

Wickedly funny investigation of America's trendiest subculture

New Book Skewers the Brooklyn Hipster Scene

A Field Guide to the Passionate Opinions of the Indifferent

It sounds like a sitcom, the underpinnings of a sort of mumblecore *Sex and the City*: Two wide-eyed, open-hearted girls graduate from a Midwestern journalism school, move to New York City, infiltrate the snobbish “hipster” dating scene and learn firsthand the sorry state of love and loss among today’s bohemian bourgeoisie. A year later they have amassed a stable of stories and exes Carrie Bradshaw herself would admire (were she to wear Keds). Through the lens of bad dates past, they began to see the entire hipster subculture differently, as a brooding mass of cool-hunters who base their life philosophies on general dislike and self-imposed sadness.

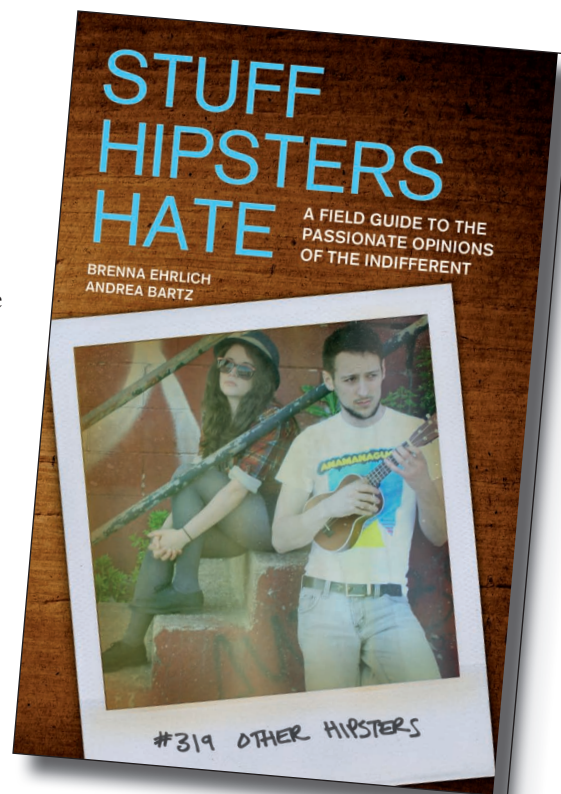
Thus the birth of *Stuff Hipsters Hate*. First it was a blog. After being featured on *Gawker*, *The Huffington Post*, *The Frisky* and *The New Yorker* and garnering thousands of fans, the authors’ catapulting success landed them a book deal of the same name.

Many of the blog’s fans thought its authors were one hot dude in Williamsburg. In the end, that’s the ultimate revenge: Our heroines have taken all the bad treatment of New York’s nefarious Peter Pans and turned it into a book full of satire. Says Bartz, “In a lot of ways, working on the blog and book has been cathartic. We’d suffered some blows at the hands of the haters, and now we’re funneling the bruises into something creative. All those minutes we wasted trying to analyze rude hipster behavior were reclaimed as immersion research—suddenly ‘lame’ nights out in Williamsburg became field reporting.” Ehrlich and Bartz: the Jane Goodalls of hipsterdom (though Ehrlich prefers “Hunter S. Thompsons”).

Says Ehrlich, “We really don’t hate hipsters. We love creative young people living in cities and pursuing their artistic dreams. There’s just some good comedic material on the extreme end of the scale.”

Between the two of them they’ve “amassed more stories than Chaucer.” Through it all they’ve learned some important lessons. Quips Ehrlich, “Don’t date dudes with ironic moustaches.” Bartz pipes in: “You might as well send a fucking telegram, because the average hipster texts at the speed of a carrier pigeon.” Ehrlich laughs. She says, “You know when you’ve finally arrived as a hipster? When you hate other hipsters.”

Stuff Hipsters Hate is available for reviews, giveaways and excerpts. For these or interview queries, please contact Karma Bennett at 510-601-8301 x108 or karmabennett@ulyssespress.com.



\$14.95, Trade Paper
ISBN: 978-1-56975-821-2
224pp, 5½ x 8½
October 2010
Distributed by PGW

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