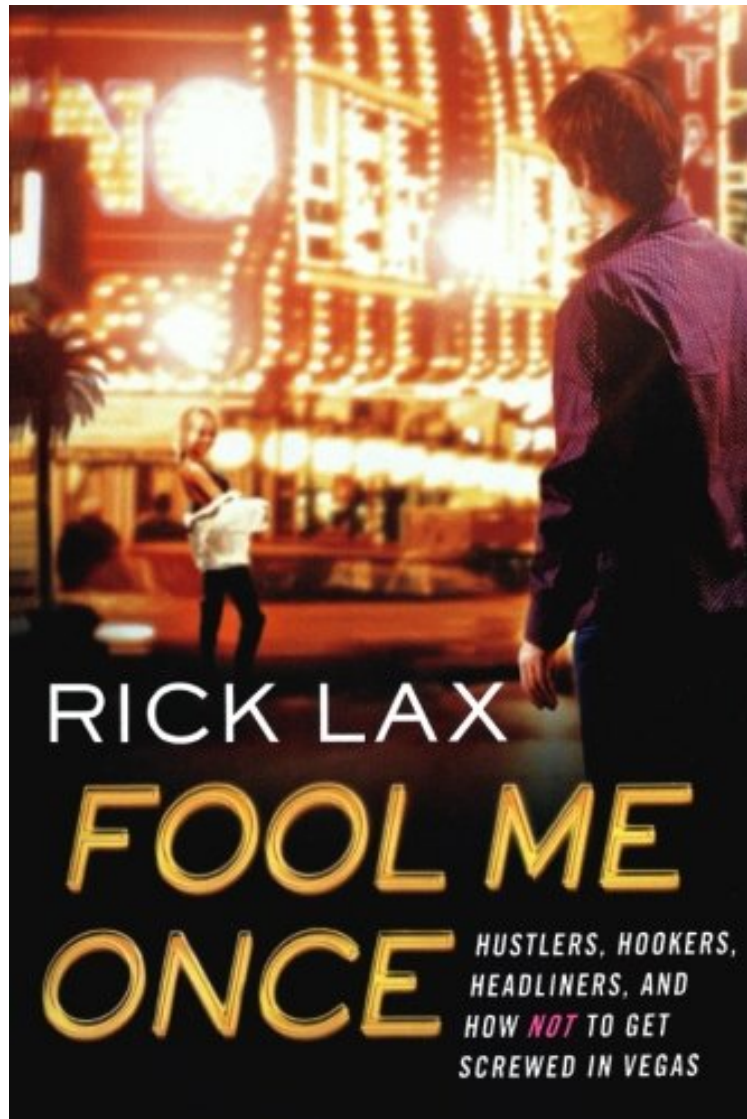


[Library ebook] Fool Me Once: Hustlers, Hookers, Headliners, and How Not to Get Screwed in Vegas

Fool Me Once: Hustlers, Hookers, Headliners, and How Not to Get Screwed in Vegas

Rick Lax

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Rick Lax : Fool Me Once: Hustlers, Hookers, Headliners, and How Not to Get Screwed in Vegas before purchasing it in order to gage whether or not it would be worth my time, and all praised Fool Me Once: Hustlers, Hookers, Headliners, and How Not to Get Screwed in Vegas:

10 of 11 people found the following review helpful. If You Love Vegas...By Max922Lax's account of his years in

