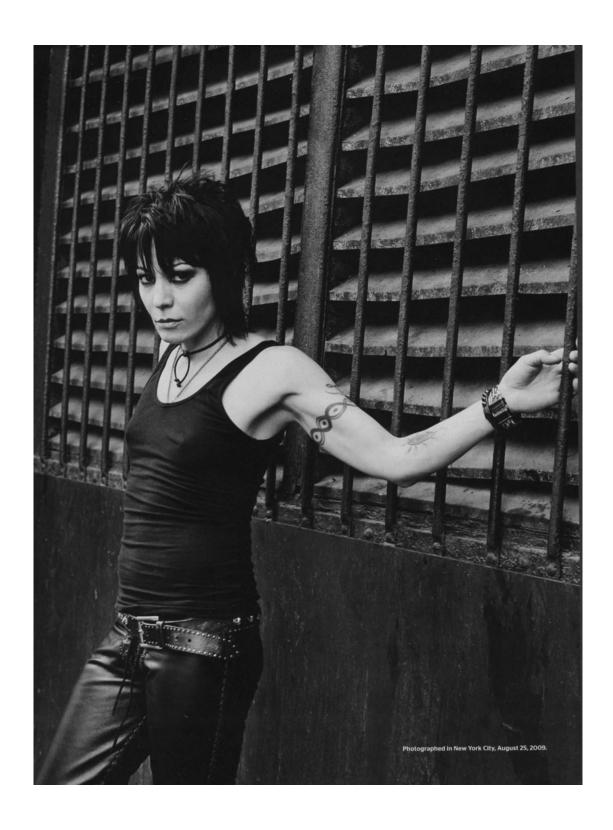
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