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2025 marks the 50th anniversary of Jimmy Hoffa's disappearance. "Back then, I didn't know anybody in this country who didn't know who Jimmy Hoffa was." Frank Sheeran (played by Robert DeNiro) in Martin Scorsese's film *The Irishman*. The Irishman-New York Times Bestseller #1 True Crime Bestseller. The inspiration for the major motion picture, *The Irishman*. The best Mafia book I ever read, and believe me, I read them all. Steven Van Zandt, Charles Brandt has solved the Hoffa mystery. Professor Arthur Sloane, author of *Hoffa* Sheerans confession that he killed Hoffa in the manner described in the book is supported by the forensic evidence, is entirely credible, and solves the Hoffa mystery. Michael Baden M.D., former Chief Medical Examiner of the City of New York Its all true. New York Police Department organized crime homicide detective Joe Coffey Gives new meaning to the term guilty pleasure. The New York Times Book Review "Includes an Epilogue and a Conclusion that detail substantial post-publication corroboration of Frank Sheeran's confessions to the killings of Jimmy Hoffa and Joey Gallo. "I heard you paint houses" are the first words Jimmy Hoffa ever spoke to Frank "the Irishman" Sheeran. To paint a house is to kill a man. The point is the blood that splatters on the walls and floors. In the course of nearly five years of recorded interviews, Frank Sheeran confessed to Charles Brandt that he handled more than twenty-five hits for the mob, and for his friend Hoffa. Sheeran learned to kill in the U.S. Army, where he saw an astonishing 411 days of active combat duty in Italy during World War II. After returning home he became a hustler and hit man, working for legendary crime boss Russell Bufalino. Eventually he would rise to a position of such prominence that in a RICO suit then-U.S. Attorney Rudy Giuliani would name him as one of only two non-Italians in conspiracy with the Commission of La Cosa Nostra, alongside the likes of Anthony "Tony Pro" Provenzano and Anthony "Fat Tony" Salerno. To paint a house is to kill a man. The point is the blood that splatters on the walls and floors. In the course of nearly five years of recorded interviews, Frank Sheeran confessed to Charles Brandt that he handled more than twenty-five hits for the mob, and for his friend Hoffa. Sheeran learned to kill in the U.S. Army, where he saw an astonishing 411 days of active combat duty in Italy during World War II. After returning home he became a hustler and hit man, working for legendary crime boss Russell Bufalino. Eventually he would rise to a position of such prominence that in a RICO suit then-U.S. Attorney Rudy Giuliani would name him as one of only two non-Italians on a list of 26 top mob figures. When Bufalino ordered Sheeran to kill Hoffa, he did the deed, knowing that if he had refused he would have been killed himself. Sheeran's important and fascinating story includes new information on other famous murders, and provides rare insight to a chapter in American history. Charles Brandt has written a page-turner that is destined to become a true crime classic. GenresNonfictionTrue CrimeHistoryCrimeBiographyMemoirHistorical 4201 people are currently reading20727 people want to readCharles Peter Brandt was an American investigator, lawyer, writer, and speaker. He wrote the narrative non-fiction Frank Sheeran memoir I Heard You Paint Houses, the basis for the 2019 film *The Irishman*, directed by Martin Scorsese and starring Robert De Niro, Al Pacino, and Joe Pesci. Displaying 1 - 30 of 1,521 reviewsJuly 2, 2016 really read and truly couldn't care less who killed Jimmy Hoffa, but if he's the catalyst for this book being written-well then, cry me a river. Charles Brandt is the nominal author here, but it's Frank Sheeran's story. The Irishman, directed by Martin Scorsese and starring Robert De Niro, Al Pacino, and Joe Pesci. Displaying 1 - 30 of 1,521 reviewsJuly 2, 2016 really read and truly couldn't care less who killed Jimmy Hoffa, but if he's the catalyst for this book being written-well then, cry me a river. Charles Brandt is the nominal author here, but it's Frank Sheeran's story. The Irishman, directed by Martin Scorsese and starring Robert De Niro, Al Pacino, and Joe Pesci. Displaying 1 - 30 of 1,521 reviewsJuly 2, 2016 really read and truly couldn't care less who killed Jimmy Hoffa, but if he's the catalyst for this book being written-well then, cry me a river. Charles Brandt is the nominal author here, but it's Frank Sheeran's story. 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Sheeran account of one mans descent into the mob. News Journal Kansas City Star "I heard you paint houses" are the first words Jimmy Hoffa ever spoke to Frank "the Irishman" Sheeran. To paint a house is to paint a man. To paint a house is to paint the blood that splatters on the walls and floors. In the course of nearly five years of recorded interviews Frank Sheeran confessed to Charles Brandt that he handled more than twenty-five hits for the mob, and for his friend Hoffa. Sheeran learned to kill in the U.S. Army, where he saw an astonishing 411 days of active combat duty in Italy during World War II. After the war, Sheeran returned to Philadelphia and became a hustler and hit man, working for legendary crime boss Russell Bufalino. Eventually he would rise to a position of such prominence that in a RICO suit then-U.S. Attorney Rudy Giuliani would name him as one of only two non-Italians on a list of 26 top mob figures. When Bufalino ordered Sheeran