Vegas is great for readers who want a behind the scenes look at the City of Sin. From magic tricks to prostitution, Lax covers it all via a framework of deception (that being his theme throughout). It's a fast read, but really interesting; it's filled with things you may never have known otherwise. He doesn't dumb things down but also explains terms that maybe some of us may not know (e.g. I learned what a slipknot was in the world of bartending). I think you really need to at least like Vegas to enjoy this book, but again the theme is deception so even if you don't there is something to be learned. I enjoyed the footnotes--some funny--but some with valuable insights from sociologists and psychologists on lying and deception. I hate when authors try to be funny and they aren't--Lax is not one of those authors. He is genuinely entertaining and tells a wicked story. I read it in one day. 0 of 0 people found the following review helpful. The New Vegas By Rick Spell I don't remember how/why I picked up this book to read off the internet but it seemed to be interesting. And this Lawyer to be from Chicago visits/stays/writes of Las Vegas and the hidden world of illusion, be it magicians, hookers, card sharks or any other method to separate tourists from their money. Woven into this premise is the 6'1" showgirl roommate which always assures you will have my attention. And the intrigue of a beautiful bartender/part-time model/part-time girlfriend. Is she for real or another typical Las Vegas illusion. Can he destroy his future or find happiness in Vegas? Overall this is an uneven but generally interesting book that is not too long of a read to invest your time. It's written in a young voice that provides some humor making it additionally enjoyable. Not ground breaking but an interesting story 4 of 5 people found the following review helpful. Vegas showgirl By christine I love books on Las Vegas, especially books that I can relate to. As a Las Vegas performer for over 14 years and resident for 25 years, I must say that there aren't enough books written about our city, and the ones I do read aren't entertaining at all. Rick Lax has a very light, witty and sarcastic humor to his real life adventures in Sin City. Even though he has only been in the city less than a few years, he has managed to ingratiate himself with some very interesting subjects such as; a few world famous magicians, some poker players, showgirls, dancers and locals who share their time with him graciously. Overall, the book was easy to read and fun. It took me less than two days to finish cover to cover. I enjoyed it very much and I would highly recommend reading if traveling or interested in Las Vegas. aka: vegazshowgirl

Rick Lax was paranoid to begin with. He saw lies everywhere. And when he saw them, he spoke up. But when his girlfriend gets conned by a violent drug dealer, nothing Rick does seems to help. So what if he misses the next lie? What if spotting them isn't enough to protect against them? What if exposing lies puts him in even more danger? Terrified of being conned himself, Rick bolts for Vegas, deception capital of the world, to learn the game and how to guard against it. Rick meets deceivers of all kinds, from back-alley hustlers and poker pros to the biggest headliners on the Strip. During the course of his unconventional education, which includes passing himself off as an octogenarian, being exposed as a card counter, and picking up a hooker (inadvertently, of course), Rick gets closer to becoming a human lie detector but at what cost? By the end of Fool Me Once, you'll know why seventh graders make better liars than college students, how to use a handful of rice as a polygraph, and how to bluff a poker pro. But above all, you'll understand why some things in life are a lot worse than being fooled.

It's a book that makes you want to move to Vegas. This book should be on your poolside reading list. The next time you need a book that is fun, helps you have a good time and requires no emotional attachment, Fool Me Once is what you are looking for. NYDailyNews.com Lax succeeds at taking readers into the Vegas singles/club world in a way that is funny, illuminating and self-effacing. Fool Me Once marks real growth for Lax. Las Vegas Weekly Fool Me Once is filled with entertaining stories about Lax finding a roommate (Oxana, a Russian dancer), learning how to get past choosy bouncers, hanging out with magicians, and discussing tips on picking up women from a master pickup artist. Vegas Seven An oddly addicting read With his background in magic and law, and his journalistic curiosity, Lax is well-equipped to pierce the illusions that make up the Las Vegas faade. Las Vegas CityLife Rick Lax embedded himself with Vegas's most notorious magicians, call girls, and wheeler-dealers and emerged with a funny and fascinating cautionary tale for the rest of us. Anyone who's ever been scammed, bluffed, or lied to should read Fool Me Once. Kevin Roose, author of The Unlikely Disciple: A Sinner's Semester at America's Holiest University In a city where nothing is quite what it seems, Rick Lax introduces us to the showgirls, prostitutes, casino card counters, magicians, pickup artists, and street hustlers who work their short cons under the bright lights of the Las Vegas Strip. Fool Me Once is an illuminating read and terrific fun. David Grazian, author of On the Make: The Hustle of Urban Nightlife Plenty of cons and cheap hustles in this lively memoir of time spent on the seamier edge of Casinoland An entertaining field guide to vice, but also one with a point if you're headed anywhere near the Strip, watch your wallet. Kirkus sSet in Las Vegas and incorporating a cast of characters including strippers, Criss Angel, bartenders, and Lance Burton, in the broadest sense, Fool Me Once is a funny, engaging, and personal discourse on deception in all its forms, magic tricks included. Magic Rick Lax has written a wry, laugh-out-loud love letter to the world of deception. Jim Steinmeyer, author of Art and Artifice: And Other Essays of Illusion First-time author Lax delivers an entertaining and sometimes zany look at the first year of law school Lax's discoveries of what he didn't expect offer fascinating up-to-date insights. Publishers Weekly on Lawyer Boy About the Author Rick Lax, author of Lawyer Boy, is not only a staff

