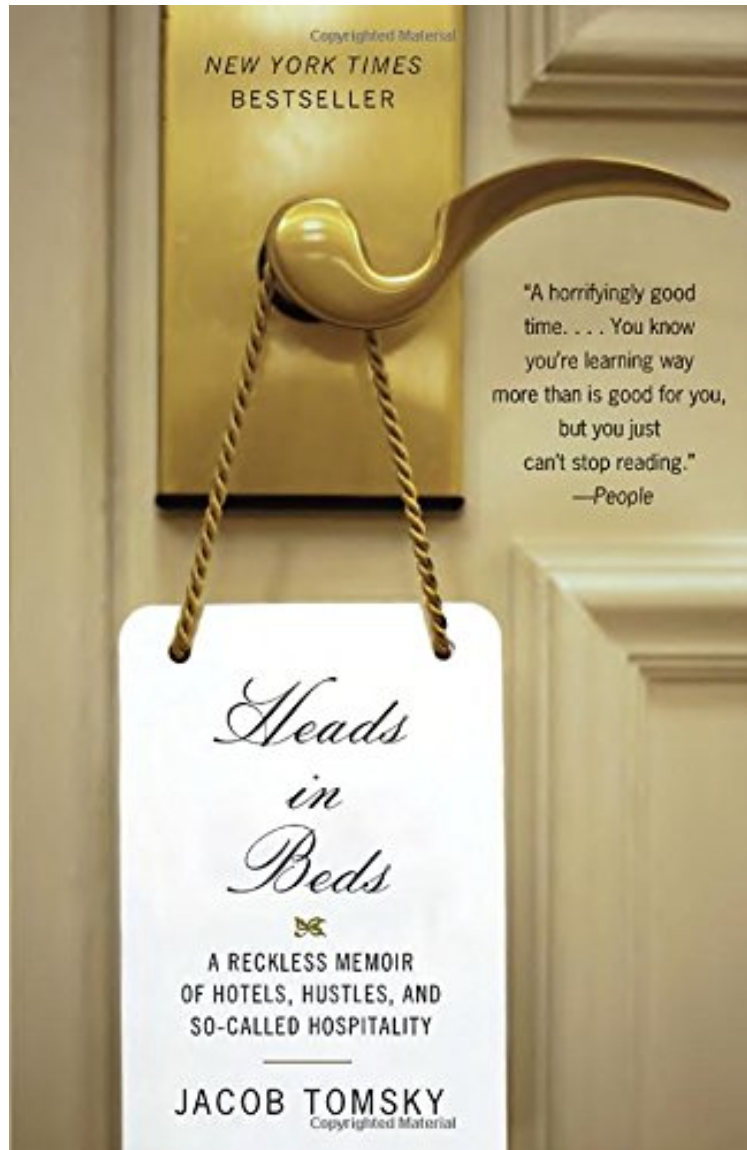


Heads in Beds: A Reckless Memoir of Hotels, Hustles, and So-Called Hospitality

Jacob Tomsky

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#133955 in Books Anchor Books 2013-07-30 2013-07-30 Original language: English PDF # 1 8.00 x .66 x 5.171, .51 #File Name: 030794834X320 pages Anchor Books | File size: 28.Mb

Jacob Tomsky : Heads in Beds: A Reckless Memoir of Hotels, Hustles, and So-Called Hospitality before purchasing it in order to gage whether or not it would be worth my time, and all praised Heads in Beds: A Reckless Memoir of Hotels, Hustles, and So-Called Hospitality:

2 of 2 people found the following review helpful. Read this book for the insightsBy CMsGirlI need to qualify this four-

star review. I, like many other reviewers, am not a big fan of the author. I feel like he's kind of a jerk and perhaps the morals he espouses aren't the most amazing. However, I have to praise the book because it DOES give you helpful hints and also some pretty interesting stories. My husband, who has not read the book but whom I got a lot of info about it from me, decided to try it out. He stayed in Vegas last week at the Wyndham and slipped the front desk clerk a tip (\$20) while he was checking in. Guess what, she upgraded his room for free on the spot. I don't know how much extra it would have cost him to pay the actual price but I can guarantee it would have been more than \$20. That in itself made the book a good read for me! 5 of 6 people found the following review helpful. It's all about the almighty dollar ... or is it? By Miller. Tomsky's tales ranks among the funnier books I have ever encountered. The language gets pretty salty from time to time, but that apparently is the way his interviews and experiences actually went. Insights I might never otherwise have obtained are now part of my arsenal the next time I require lodging in another city in dealing with hotel employees. If you know the right buttons to push, service and accommodations become those royalty might expect; not knowing those buttons or fear of pushing them or pride preventing you from pushing them may make a hotel visit a nightmare which could ruin a business trip or vacation. The book is not a piece designed for serious research, rather a beach read and a very enjoyable one at that! 2 of 2 people found the following review helpful. A solid pass By CaptLoveBug Not at all what I was expecting. Its extremely superficial and lacks any semblance of detail to make what could be exciting and wild stories interesting.

