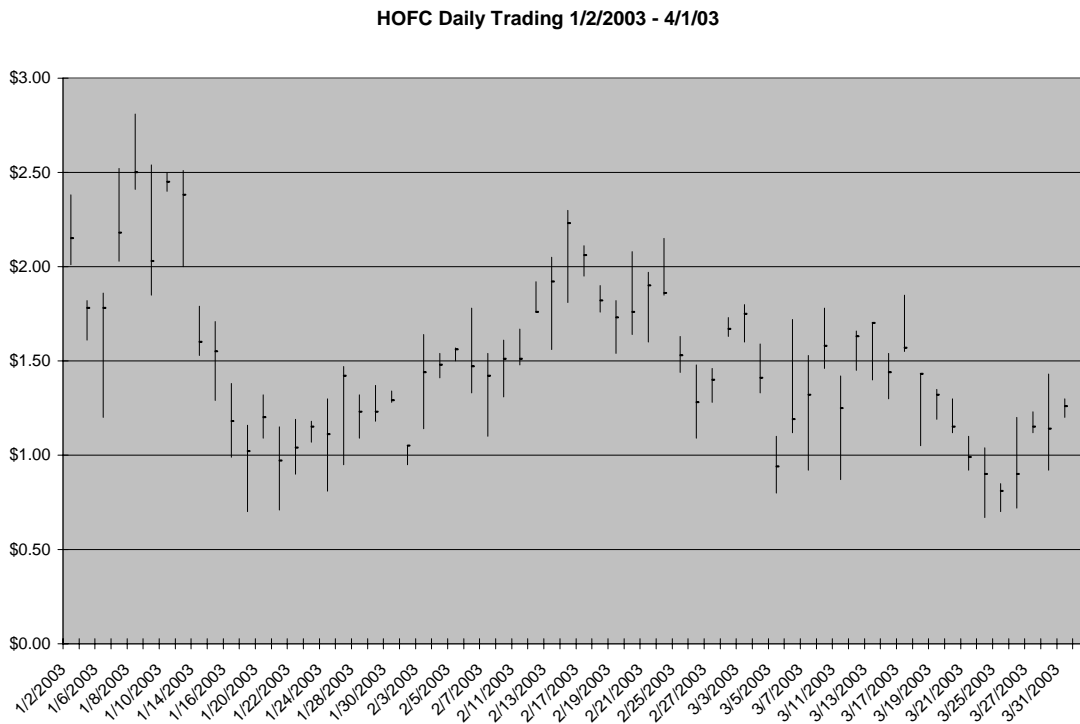
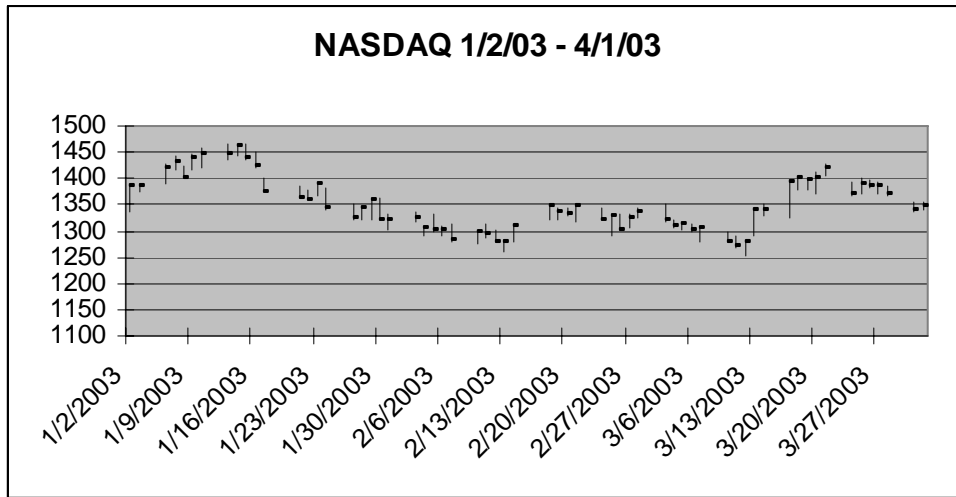


### Chapter 8 - April 2, 2003



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## **Initial Interview by NYPD Detective Mark Cohen 4/2/2003**

### **Atlantic Highlands, New Jersey**

#### **Louise Lazard (9:15 A.M.)**

- Q: Ms. Lazard, I know this is a hard time for you. I would like to express my condolences on the death of your husband.
- A: Thank you.
- Q: Unfortunately, we must conduct these interviews quickly in order to get the most information from them; otherwise I assure you that I would not have disturbed you at this time.
- A: I understand.
- Q: This is an informal interview. However, you do have the right to an attorney of your choosing. If you cannot afford an attorney, the City will provide one for you. Moreover, any statements you make to me today could be used against you in a court of law. This interview is being taped. Do you understand and agree to these conditions?
- A: Yes, although I'm not sure I should.
- Q: Do you wish to be represented by an attorney?
- A: No, although I probably should.
- Q: Ms. Lazard, you are absolutely entitled to be represented by an attorney. If you think you should, we will postpone this interview to allow you reasonable time to obtain representation. If you cannot afford an attorney, the City will provide one for you.
- A: I can afford an attorney; that is not the issue.
- Q: Do you wish to be represented by an attorney at this time?
- A: I guess not.
- Q: If, at any time during this interview, you wish to be represented by an attorney, please make that known and the interview will cease until representation has been arranged. Is that understood?
- A: Yes.
- Q: I am now handing you a consent form in which you acknowledge that I have advised you of your right to be represented by an attorney and that you have elected to proceed without an attorney at this time. Are you comfortable signing this form?
- A: I'll sign it. I do want to help.

- Q: The transcript of this interview will show that you reviewed the consent form, signed it and handed it to me. What is your full name?
- A: Louise Levine Lazard.
- Q: Was Levine your maiden name?
- A: Yes.
- Q: Was your marriage to the deceased your first marriage?
- A: Yes. I would prefer that you refer to him as Larry, not "the deceased".
- Q: Yes, ma'am. Have you ever used any other names?
- A: No.
- Q: Where and when were you born?
- A: I was born on November 1st, 1971 in Hempstead.
- Q: Is that Hempstead, Long Island?
- A: Yes.
- Q: What is your educational background?
- A: I attended a private Jewish school in Great Neck from preschool through third grade. From fourth grade through high school I went to a different Jewish school in Cedarhurst.
- Q: Is Cedarhurst also on Long Island? Did you move?
- A: Yes, Long Island. It's one of the five towns. We lived in Inwood - that's another of the five towns - the whole time. I changed schools because my father decided that the school in Great Neck was too liberal; the one in Inwood was Conservative.
- Q: Did you attend college?
- A: Yes, I went to BU.
- Q: In Boston?
- A: That's right, Boston University.
- Q: Did you graduate from BU?
- A: Yes, in 1992.
- Q: What was your major?
- A: How is this relevant?
- Q: I don't know. I never know whether the answers to questions are relevant until I hear them and maybe not even then. I do know this is a hard time for you and do appreciate your putting up with my questions.
- A: Okay. My major was Middle Eastern History.
- Q: Did you continue that in graduate school?

A: I didn't go to graduate school; I married Larry right after I graduated from college.

Q: Where did you meet the de- uh, Larry?

A: I met him at a party at the Harvard B-School.

Q: When was that?

A: In 1990, my junior year.

Q: Did you start dating then?

A: No. He was with Donna Reynolds – Donna Langhorne now. They were a thing then. Have you talked to her?

Q: I'm sorry; I'm not allowed to disclose anything about other interviews I may or may not have done. I don't mean to be rude but I have to follow those rules.

