

a yuppie in giuliani's new york /4/ times they are a-changing

I **did get** a lawyer and we decided there **was** only one thing **to do: turn myself in. Which is how I found myself**, one August evening, **handcuffed at the downtown Manhattan police station, watching officers lead prisoners away to the „tombs“ as cells are called.** Kosenza arrived. He **walked back and forth** importantly, **leaving me (along with a terrified Pakistani immigrant) with an older officer who entertained us with stories of his undercover days fighting crack dealers in the '80s. „Times sure have changed,“** he said, **shaking** his head. **“This is what we're gonna be dealing with now, I guess. Drinking in public.”**

Eventually we were led into a courtroom. Kosenza **leaned over** and asked me if I **had** \$20. **A young attorney approached** the judge and, presto, it **was done.** Handcuffs **off, out the door.** (The journalist in me wanted to **complain.** Don't I **get to** spend the night in jail? What am I going to write about?) But I went quietly home, **promising not to do whatever I was guilty of for** at least **another** six months. I **got off easy.** But I also **learned a lesson:** Giuliani's clean streets **come with a price.** I just **wish the mayor himself would fail to pay a ticket one day.**