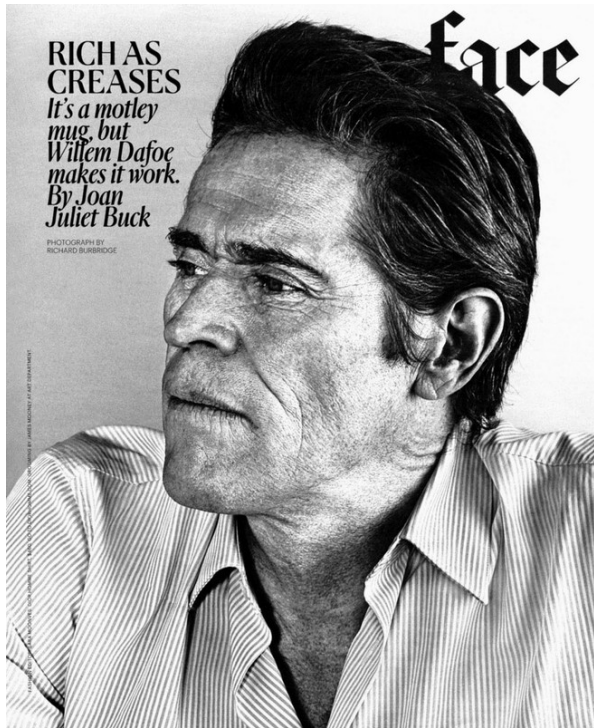
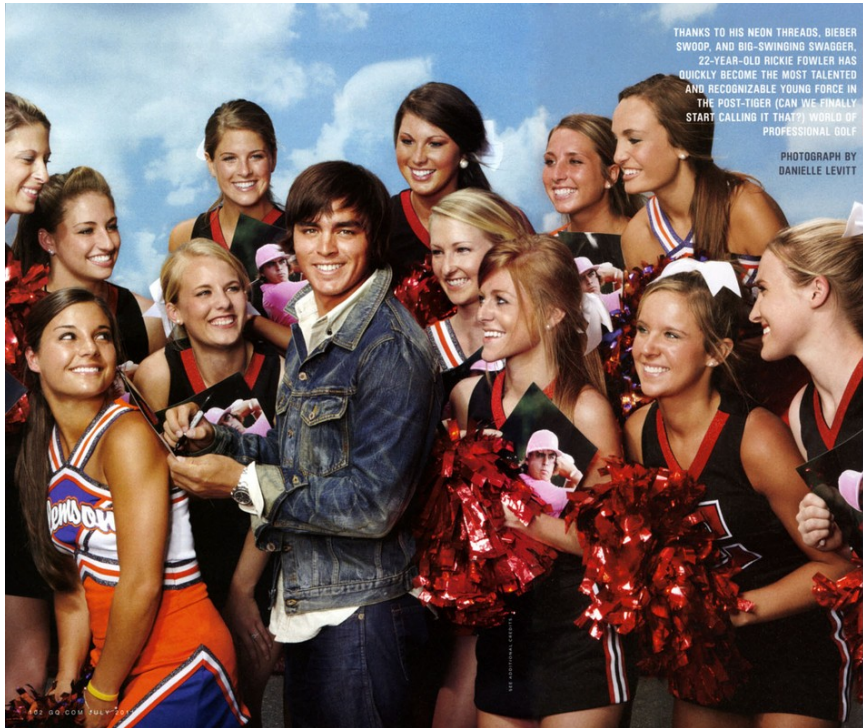


# Art Department



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THANKS TO HIS NEON THREADS, BIBER SWOOP, AND BIG-SWIMMING SWAGGER, 22-YEAR-OLD RICKIE FOWLER HAS QUICKLY BECOME THE MOST TALENTED AND RECOGNIZABLE YOUNG FORCE IN THE POST-TIGER (CAN WE FINALLY START CALLING IT THAT?) WORLD OF PROFESSIONAL GOLF.

PHOTOGRAPH BY DANIELLE LEVITT

SLICK  
**Rickie**

**B**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 a driving cap, it was more the sort you see on skate rats—oversize and fat-billed and, most appallingly, backward. Here stood Fowler—whom you'll maybe know for his Kool-Aid tones and teen-throbbly looks—confirming his alleged irreverence. Before he knew it, an Augusta member wondrously plucked the hat off Fowler's head and flipped it around, as a schoolmaster might with a misbehaving child. "I think the older fans got the wrong impression," he says. "The story got turned to make me look like a punk kid."