A: No problem; we all have rules.

Q: Thank you for understanding. When did you start dating ... Larry?

A: About three months after we met. I heard they broke up and I called him and invited him to dinner. We dated on and off for the rest of that year. Then Larry graduated and went to New York City to work at the bank and I went home to Inwood for the summer.

Q: Did you see each other that summer?

A: Not until I started living with him in August.

Q: I'm sorry to ask personal questions, but I know that you understand that I have to. How is it that you went from not seeing each other to suddenly living together?

A: I had a fight with my father. He was very controlling and I used to give in all the time. One day I didn't give in and he ordered me out of the house. I could have apologized and come back but, instead, I called Larry just to have someone to talk to, went to his place for a drink, and never left. I mean, I did leave to go back for my last year of college, but we couldn't stand being apart. Larry would take the train or the shuttle or even the miserable bus up almost every weekend or I'd come down. I never moved back to my father's house.

Q: How did your father feel about that?

A: You know, at first he was very angry. But he really liked Larry; he thought he had a great future, and he liked the way he treated me. So he put up with the living together; he could never bring himself to visit us until we were married but he and my mom and Larry and I would get together for dinner in the City or we'd go out to Inwood for the day and all get along great.

Then, once we were engaged, he was ecstatic, couldn't do enough for us.

Q: Why did you get engaged?

A: Because we were going to get married. It seemed a reasonable thing to do. What do you mean?

Q: I mean, why did you decide to get married? During those times people your age didn't usually marry unless they were about to have children and you didn't do that. Did you plan to have children right away?

A: No. We didn't plan to have children ever. We can't; we share a recessive gene that would make that much too dangerous for the kid. We decided to get married because we wanted to be together. Our friends asked us the same question. My mother even managed to ask if I were pregnant after a lot of hemming and hawing. But I wasn't. We liked surprising people. We liked surprising ourselves. And we loved each other. So we got engaged and we got married.

Who do you think killed my husband, detective? And why?

Q: I'm sorry; I can't answer that, Ms. Lazard.

A: Because of your rules?

Q: Because I don't know the answer. Most people think Larry killed himself; do you not think that?

A: I know he didn't.

Q: How do you know?

A: It's impossible; he wouldn't. He loved himself and he wouldn't kill himself is one reason for one thing.

Q: Did anything happen lately to depress him?

A: Yeah, a lot of things. It's a pretty depressing time. But he wouldn't have killed himself over any of them. He's too stubborn.

Q: What are some of the things that were depressing him lately?

A: Well, one is I threw him out of the house. We've been separated for the last month. I hope that depressed him; it sure as hell depressed me.

Q: What was the reason for your separation?

A: I assume you know by now about his recent thing with the bitch from Barcourt & Brotherson.

Q: I can't talk about what-

A: Right. Anyway, that's why I threw him out. I thought he was over being a tom cat. He isn't ... he wasn't. I guess he is now. Oh, Jesus...

Q: I'm sorry but I do have to ask more questions.

A: Sure, go ahead.

Q: We'll come back to the subject of the woman from Barcourt & Brotherson another time.

A: How tactful. Thanks.

Q: Do you know where your husband was living during your separation?

A: Yes. I assume you know, too, by now. Or you ought to. He had a suite at the Soho Grand. And he spent a lot of time at the office. We'd been in touch in the last week or so. We even had a date; I spent the night at the hotel. I ... I...

Q: Yes?

A: Nothing. I had hoped we might get back together. Now we won't. That's life, as Larry would say. But he's never going to say that again.

Q: You said there were other things depressing him.

A: The company stock slumped again. The last time that happened there was a hostile takeover attempt. Ever since we went public, Larry's mood went up and down with the price of the stock. With the stock mainly down, Larry was mainly down; maybe that's why he had to screw the banker bitch.

Q: And what else depressed him?

A: Nine-eleven depressed him. It depressed all of us, but it took something special out of him. He was there; he was in the Towers and he escaped.

Q: It's not surprising he'd be frightened by that. We all were.

A: He wasn't frightened; Larry didn't let himself be frightened. He didn't go around worrying that the next high-rise he was in would get hit by an airliner full of terrorists. He just never got over it, somehow. None of us have, but it seemed to be worse in him. A part of the joy he had before went away and never came back.

Q: And yet you're sure he didn't kill himself with all these things depressing him?

A: I'm sure. I'm very sure.

Q: Was there anything else depressing him?

A: One more thing. From what little I know about it, things were pretty rough at work. Dom and Larry used to be friends. They haven't been for a long time, but apparently things were pretty bitter between them lately.

Q: Do you know why Larry and Dom stopped being friends? They do go back a long way.

A: I don't know. I asked, but Larry just said that Dom had changed; that he was arrogant; that he wanted credit for everything whether he did it or not and never thought he got enough credit; that he was getting impossible. That could be. Could have been Larry's fault, too. He likes getting lots of praise and credit. Maybe, when things started not going so well, there wasn't enough credit to go around and

too much blame. Larry wasn't getting along well with Donna either, and that's only been recently.

Q: This is a very personal question, but you've already said that you know about Donna and Larry's relationship in college. Did it bother you when he hired her? Did it make you uncomfortable that they were working together?

A: Maybe a bit. ...Okay, it did bother me when he first hired her. I'd been jealous of her looks back in college. But, for Larry, once something is over it's usually over. And she's the same way. We've actually been pretty friendly with Donna and her husband and I've gotten to know her. I think one day they decided it was better for them to be friends than lovers and that's what they've been ever since. Maybe I'm naïve but I'm pretty sure of that.

In fact, since Larry has to have attractive women around, I've been sort of glad she's there. I think she'd scare off anyone else in the office. Didn't scare off the banker, though.

Q: Why do you think Larry hasn't been getting along with Donna?

A: He said it was because of her; that she's turning into a bitch. He said that at our date at Soho Grand last week. I think she may have been mad about the Barcourt woman, too. She might not have liked seeing Larry be such an asshole. She might have felt bad for me, although that's not like her. She might have felt that another woman – a younger woman – intruded on her space.

Q: But if she and Larry were just friends, why–

A: Why would she care?

Q: Yes. Why would she care?

A: Detective, I hope you don't have to investigate any cases with women suspects. You don't understand them very well. Larry and Donna were just friends as far as I know, but they were also a man and a woman and Donna wouldn't have wanted another woman – especially a younger woman – in the business space they occupied together. She didn't even like me coming into the office during the day. We joked about that, but it was serious, too. I didn't intrude in her space and she stayed out of Larry's bed. Does that make sense to you?

Q: No, but I'll think about it. After you graduated from college, did you work outside the home?

A: Never for money. I'm active in various charities. I helped Larry with the social end of business, of course. But I was fortunate in never having to work for money.

Q: A year after you were married, Larry confessed to a computer crime and was sentenced to prison.

A: Is that a question? You sound like Larry King.

