Chapter 13

THE MOSQUE INCIDENT OCCURRED MY FIRST DAY ON THE JOB AND GAVE ME A quick immersion into New York policing and politics. In my first week, I had already been threatened with being fired. The department was in transition, we had a mayor who clearly wanted a large hand in police matters, we were going to have immediate issues every day to deal with, but we were looking at the big picture. I made it very clear within the department that we would not be ruled by the crisis of the day; we would handle all the police emergencies for which New York was famous, but we would keep our eyes on the more significant goal of reorganizing the NYPD and bringing down crime.

John Miller got a call from Cristyne Lategano, Mayor Giuliani's communications director. "What's Bratton got coming up?" They were relentless.

"Well, he's got the Channel 7 show and the Gabe Pressman Sunday talk show . . ."

"No more profiles in the papers," she told him. "And cancel all those appearances."

I had already accepted an invitation to appear on WCBS-TV's *Sunday Edition* the following week, and the Hall decided I could do it because they couldn't provide a persuasive reason to cancel. After that, Miller spent

much of his time trying to keep me out of the papers. It was not the job he had envisioned. "We are developing crime strategies," Miller told every reporter who would listen. "We came in and told the city what we are going to do. Now we are behind closed doors, and rather than talking about the strategies, we'll be working on them. There will be no time for the commissioner to talk to the press." We called it "taking the submarine under."

That worked for a while, but eventually reporters want to talk to a new police commissioner to get the department's plans and views. The media kept taking soundings, and after a while the enforced silence became more than uncomfortable. About two weeks had gone by when David Seifman, a columnist for the *New York Post*, called Miller and said, "We understand the commissioner has been muzzled."

"Whatever gave you that idea?" Miller told him. "Let me get right back to you."

Miller called the Hall. "Seifman's on the phone saying we've been 'muzzled.' What do I tell him?"

"Tell him you haven't been muzzled."

Miller called back with the nondenial denial. "Look," he said, "he's been the most high-profile commissioner you could imagine. He's been on the talk shows, he's been at press conferences, there's not a day goes by that he's not in the papers. If that's a muzzle, I don't know what a muzzle is."

I had intended to use the media to influence the public, the cops, and the bad guys. We had a message to get out, and I wanted it broadcast. This was going to present a problem, but first things first. I concentrated on the mayor's request. The squeegee issue was closest to his heart. It alone might have won him the election. The squeegee people were a living symbol of what was wrong with the city.

During the campaign, Giuliani hit Mayor Dinkins very effectively over the steep decline in the quality of life. The presence of squeegee people was one of the most visible and annoying examples of this decline. It seemed as if any time a driver stopped at a red light, men and women approached the car, wiping the windshield with squeegees or rags or newspaper or whatever they had in their hands . . . and asking for money. They seemed to swarm particularly at the entrances and exits to every bridge, tunnel, and highway going into and out of New York City, a thoroughly unpleasant de facto welcoming committee. Implicitly—and often not so implicitly—they threatened motorists. You didn't give them a quarter or a dollar at your peril; they were perfectly capable of hitting your window or scratching your vehicle if you didn't come across.

The general feeling was that there was nothing anybody could do to get rid of them. This was a big broken window that wasn't being fixed, and the more squeegee assaults you saw, the more you felt the city was being abandoned. This sense of futility festered into real anger, and Giuliani used it to his advantage. Dinkins was losing votes around quality-of-life issues, and the NYPD under Ray Kelly made fixing the problem a priority. George Kelling came down from Harvard, and Mike Julian developed a strategy to deal with it.

The police department had always thrown numbers at the community. "Look at all of our arrests, look at our activity." But the department only measured activity, it didn't measure results. Civilians who complained about the squeegee men were in the same situation as the guy at I Street and East Seventh in Southie who placed 1,300 calls to 911 and never got satisfaction. The cops were a powerful group who could walk into community meetings and say, "It's the criminal-justice system that doesn't take this seriously, it's the judges who let these squeegee guys go, it's the society who created them in the first place. Don't blame us." People would back off because numbers don't lie, and so nothing ever got done.

But it was a lie. The strategies the NYPD was using were not effective, and the department knew it. They'd go after squeegee people and for a month show substantial arrests and summonses, but there was no urgency. They'd go after them for an hour, once a week. It was the same as working with prostitutes; if you tell them "Friday is sweep day, I'm going to arrest you; the rest of the week you can make all the money you want," you are inviting failure. Success comes with constant attention.