Which seems to happen quite a bit. After all, look at the hair spilling down the neck, less gaffer than dirt flier. (Fowler raved motorously 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 girlfriends. Or perhaps most obviously, the colors: frost-steel, purple, Oklahoma State orange. All of which makes it tough for Fowler to convince people that he's the deferral workhorse he turns out to be.

Fowler kept to the NCAA Tour in 2009, after his sophomore year of college. His whip-quick, home-pan swing—eliciting exceptional power from his five-foot-nine frame—complements the audacious brevity with which he tears around a course. He made enough runs up leaderboards last season to win Rookie of the Year and notch a shot on the Ryder Cup squad. All stand-alone 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 supremacy.

"I draw a younger crowd who can relate to me," says Fowler. "Some of the girl fans will message me online, saying, 'Write 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 swarm 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 not calling them back, but it's flattering. Plus, the guys I'm paired with seem to like it." Yes, Rickie. I hope there's some girls out following you today. —DANIEL RILEY



PETER  
DINKLAGE  
STUD

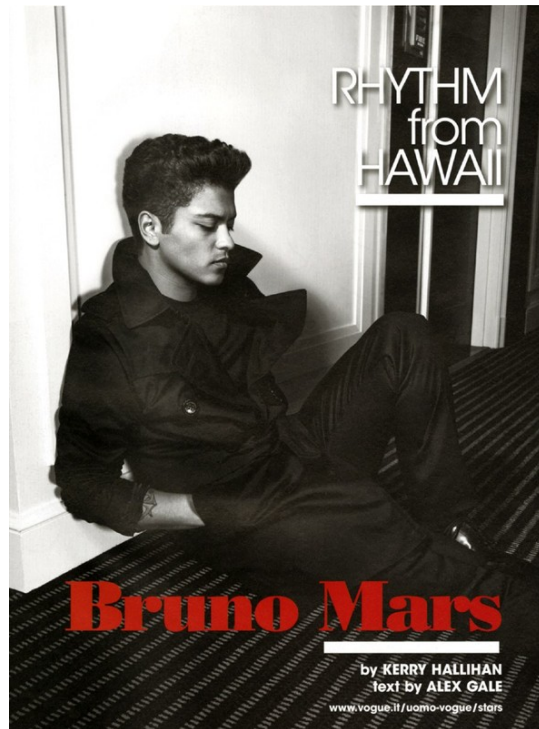
**FOR A MAN** who spends workdays bedding maidens on wolf pelt and plucking figs from between their pecky breasts, Peter Dinklage is oddly resistant to the term "stud." Confronted with the title, as bestowed by *GO*, the actor proceeds to shout "STUD?" for what seems like minutes. "I feel as much of a stud as I can't come up with a metaphor. That's how lacking in studious I am."

Tyron Lameter (a.k.a. the Imp), Dinklage's persona on HBO's *Game of Thrones* (for which he won an Emmy this year), is one of those rascals that actors dream of: a witty, complicated, debauched, bitter but ultimately softhearted sex machine. The show—a deeply entertaining feast of violence and sex based on George R. R. Martin's fantasy series *A Song of Ice and Fire*—is full of macho individuals

(women included) who can seem more like gorgeous chess pieces than full-blooded humans. That may be why Dinklage emerged not only as *Throne's* unlikely moral center and comic relief but as its breakout star. This is as much due to his serious acting chops (see *The Station Agent*) as it is to a career-long willingness to take the piss out of himself (see *EVIL*). "Tyron was made up because by his family, so he—how should I put it?—he doesn't give a shit," says Dinklage. "But he's also kind, in a way, and that's a relief in a show where everybody's constantly chopping each other's heads off." Does he find that, since Tyron, women are looking at him differently? "I never know when women are coming from. I'm still figuring them out, and I'm 42 years old." —LINDY WEST