- Q: No; I'm sorry. My question is: What was your reaction to that?
- A: You still sound like Larry King: "What was your reaction to your husband going to jail?" "How did you feel about your husband being in jail?"
- Q: I'm sorry, but I would like to know what your reaction was and what your family's reaction was.
- A: My father's reaction was to have a fit. He was appalled. He was shocked and amazed. He didn't want his daughter married to a felon. How could someone with so much going for him – Harvard Business School and a good job and all – be so stupid? How could he throw all this away? He wanted me out of the marriage. He was willing to pay anything to get me out of the marriage. He contacted Larry and offered to pay his legal fees if he'd make a quick divorce easy. He paid a huge retainer to a fancy divorce lawyer for me.
- Q: And?
- A: And what?
- Q: How did Larry respond to the offer? What happened with your lawyer?
- A: Larry told my father to go fuck himself; what do you think he'd say? He said I could have a divorce any time I wanted it. That he wasn't after my money. And that he didn't need my father to pay his legal fees or anything else.
- Q: And what happened with your lawyer?
- A: I fired him and got a refund on the retainer.
- Q: You said you had some money of your own. Is that what you lived on while your husband was in prison?
- A: Partly. My father gave me a little money every year for tax reasons and he gave me part of his hardware chain before he sold it – also for tax reasons. Larry had some money he got when his father died. So things weren't too tight. I didn't spend much during this period, at least not much by my usual standards, and we had money left over when Larry got out of prison to live on while Larry got his consulting business going.
- Q: You still haven't told me what you felt like when, a year into your marriage, your husband committed a crime and was sentenced to prison.
- A: He confessed to the crime. It wasn't like he was discovered.
- Q: Does that make a difference?
- A: It means there was no knock on the door and no one came to take my husband away. It means that Larry told me before I heard about it some other way. It means... Never mind, it's just different than if he got caught committing a crime. None of the hacked credit card numbers got misused.



- Q: Have you ever had a relative in prison before? Or anyone close to you?
- A: Do you count the aunts and uncles and grandparents and other family I never met who died in concentration camps?
- Q: No. I mean people you know or are close to. Have any of them been in prison besides the deceased?
- A: Please call him Larry. He still has a name. Until Larry went to prison, the only person I ever knew who went to jail was a kid from my high school who was held over night for drunk driving. He thought that made him a hero after his father bailed him out.
- Q: Were you disappointed?
- A: Was I disappointed in what? That the kid went to jail or that he got bailed out?
- Q: Neither. Were you disappointed that the ... that Larry went to prison?
- A: It hadn't been part of my game plan. Of course I was disappointed. And I was lonely. I'd always lived with a strong man, first my father, then Larry. Now my father wanted me back but I couldn't go because I didn't want to give up Larry and Larry couldn't help me because he was in prison. Suddenly I was very alone.
- Q: Did you consider leaving Larry? You didn't have to stay married to him. You didn't have to stay alone. You could have gone home. I'm sure you could've found another man.
- A: Why are you so sure I "could've found another man?" Yeah, I guess I could've. I certainly could've gone back to my father. But I loved Larry; I wanted Larry. Period. So, I waited for him to get out of prison. I visited him every chance I got. And he did everything he could to get out early, good behavior, good deeds, all of that stuff.
- Q: That must've been hard on you.
- A: I don't think that's a question. But it was hard. You know, the Israelis have a saying: "What doesn't kill me makes me stronger." It didn't kill me so it made me stronger. I also knew it was harder on Larry. He can't ... he couldn't stand being told what to do. In prison, he said he couldn't shit without permission, but he did it and I did it and we were stronger for it.
- Q: Did you learn that saying from your studies of Middle Eastern History?
- A: No, I learned it from an Israeli woman we met in Switzerland.
- Q: How did your friends react to Larry being in prison?
- A: They didn't know how to react. After a while, I realized that they were waiting for me to signal them how to react.

So I did. I held my head high. I kept up with my charitable work – just didn't give as much money that year, but I gave more time. And I threw a big party for Larry when he got out. Most of them reacted fine once they saw that's what I expected. A few didn't, and they weren't friends anymore. No loss.

Q: Was Larry the same when he got out of prison?

A: No, not really. He was ... harder. He grew up, I guess. He was always cynical but he got more cynical.

Q: Please tell me about the gun Larry was given by a fellow ex-prisoner.

A: Is that meant to be a shock question? I mean, suddenly you bring up the murder weapon.

Q: No. I'm sorry to be abrupt. It's just where I am in my list of questions. And we don't know that it's murder.

A: I know that it's murder. I told you that.

Q: Can you tell me anything about the gun?

A: I don't know anything about guns. It was a pistol, not a rifle. Larry took it to the office. I didn't like it here.

Q: Do you know anything about the man who gave it to him?

A: He was a mafia guy, I think. That's what Larry said anyway. But he wasn't in for killing someone or anything like that. He was convicted of a white collar crime so he was in the same place as Larry. He told Larry they were both stupid to do the kinds of crime that got caught. He told Larry that next time he wanted to rob a bank he should use a gun.

Q: Did you ever meet this person?

A: Once. We went to dinner with him and his girlfriend in some mafia restaurant in North Jersey somewhere. It was a pretty terrible night.

Q: Why?

A: Why did we go to dinner or why was it a terrible night?

Q: Either. Both.

A: We went to dinner because he asked us. It was awful because, first, we're having dinner with this guy who talks with his mouth full and is fondling his bimbo with whatever hand wasn't stuffing more food into his mouth. I thought she was going to end up crawling under the table and ... you know. Then some of his friends come in with their bimbos and if anything they're even more gross. And Larry's starting to talk like them, I guess just because we were there. I never felt dirty when he was in prison but I did there. It was the only time I felt ashamed.

And then a rat ran across the floor in the next room. These guys think it's hilarious and they take out their guns and

start shooting. Of course they're all too drunk to hit the rat and bullets are going all over the place and the rat is running around in circles. Then our friend gives Larry his gun and says "here, you try" and Larry – Larry's a pretty good shot – he kills the rat on the first try, and there's rat all over the place. The bimbos are jumping up and down and screaming and laughing. While I'm trying hard not to be sick.

That's when he gave Larry the gun. He told Larry: "You're pretty good with this. Next time you wanna knock over a bank, use a gun. You can't trust those computers." He thought that was hilarious.

Larry tried to give the gun back. I don't think he thought the guy was serious. And the guy says: "Hey, you shot the rat; you gotta keep the gun. It's the murder weapon."

Oh, my God... Oh-my-GOD! It WAS. It was the murder weapon that killed Larry. I can't believe it. I...

Q: Let's take a break.

A: Thank you. I'm sorry. I can't stand that Larry's dead. I...

Q: If it's okay, I'll just wait until you're ready to talk again.

A: Fine. Whatever. I'll be back in a few minutes.

[The interview recommenced at 10:02 AM]

Q: Are you feeling well enough to proceed?

A: Yes, yes. Let's go on, please.

Q: Did you ever see Larry place the gun to his head?

A: No. They said he did that in the office but I never saw him do it.

Q: Why did they say he put the gun to his head in the office?

A: I don't know. It was dumb. Some sort of company ritual. Some way of saying a decision was made.

Q: Did he check to see if the gun was loaded before he placed it to his head?

A: I don't know. How would I know? Are you trying to say now this was an accident? How could the gun get loaded? Guns don't load themselves.

Q: I'm not trying to say anything; I just ask questions. And you're right: sometimes answers just lead to more questions. Do you know of any case where Larry fired the gun? Did he have ammunition for it?

A: I know it was empty when Larry got it from his friend; I made him check. I don't know of his ever buying any ammunition for it. It wasn't registered; at least, it wasn't registered to Larry and he's an ex-con, remember. So he

wasn't about to try to get a pistol permit from the local police.

Q: And yet he carried this concealed weapon to New York where it was, among other things, a Sullivan Law violation.

A: Is that a question?

Q: Yes. Did Larry take the gun to New York himself? If so, why?

A: I think it's a little late to convict Larry of an O'Sullivan Law violation, whatever that is. I already told you he took it in because I didn't want it here.

Q: Did you hear anything else about Larry and the gun?

A: Not that I remember. Can we talk about something else?

Q: Sure. What was it like for you and Larry when hackoff went public and you became fabulously rich? How did people react to you?