to kill Hoffa, he did the deed, knowing that if he had refused he would have been killed himself. Sheeran's important and fascinating story includes new information on other famous murders, and provides rare insight to a chapter in American history. Charles Brandt has written a page-turner that is destined to become a true crime classic. Born and raised in New York City, Charles Brandt is a former homicide prosecutor and Chief Deputy Attorney General of the State of Delaware. As a prosecutor, he handled more than 50 homicide proceedings, and he is the author of a novel based on cases he solved through interrogation, The Right to Remain Silent. In private practice since 1976, Brandt was a criminal defense attorney specializing in homicide for a decade, and has been president of the Delaware Trial Lawyers Association and the Delaware Chapter of the American Board of Trial Advocates. He has been named by his peers to both Best Lawyers in America and Best Lawyers in Delaware. He is also the co-author of Joe Pistone's Donnie Brasco: Unfinished Business and of Lin DeVecchio's We're Going to Win This Thing: The Shocking Frame-Up of a Mafia Crime Buster. They Wouldnt Dare I asked my boss, Russell McGee Bufalino, to let me call Jimmy at his cottage by the lake. I was on a peace mission. All I was trying to do at that particular time was keep this thing from happening to Jimmy. I reached out for Jimmy on Sunday afternoon, July 27, 1975. Jimmy was gone by Wednesday, July 30. Sadly, as we say, gone to Australia down under. I will miss my friend until the day I join him. I was at my own apartment in Philly using my own phone when I made the long-distance call to Jimmys cottage at Lake Orion near Detroit. If I had been in on the thing on Sunday I would have used a pay phone, not my own phone. You dont survive as long as I did by making calls about important matters from your own phone. I wasnt made with a finger. My father used the real thing to get my mother pregnant. While I was in my kitchen standing by my rotary wall phone getting ready to dial the number I knew by heart, I gave some consideration to just how I was going to approach Jimmy. I learned during my years of union negotiations that it always was best to review things in your mind first before you opened your mouth. And besides that, this call was not going to be an easy one. When he got out of jail on a presidential pardon by Nixon in 1971, and he began fighting to reclaim the presidency of the Teamsters, Jimmy became very hard to talk to. Sometimes you see that with guys when they first get out. Jimmy became reckless with his tongue on the radio, in the papers, on television. Every time he opened his mouth he said something about how he was going to expose the mob and get the mob out of the union. He even said he was going to keep the mob from using the pension fund. I cant imagine certain people liked hearing that their golden goose would be killed if he got back in. All this coming from Jimmy was hypocritical to say the least, considering Jimmy was the one who brought the so-called mob into the union and the pension fund in the first place. Jimmy brought me into the union through Russell. With very good reason I was concerned for my friend more than a little bit. I started getting concerned about nine months before this telephone call that Russell was letting me make. Jimmy had flown out to Philly to be the featured speaker at Frank Sheeran Appreciation Night at the Latin Casino. There were 3,000 of my good friends and family, including the mayor, the district attorney, guys I fought in the war with, the singer Jerry Vale and the Golddigger Dancers with legs that didnt quit, and certain other guests the FBI would call La Cosa Nostra. Jimmy presented me with a gold watch encircled with diamonds. Jimmy looked at the guests on the dais and said, I never realized you were that strong. That was a special comment because Jimmy Hoffa was one of the two greatest men I ever met. Before they brought the dinner of prime rib, and when we were getting our pictures taken, some little nobody that Jimmy was in jail with asked Jimmy for ten grand for a business venture. Jimmy reached in his pocket and gave him \$2,500. That was Jimmy a soft touch. Naturally, Russell Bufalino was there. He was the other one of the two greatest men that I ever met. Jerry Vale sang Russ favorite song, Spanish Eyes, for him. Russell was boss of the Bufalino family of upstate Pennsylvania, and large parts of New York, New Jersey, and Florida. Being headquartered outside New York City, Russell wasnt in the inner circle of New Yorks five families, but all the families came to him for advice on everything. If there was any important matter that needed taking care of, they gave the job to Russell. He was respected throughout the country. When Albert Anastasia got shot in the barbers chair in New York, they made Russell the acting head of that family until they could straighten everything out. Theres no way to get more respect than Russell got. He was very strong. The public never heard of him, but the families and the feds knew how strong he was. Russell presented me with a gold ring that he had made up special for just three people himself, his underboss, and me. It had a big three-dollar gold piece on top surrounded by diamonds. Russ was big in the jewelry-fencing and cat-burglar world. He was a silent partner in a number of jewelry stores on Jewelers Row in New York City. The gold watch Jimmy gave me is still on my wrist, and the gold ring Russell gave me is