You're Making Me Hate You: A Cantankerous Look At The Common Misconception That Humans Have Any Common Sense Left
Synopsis
In the tradition of the late, great George Carlin, Corey Taylor, the lead singer of Slipknot and Stone Sour, sounds off in hilarious fashion about the many vagaries of modern life that piss him off. Whether it’s people’s rude behavior in restaurants and malls, the many indignities of air travel, eye-searingly terrible fashion choices, dangerously clueless drivers, and - most of all - the sorry state of much modern music, Taylor’s humor and insight cover civil society’s seeming decline, sparing no one along the way, least of all himself. Holding nothing back and delivered in Taylor’s inimitable voice, You’re Making Me Hate You is a cathartic critique of the strange world in which we find ourselves.

Book Information
Audible Audio Edition
Listening Length: 7 hours and 54 minutes
Program Type: Audiobook
Version: Unabridged
Publisher: Tantor Audio
Audible.com Release Date: August 31, 2015
Language: English
ASIN: B014FSK44Y
Best Sellers Rank: #19 in Books > Arts & Photography > Music > Biographies > Heavy Metal #20 in Books > Arts & Photography > Music > Musical Genres > Heavy Metal #43 in Books > Audible Audiobooks > Arts & Entertainment > Music

Customer Reviews
In this third novel by Slipknot and Stone Sour vocalist, Corey Taylor, we are taken on a witty adventure into his brain as he reveals truths about the idiocy that resides in the human race. I feel that anyone who reads this book at some point can relate to (or be insulted by) the subjects discussed within. Parenting, children, the music industry, driving "skills", relationships, air travel, spending habits, food intake, ugly babies... not much goes untouched. If you happen to be someone that gets easily offended by someone rightfully stating their well educated opinion and shriek at the occasional use of some well placed C-bombs (check UrbanDictionary.com if you’re unfamiliar with the term), then this book simply isn’t for you. Stop reading. Move along. There’s nothing for you here. Bye.Still with me? Good. I shall continue.What I respect most about Corey Taylor’s writing is that he makes me think. Like, really think. As readers, we don’t have to agree with the opinions of
the man behind the mask, (which I don't completely), but keeping an open mind and taking in his point, we should easily be able to start a logical and enjoyable conversation about the subject matter at hand. A solid example is his first book, Seven Deadly Sins: Settling the Argument Between Born Bad and Damaged Good. In this, Mr. Taylor, as an atheist, aims to start a discussion (while sharing plenty of sinfully charged stories) on the seven deadly sins. I disagreed with a majority of his opinions, and even myself being a religious man, I was still able to say the guy made some solid points while also forcing me to think outside of my semi-limited moral box. This latest release is absolutely no different.

I bought this book on its initial release day (July 7, 2015 in the USA) and read the first half of it that night, and the second half the following night. That’s a true testament to Corey Taylor’s ability to suck in his readers and have them hang on his every last harsh word. Sure, lots of people have plenty to say, but so little of it worthwhile, and far too often those who suffer from terminal verbal quantity-over-quality diarrhea remain forever oblivious to the simple fact that their audience is either nodding along (politely) or off (glazed eyes and vacant smiles), or completely tuning out (not so politely). You don’t ever find yourself doing that with Corey Taylor, aka The Great Big Mouth...what he has to say is usually interesting, often hilarious, and has a way of making you think, and in the best way possible. Though Taylor’s prose has a way of pulling you right in and (anxiously) wanting to see what he’ll write next, much of the ground here has been covered by several observationalists and general critics and comedians; there’s times where it almost feels as though the late George Carlin’s spirit is channeling though Taylor’s sledgehammer pen. There’s definitely a strong air of "heard some of this before" when Talyor’s chapters of various frustrations are covered in detail: airports and how people have zero consideration for each other when sharing their confines, traffic and how people have zero consideration for each other when sharing roads, parents and children and how so many of them suck, music and how so much of it blows, etc.

WC Fields had a character he portrayed in a number of his films in the 30s, who was put upon by society and by peopleâ€™s total lack of consideration for others. During the film, it would become too much and Fields would say things and do things we all wish we could, but canâ€™t. So we laugh and applaud. So with Corey Taylorâ€™s Youâ€™re Making Me Hate You. He says the things we wish we could, loudly (lots of capital letters) and vulgarly (no phrase is too coarse). He is immensely entertaining. The essence of the book is that Taylor has lately come to discover common sense. The great lack of it exhibited by his fellow humans makes him hate them. He should know, he often
admits, because he was the worst offender. What he sees around him has suddenly become unbearable: “The wells have gone dry on the human race.” But to soften the blow he claims he has never killed anyone for being stupid. Though the chapter-opening photos might lead one to speculate otherwise.

Taylor is a rock musician, with a predilection for Rubik’s Cube Bermuda shorts and a wife beater t-shirt, the better to display the gallons of ink on his limbs. Yet he has the nerve to criticize fashion because everyone else is a conformist phony. It’s a wild ride no matter the topic of his lecture/rant. He loves tangents. His rants branch off into mini rants off topic, for which he apologizes profusely, but not really. My favorite is where he suddenly screams at his readers for accusing him of smoking too much. He beats us and himself up for a paragraph, then settles back into the lecture at hand. Brilliant.

For a heartlander who was born and lives in Iowa, his language is remarkably British. It is peppered with whilst, telly, queue barging, cheeky, bloody, snogging, muck about, tossers, bad rubbish and bollocks.

Download to continue reading...


Dmca