A: Well, for one thing we didn't get any money when hackoff went public. All the money from that stock sale went to the company. But about six months later there was what's called a secondary offering. The company sold more stock at a much higher price and raised much more money. And this time insiders were allowed to sell some stock as well. The VCs sold a bundle and made a fortune. We sold about twenty-five million dollars worth ourselves; it was only a tiny portion of the stock we had. Of course, we had to pay taxes on that, but still it was a lot of money.

Q: The newspapers said you were "billionaires"; twenty-five million is a lot of money but it isn't a billion. Was that just an exaggeration?

A: No, not exactly. The stock we had left was worth a billion or so on paper, so I guess we were billionaires. But we weren't allowed to sell any more stock for six months and then, by the time we could sell, it had gone down so much that we decided to wait for it to go up. But it never did. Not much. So we hung onto our stock and it was worth less and less.

Q: Do you still have the stock?

A: Yes. We gave some to charity but we still have most of it.

Q: And what is that worth now?

A: I don't know exactly; a couple of million maybe. And it would be hard to sell that much stock without driving the price down even more. It's funny; we sold about five percent of our stock for twenty-five million and now the other ninety-five percent isn't even worth a fraction of that. Not funny, I mean, but strange. None of it was very real.

Q: How did people treat you when you had all that money?

A: Well, a lot of stock brokers called all the time and wanted to manage it for us. Realtors called, people like that. It was like we won the lottery. I guess we did in a way.

Q: Did your friends treat you differently?

A: A lot of our friends have money – serious money – themselves. They either inherited it or earned it or even were dotcom millionaires themselves. So just having money wasn't so strange. We hadn't been poor before, either. The friends-and-family part was very strange, though. Do you know what friends-and-family is?

Q: Yeah, I do. Once a suspect offered me some friends-and-family stock in a company he was related to somehow. Couldn't take it since he was a suspect. In fact, I added attempted bribery to the charges against him. Too bad, though, the stock tripled on opening day. I could've made a bundle. But why was the friends-and-family part "strange"?

A: Well, everybody wanted some stock; everybody, even the cleaning lady. We couldn't possibly give people a chance to buy as much stock as they wanted; there wasn't that much. Larry offered friends-and-family stock to his cousins. One of them is a lawyer and he threatened to sue Barcourt because they wouldn't give him more. That's how bad it got. Some people were very grateful, though. One of my cousins even made enough money on it when she sold to dump her worthless husband and start a new life. A single Mom we know was able to send her daughter to college. Even my father bought some stock; it was the first time he'd talked to us since Larry went to jail. But then people got mad at us.

Q: Why did they get mad at you?

A: Either because they sold too soon or because they didn't sell soon enough.

Q: I don't get it. Can you explain?

A: The IPO price was fifteen dollars. So people bought their stock at that price. From there, the stock eventually went up to 160 dollars a share or something like that. So all along the way, people were selling their stock. If they sold it at twenty, they were mad when it went to thirty. If they sold at 100, they were mad when it went to 110. But those were the lucky ones, they all made money.

From 160 dollars, or whatever it was, the stock came all the way down in two years to less than a dollar. So everybody who didn't sell was even madder at us. Some people even bought more stock as it was going up. If they sold it, great, they made even more money. If they held it too long then they lost money on that too. Some people, on paper, had enough profit to retire early. But, in the end, instead of retiring early, they lost some of the retirement money they'd had in the first place.

Q: And those people were mad at you?

A: Some of them. Some were great; they understood that it was their decision when to sell and when not. Others, I think, somehow felt that we had cheated them or that we owed it to them to tell them when to sell – as if we knew ourselves. And we weren't allowed to say anything. That was hard – hard not to say anything and hard to get people to understand that we couldn't. We had inside information – not that knowing it would have done them much good – but we did and so we could never talk about the company. People go to jail for doing that. Been there, done that, don't want to do it again. But they didn't understand.

Q: They wanted you to give them insider information?

A: To be fair, I'm not sure they always understood that's what they were asking for. They would say things like: "How's the company doing?" Maybe that's just small talk but it's a question we can't answer except by quoting whatever the company said publicly. Then we sound like jerks. Even when people would ask me: "How's Larry?" I always suspected they were asking whether they should sell their stock or buy more.

When my father died, my mother wanted to know whether to sell the stock or not. He'd held on. It wasn't like him. I think he even told me he sold it but he didn't. It wasn't worth much by the time he died. But, legally, I couldn't tell her what to do. I told her to sell all of Dad's stock – he had a lot of different stocks – that she shouldn't be holding any stock at all, that she should buy an annuity. Probably it was against the law for me to even tell her that. I don't know.

Once a lady came up to Larry at a cocktail party, somebody we'd just been introduced to, a friend of a friend. She said she was an investor and she bought and sold our stock all the time and other stocks too. Wasn't it exciting. Then she asked Larry what kind of earnings he was going to announce a week later.

Larry treated it like a joke. He talked about some doctor that just got indicted for giving out insider information about his cancer drugs or something.

Then she put her face up very close to his – Larry hates it when people do that – and said: "I know you can't tell me anything, but I'm watching your face for a hint. Now I'll ask my question again."

Q: What did Larry do?

A: He over-reacted as usual. He told her to go fuck herself and he walked away. The host of the party wasn't too happy with us. I wasn't too happy with Larry that night. But people did get weird and it was weird. And now ... shit, Larry's dead. That's worse.

Q: Can you think of any reason why anyone would want to kill Larry?

A: Everyone who knew Larry wanted to kill him at one time or another, even me. He had that effect on people. I suppose if I had a lawyer here he would tell me not to say that, but it's the truth. Larry really offended people sometimes, especially after he got out of prison. That's what people said about him, that he took no prisoners.

But I can't think of anyone we know who would really do it. And I've been thinking about that; I've been thinking about it a lot, because I know he was murdered and everyone is trying to call it suicide. Larry wouldn't kill himself. It wasn't an accident either, so somebody had to have shot him.

Q: Who do you think of specifically when you think of people who might have killed him?

A: I think it had to be someone he knew, because I hear there's no sign of a struggle. Also it had to be someone who knew the gun was in his office and who had some way to get to it. So there are all the people in the office. I can't really believe any of them would have done it, but they could have. And Larry was getting along even worse than usual with the people in the office.

Q: Had he told you about any particular or unusual friction with anybody?

A: Yes and no. I already told you that he was getting along worse and worse with Dom and even Donna. But those relationships had been going down hill for a while. He hadn't told me anything specific.

Q: When was the last time you saw Larry?

A: A week ago Sunday morning, after the night we spent together in the Soho Grand.

Q: Did you talk to him after that?

A: Sure. Even separated we talked on the phone almost every day. And we emailed each other.

Q: When was the last time you talked?

A: Two days ago. The night he was killed. He said he was in the office and that he had a late meeting.

Q: Did he say who the meeting was with? Did you ask?

A: No and no. He didn't tell and I didn't ask. To tell the truth, he sounded like he was lying and I couldn't stand listening to that. I thought he might have been planning to go out.

Q: Would it be unusual for him to have a late meeting at the office?

A: No. The technical people, the programmers, they like to work at night. So sometimes Larry would meet with them late, sort

of to show that he was one of them. They respected him because he was a programmer once, not just a business man. And because of "Gotcha", too.

Q: Who else did he meet with at night? Assuming he did have a meeting planned, who do you think it might have been with?

A: He might have met at night with almost anybody in the company. All of them prided themselves on keeping long hours, but the programmers more than others. Sometimes the charities we're involved with meet at night. That's usually not in the office, of course, except if they need a place to meet. I think he would have told me if that's what it was, though. I wish I'd asked.

Q: Did he say anything on that phone call that would make you think he was depressed?

A: No. And I told you: he didn't kill himself.

Q: Did he say anything that would lead you to think he was apprehensive about the meeting?