THE LAST 8 PAGES OF THIS SPREAD ARE FULL OF HIS SCENES FROM *TRON*

ROBERT MAXWELL



RHYTHM  
from  
HAWAII

**Bruno Mars**

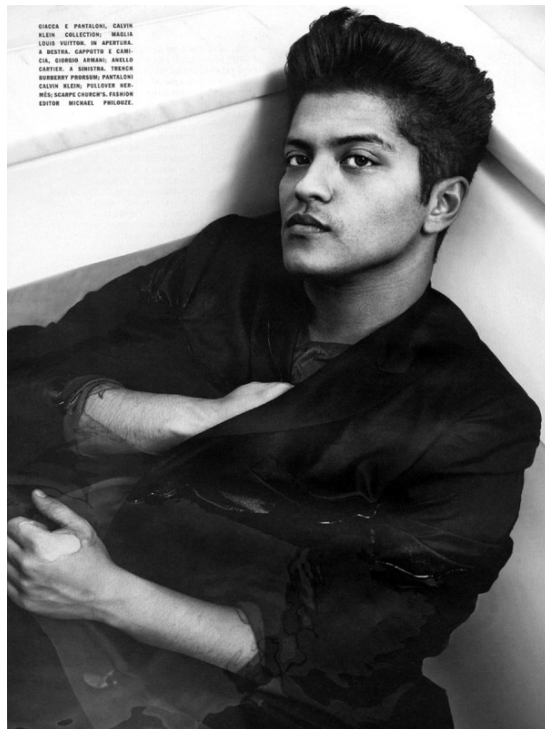
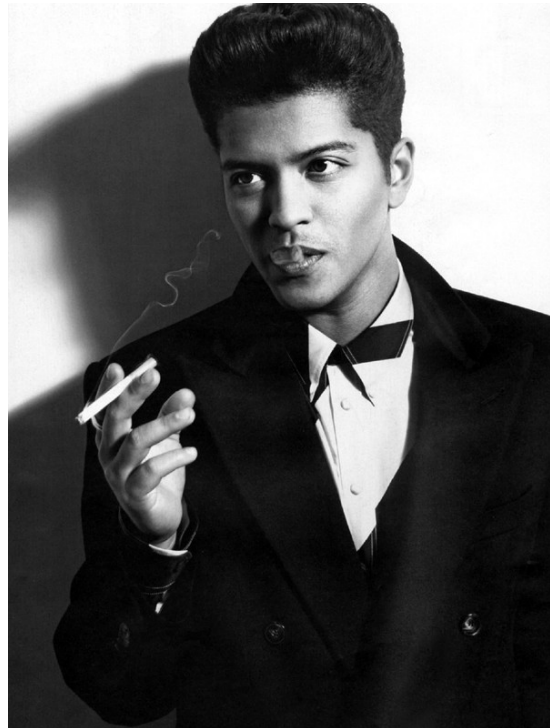
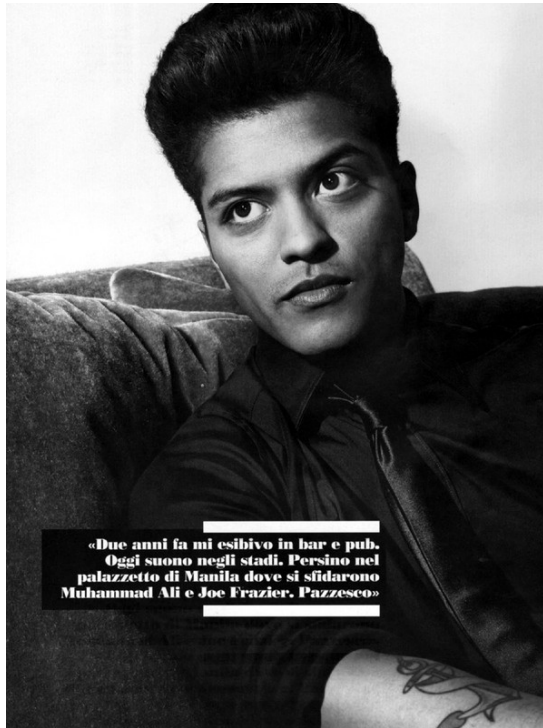
by KERRY HALLIHAN  
text by ALEX GALE