still on my finger here at the assisted-living home. On my other hand Ive got a ring with each of my daughters birthstones. Jimmy and Russell were very much alike. They were solid muscle from head to toe. They were both short, even for those days. Russ was about 5'8". Jimmy was down around 5'5". In those days I used to be 6'4", and I had to bend down to them for private talks. They were very smart from head to toe. They had mental toughness and physical toughness. But in one important way they were different. Russ was very low-key and quiet, soft-spoken even when he got mad. Jimmy exploded every day just to keep his temper in shape, and he loved publicity. The night before my testimonial dinner, Russ and I had a sit-down with Jimmy. We sat at a table at Broadway Eddies, and Russell Bufalino told Jimmy Hoffa flat-out he should stop running for union president. He told him certain people were very happy with Frank Fitzsimmons, who replaced Jimmy when he went to jail. Nobody at the table said so, but we all knew these certain people were very happy with the big and easy loans they could get out of the Teamsters Pension Fund under the weak-minded Fitz. They got loans under Jimmy when he was in, and Jimmy got his points under the table, but the loans were always on Jimmys terms. Fitz bent over for these certain people. All Fitz cared about was drinking and golfing. I dont have to tell you how much juice comes out of a billion-dollar pension fund. Russell said, What are you running for? You dont need the money. Jimmy said, Its not about the money. Im not letting Fitz have the union. After the sit-down, when I was getting ready to take Jimmy back to the Warwick Hotel, Russ took me aside and said: Talk to your friend. Tell him what it is. In our way of speaking, even though it doesnt sound like much, that was as good as a death threat. At the Warwick Hotel I told Jimmy if he didnt change his mind about taking back the union he had better keep some bodies around him for protection. Im not going that route or theyll go after my family. Still in all, you dont want to be out on the street by yourself. Nobody scares Hoffa. Im going after Fitz, and Im going to win this election. You know what this means, I said. Russ himself told me to tell you what it is. They wouldnt dare, Jimmy Hoffa growled, his eyes glaring at mine. All Jimmy did the rest of the night and at breakfast the next morning was talk a lot of distorted talk. Looking back it could have been nervous talk, but I never knew Jimmy to show fear. Although one of the items on the agenda that Russell had spoken to Jimmy about at the table at Broadway Eddies the night before my testimonial dinner was more than enough to make the bravest man show fear. And there I was in my kitchen in Philadelphia nine months after Frank Sheeran Appreciation Night with the phone in my hand and Jimmy on the other end of the line at his cottage in Lake Orion, and me hoping this time Jimmy would reconsider taking back the union while he still had the time. My friend and I are driving out for the wedding, I said. I figured you and your friend would attend the wedding, Jimmy said. Jimmy knew my friend was Russell and that you didnt use his name over the phone. The wedding was Bill Bufalinos daughters wedding in Detroit. Bill was no relation to Russell, but Russell gave him permission to say they were cousins. It helped Bills career. He was the Teamsters lawyer in Detroit. Bill Bufalino had a mansion in Grosse Pointe that had a waterfall in the basement. There was a little bridge you walked over that separated one side of the basement from the other. The men had their own side so they could talk. The women stayed on their side of the waterfall. Evidently, these were not women who paid attention to the words when they heard Helen Reddy sing her popular song of the day, I Am Woman, Hear Me Roar. I guess youre not going to the wedding, I said. Jo doesnt want people staring, he said. Jimmy didnt have to explain. There was talk about an FBI wiretap that was coming out. Certain parties were on the tape talking about extramarital relations his wife, Josephine, allegedly had years ago with Tony Cimini, a soldier in the Detroit outfit. Ah, nobody believed that bull, Jimmy. I figured you wouldnt go because of this other thing. Fuck them. They think they can scare Hoffa. Theres widespread concern that things are getting out of hand. I got ways to protect myself. I got records put away. Please, Jimmy, even my friend is concerned. Hows your friend doing? Jimmy laughed. Im glad he got that problem handled last week. Jimmy was referring to an extortion trial Russ had just beat in Buffalo. Our friends doing real good, I said. Hes the one gave me the go-ahead to call you. These respected men were both my friends, and they were both good friends to each other. Russell introduced me to Jimmy in the first place back in the fifties. At the time I had three daughters to support. I had lost my job driving a meat truck for Food Fair, when they caught me trying to be a partner in their business. I was stealing sides of beef and chickens and selling them to restaurants. So I started taking day jobs out of the Teamsters union hall, driving trucks for companies when their regular driver was out sick or something. I also taught ballroom dancing, and on Friday and Saturday nights I was a bouncer at the Nixon Ballroom, a black nightclub. On the side I handled certain matters for Russ, never for money, but as a show of respect. I wasnt a hitman for hire. Some cowboy. You ran a little