A: No. I've thought about that so much I was afraid I'd start remembering things that weren't there. But he didn't sound especially apprehensive.

Q: What did you talk about on that call besides his meeting?

A: We talked about Dom. He said that Dom had quit and that this time he wasn't going to talk him out of quitting.

Q: Had Dom quit before?

A: That's what it sounded like, but I'd never heard that he'd quit before. So I asked Larry about that. He just said that Dom was a baby; that he never grew up; that he was a prima donna; he wasn't going to kow-tow to him or beg him to stay. He was ranting.

Q: Do you think Dom could have killed Larry?

A: Well, I thought about it, of course. It's certainly a surprising coincidence that Dom quits and Larry is murdered. I can't see Dom pointing a gun at anybody; it's not his style. And I like Dom. But still, I thought, he had access and he had motive, I guess. But he didn't do it. He had an ironclad alibi.

Q: How do you know that?

A: I talked to Dom the night of the murder. I called him on his cell phone. He was at West 10<sup>th</sup> Squared. We used to go there with him when we were all friends. I know the bartender Kelly O'Kelly so I called her. She told me Dom was there all night.

Q: You checked on Dom's alibi?

A: I told you, detective, I want to know who murdered my husband. I didn't think it could be Dom but I had to be sure.



Q: You're very thorough. How do you know the bartender wasn't covering for Dom?

A: She wouldn't have known there was anything to cover for. I called her after you called me to say that my husband was dead. But no one knew yet. There hadn't been any publicity. So I called Kelly and said I was worried about Dom. She knows I care about Dom; she even knew I had called Dom that night. So we chatted. She said Dom seemed depressed. But she also said he never left the place until it closed.

Q: You called the bartender and had a chat right after we told you your husband was dead?

A: I had to do something. I couldn't just sit here and cry. But I didn't learn anything except that it wasn't Dom. That helped a little.

Q: You never know what helps when you're investigating. Would Ms. O'Kelly have noticed if Dom had left for half-an-hour and come back? It wouldn't have taken long to get from there to hackoff and back again.

A: Almost certainly. She sees everything that happens in the bar. And she's close to Dom. I think they were lovers for a while, and they're very good friends now. She was worried about him, too, and she would have noticed if he'd gone.

Q: Why did you call Dom that night?

A: To try to talk him into staying. I knew Larry was too proud to do that but I like Dom; I think he's done a lot for the company. I think he's a good person. And I think he and Larry love each other in some strange way.

Q: What did Dom say when you asked him to stay?

A: "NFW." That's exactly what he said. But he was glad I called. I could tell he was a little high and hoped when he calmed down he'd change his mind. I told him that.

Q: Then what did he say?

A: He thanked me for calling. Said I was a good person. He started to say that he didn't know how I could be married to a person like Larry but he stopped himself and just said "thank you".

Q: Were you and Dom ever intimate?

A: I guess it makes sense for you to ask, but no. We are good friends; I enjoy his company; I like the way he's always playing games. And I think he likes my company, too. Probably thinks of me more like his mother even though he's older than me - Larry's age. But he never grew up.

Q: This is another of those questions I have to ask...

A: Yes?

Q: Were you unfaithful to Larry at any time during your marriage?

A: No. Never. Not even once. Not even when I knew he was unfaithful to me. That would have been the end for me. Somehow it would have been worse for me, even harder to get over, if I were the one that was unfaithful.

Q: Please tell me where you were between 7:00 PM and 3:00 AM Monday night.

A: I was wondering when you'd get to that. I was here the whole time. I had a meeting of the local United Way Chapter in the afternoon, stopped to do some shopping, and got home about six. You called me here about 7:30 the next morning. I didn't go out.

My alibi's not as good as Dom's, though. I was alone. I only made two phone calls that night and nobody called me on my home phone except Larry and a couple of telemarketers. I called my mother around nine and Dom around one when I couldn't sleep and was worried about him. A board member from United Way called, but she called on my cell phone so that doesn't prove I was here.

Q: What time was that?

A: About 10:00 PM but why does that matter? It was on the cell phone.

Q: We can tell what cell tower your call went through. That tells us roughly where you were. It certainly can tell us whether you were in New Jersey or New York City. But, of course, there would have been time after that for you to go to New York.

A: I appreciate how thorough you are; I really do. I've been afraid that it would be convenient for everybody to believe Larry killed himself.

Q: Thank you. What were you doing when you were here alone and not talking on the phone?

A: Watching a TiVo-ed movie. Since Larry's been at the Soho Grand I've been watching a lot of television. TiVo saves me from just having to watch whatever crap is on.

Q: TiVo may also have given you an alibi.

A: Huh?

Q: TiVo records almost everything you do using it. It sends that information back to the company. They use it for marketing. But it turns out to be a useful way for us to know whether someone was here pushing TiVo's buttons. We'll check that, of course.

A: Of course. Who do you think killed Larry?

Q: Even if I had a theory, even if I was convinced this is a murder, I wouldn't be able to tell you. Your first suspect was Dom and you cleared him in your mind by calling the bartender. You said you think it had to be someone he knew.

Do you have any more theories? Have you been doing any more investigating?

A: I wish I could investigate more. I hate this. I hate Larry being dead. And me not doing anything. I think and think and sometimes I think if I think hard enough I'll have a clue and sometimes I think I'll just go crazy.

Q: I don't need to bother you any more right now. Again, I'm sorry. And I'd like to say personally that I admire your investigating on your own just after ... I mean in such hard...

A: I know what you mean. Thank you.

Q: If you do think of anything – anything at all – you have my card. Anything you think of, no matter how strange, don't filter it. Just tell me.

A: Thank you. I will.

Q: Thank you for your cooperation.

###

Detective Mark Cohen's mobile phone beeps three times to indicate a new text message as he drives up the Garden State Parkway from Atlantic Highlands. Against both departmental policy and common sense, he continues at 80 miles per hour as he fingers the keys to retrieve the message and then reads it:

```
Message from:
917 555 6789
cod bullet 2 rt temple
alpha-amanitin in blood
suff for death but not cause
```

One-handed, he tries calling back but gets voice mail. "What the fuck is alpha-amanitin?" he asks in his message.

By the time Mark gets back to his desk in the precinct, he still hasn't gotten a call back from the coroner. He tries a few more numbers there but gets only voice mail so he Googles "Alpha-amanitin".

#

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#

The Science Fair entry proved most useful:

## Alpha-amanitin

A relatively tiny protein of only eight amino acids, alpha-amanitin is the toxin found in the Amanita genus of mushrooms that makes them so deadly. It is also found in the unrelated Galerina autumnalis.

Particularly dangerous about this toxin is its delayed effects. It slowly attacks an RNA polymerase in the liver. Few effects are reported within 10 hours; it is not unusual for significant effects to take as much as 24 hours after ingestion. This is far past the time when the stomach could be safely pumped. Diarrhea and cramps are the first symptom, but those pass, leaving a false remission. Then, on the 4th to 5th day, the toxin starts to have severe effects on the liver and kidneys, leading to total system failure in both. Death usually takes place around a week from ingestion.

Around 15% of those poisoned will die in around 10 days progressing through a comatose stage to renal failure, liver failure, hepatic coma, respiratory failure and death. Those who recover are unlikely to regain full health. Early diagnosis can be tricky and treatment is mainly supportive (gastric lavage, activated charcoal, fluid resuscitation) but includes various drugs to counter the amatoxins, including penicillin and cephalosporin derivatives, and can extend to an orthotopic liver transplant. The most reliable method to treat amanitin poisoning is through having the stomach pumped immediately after ingestion; however, the onset of symptoms is generally too late for this to be an option.