writer at Las Vegas Weekly, but he can get from his front door to the Wynn poker room in twelve minutes flat. Excerpt. Reprinted by permission. All rights reserved.

1. An Earful of Cider These women weren't dressed like your typical prostitutes. They were dressed like prostitutes who, for Halloween, had decided to go out as slutty hookers. You name the prostitute cliché and these two were on it like leopard print on a miniskirt. Fishnet stockings? Check. Thigh-high leather boots? Check. Sophia Loren eye shadow? Check. They were sitting at a table for four and the other two seats were free, so I asked them whether my mom and I could join them for dinner. Of course, sweetie, the blond one said, mentally preparing herself for what was sure to be the weirdest request of her professional career. We set our Panda Express trays down and my mom got the ball rolling: Where are you nice young ladies from? she asked. Were both from Oakland, but we met on the Strip, the redhead said. How about you? Michigan, then Chicago, I told her. Yeah, you seem like a midwesterner, she replied. Well, be careful who you trust out here. Especially on the Strip. Everybodys working an angle. She delivered the line with no apparent irony. What brought you to Vegas? I asked the blonde. I needed a change. Needed to get away from some things. Plus Ive always loved it here. Ive got two kids, the redhead said. Two-year-old and a five-year-old. This is where the business is, so this is where I am. And how is business? I asked. Bad, she replied. Economy you know? Everybodys talking about bailout this and bailout that. All I know is I cant get a [slang term for a unit of currency] for a [slang term for a sex act]. Thats terrible! my mom said, leaving it unclear as to whether the terrible thing was the prostitutes vulgar language or the fact that the economy was so bad that she couldnt get a whichever for a whatever. I told the hookers that I needed a change, too, that I loved Las Vegas, too, that I planned to spend a couple of weeks in the city, and that I planned to write about it. The redhead said, I should write a book. Ive got more stories than everybody else in this city put together. Well, you have to tell me, I said. Once my moms gone, I mean. Give me your number so we can meet up sometime and you can, yeah, tell me about your business. Sure, sweetie. So I can air quotes heretell you about my business. Really, I said. I mean, Im not interested in doing business. She shot me a look of offense. No not its not that I dont think youre attractive. Thats not I just meant that Im not in the market. Not in the market? Im not gay. Its not that. I just want to talk about. Heres my number. The prostitutes excused themselves and walked out of the Palms Resort Casino food court. I watched them make friends with some guy at the adjacent casino bar, and within a minute his arms were around their waists. Within two minutes, all three of them were throwing their heads back and laughing, looking as if they were being filmed for a Las Vegas Convention and Visitors Authority (LVCVA) TV spot. The LVCVA is the group responsible for the What happens here stays here ad campaign, which centers around a handful of TV commercials promoting explicit lying. Most people know it as the What happens in Vegas stays in Vegas campaign, but from a business point of view, the point is, most people know it. When city advertising executives discuss what makes the What happens ads so successful, they say things like, The beauty of the What happens campaign is that it means different things to different people. It can mean everything from going to a risqué revue show to splurging on a fancy dinner. That characterization is as deceitful as the ad campaign itself; the What happens ad campaigns implication is crystal clear: If you come to Las Vegas and gamble away your childrens college fund and cheat on your wife with, say, two prostitutes you meet at the Palms food court, the citys tourism board will credit your bank account and fly you home in a time machine so you can un-cheat on your wife and preserve the sanctity of your marriage. That message hits home with a lot of people; every year 40 million visit Las Vegas, and do their best to hang on to their money in the process. Not all succeed. I saw that much firsthand, after Id left the prostitutes and my mom back at the Palms. Between Monte Carlo and New York New York, I came across a group of twenty or so tourists gathered in a tight cluster around a stack of milk crates. It was a three-card monte game. Now, two years ago, if you had told me youd seen a real three-card monte game on Las Vegas Boulevard not just a gambling demonstration performed by a magician Id have called you a liar. Id have told you that three-card monte games exist only in outdated movies in which fast-talking men in bowler hats and high trousers recite antiquated poems that include phrases like Hey Diddle Diddle and Hanky Poo. The operator, a forty-something black guy wearing a Mighty Ducks jersey and Breitling watch possibly a Brotling or a Breitling was quick with his hands and with his words. He was friendly and funny. And I suppose he needed to be; he was taking everybodys money. Well, everybody except some white guy with long sideburns and a fraternity T-shirt. Frat boy, I deduced, was a shill. He was working with the operator, and his job was to convince passersby that the game was winnable. The difference in age and race was no accident. I stood behind the operator and watched the game for fifteen or twenty minutes. These guys were pros. At one point, the operator turned his back to the impromptu table he had constructed from two milk crates and a cardboard box top and asked me if I wanted to move to the front to get a better view. While he was saying this, an Asian lady wearing a Mandalay Bay T-shirt and Mandalay Bay baseball cap reached forward and bent up the upper-right corner of the money card. The queen. The bend was slight but unmistakable. The operator turned back to the table, picked up the cards, but failed to notice the bend. He mixed the three cards and then asked for bets. Whos gonna bet? Someones gonna bet. One bet to the highest bidder. The Asian lady slapped a fifty in front of the center card, the one with the bend in its upper right-hand corner. Fifty dollars bet. Anybody want to bet more? Everybody wanted to bet more, including a dad who reached into his wallet and pulled out a stack of twenties. I got one forty on the middle card, he said, laying seven bills on the table. Sorry, lady, the operator said as he returned the Asian womans fifty. You know the rules: only one bet at a time, to the highest bidder. She protested in Japanese, I