www.vogue.it/uomo-vogue/stars

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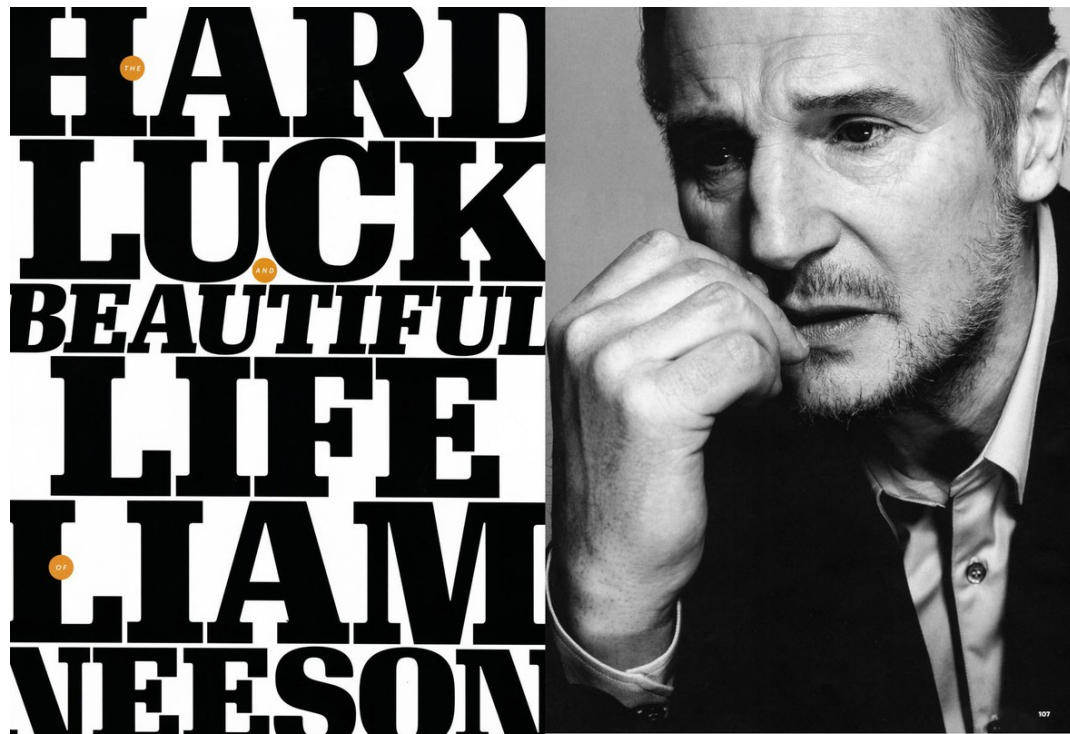
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**MAKING MUSIC TOGETHER**  
Behind the scenes, Marc is learning on tour with Janelle Monáe (left) and playing guitar with photographer Peter Lindbergh on songs drums. "It impressed me," Marc says. "How much rhythm he has." Oscar de la Renta polo-print cotton dress, \$1,595; dress: Marciano; Marciano shoes.



**SPANISH ROSE**  
A watermelon can be just as seductive as a flame, especially in a floral print that's turned on its side. J.Crew costume earrings, \$125; jcrew.com; Prêt-à-Porter rose-print bathing suit, \$350; Opening Ceremony, NYC; Louis Vuitton bag; Stone Island. Details see in this issue.



**HEAT OF THE NIGHT**  
As they hit the town, her vibrantly embroidered silk captures the festive mood in the air (and you picture the beaded hem swaying to a sexy salsa beat). Prada cotton dress, \$2,325; select Prada booties. Shot on location at Marc's Tropical Drinks, San Juan.

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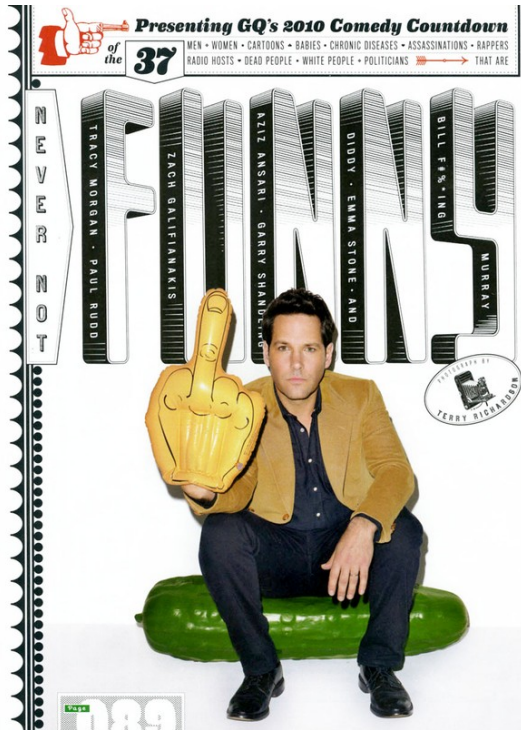
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## JUST US GIRLS

by Abigail Everdell  
PHOTOGRAPHS BY Guy Aroch

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

**T**HIS IS WHAT I'm talking about!" Christopher Owens slams his hand down on a wooden tabletop in a San Francisco diner, knocking chicken soup out of his bowl. The singer-guitarist for *GIRLS*, the fledgling band responsible for the year's most captivating—if not outright best—debut album, is referring to a moment two years ago, after he and partner Chaz JH White posted their band's first song, "Last 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. Struck 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 hand if you're like, 'It's really cool because it sounds like my guitar is being played by a cat, and I'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-'60s hippie fringe group the Jesus Movement), he has struggled his entire adult life to reconnect with the world from which he was once so fanatically sheltered. The 30-year-old has lived amid such extreme volatility that he hasn't had the luxury

