

## In Another Life

By Richard J. Sobel

By the end of the 1970s, mob infiltration of Las Vegas casinos had begun to give way to corporate control, but it was not a clean and orderly transition. I arrived on the scene in the midst of a storm of illicit activity, unwittingly bound to bear the bumps and bruises from the last years of that turbulent decade ...

I was knuckling down at my typewriter on a story treatment one evening at my townhouse in Las Vegas, Nevada—fingertips blistered after a lengthy reacquaintance with my guitar, which had remained idle in its case for the last few years—when my uncle, Carl Foreman, phoned from his home in Beverly Hills, California. Word had reached him that I might be the target of a mob hit, and he wanted to hide me out. He wasn't at all put at ease by my recounting of the events leading up to the explosive final moments of my job, nor was he amused by the parallels between the way things went down and the storyline of the movie, *High Noon* (he wrote the screenplay, which would be his last Hollywood film before his historic blacklisting in the 1950s).

He'd recently returned home after basing his long, distinguished career in London, England, and was branching out, building a television production company; and intrigued by my unique experiences and real-life glimpse into the too-often romanticized world of gambling and gangsters, he'd previously proposed that I write a treatment about my Vegas experiences for a potential TV project. I accepted his proposal, noting that politics, too, is a gangland; and he, too, had a unique insight into the workings of these kinds of bullies—such as “Tail Gunner Joe,” “The Duke,” and the like—who, by their nature, don't have the backbone to stand up alone, at great stakes, like he had done.

We had our third act now. But fearing my life was in danger, my uncle's only concern at the moment was my safety; and though I didn't share his alarm, I was glad to have him in my life, after what was for him an exile, but for me, an estrangement.

So how did I arrive at this point, where it was believed I had a price on my head—my uncle, a Commander of the Order of the British Empire, desperately trying to save my life **[...?]**

**>Stay tuned to keep reading in future excerpt posts<**