Could we move the squeegee people? Isn't begging covered under the First Amendment's protection of free speech? In the past, when the police arrested the squeegee people for interfering with traffic, the New York Civil Liberties Union was prepared to step in with an injunction, and they would have been right because the cops were applying the wrong law. Julian's group found a law directly on point: Traffic Regulation 4–04, which prohibited approaching a vehicle to wash a windshield. The NYCLU backed off. Its outspoken executive director, Norman Siegel, said he didn't agree with the law, but the cops weren't acting illegally by enforcing it.

It became the policy of each precinct to check their squeegee corners

every two hours to ensure that the people were either chased away, issued summonses, or arrested.

In the past, none of the squeegee people had answered summonses. If they were given one, they disregarded it. With Traffic Regulation 4–04 in hand, the cops changed policy by warning them that they would be taken to jail. This immediately reduced the number of squeegee people by 40 percent; they left. The 60 percent that remained got arrested. Of those, it was found that half had previous arrests for serious felonies: robbery, assault, burglary, larceny, or carrying a gun. Almost half had been arrested for drug offenses.

As soon as they got arrested, they didn't return. In a month, the squeegee people were gone. It turned out that, despite seeming to be everywhere, there had been only seventy-five squeegee people in New York. They had worked only in high-visibility clusters, and when they were gone, their absence was highly visible, too. Sitting at a light without being hassled reminded New Yorkers of what they had missed.

This turnaround was effected by Dinkins and Kelly. When I arrived, we kept up the police presence and pressure. Ironically, Giuliani and I got the credit for their initiative, but understandably Giuliani was happy to take credit for making squeegee people an issue during the campaign and spurring the action. I saw the squeegee population as a fitting symbol of the sad state of the previous NYPD. They had given up. It was a damning confession: The world's greatest police force hadn't been able to handle seventy-five street people toting rags and sticks. Only politics prevented David Dinkins and Ray Kelly from receiving their due.

With all the resignations on my desk, I replaced four super chiefs. Unfortunately, NYPD resignations take thirty days to finalize, and I had created an awkward situation in which three-star chiefs were hanging around marking time for a month while the younger one-stars who replaced them were eager to begin doing their jobs. I should have handled things differently. But with Timoney, Julian, Anemone, Borrelli, and Reuther in place, Dave Scott as my first deputy commissioner, Jack Maple as my deputy commissioner for Crime Control Strategies, Miller as my DCPI, and Peter LaPorte as my chief of staff, I had put together a Dream Team of police professionals that was experienced, energized, and full of good ideas.

While we were working on our new policing initiatives, I supported a proposal from John Linder that the Police Foundation hire Linder's firm to work up what he called a "cultural diagnostic" of the NYPD. He defined

this cultural diagnostic as "an analytical tool that determines the cultural factors impeding performance and the corrective values that must be employed as principles for organizational change. . . . To this end, the analysis defines the cultural assets; cultural obstacles to change; inherited operating culture; inherited core identity; projected core identity; and value or values that must guide revision of key organizational systems to institutionalize a new, high-performance culture." We both believed that change can be brought about rapidly by the creation of and reaction to a "discernible crisis," which leads to self-confrontation and requires both strategizing and action to correct.

I appointed Pat Kelleher as director of the department's reengineering process. Kelleher, like Marty O'Boyle, had been identified as another superstar. Over time, I came to be extraordinarily impressed with Kelleher, and when Walter Mack was removed, I promoted him to head up internal affairs.

I involved more than three hundred people from every NYPD rank and bureau and formed twelve reengineering teams on productivity, discipline, in-service training, supervisory training, precinct organization, building community partnerships, geographical and functional organizational structure, paperwork, rewards and career paths, equipment and uniforms, technology, and integrity. They surveyed nearly eight thousand cops and eventually made more than six hundred recommendations, of which 80 percent were eventually accepted. What they found was striking:

- At the highest levels of the organization, the basic aim of the NYPD was not to bring down crime but to avoid criticism from the media, politicians, and the public. As one police executive put it, "Nobody ever lost a command because crime went up. You lose a command because the loudest voices in the community don't like you, or because of a bad newspaper story, or because of corruption."
- The greater the distance from headquarters, the lesser the trust from one rank to the next. Exclusion was the rule. Creativity was actively discouraged. One commander said of his troops, "I have three hundred potential [career] assassins in my unit."
- Police officers believed the department had not backed them up, even when their actions were warranted.
- The department was structured to protect its good name (and the careers of its senior executives) rather than to achieve crime-fighting goals.

- The Internal Affairs Bureau was seen as intent on tripping up officers for minor infractions rather than rooting out real corruption.
- The mayor and my strongly voiced support for the department had encouraged people throughout the organization, but they were waiting to see what we would do.