In the tradition of *Kitchen Confidential* and *Waiter Rant*, a rollicking, eye-opening, fantastically indiscreet memoir of a life spent (and misspent) in the hotel industry. Jacob Tomsky never intended to go into the hotel business. As a new college graduate, armed only with a philosophy degree and a singular lack of career direction, he became a valet parker for a large luxury hotel in New Orleans. Yet, rising fast through the ranks, he ended up working in "hospitality" for more than a decade, doing everything from supervising the housekeeping department to manning the front desk at an upscale Manhattan hotel. He's checked you in, checked you out, separated your white panties from the white bed sheets, parked your car, tasted your room-service meals, cleaned your toilet, denied you a late checkout, given you a wake-up call, eaten MMs out of your minibar, laughed at your jokes, and taken your money. In *Heads in Beds* he pulls back the curtain to expose the crazy and compelling reality of a multi-billion-dollar industry we think we know. *Heads in Beds* is a funny, authentic, and irreverent chronicle of the highs and lows of hotel life, told by a keenly observant insider who's seen it all. Prepare to be amused, shocked, and amazed as he spills the unwritten code of the bellhops, the antics that go on in the valet parking garage, the housekeeping department's dirty little secrets—not to mention the shameless activities of the guests, who are rarely on their best behavior. Prepare to be moved, too, by his candor about what it's like to toil in a highly demanding service industry at the luxury level, where people expect to get what they pay for (and often a whole lot more). Employees are poorly paid and frequently abused by coworkers and guests alike, and maintaining a semblance of sanity is a daily challenge. Along his journey Tomsky also reveals the secrets of the industry, offering easy ways to get what you need from your hotel without any hassle. This book (and a timely proffered twenty-dollar bill) will help you score late checkouts and upgrades, get free stuff galore, and make that pay-per-view charge magically disappear. Thanks to him you'll know how to get the very best service from any business that makes its money from putting heads in beds. Or, at the very least, you will keep the bellmen from taking your luggage into the camera-free back office and bashing it against the wall repeatedly.

.com Best Books of the Month, November 2012: Always tip. If you can't tip, be nice. And if you can't manage either, you might be better off unwrapping a new toothbrush every day. That's just one lesson to be learned from Jacob Tomsky's gonzo account of his years as a front-desk clerk at hotels in New Orleans and New York. From the glad-handing doormen to the unsung workers in the "back of the house," Tomsky exposes the machinery and machinations that make luxury hotels run (if not always smoothly), advising his potential guests about whose palms to grease (and how much) in order to get that coveted park-view upgrade. Informative and mildly salacious, *Heads in Beds* is an entertaining peek inside the places people go to get away, and the stunts they pull when they get there. --Jon Foro
Exclusive: An Essay by Jacob Tomsky When I started working in hotels the computer screens glowed in one color, alien green, and the monitors were the size of boulders. We used to confidently toss comment cards in the trash (or, as we referred to it, file them in the "T" file) making them disappear forever. I used to cash checks by picking up the phone and speaking to another human being. Music in the lobby was usually provided by a piano player, who would swivel his head at passing guests with a ridiculous, pasty-looking smile as he tapped out non-offensive cover songs played with a non-offensive classical flourish. Now, mid-volume, beat-heavy techno seeps from recessed speakers built into the lobby's crown molding. The screens are flat. You can't manage to direct anything from Trip Advisor into the "T" file and all the guests want to hook up their iPad to the toilet or whatever. And if you pay with a check I still have to pick up the phone, which is extremely irritating because who pays with checks anymore? Stop it. But all of that change means nothing. Because I'll tell you what hasn't changed: The front desk agents, the bellmen, the doormen, the housekeepers, the room service attendants, and the managers. Hotel employees are still version 1.0 and I guarantee if you brought me to a bar and sat me next to a front desk agent from 1897, we'd over-drink and swap the

same type of hilarious stories about the same type of insane guests. Hospitality, no matter how slick it gets, will always be a business run by people who serve people. It will always be about service. It will always take a person to explain that, no, you cannot hook up your iPad to the toilet but you can use it to control the lights and wirelessly play music through the in-room speaker system. And guests still, and hopefully will forever, hand me physical comment cards, which I will continue to throw in the trash. During all these renovations (while I said things like, “Wait, they made the internet wireless? It’s in the goddamn air now?”) I was always writing. I grew up reading novel after novel and that’s all I wanted from life, to give back and write something good. After years of hotel work and relocations that took me from New Orleans to Paris to Copenhagen and ultimately New York City, I finally conceived the idea for Heads in Beds. I put everything I had into it, all my knowledge of the industry and the writing skills I’d developed since I was a child. I truly hope you find it funny and informative and that it helps you navigate the crooked halls of hospitality. That has always been my goal, to write something good. That and hang out with a front desk agent from 1897.