

# Reviewers said this about **House of Cards:** *Dead Men Tell No Tales*

**"Gore Vidal once observed that historians are now writing fiction and novelists are writing history. In *House of Cards: Dead Men Tell No Tales*, Theodore Jerome Cohen has written the story of the monumental greed and fraud of the banksters who have subverted the American democracy. Maybe someday, the historians will catch up to him."**

Mike Krauss is a director of the Public Banking Institute and is the author of the forthcoming novel *Pursuits of Happiness*

**"Cohen brings Detective Louis Martelli to a new level of shady integrity, having him become a self-appointed judge and jury of right and wrong, good and bad."**

Gary Sorkin for *Pacific Book Review*

**"If you enjoy the 'ripped-from-the-headline' stories of shows like *Law & Order*, then you should definitely take a ride with [Cohen's] Lou Martelli and Missy Dugan."**

Marty Shaw for *Readers Views*

**"A real page turner! Beware. The next terrorist attack may be on our financial systems, *if it hasn't happened already!*"**

Kerry M. Donahue, Esq., Attorney at Law

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# House of Cards

Dead Men Tell No Tales

With Foreword  
by  
Mark Mitchell  
DeepCapture.com

Theodore Jerome Cohen



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# Abbreviations

3G	Third Generation Cellular Telephone Technology
4G	Fourth Generation Cellular Telephone Technology
24x7	24 Hours a Day, 7 Days a Week
AIG-FP	AIG Financial Products
AM	Ante Meridiem; Before Midday
A/V	Audio/Video
CD	Compact (optical) Disc
CDO	Collateralized Debt Obligation
CSI	Crime Scene Investigator
DC	District of Columbia
DCAA	Defense Contract Audit Agency
DMV	Department of Motor Vehicles
DOJ	Department of Justice
FBI	Federal Bureau of Investigation
FDA	Food and Drug Administration
G2	Division Level or Higher Military Intelligence
GPS	Global Positioning System
HBO	Home Box Office (television network)
HQ	Headquarters
ID	Identification
ISMA	Internet Streaming Media Alliance
IT	Information Technology
IP	Internet Protocol
Lab	Laboratory
MBA	Master of Business Administration (graduate degree)
mm	Millimeter
NATO	North Atlantic Treaty Organization
NYC	New York City
NYPD	New York City Police Department
PA	Pennsylvania
PC	Personal Computer
PM	Post Meridiem; After Midday
SAC	Special Agent in Charge (FBI)
SEC	Securities and Exchange Commission
TMI	Too Much Information
TV	Television

UAE	United Arab Emirates (Abu Dhabi, Ajman, Dubai, Fujairah, Ras al-Khaimah, Sharjah, and Umm al-Quwain)
US	United States
USB	Universal Serial Bus
V8	Engine with Eight Cylinders (mounted on the crankcase in two banks of four cylinders, in most cases set at a right angle to each other, but sometimes at a more narrow angle)

## Acronyms

ASAP	As Soon As Possible
BOLO	Be On the Lookout (for)
IAFIS	Integrated Automated Fingerprint Identification System (FBI)
INTERPOL	International Criminal Police Organization
TARP	Troubled Assets Relief Program

## Codes

10-4	Police Ten Code ('acknowledgement')
10-10	Police Ten Code ('possible crime')
C++	Computer Language
QRZ	Q Code Used in the Amateur Radio Service (Who is calling me? You are being called by (station) on (kHz or MHz))
R	Open source, open development computing environment and language for statistical computing and graphics

To the 'little people,' who suffered mightily while the  
oligarchs of Wall Street gorged themselves at the  
public trough





*“Forgive me, I must start by pointing out that three years after our horrific financial crisis caused by massive fraud, not a single financial executive has gone to jail, and that’s wrong.”*

Charles Ferguson, Director  
Acceptance Speech at the 2011 Academy Awards  
Winner, Best Documentary Feature: *Inside Job*  
February 28, 2011





# Foreword

By Mark Mitchell, *deepcapture.com*

My exploration of the financial instability of recent years leads me to conclude that various activities (e.g., naked short selling, high-frequency trading, regulatory capture, the planting of false stories with compliant media, the creation of derivatives such as synthetic collateralized debt obligations, the proliferation of toxic financing, and the development of services such as sponsored access) were part of a leverage-and-loot, market manipulation scheme perpetrated by people who knew that it would cause serious damage to the American economy.

Furthermore, my investigation has revealed that the principal perpetrators of this scheme are part of a network of closely affiliated financial operators, most with ties to organized crime, and a surprising number with ties to Islamic terrorist groups or governments (such as those in Iran and Russia) that are hostile to the United States. In 2011, DeepCapture.com published my book-length report “The Miscreants’ Global Bust-Out,” which I believe makes a convincing case that the financial crisis of 2008 (and the mortgage crisis that preceded it) were the result of an all-out assault on the most heavily ‘fortified’ financial bulwarks of the United States.