They found a wide disparity between what was said by the bosses and what the officers believed was actually wanted. Officers felt they were in a twilight zone where staying out of trouble—and thus keeping their bosses out of trouble—was more important than achieving anything concrete and measurable in fighting crime.

CONSIDERED BY OFFICERS MOST IMPORTANT TO THE DEPARTMENT

1. Write summonses
2. Hold down overtime
3. Stay out of trouble
4. Clear backlog of radio runs
5. Report police corruption
6. Treat bosses with deference
7. Reduce crime, disorder, and fear

CONSIDERED BY OFFICERS MOST IMPORTANT TO THEMSELVES

1. Reduce crime, disorder, and fear
2. Make gun arrests
3. Provide police services to people who request them
4. Gain public confidence in police integrity
5. Arrest drug dealers
6. Correct quality-of-life conditions
7. Stay out of trouble

Maple and Timoney became good friends, but they had it out. Maple had been quoted by the writer Jack Newfield as saying, "Those guys over there at the NYPD have given up on crime fighting." Timoney was livid and confronted Maple.

"When have you guys ever addressed crime?" Maple demanded.

"What the hell are you talking about? Operation Pressure Point. Operation Take Back. Ben Ward dealt with it seriously."

"No, no, the NYPD never focused on crime. What are precinct commanders judged on? Corruption. Always. If you keep your nose clean, stay out of trouble, and don't rock the boat, you're gonna get promoted. No commander is held responsible for crime figures."

Timoney took it personally. When he'd had the Fifth Precinct, he had concentrated on crime, but as a former narcotics cop that was his background.

"That's not the point," Maple argued. "I'm not talking about individual commanders, I'm talking about the department. No one is held accountable. If your crime rates go up, okay they go up, so what. If you've got any kind of answer, you're fine. You're not going to lose your command over crime out of control. But one corrupt cop and you're dead."

Timoney couldn't deny it. The department required each commander to produce a state-of-command report listing the five top priorities of their precinct. Ever since the 1970 Knapp Commission, which publicized the NYPD's institutionalized corruption and made Frank Serpico a household name, the number one priority was always controlling corruption. The rest varied from commander to commander, but crime was way down the list. To prevent cops from being corrupted, bosses took them away from temptation, which meant out of proactive situations. They might set up crime-fighting units, but they saddled the cops with so many constraints that they were effectively prevented from doing their jobs.

For instance, it's incredibly difficult for a police officer to make a legally sound drug-dealing arrest while in uniform. He or she might stumble on a deal, but by and large, who's going to sell drugs to a uniformed cop? When we set up drug-bust units, we need to allow cops to work in plain clothes. However, plain clothes is where corruption might occur, with an officer pocketing drugs or money, and commanders were more worried about their cops going bad and sabotaging the boss's career than about making good arrests. Therefore, the arrests didn't get made, or were made strictly for the numbers and without any real concern for eliminating the problem, the crimes kept being committed, the bosses kept moving up the ladder, the cops kept being frustrated, and the streets remained dangerous. While there were individual commanders who trusted their cops and made fighting crime a priority, the department was institutionally paralyzed.

"Tell me I'm wrong," said Maple.

"You know," said Timoney, "I hate you, but you're right."

Timoney, good Catholic that he is, believes that confession is good for the soul and allows you to start anew. He felt that before we could go

forward we had to make certain admissions. He made them in public forums and on television. He began speaking to cops and telling them, "The NYPD hasn't done its job in twenty-five years. We failed. . . . *I* failed to do this job. I made a lot of arrests, but you know what? I wasn't doing my job, either. But I'm going to start doing it from now on."

Maple was a holy terror. Timoney called him a pit bull; he was absolutely relentless. Once he came up with an idea, you couldn't dissuade him, you couldn't knock him off course. He knew the criminal mind—"It isn't a very sophisticated mind," Timoney loved to add—he knew the bad guys' vulnerabilities, he knew what made them tick.

I wanted to know the size of our crime problem. Maple knew New York City's 1993 crime figures off the top of his head: 1,946 murders, 86,000 robberies, 99,000 burglaries, 112,000 car thefts. (Jack knew his figures cold. People in the office started calling him "Rain Man.") He told me, "Look, we've got to track something else here. How many people are shot in this city?" We found that 5,861 people were shot in New York City in 1993. The difference between a shooting and a murder is usually a quarter of an inch; they hit an artery, or they don't. "Okay," he announced, "*this* is the size of the problem."

John Miller had developed a system in which he could receive breaking information over his beeper. Maple told operations, "I want a phone call at home every time we fire a gun and hit somebody."

They were a little put back. "You know how many times we're gonna have to beep you?"

"Yeah, I know exactly. There were 442 incidences of police firing their guns last year, and I think we hit about eighty. Plus, I want to get beeped from the detectives on every murder. I don't care what time it is, I want to be beeped."

A few days into my term, I said to Maple, "You know, it doesn't seem that busy around here." In my morning summary, I was getting reports of a water-main break here, a power outage there, and a brief synopsis of major crime events.

"Commissioner, are you jerking me or what? We're living in a fool's paradise. It's like pulling teeth to find out how many people got murdered last week."

"Louie," he said to Chief of Patrol Louis Anemone, "we need to know where we're at, weekly, with the crime."

This was a first for the NYPD. They only compiled crime statistics for Uniform Crime Reporting purposes, a collecting point for the FBI, and

then only quarterly. As far as the department had been concerned, statistics were not for use in combating crime, they were only for keeping score at the end of the year. Even then, the only statistics they paid attention to were the robberies. But even that was smoke and mirrors. Each precinct was required to send robbery statistics to headquarters, but no innovations came out of it. Nobody used them for anything.

"The first week they gave me a pile of papers that were written in fuckin' crayon," Maple complained. That just got him mad. Then Joe Borrelli's staff said, "The chief of detectives has decided you can only get this monthly."

"You know," he told them, "I'm not really concerned about what his thoughts are. We're gonna get this weekly now." Maple knew he had my backing. I had told the command staff that when Maple spoke, he spoke for me. I was sworn in on January 10. February 7, we began getting our full set of weekly figures. And, more important, we were going to use them.

Maple pored over the stats. "Louie," he said, "in every precinct they should have maps of robberies, of burglaries, of shootings, narcotics arrests, gun arrests, so they can see how to deploy. There's no maps in these precincts. Whatever maps there are are four years old. You gotta have them up-to-date. We've got a war on crime, how do you go to war without a map? Hannibal had a map and that was in 218 B.C." Needless to say, I thought this was a great idea.

The NYPD was a fearful, centralized bureaucracy with little focus on goals. We created a crisis of confidence and encouraged everyone in it to rise to the challenge. The NYPD was not nearly as good as everyone thought it was, and it certainly was not as good as my team thought it could be.

Our first initiative was the Gun Strategy. We expanded on the concepts I had presented to Giuliani when I'd been interviewed in November.

When we arrived, suspects arrested in possession of a weapon in New York City were not necessarily asked, *"Where'd you get the gun?"* You'd think it would be one of the first questions, but often it never got asked. There was an eight-page order stating precisely what an officer was to do with a gun suspect: Run the person's stats through a computer to see if he or she was one of the 33,000 known gun violators who had been locked up previously on weapons charges. If they were, a special team of detectives came down to interview them about the case—not about the gun and where it might have come from; about that particular case. If they weren't previous violators, the detectives didn't talk to them at all. Maple found

that even once these reports had been taken, the department was six months behind in filing them. The order also said arresting officers were supposed to turn gun arrests into confidential informants (CIs).

Under the new gun strategy, we first tried to build a solid case and get the suspect's inculpatory statement. Then, *every* gun suspect was interviewed by a detective. This was an important innovation. Let's actually get some bad guys. The detectives and arresting officers pursued any and all accomplices. As at transit, we made it department policy to arrest everyone involved in a crime, not just one perp to get it off the books. It's a cop's assumption that someone involved in a gun arrest is likely not a first timer. As at transit, we checked for wants, and if we found them we called in complainants from those other crimes to pick the suspects from photo arrays or out of lineups. Last, but not least, we asked the suspects *"Where did you get the gun?"* and *"Do you know anybody else with more guns?"* Our policy was: "Just ask."

Maple understood that people like to talk. Often, by this time, the suspect was willing to deal. We then got search warrants, hit the houses where the other guns were kept, busted the occupants, brought in more guns and suspects, and started the process all over again. We matched guns used in more than one crime and traced them to illegal sellers across the country. It was elementary, but it had never been done.

Maple was excellent at devising strategies, but when he put them on paper something was missing. Assigned the task of creating the first strategy, he assembled the traditional NYPD bureaucracy, and after a week of hard work and bitter debate they delivered a document to me.

I was aghast. The document didn't state the problem, it didn't address the issues, it didn't present the vision I wanted to impart. It was quite clear that within the department there were those who resisted the idea of criticizing the organization or even endorsing the concept of great change, because that would imply criticism of the department and its past leaders. I was very disappointed. Maple had the concepts and could articulate them with great flair orally, but they did not translate onto paper. I turned to John Linder to take over the writing process.

After talking with me at length to find out what I wanted, Linder crafted a twenty-page booklet stating the problem and our current practice in dealing with it and then outlining our new methods of attacking it. Linder, Maple, and others on Maple's task force had heated disagreements over the language and presentation. Linder felt we couldn't write about new ideas without comparing them to the old. Maple felt that would be

taking unnecessary swipes at previous administrations and at Ray Kelly in particular, many members of whose inner circle were now key players in my administration and found themselves in the difficult position of criticizing their former boss. They fought it out, the marketer and the strategist, and ultimately Linder won my support. We hammered out a strategy that said what it meant and would be clear to the cops. For example, after stating that in 1993, 11,222 arrests were made for crimes in which a firearm was confiscated and that it was department policy to try and turn those arrested into CIs, the written strategy said, "Fact: The combined efforts [of the NYPD detectives] yielded four confidential informants." It was brutal but effective.

We put the Gun Strategy on paper and sent it over to City Hall. All written strategies were to be approved by the Hall before they were announced to the public. The mayor had campaigned on the issue of crime reduction and understandably needed to be involved in the announcements of initiatives on the issue. It stalled. They questioned when we should do it, how we should do it, why we should do it. They nitpicked it endlessly without ever changing it substantively. The mind games designed to show who was in control had begun. Getting City Hall approval for each successive strategy was a tortuous process and to the best of my recollection never added anything substantive to the documents.

When they finally approved the strategy, Miller said, "If we're going to get this on the air and in the papers, we're going to have to put on a fairly decent dog and pony show." (Miller knew, as I did, that cops weren't going to get the news of the Gun Strategy from some interoffice memo; they were going to see it on TV or read about it in the *Daily News*.) He asked Ray O'Donnell, the day lieutenant who effectively ran the press office in Miller's absence, how many guns we could get. The answer from the property clerk's office was that they could probably put together around ten thousand guns. "What do ten thousand guns look like?" he asked. "A lot." We then got word from the mayor's communications director, Cristyne Lategano, "No guns."

"No guns!" Miller said. "What do you mean?"

"The mayor doesn't like guns."

"Well, we don't like guns either. That was kind of the point."

"He doesn't want any guns at City Hall. He's worried that people are going to ask him to hold one and it's going to look stupid."

Miller said, "Come on, Cristyne, this is the guy who rode around in a Hell's Angels jacket with Al D'Amato." (As U.S. attorney, Giuliani had

gone undercover with New York's junior senator at a drug bust and was photographed looking like a cross between the Wild One and one of the Village People.)

"That's precisely what he's worried about."

"I'll tell you what. He doesn't have to hold any."

"No," said Lategano. "He simply won't do it."

Miller couldn't believe a strategy that would take guns off the city's streets would be delayed because the mayor was worried about a photo opportunity. "Why don't we have the press conference over here? That way we don't have to transport ten thousand guns to City Hall, and it won't be such a spectacle, but the mayor will have the backdrop and get the front-page picture he wants."

It was finally resolved to hold the press conference at police headquarters, where we would lay out the weapons, but the mayor didn't have to touch any of them. That was fine with us. Always known for his pointed humor, Miller quipped, "The last guy we want running around headquarters with a gun is Rudy Giuliani."

Chapter 14

I HAD FOUND ELAINE'S THROUGH MAPLE AND MILLER. IT WAS THEIR hangout. Elaine's is what's known in New York as a "watering hole," and its clientele is a mix of intellectuals, celebrities, and the press, particularly gossip columnists, as well as New Yorkers who want a good meal and an enjoyable place to talk. Maple the tunnel rat was pleased to be a fixture in such an in spot.

While Maple and Miller seemed to be there every night closing the place, Cheryl and I went once every two or three weeks. Word got out that we were hanging at Elaine's, and it added to our Runyonesque work hard/play hard image, but the reality was far less spectacular than the perception. People may have conjured the image of us all slugging down shots, but I'm not much of a drinker. I might go up for dinner and join the guys for a Diet Coke, but I'd be long gone and they'd continue their plotting and conniving. Maple and Miller knew they might get called to a crime scene at any time, and they tempered themselves, so they wouldn't be going out with half a load on. Maple usually drank cup after cup of double espresso.

One night as I sat with him, Maple was doodling on a napkin, trying to figure out how to stop crime. He decided it came down to four elements:

1. Where are the crimes happening? Put them on a map. What are the times by day of the week, by time of day?
2. Here are the crimes, you've got them on a map. Let's coordinate the efforts between detectives and plainclothes and get there fast so we can catch the crooks.
3. What are we going to do once we get there? Are we doing decoys? Are we doing buy-and-bust operations? Are we doing warrant enforcement? