AFTER BLOOMBERG
STOP-AND-FRISK, CHARTER SCHOOLS, GUN CONTROL, SMOKING BANS, ENVIRONMENTALISM, GAY RIGHTS-
THE MAYOR HAS CHAMPIONED MEASURES THAT HAVE TRANSFORMED NEW YORK. WHAT SHAPE WILL HIS SUCCESSOR FIND IT IN?
KEN AULETTA REPORTS

REFUGEES FROM SYRIA’S TERROR
DAVID REMNICK ON JORDAN’S CITY OF THE LOST

WILL I EVER GET BETTER?
MEGHAN O’ROURKE ON THE AUTOIMMUNE EPIDEMIC

THE GREAT ART GIVEAWAY
ALEC WILKINSON ON A MYSTERIOUS DONOR

PLUS
ALEX ROSS ON WAGNER
JAMES SUROWIECKI ON LOBSTER PRICES
SASHA FRERE-JONES ON EARL SWEATSHIRT
Mark Landis at home in Laurel, Mississippi. "I guess they thought it was eccentric."
hun. When a member of the staff told Landsi that he believed the piece was fraudulent, Landsi said he wished he had known that when he bought it. He said, "It made it sound like he'd been duped," Bassi told him.

Sometimes, through the window of his office, Bassi would see a director from another museum on the sidewalk, waiting, and then he would get up and visit them. An official from a museum in Kentucky flew in to meet him. Another came from Florida. As a means of establishing his credentials, Landsi sometimes dishonestly raised the name of the largest museum in the country. In letters, he wrote the director of a museum in Chapel Hill, asking if the museum would consider the gift of a Weidling, Egon Schiele, oil on panel, 12 x 9½ in. I bought this at Christie's, New York, in 1986. I went on to say, I hope you are familiar with our museum here, the Lauren Rogers Museum of Art. It was founded by my mother's family."

Several weeks without a market for his mother, who died in 2010; he had moved in to help her. The apartment has three small bedrooms, a living room, and a small kitchen with a counter. On the walls are several paintings, including a large format portrait of his grandmother, which was a gift from a factory that made automobile parts.

His mother was worldly, and his apartment, with pieces of Wedgwood china and silver and other antiques, has a sense of the table and a wingback chair, is in fact. Landsi is a negligible housekeeper, though, and in the past two years he has been forced to clean out his place of anything he owed less than $100. He has no idea how much he owes, but he thinks it's probably $20,000 or more. He is not a great fan of art, but he's not against it. Every museum he goes to, they've got fakes, Robert Wittman says. "Rooms of them, in fact, usually in the basement, but sometimes in the main building. He tends to look at them in the same way as in the Bible, Old Master and modern paintings, close-up vases from the Hen dynasty, they're not things I do, they're full of this kind of material."

A collector who discovers that he owns a fake can sometimes sell it to a museum for a tax benefit. Sometimes the museum knows, and sometimes it doesn't. Museums sometimes accept fake works from collectors they rely on. Sometimes fakes are included in the gifts of valuable works. In any case, no museum has on its staff someone who has only one task: to identify forgeries.

I asked Landsi if he would show me a piece he thought was a fake. Cassatt's sketch of a girl wearing a bonnet, which he had bought a number of times. He agreed to show the painting to a piece of dead wet was still a neo-classic in a small black suit from a store in the Internet, and she said, "You look like a nice, middle-aged American woman, who are we English boys loved having around? He had a slightly sense of humour, I remember, which often made us laugh— but he was very much one of us, and we all loved him dead."

According to Landsi, however, his experience was bruising. In "English schools they really let you have it," he said. He particularly remembers a teacher named Mr. Neville. "He would scream, 'You stupid, stupid boy.' He made me cry. It didn't matter what you did, there was no worse crime you could commit than making a mistake in your Latin declensions. It put being a thief in the shade."

When Landsi was twelve, the family moved to Paris, briefly, then to Brussels. Landsi was often left by himself while his parents went to parties. To pass the time, he drew caricatures of his mother. Occasionally, he would copy works from the Weimar Republic, which made the stamps more valuable. In 1968, the family returned to the vicinity of Washington. Overlooked for a promotion, his father retired, and they moved to Jackson, where Landsi's aunt lived.

In Jackson, he said, I didn't have any friends, and I stayed in my room all the time. Rodney Robinson, his mother's brother, recalls Landsi as "very studious, a quiet, thoughtful kind of person, who seems to have been interested in reading, not in talking, in physical life." He remembers visiting once when Landsi was a boy, and "he was in their library with a tie on, sitting there reading a book, and I thought that was a little unusual." In 1971, Landsi's father was given a diagnosis of cancer. "Mother was real emotional," Landsi said. "She had been an actress in amateur theatricals, and when she got upset it was kind of an opera." Landsi's father died the following year, when Landsi was seventeen. "After it happened, I didn't talk at all, wouldn't eat," he said. "Just sat in the room when they asked a question."

Landsi was sent to the Menninger Clinic in Topeka, Kansas, where he stayed for a little more than a year, leaving when he was nineteen. His doctor thought that he might like to draw for Hallmark Cards, which was in Kansas City. To prepare, he attended the School of the Art Institute of Chicago. In drawing class, he was told, "We don't want you to try and copy. We want you to invent." Partly to get away from the cold winter in Chicago, he moved to San Francisco.

For years, Landsi had thought longingly of what it would be like to be a novelist or a painter, one of the things museum curators do. In 1985, when he was thirty, he decided to be a philanthropist. He was hoping to impress his mother. He was living in San Francisco, buying and selling comic books and comic-book art. Sometimes he fixed up the drawings and prints, sometimes he would be creating them, sometimes pretending them up, using cheap idols and landscapes. He would walk up and down Sunset Street peddling pictures, and at night he would "feel like a king." At the Palace of the Legion of Honor, "Well, I really enjoyed it, and it definitely made me want to read more by this author."
GRAVEY FOR THE PRISONERS

I wouldn't try to capture it on the page, or in a blog, the inauspicious
levings of a day. Closer to dreams than the hum of streets, and people
who once walked along them.

Yeah, I know. Know what I'm saying?
The grounds were ultimately too large for the compound.

From Missouri, he undertook the painting of his
genius. He stared at the gatherings, he
took note of his subjects, and he
worked out his ideas in the studio.

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It was at this time that
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