The May 6, 2010 Flash Crash, which saw the blue-chip Dow Jones Index briefly plummet by almost 1,000 points (or nine percent), demonstrated the continuing fragility of the financial system. While the cause of the Flash Crash remains a matter of dispute, it left little doubt that it would be remarkably easy for a determined adversary to cause a major market event. The danger that such an event could fuel panic selling and a devastating market crash is all the more

acute, given the already existing fears that conditions such as the Greek debt crisis might trigger a new catastrophe for the world's major banks and the global economy.

The true story is frightening, indeed. Just as frightening, however, is Theodore Jerome Cohen's novel *House of Cards: Dead Men Tell No Tales*, which is based on real world events. Using his signature style that weaves fact with fiction, Dr. Cohen tells a tale of financial deception, personal betrayal, and sudden death not unlike that actually experienced by some unfortunate victims who once played the international markets. Make no mistake: the challenges faced by NYPD's Homicide Detective Louis Martelli, Information Technology Laboratory Supervisor Missy Dugan, and Senior Forensic Financial Analyst Alexa Lindsay Beauvais (all of whom you first met in *Death by Wall Street: Rampage of the Bulls*) are almost precisely the same challenges that our law enforcement and market regulatory agencies face in pursuit of financial miscreants who are just as much terrorists as are the people fighting our military forces overseas.

Mark Mitchell  
Investigative Journalist  
*deepcapture.com*  
“The Miscreants’ Global Bust-Out”

Mark Mitchell has been an editorial page writer for the *Wall Street Journal*, a correspondent for the *Far Eastern Economic Review*, and the chief business correspondent for *Time* magazine in Asia. As an assistant managing editor of the *Columbia Journalism Review*, a publication affiliated with Columbia University in New York, Mark managed a popular online critique of the business press. He is the author of the book *The Dendreon Effect: How Felons, Con-men and Wall Street Insiders Manipulate High-tech Stocks*, the seminal treatise on Dendreon Corporation's struggle to bring its immunotherapeutic treatment Provenge for end stage prostate cancer to market.

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## One

**B**roadway, New York City, Halloween, October 31, 2010. The scene had all the appearance of Chalmun's Cantina located in the pirate city of Mos Eisley on the planet Tatooine in the Star Wars universe. While Jabba the Hutt as well as the Aqualish were absent from the Great White Way, there was no shortage of their Earthly counterparts.

Among the more prevalent were prostitutes dressed as young girls; young girls dressed as prostitutes; 'prostitots'—scantly dressed girls of age three and four with garish rouge, eyeliner, lipstick, and coiffured hair—escorted by their mothers, some of whom were dressed as cheerleaders; clowns; the usual smattering of political figures—costumes usually worn by boys; movie stars; cowboys; and in general, people dressed in just about every costume imaginable . . . and some that left nothing to the imagination!

Tonight, this was the center of *our* universe. And as long as the crowd was peaceful, the police, who were in great abundance, tended to ignore those celebrants who were jaywalking and committing other minor illegalities. Room on the sidewalk was at a premium, and in places, progress was measured in baby steps as individuals inched their way toward whatever destinations they had in mind.

■ Theodore Jerome Cohen

It was into this maelstrom of humankind that Matthew B. Richardson III and his wife, Collette, gently pushed their way out of the *Lyceum Theater* on West 45<sup>th</sup> Street following the opening night performance of the musical *The Scottsboro Boys*.

“*C’était magnifique, Matthew.*” Collette grabbed his left arm and laid her head on his shoulder as they walked. “But this could not be true, could it? Tell me this could not have happened in America.”

“I’m afraid it’s all too true, my dear. And this play only scratched the surface of one of the darkest periods on my country’s history.”

“Did you enjoy the performance, *mon amour?*”

“Actually, I did. But frankly, I’m concerned that most people today really don’t want to confront the ugly truths told in that story. Even more disconcerting, to many, I think, will be the fact that one white cast member—the *only* white cast member—plays an emcee known as the Interlocutor, the Alabama governor, and a judge. If someone were to ask me, I think the show is a stunning theatrical success, but will prove a box office failure.”

They walked arm-in-arm toward Seventh Avenue, at which point they turned southwest and made their way toward Times Square. Ordinarily Matthew would have had his driver, Jafar, wait with his limousine in front of the theater. As the president, chief executive officer, and chairman of the board of Richardson Stanfield & Cooper, one of the largest investment banking and securities firm in the United States, he had a car and driver available to him 24-hours-a-day, anywhere in the world.

But tonight, in deference to his wife’s pleadings to experience a Halloween celebration unlike any other in the

country, perhaps the world, he instructed his driver to wait for them at the intersection of Broadway and West 38<sup>th</sup> Street.

It was difficult for him to say ‘no’ to her. Collette had entered his life in the spring of 2003, a time when he was experiencing deep anguish. A year earlier, Estelle, his wife of thirty years, passed away from ovarian cancer after a short but painful battle with the disease. With no children and in his mid-fifties at the time, he faced the future with despair. *Hopeless* was the way he described it to his best friend, Sanjar Shahrestani. Shahrestani, an Iranian-American, not only ran a large hedge fund, but advised Matthew’s firm on investments for its clients as well. The two men had known each other for eighteen years. When Estelle was alive, the Richardsons and Shahrestanis could be found together on many weekends throughout the year enjoying the opening of a new play on Broadway, dining in one of New York’s finer restaurants, or simply relaxing in the pool at Shahrestani’s magnificent home in the Hamptons.

After Estelle’s death, Richardson threw himself into his work, sometimes arriving at his office in New York’s Financial District by 5:30 in the morning and not leaving until well past 10 at night. His temper grew shorter with time, and even his executive staff, with whom he had worked closely for more than ten years, began calling him Ivan the Terrible behind his back.

Richardson’s secretary, Grace Simons, a woman in her early sixties who had been with the firm since it was founded by Richardson’s father almost four decades years earlier, dissolved in tears one afternoon under a withering attack from her boss over her having mislaid notes he had dictated. By the time he cooled down and returned to apologize, the woman had cleaned out her desk and left the building, never

■ *Theodore Jerome Cohen*

to return. It was as if Matthew was permanently stuck in the third stage of grief—anger.

But all this changed in May 2003, when on a business trip to Paris, he ran into Sanjar at a conference on international economic policy.

The two greeted each other warmly, throwing their arms around each other and patting each other's back.

"Matthew, my dear friend, how are you? My God, it's good to see you." Of the two, Shahrestani clearly was the more enthusiastic.

"Sanjar, so nice to see you." Matthew managed a weak smile.

"Matthew, I've arranged for several clients to join me for a dinner cruise on the Seine tonight, and you'll join us, yes? I won't take 'no' for an answer."

"Oh, Sanjar, as much as I appreciate your generous offer, I'm afraid I can't. I wouldn't make very good company."

"Matthew! I said I won't take 'no' for an answer! Besides, I have a lovely young woman I want you to meet. Her name is—"

"Now wait a minute, Sanjar. I don't really think—"

"Matthew! This isn't about you. This is about a young woman who recently lost her husband. He was another dear friend and client of mine who tragically was killed in an automobile accident in the French Pyrenees last winter. His name was Rémy Marceaux and—"

"Not the young industrialist who had recently completed that €700 million acquisition of the shipyard in the Saint-Nazaire? I read about his death. Tragic, simply tragic."

"It was a great loss . . . to his wife, to me, personally, and, of course, to France. Madame Marceaux has been in mourning since his death, and I fear for her health. I want desperately to help her—and you as well. So put aside your feelings for

a moment and consider this. If you would agree to dinner, I think I can convince her to join us by assuring her that the good company, fresh air, and fine food would be a tonic . . . something good for her spirit . . . something her husband most assuredly would have wanted her to experience.”

“I don’t know, Sanjar—”

“Then it’s done, my friend!” It was not easy to argue with the Iranian, regardless of the topic. “I’ll make all the arrangements.” He took out a business card and scribbled a location on the back.

“Give this to the taxi driver. The boat leaves Notre Dame exactly at twenty-hundred hours. Don’t be late! *Au revoir.*”

With that, he waved to an acquaintance across the auditorium’s entrance hall and sprinted off, leaving Matthew looking down at the business card in his hand.

“*Au revoir, Sanjar.*” His words were barely audible.

Richardson alighted from the taxi shortly before 8 PM and made his way down the stone embankment to the gangplank leading to the luxury dinner boat. He was greeted on deck by the captain, and escorted inside by one of the ship’s officers. His host already was aboard, standing next to the baby grand piano in the far corner of the ship’s dining room, near the stern.

Sanjar waved him over. “Matthew. Matthew! Come here. I want you to meet Madame Collette Marceaux. Collette, *Je voudrais présenter* Matthew B. Richardson III.”

Collette, a woman of medium height whose short, blonde hair contained platinum highlights, was wearing a simple but elegant pleated, black cocktail dress. A perfectly matched string of fifty pearls hung around her neck. She was in her early forties, yet looked as if she had just stepped off a runway show during Paris Fashion Week.