#

Mark makes a few hurried phone calls and gives some urgent orders. As he does this, a news alert he's set for Lazard pops on his screen and makes him visibly angry.

#

## **New York Post Online Edition**

### **Eats Mushrooms; Dies from Lead**

**By JOE SWAMP and JANET JEFFERSON**

April 2, 2003 - Larry Lazard. CEO of hackoff.com, ate poison mushrooms shortly before shooting himself according to sources in the NYPD.

The apparent source of the mushrooms was a pizza Lazard had eaten earlier that evening. However, according to our sources, the poison in these mushrooms is slow-acting and the cause of death was certainly the gun shot wound to the head, not the mushrooms.

The ex-con CEO was well-known in Silicon Alley circles for the rapid rise and fall of his personal wealth as well as for his extremely abrasive style. He and his wife Louise, although rumored to have a stormy marriage, are active in chi-chi NY charitable circles.

Lazard founded hackoff.com after release from prison where he served time for a credit card ripoff scheme called "Gotcha" which he confessed to in 1993.

Hackoff develops software which protects e-commerce web sites from hackers. The company went public in 1999; it shares peaked at 159 and 1/8 in early 2000. At that time the paper worth of the Lazards was well over a billion dollars. The company did a successful secondary in March of 2000 and the Lazards cleared over \$50,000,000 before taxes by selling a small fraction of their stock.

However, the company rapidly traded down. It sometimes traded for under one dollar, a loss of over 99% of its value. Last year the company was the subject of a hostile takeover attempt by rival antihack. However, antihack had to abandon the hostile takeover when its own customers were the subject of a vicious web-based attack. Recently hackoff has been trading at slightly over one dollar per share.

Ex-swimsuit-model Donna Langhorne, formerly CFO of hackoff, is its new CEO. Sources are quoted as saying she has the cojones for the job. It was sexy Donna who found Larry dead in his Hudson Street office early this morning. She had no comment when contacted by the New York Post yesterday and was unavailable for comment today. Chances are that we'll be seeing more of her, though.

#

This time Mark gets through to the coroner's office.

"Hal here."

"Hal, this is Mark Cohen. Why the fuck didn't you return my call?"

"I've been very busy. Lots of people dying without explaining why."

"You've been busy talking to *The Post*, you asshole. Some reporter give you blow-jobs there? That's why you tell them things before you tell me?"

"Hey, come on. You were the first to know. I IM-ed you."

"You didn't say anything about mushrooms."

"Too hard to type on those little phones. I had a hard enough time getting 'alpha-amanatin' in."

"So you're responsible for everyone else who dies."

"Huh? Whatdaya mean?"

"The poison came from mushrooms, right?"

"Yeah, the poison came from the mushrooms. There were still some in his stomach. So what?"

"And the mushrooms came from the pizza, right?"

"Yeah, where is this going, detective?"

"And the deceased probably didn't cook the pizza in his own little pizza oven in his office, right?"

"Right."

"So the pizza probably came from a pizza parlor, right?"

"Not necessarily. Could have been one of those microwave jobs."

"Was it?"

"No. Crust was too thick. I'd guess Dominos but don't quote me on it."

"It's not me that quotes you, asshole, it's your girlfriend at *The Post*. So you gonna call her and explain why you didn't do anything to find out who's selling pizzas with poison mushrooms and so now it's too late to pump the stomachs of hundreds maybe thousands of people who're gonna die?"

"Whaddaya mean? Have there been other reports of poisoning? I haven't heard any."

"You wouldn't have because it's a slow acting poison and people just get sick, then they get better for a while, then they die. They woulda thought they ate something bad, but they wouldn't be dying yet. That'll come later."

"How do you know all that? All I know is this is one of the poisons we test for so we tested for it and he had it and he didn't die from it because he shot himself first. I was thinking maybe the poison gives him hallucinations so he shoots himself. We gotta get on it right away, track down where he got the pizza. You're the detective, you should do this. Shoulda been doing it already

instead of harassing me. You shoulda been on this soon as I told you about the poison.”

“Stop covering your ass; I’m all over it,” Mark says. “Why don’t you get the full autopsy to me fast; send it in email.” He gets a call-waiting tone and hangs up without saying good by.

“Okay, Mark, good news; we’re not gonna have an epidemic of mushroom poisoning,” says the new caller.

“Great. How do you know?” Mark asks.

“Talked to the guy Wong that did the pizza run. Asked him where he got it and who else had mushrooms. He tells me that that the deceased didn’t order mushrooms.”

“But he’s fucked up. There were mushrooms and pizza in his stomach and...”

“Yeah. Wong says that Lazard is a mushroom nut, okay? He likes pizza with pineapple and mushrooms. Used to order that all the time. But he gets rich and he turns into a big-time mushroom collector; now he only eats the mushrooms he finds himself. So they just order pizza with pineapple, and Lazard adds his own mushrooms from his own stash. So last night he just got pizza with pineapple and did his own extra toppings like usual. He—”

“So we gotta find that stash,” Mark interrupts.

“Calm down, ace, we’ve got it. Everyone in the office knew what shelf he kept it on; it’s in a big bottle. You want it sent to the lab?”

“Right,” says Mark. “Good work. Yeah, let’s get it to the lab right away. Got to make double sure it’s the same stuff that was on the pizza. Thanks.”

He hangs up and Googles “Lazard mushrooms”. There are a wealth of URLs returned by the search engine. Some deal with an announcement from the Central New Jersey Mycological Society of a generous gift from Louise and Larry Lazard which will enable the society to introduce underprivileged youngsters from Newark to the joys of mushroom hunting in the Jersey Pine Barrens.

The other URLs are from a blog Lazard had been writing about his mushroom hunting expeditions. The most recent entry is from September 26.

# THE HUNTER

## MUSING OF A MUSHROOM HUNTER



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*Amanita vaginata* var. *alba* - species S3 1  
 Photo by Dr. Rodham E. Tullos (ret@njcc.com, amanitabear.com)

### *Amanita Vaginata* in South Carolina

I have to admit that I like the name of this mushroom as well as the taste. And, like its namesake, the hunt for it can be dangerous. Not that *Vaginata* is poisonous itself, it isn't. And it is good to eat, at least I think so.

The problem is that the genus *Amanita* also contains some of the most poisonous mushrooms known to man. In fact, it is estimated that 95% of fatal mushroom poisonings are due to *Amanitae*. The fun is that it's not easy to tell the good ones from the bad ones. You have to know what you're doing.

I was at a lecture on poisonous mushrooms and their nontoxic lookalikes at the World Economic Forum in Davos back when I used to get invited to things like that. Turns out that it is probably more than coincidence that many lethal 'shrooms have tasty mimics, happens in other species, too.

The reason some species are poisonous is obvious: animals including us learn to recognize them and not eat them and that's good for the survival of the species. But making poison takes energy; in fact, the most efficient strategy for a mushroom that doesn't have to worry being eaten is to make plenty of the nutrients that taste good and feed the development of spores. So the nonpoisonous species that evolve to look like poisonous ones have their cake and eat it, too. They don't have to waste energy on making poison and they don't get eaten.



Reminds me of Germany and France letting the US do what's needed to fight terrorism because they know we will but still reaping the benefits of us killing the bad guys on our nickel. I can almost imagine a Vaginata clucking its tongue and criticizing the Aminata virosa (Destroying Angel) for being poisonous while lots of vaginatae don't get 'et just because they have mimicked virosa.

Below is a picture of the Destroying Angel, an Amanita species which can be confused with vaginata and which is extremely poisonous.