thinkbut to no avail.If you dont like it, take your money inside. Theyll let you bet however much you want on whatever you want. Okay, we got one forty on the middle card. Any higher bets?I pulled out my wallet. I had more than three hundred dollars in it.But I also had a piece of advice Id picked up from my high schools production of Guys and Dolls. The advice comes from Sky Masterson and it was passed on to Nathan Detroit, a gambler who wanted to bet Masterson that Mindys restaurant sold more strudel than cheesecake:One of these days in your travels, a guy is going to show you a brand-new deck of cards on which the seal is not yet broken. This man is going to offer to bet you that he can make the jack of spades jump out of the deck and squirt cider in your ear. Now son, do not bet this man, for sure as you stand there, youre going to wind up with an earful of cider.The moral is that if a bet seems too good to be true, it probably is. I knew this advice, yet I was still very tempted to bet. I had the money, I had the edge, and I knew exactly where the queen was.It was on the left, not in the middle.You see, I knew that the Asian tourist in the Mandalay Bay shirt and hat wasnt really a tourist; she was another shill. I knew that the bent corner was part of the act, that the operator had removed the bend from the queen with his right pinky and that he put another one in the four of clubs by pressing it against the table.Any more bets? Any more bets?I stuck my pinky in my ear to check for cider and then returned my money to my pocket. The operator turned over the center card and showed that it was the four of clubs. The queen was on the left. Id been right.Still, I probably made the right choice in not betting. Even if I did throw my cash next to the queen, its unlikely I would have walked away three hundred dollars richer. The operator probably would have picked up the two of clubs, the card that hadnt been bent at any point, and used it to execute a Mexican turnover,a move in which you use one card to turn over a second and switch the two in the process. And what would I have said in response? Thats a Mexican turnover? Oh, Im sure thatwould have persuaded him. If I had thrown my money down and turned over the card myself, he would have ...