ON CHRISTOPHER OWENS  
PHOTOGRAPH BY GUY AROCH  
ON CHAZ WHITE, Public School  
GIRLS, [www.girlsband.com](http://www.girlsband.com)  
Illustration: [www.guyaroch.com](http://www.guyaroch.com)  
Styling: [www.stylo.com](http://www.stylo.com)  
Hair: [www.daveandjane.com](http://www.daveandjane.com)  
Makeup: [www.madeinusa.com](http://www.madeinusa.com)  
Photographer: [www.guyaroch.com](http://www.guyaroch.com)

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**ON OWENS**  
Vintage Vivienne Westwood jacket and pants, Rue St. Denis, New York City; Calvin Klein T-shirt, CK.com.  
**ON WHITE** Arrow vintage shirt, vintage YSL trousers, and vintage Valentino belt, all from Rue St. Denis, New York City.



**Spotlight**  
**SHAKESPEARE & Co.**

There's a way there's a way. This month, to mark the 442nd anniversary of William Shakespeare's birth, the Royal Shakespeare Company will open its Complete Works Festival in May, 16th Stratford-upon-Avon, where the bard was born and buried. During the next year, every word Shakespeare ever wrote can be heard there, from the 121 of some of the world's greatest plays—every tragedy, every comedy, every major poem, every sonnet.

The idea is the brainchild of the R.S.C.'s inventive general director, Michael Boyd. Fifteen of the 37 plays will be put on by the R.S.C. itself, and Boyd is emphatic about referring to the ensemble approach that helped forge the company's reputation, preferring group triumphs over stunning moments of stardom. "Not that there will be any shortage of stars. Diane Kruger, Derek, Sir Ian McKellen, and Patrick Stewart are returning from the glory days of the R.S.C. to share the stage with Brian's, and the world's brightest new talents. The cycle will include a Japanese *Flus Andronicus*, a Russian *Twelfth Night*, and a version of *Richard III* with a protagonist envisioned as a young Saddam Hussein. The message, perchance no writer in any medium has ever received Shakespeare's a coffin. "A total imaginary, unfor-

gettable characters, sweeping narratives, and the possibility of light rightness that seems to come from the past and the future for the food of life, play on."



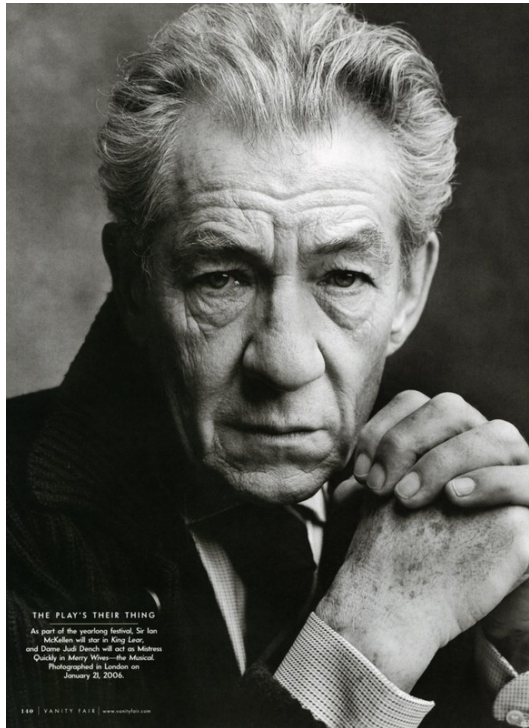
**MERELY PLAYERS**

Performers featured in the Royal Shakespeare Company's Complete Works Festival include Greg Voth, William Houston, Harold Walter, Ian McKellen, Rupert Everett, Jack Derrico, Mervyn Cooke, F. Murray Abraham, Patrick Stewart, Claire Laitner, and Chik Inoh.

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