Destroying Angel- Elliptosperma 1  
Photo by Dr. Rodham E. Tullos (ret@njcc.com, amanitabear.com)

Anyway, I had some free time on a business trip to South Carolina so I decided to go out in the woods by myself and hunt for vaginatae. Found them, too; a whole basket full. Couldn't even take them all home.

GPS coordinates where I had the best luck were 34.7691750 N, 82.9653100 W. The location can only be reached by going through a little swamp but it is well worth it. Good link to poison mushrooms and their look-alikes is in the Bad Bug Book from the USFDA (<http://vm.cfsan.fda.gov/~mow/table3.html>).

- [Click here to join the Central New Jersey Mycological Society](#)  
This is a fun group of mushroom hunters, not your usual moldy academics. A little poison never scared no one from Jersey and this group is no exception. If Jimmy Hoffa were a mushroom, they would have found him by now. But he's not so they don't care.
- [Click here to donate to Newark Kids Klub](#)  
Life sucks in Newark, to put it mildly. Louise and I don't think we can change that but, corny as it sounds, we think we can maybe make some kids happier a little of the time. NKK doesn't whine, doesn't tell kids they're victims, doesn't tell them they're helpless or discriminated against. It tells them that they can do stuff including having fun – and being safe for a little while.

#

Mark calls Louise Lazard.

“Ms. Lazard, this is Detective Cohen. I’m sorry to bother you again so soon.”

“I was just going to dial you, detective.”

“You saw the story in *The Post Online*?”

“I heard about it. This is just one more way to cover up murder. Obviously, he didn’t die from the mushrooms. This is wrong. This is—”

“I’m not jumping to any conclusions, Ms. Lazard; it is a bizarre coincidence. In fact, I wouldn’t have contacted you in this way but it’s a question of safety.”

“Safety?”

“The deceased — I mean, Larry — was a mushroom collector, right?”

“Yes. That wasn’t in *The Post* story but lots of people know that. But why—”

“Is it also true that he put the mushrooms he collected on pizza?”

“He didn’t try to poison himself with mushrooms. He wouldn’t do that; he wouldn’t kill himself.”

“That’s not my immediate concern. I am concerned about your safety.”

“Safety? That’s the second time you said that... Oh, I understand. You were wondering whether I have any of the same mushrooms and don’t want me to eat them.”

“That’s right, Ms. Lazard, I...”

“Well, I don’t know for sure but I think I have some. Larry last went collecting on a trip to South Carolina. Weird time to go but it had been warm and wet and he got a good batch of mushrooms. He did what he always does: he split them up and left some here and took some to the office. I haven’t eaten any of them if that’s what you were wondering. And it’s nice of you to worry, but I hate mushrooms — no danger. I guess I should throw them out, though.”

“Yeah... No. No, don’t do that. They’re evidence. I would like to send someone to pick them up from you if that’s okay, Ms. Lazard.”

“Call me Louise, will you please? Yeah, that’s fine. I don’t want them. Did he eat all the mushrooms in his office?”

“I’m sorry. You’ve been very helpful, but I can’t discuss evidence. I broke the rules some to call you, but didn’t want you to eat any if you had them.”

“I appreciate that. When will your ‘someone’ come by to pick up the mushrooms? I’m planning to go out in about an hour.”

“Depends on traffic, but we’ll make sure to get there within the hour. Can you tell me whether the deceased ... I mean Larry ... was an experienced mushroom collector? Was he likely to make a mistake and pick a poison mushroom?”

“He was experienced, but he took risks. He did that on purpose.”

“What do you mean?”

“I don’t know much about it, but Larry specialized in collecting mushrooms that look like other mushrooms that are poisonous. He said that these were the best to eat. I think he just liked to show off that he could pick the right mushroom... He could’ve made a mistake, I guess. Pretty big coincidence on the night he was shot but I guess it could’ve happened.”

After thanking her, hanging up and arranging for the pickup of the remaining mushrooms at the Lazard’s home, Mark follows the links in Larry’s blog:

#

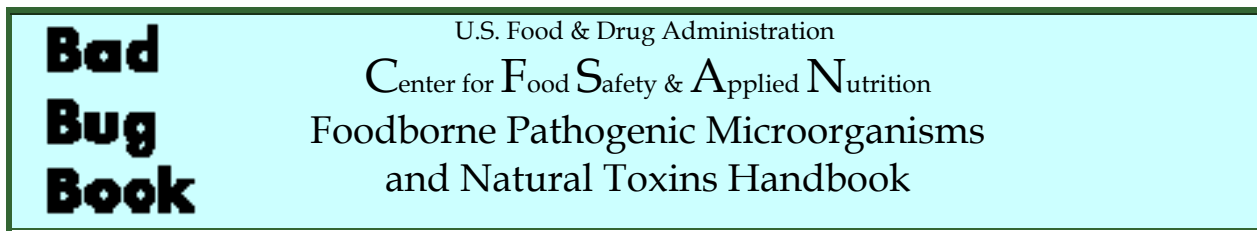


Table 3. Poisonous Mushrooms and their Edible Look-Alikes.

Mushrooms Containing Amatoxins		
Poisonous species	Appearance	Mistaken for
<i>Amanita tenuifolia</i> (Slender Death Angel)	pure white	<i>Leucoagaricus naucina</i> (Smoothcap Parasol)
<i>Amanita bisporigera</i> (Death Angel)	pure white	<i>Amanita vaginata</i> (Grisette), <i>Leucoagaricus naucina</i> (Smoothcap Parasol), white <i>Agaricus</i> spp. (field mushrooms), <i>Tricholoma resplendens</i> (Shiny Cavalier)
<i>Amanita verna</i> (Fool's Mushroom)	pure white	<i>A. vaginata</i> , <i>L. naucina</i> , white <i>Agaricus</i> spp., <i>T. resplendens</i>

[Bad Bug Book](#)

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Hypertext last updated by las/ear 2001-MAY-21

#

Mark gets a few more entries when he Googles "Amanita Vaginata":  
www.mushroomexpert.com says: "Although there are some edible mushrooms in the genus, no Amanita should be eaten. The genus contains lethal mushrooms that are quite similar to the 'edible' ones."

www.mykoweb.com says: "As is always the case with Amanita species, only the most experienced collectors should consider them for the table."

And a personal website on Geocities says: "**Edibility:** Edible and very good. Used without preliminary boiling, in soup, fried, salted, marinated."

###

### ***The Chat Board***

Larry Poisoned Himself

by: [thewatcher02](#) (38/M/New Rochelle, NY)

04/02/03 2:45 pm

Msg: 99001 of 99016

Larry Lazard poisoned himself with mushrooms before he shot himself! Its all in the Post Online.

Re: Larry Poisoned Himself

by: [ChorusLine](#) (25/F/Paramus, NJ)

Long-Term Sentiment: Buy

04/02/0310:51 am

Msg: 90002 of 90016

Posted as a reply to: [Msg 90001](#) by [thewatcher02](#)

The market's not going to care about that. He's history. The stocks up to 1.52.

Re: Larry Poisoned Himself

by: [pooper](#)

Long-Term Sentiment: Sell

04/02/0310:54 am

Msg: 90003 of 90016

Posted as a reply to: [Msg 90002](#) by [ChorusLine](#)

This is bad for the company. The investing public doesn't like confusion or complication. It's a complication.

**Re: Larry Poisoned Himself**by: [Jumbo10](#) (46/M/New York, NY)Long-Term Sentiment: **Buy**

04/02/0310:59 am

Msg: 90004 of 90016

Posted as a reply to: [Msg 90003](#) by [Pooper](#)

Lazard is a well-known amateur mycologist (that means mushroom hunter to those who don't know their sciences). He belongs to a mushroom club in New Jersey and he even has a mushroom blog at [www.shroomhunter.com](http://www.shroomhunter.com). Take a look at it you'll see where he probably got the poison mushrooms, although he says he wasn't collecting poison mushrooms and is very specific about what he was collecting.