■ *Theodore Jerome Cohen*

She looked up, smiled at Matthew, and extended her right hand, which he accepted and kissed.

“Charmed, Madame Marceaux.”

“*Enchantée.*”

“I’m afraid my French is not good, Madame. I do hope we can work out a compromise of sorts using English.”

She laughed. “That is not much of a compromise, Monsieur, but it will not be a problem.” Her lilting French accent had a noticeable impact on him, and he looked smitten.

Sanjar smiled and quietly slipped away, leaving Matthew and Collette to get acquainted.

Every once in a while he would glance their way, finding them first at the bar ordering drinks, then on the stern, pointing out and commenting to each other on the various landmarks, including La Statue de la Liberté, La Tour Eiffel, and Le Grand Palais, among others, as the boat made its way slowly up and down the river. If Matthew had concerns regarding his ability to communicate with Collette, they were quickly dispelled. She was every bit as fluent in English as he was, having majored in the language at the Université Paris-Sorbonne.

Their conversation at dinner was animated, with neither spending much time talking to others at their table. The last anyone saw of them, around 11 PM, after the boat docked and they had thanked their host and the captain for the evening, was when both got into the same taxi and drove off into the night.

After that, the two were inseparable. If Matthew was in Europe, whether he was in Paris, London, Berlin, the Hague, or Moscow, Collette flew to his side. When he was in New York, she flew to be with him at least twice a month, staying in the Ty Warner Penthouse in the Four Seasons Hotel at \$30,000 a night.

Within six months, they were married in a lavish wedding

attended by 500 guests. Collette's younger sister, Adrienne, was her bridesmaid. Sanjar served as Matthew's best man. The couple honeymooned for two weeks on a private island in the Indian Ocean before returning to New York City and settling into Matthew's two-story 8,600 square-foot penthouse apartment on Park Avenue.

Now, they were making their way, arm-in-arm, down Broadway, among the throng bent on celebrating the old pagan Festival of the Dead. Matthew was on Collette's right. Behind them, a man dressed as the pirate Blackbeard was gaining on them. He walked with an affected limp and had a fake parrot sewn on his left shoulder. No one paid much attention to him as he pushed his way through the crowd, bowing and smiling, the gold foil covering one front tooth shining in the bright light from the overhead street lamps.

As Blackbeard approached the couple from behind, he bumped into Matthew, startling him. "Sorry, Gov'nor." The pirate tipped his hat, smiled at Collette, and limped on. When he was about sixty feet in front of them, he abruptly turned around and started limping toward them, bowing and smiling. Matthew and Collette immediately recognized him and started to laugh, seeing the fake parrot flopping back and forth on his shoulder. The pirate tipped his hat to Collette and was just about to pass them, when he reached into his jacket, pulled out a pistol with a silencer, and shot Matthew through the heart. The sound of the discharge, already muffled, was further masked by the deafening cacophony of noise emanating from the crowd, but there was no mistaking what had happened.

For an instant, Matthew froze. Then, he crumbled to the pavement. It took Collette a moment to realize what had happened. She took one look at her husband and began screaming. Dropping to the pavement, she pulled Matthew's

■ *Theodore Jerome Cohen*

head into her lap, smoothing his hair with her left hand and swaying back and forth, as if to soothe him. Behind her, several people lay injured. People were screaming, some out of fear, some for the police, who arrived quickly and cordoned off the area. Within minutes, four ambulances and their crews were on the scene, tending to the wounded.

But there was nothing they could do for Matthew. And once again, Collette was a widow.

By now, the killer had made his escape into the crowd and around the corner into a bar on West 42<sup>nd</sup> Street. Running past the patrons seated at the bar, he headed for the men's room. Finding the handicap stall unoccupied, he entered, closed and locked the door, and quickly removed the pirate costume from his body, stopping frequently to regain his balance by gripping onto the handrails as he pulled the pant legs down. Once his costume and makeup had been removed and stowed in a black plastic trash bag, he threw the murder weapon, a 9mm pistol and suppressor, on top of the clothes, and knotted the ties. A loud knock on the door and a drunk's angry shout to 'hurry up' interrupted his train of thought. Distracted, he hastily wiped the handrails with toilet paper, grabbed the plastic bag, and ran from the stall to the service entrance at the rear of the bar.

There, a cab sat waiting for him. Opening the back door, he threw the trash bag to the far side of the back set and climbed in, shutting the door behind him.

"Did you get the job done?" asked the driver.

"It went as planned," replied Viktor Kuznetsov in a thick Russian accent.

Hearing that, the driver turned around and pointed a 9mm pistol at Kuznetsov's forehead. "That's good!"

The last thing the Russian ever would see was the tattoo of a cobra on the forearm of the man about to kill him.