

## Love at first debosit.



Entertainment Special Editions **News/Opinion** Classifieds Home Movies/Film Reviews Cuisine **Archives** 

Search Site/Archives

Search

Contact Us

Advertising Information

Online exclusives

Cover Story

**Buzz Feature** 

In Case You Missed It

Summer Scene 2009

Boulderganic 2009

**Email Newsletter** 

Legal Services

Annual Manual 2009

Best of Boulder 2009

Newspaper of the Future

Kids Camp Guide 2009

Wedding Marketplace 09

Jobs available

Student Guide 2009

Student Guide 2008

Best of Boulder 2008

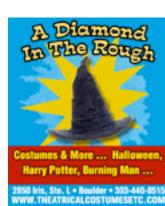
Annual Manual 2008

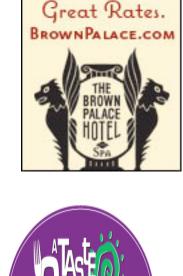
Join Our Mailing List



**Local Guides Business Services** Career Construction Education **Financial Services** Health Home Services Internet Legal Metro North Guides Real Estate South Metro Guides **Telecommunications** Wedding









April 9-15, 2009 editorial@boulderweekly.com

## Friends in low places

by Dale Bridges

I was hanging out at a bar on Pearl Street, trying to suck the last vestiges of life-giving nectar from a beleaguered rum and coke, when a young man sitting next to me started berating his girlfriend for her "bad taste" in music. He was a snarky little prick, decked out in designer blue jeans, a popped-collar Tommy Hilfiger shirt and a mesh trucker hat turned sideways.

(Quick aside: Can we place a moratorium on these goddamn trucker hats already? Yes, I know Ashton Kutcher is like a god to all you moronic, post-adolescent MILF hunters out there, but it's starting to get annoying. It's not cute, it's not ironic — it's just plain stupid. Do you want to know the main difference between you and a trucker? The trucker has a real job, and your rich daddy buys your clothes. OK, now back to our regularly scheduled program...)

ANYHOW, this metrosexual shitbird's primary argument was that his girlfriend's artistic discernment was inferior for one reason and one reason only: She liked Garth Brooks. In his mind, anyone who knew all the lyrics to "Friends in Low Places" was uncool and probably not very bright.

This is essentially why I can't stand hipsters. They are the Hitlers of cultural cache, constantly attempting to

style of art; they have to force the rest of the world to conform to their aesthetics. And when the rest of the world finally comes around to their way of thinking, what do the hipsters do? They declare those aesthetics "too mainstream" and turn their noses up at them. I once had a roommate in college who constantly complained that the Red Hot Chili Peppers had "sold out" when they stopped making thrasher/punk music that no one cared about and started cranking out catchy alternative-

rock hits that everyone loved. When he and his insular group of skater buddies were the only people who knew about the RHCP, they were cool, but as soon as the sorority girls across the hall started singing along to "Under

the Bridge," the band's musical capabilities suddenly came under question. (Incidentally, this former roommate

control the opinions and perspectives of the people around them. It's not enough for them to appreciate a certain

was also extremely fond of trucker hats.) For the record, there really is no such thing as "good taste" or "bad taste" when it comes to art. It is a concept that was made up by snooty elites to sell magazines and expensive clothing. Someone's personal opinion about a subjective medium cannot possibly be wrong. You either like it or you don't. Period. Does that mean all art is created equal? Absolutely not. There is a world of difference between Jimi Hendrix's rendition of "Foxy Lady" and my 12-year-old nephew's bastardization of the same song. But hipsters aren't talking about talent or skill when

they discuss bad taste; they're subconsciously talking about exclusionary group dynamics.

In other words, they want to feel superior to you.

Hipsters often accuse Garth Brooks of creating the musical genre known as "new country." This is a fairly accurate assessment, although you could also make a reasonable argument for Alabama, Brooks & Dunn, Hank Williams Jr., Kenny Rogers and possibly even Dolly Parton. But it's true that Garth eclipsed all of these icons back in the 1990s with his unique combination of country-western twang and ass-kicking pyrotechnics. He made the definitive decision to meld arena rock with cowboy hats, and this earned him piles of money and the eternal ire of hipsters everywhere.

Hipsters absolutely hate new country, and, therefore, they are also obligated to hate Garth Brooks. At this point, I don't think they even know why they despise these two entities, but I'd like to propose a personal theory:

Hipsters hate new country because pathologically uncool people love it, and the hipsters cannot convince these pathologically uncool people that their music is actually uncool. Consequently, when you think about it, this makes new country very cool.

The people who listen to new country are the same people who grow up in small towns and shop at Wal-Mart and watch NASCAR and eat McDonald's and vote Republican. They are the people who wear sweatpants to social events and often live in trailer parks. I know this because I grew up in a small town and I shopped at Wal-Mart and wore sweatpants to social events and listened to new country.

When hipsters try to shame people for liking Garth Brooks, in a way they are also trying to shame them for being proud of their own subculture. It has nothing to do with bad taste, but it has everything to do with cultural elitism.

In the end, the dude at the bar who accused his girlfriend of having bad taste should probably examine his own political and social insecurities. And get rid of that stupid hat.

Respond: letters@boulderweekly.com back to top



**Featured Articles** 



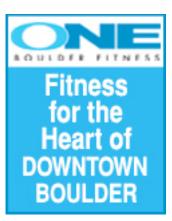
Boulder's Amu takes a fresh approach to Japanese fare

Blinding hysterics over beets

GMOs throw precaution to the wind

> Click to search for Boulder real estate Loveland real estate Longmont real estate













Contact Us | Advertising Information | Mailing List |

Careers **Archives**