This news strengthens the suicide theory, since it looks as if he also tried to poison himself. In the short term, that should be a negative for the company, because investors are going to worry what it is he knew that they don't know. Even thieving CEOs don't shoot themselves over good news.

If it turns out that there was some personal problem not related to the company, then probably this is not a long-term negative. In that case, the suicide story is better for the stock than a murder story, because if it's murder, then we have to worry about who did that and how it relates to the company. Was the company into something it shouldn't have been?

But if the murder turns out to be about something personal, then that doesn't matter much to the stock either. Then the stock trades on whether the Street thinks Donna will be a better CEO than Larry and whether they think she might sell for a good price when it was pretty clear that Larry wouldn't.

**Re: Larry Poisoned Himself**by: [scooper](#)Long-Term Sentiment: **Buy**

04/02/03 2:05 am

Msg: 90005 of 90016

Posted as a reply to: [Msg 90003](#) by [pooper](#)

pooper, you're still an asshole. This is not a complication. He's already dead. The stock is up .10 since the story broke.

**Larry did pick the mushrooms**by: [thewatcher02](#) (38/M/New Rochelle, NY)

04/02/03 2:06 am

Msg: 90006 of 90016

Larry's blog is all about mushroom picking. He was picking some kind of mushroom that looks like some other kind of mushroom that's poison. But it looks like he got the wrong one and then he ate it.

**Re: Larry did pick the mushrooms**by: [Alaska60-60](#)Long-Term Sentiment: **Strong Sell**

04/02/03 2:07 am

Msg: 90007 of 90016

Posted as a reply to: [Msg 90006](#) by [thewatcher02](#)

The lizard meant to eat the cunt mushroom and he ate the death angel instead. Some guys shouldn't hunt cunt or mushrooms or be a ceo and the lizard is one of those and now he won't be hunting and wont be cunting and wont be ceo but that wont help all you poor slobs who have jerkoff stock. your dead; you ate the mushroom.

**Re: Larry did pick the mushrooms**by: [scooper](#)Long-Term Sentiment: **Buy**

04/02/03 2:09 pm

Msg: 90008 of 90016

Posted as a reply to: [Msg 90007](#) by [Alaska60-60](#)

Alaska, you asshole, why don't you get your foul mouth off this board and stay on the antihack board where you belong. We've heard enough of your bullshit and the c-word has no place on a finance board.

**Re: Larry did pick the mushrooms**by: [Alaska60-60](#)Long-Term Sentiment: **Strong Sell**

04/02/03 2:12 pm

Msg: 90009 of 90016

Posted as a reply to: [Msg 90008](#) by [scooper](#)

scooper, you mean the cword ceo? Thats what sucks at jerkoff, the ceo. Of course the new one might suck too but that's different.

But I got it figured out. The lizard ate the wrong mushroom and it made him nutty so then he shot himself. That makes more sense than most shit hes done.

**Back down!**by: [thewatcher02](#) (38/M/New Rochelle, NY)

04/02/03 2:18 pm

Msg: 90010 of 90016

HOFC's back down to 1.45 but not much volume.

**Re: Larry did pick the mushrooms**by: [Jumbo10](#) (46/M/New York, NY)Long-Term Sentiment: **Hold**

04/02/03 2:22 pm

Msg: 90011 of 15

Posted as a reply to: [Msg 90009](#) by [Alaska60-60](#)

For once, I had the same first thought as Alaska but I got on wikipedia before shooting my mouth off. The poison from the mushroom that looks like the mushroom Larry was collecting is not hallucinogenic – that means it doesn't make you high. So that theory doesn't work.

But the poison makes you very sick for a week and is painful, so it's very hard to see why someone who knew about mushrooms would take it to kill himself. And it shows up on an autopsy just like it just did, so it isn't a good way to make suicide look like something else so that the insurance company has to pay.

Again, why would he start to kill himself with mushrooms and then change his mind and use a gun before the mushroom even had time to work? Unless he chickened out once he got a tummy ache.

Questions aren't good. Now I'm a hold.

**Re: Larry did pick the mushrooms**by: [PacPhil](#) (25/M/New York, NY)Long-Term Sentiment: **Buy**

04/02/03 2:24 pm

Msg: 90012 of 90016

Posted as a reply to: [Msg 90011](#) by [jumbo10](#)

Good questions, Jumbo. You're probably right. It's good that you do research that Alaska doesn't.

Anybody know why?

by: [CLess](#)

04/02/03 2:26 pm

Msg: 90013 of 90016

Anybody no why Larry shot himself??? What's the stock at?

Larry had balls

by: [TestTost \(35/M/San Francisco, CA\)](#)

Long-Term Sentiment: **Strong Buy**

04/02/03 2:30 pm

Msg: 90014 of 90016

Larry liked cunt and he liked mushrooms and he liked living dangerously. And now he's dead but that happens.

He died a man.

Re: Larry did pick the mushrooms

by: [ChorusLine \(25/F/Paramus, NJ\)](#)

Long-Term Sentiment: **Buy**

04/02/03 2:35 pm

Msg: 90015 of 90015

Posted as a reply to: [Msg 90011](#) by [Jumbo10](#)

Larry killed himself twice. What will the market think?

Stock Down

by: [thewatcher02 \(38/M/New Rochelle, NY\)](#)

04/02/03 2:40 pam

Msg: 90016 of 90016

HOFC still at 1.42 No volume!

###

Detective Cohen takes a call from the lab. "Got results on the 'shrooms," says the technician.

"Yeah?"



“The ones in the office are full of alpha-amanatin, you know what that is?”

“Yeah, that’s what we expected; that’s what was in the deceased’s stomach. The other ones the same?”


“No, were they supposed to be? I thought they were the control.”

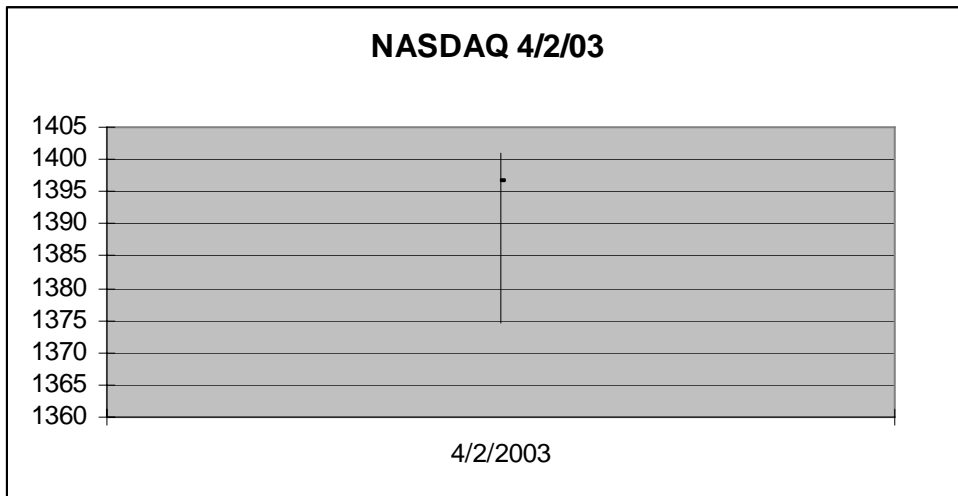
“What do you mean?” Mark raises his voice. “They’re no control. They’re supposed to be from the same batch.”

“Well I don’t know what they are but they don’t have any alpha-amanatin in them, I know that.”

 Buy *hackoff.com*

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HOFC Daily Trading 4/2/2003 (at close)