errand. You did a favor. You got a little favor back if you ever needed it. I had seen On The Waterfront in the movies, and I thought I was at least as bad as that Marlon Brando. I said to Russ that I wanted to get into union work. We were at a bar in South Philly. He had arranged for a call from Jimmy Hoffa in Detroit and put me on the line with him. The first words Jimmy ever spoke to me were, I heard you paint houses. The paint is the blood that supposedly gets on the wall or the floor when you shoot somebody. I told Jimmy, I do my own carpentry work, too. That refers to making coffins and means you get rid of the bodies yourself. After that conversation Jimmy put me to work for the international, making more money than I had made on all those other jobs put together, including the stealing. I got extramoney for expenses. On the side I handled certain matters for Jimmy the way I did for Russell. Share copy and redistribute the material in any medium or format for any purpose, even commercially. Adapt remix, transform, and build upon the material for any purpose, even commercially. The licensor cannot revoke these freedoms as long as you follow the license terms. Attribution You must give appropriate credit, provide a link to the license, and indicate if changes were made. You may do so in any reasonable manner, but not in any way that suggests the licensor endorses you or your use. ShareAlike If you remix, transform, or build upon the material, you must distribute your contributions under the same license as the original. No additional restrictions You may not apply legal terms or technological measures that legally restrict others from doing anything the license permits. You do not have to comply with the license for elements of the material in the public domain or where your use is permitted by an applicable exception or limitation. No warranties are given. The license may not give you all of the permissions necessary for your intended use. For example, other rights such as publicity, privacy, or moral rights may limit how you use the material. Frank The Irishman Sheeran, the notorious hit man and labor union leader, was behind bars for racketeering in 1991 when former homicide investigator and prosecutor Charles Brandt was asked to meet with him. Ultimately, Brandt would spend five years with Sheeran, learning where the bodies were buried literally. During their conversations, Sheeran admitted to many murders, including that of legendary union boss Jimmy Hoffa. I Heard You Paint Houses, published by Steerforth Press in 2004, is the book that resulted from those conversations. The mafia history is the basis for a much-anticipated film adaptation directed by Martin Scorsese and starring Robert De Niro that will be released in theaters and on Netflix this fall. Brandt contributed to the films development, sharing his input with the iconic actor and director. Scorsese and De Niro were the dream when the first word hit the first page, Brandt says. I still pinch myself. In our first meeting after they bought the rights, we hit it off. Marty, Bob, and I had so much in common, growing up at the same time in New York City in Italian-immigrant families. When Brandt met with Sheeran, it wasnt as a prosecutor but as a private practice lawyer specializing in medical cases. After reading Brandts novel The Right to Remain Silent, Sheeran reached out to the author and attorney to help him secure medical parole for severe spinal stenosis and to tell his side of the Jimmy Hoffa story. Frank wanted me to write a book clearing him of involvement in the hit on Jimmy Hoffa, says Brandt, whose training and instincts told him that Sheeran had a latent desire to confess. Eight years later, Sheeran reached out to Brandt again, this time prepared to tell the truth. In a series of interviews with Brandt, Sheeran confessed to the Hoffa hit and to killing Joseph Crazy Joe Gallo, as well as another 25 to 30 murders. In the first interview, Frank, raised a strict Catholic, was so remorseful that I was able to help him get a great deal off his chest, Brandt says. We spoke on tape nearly every day, by phone or face-to-face, for five years. When all was confessed, Frank met with a priest for absolution, and then the Irishman committed suicide by refusing food. Im checking out, Frank told his family. I was I Heard You Paint Houses was an immediate bestseller when it was published in 2004, earning praise from the New York Times, which said the book gives new meaning to the term guilty pleasure and word of mouth during the last two decades has helped the title find new readers. Even before there was any movie interest, Houses had taken on a life of its own, says Chip Fleischer, cofounder of Steerforth Press. Charlie Brandt is a born storyteller, in person and on the page, and his book makes an important contribution to our understanding of certain aspects of American history, not just who killed Jimmy Hoffa. To capitalize on promotional efforts preceding this falls premiere of Netflixs The Irishman, the title has been updated with a 57-page conclusion by Brandt that contains substantial independent corroboration of Sheerans confessions. Brandt also included incriminating details that couldnt be revealed when the book was first published. The buzz surrounding the film and this new edition with a Netflix sticker on its covers sure to be a boon for Steerforth Press, as well as for booksellers and librarians who stock the book in the run-up to the films release.

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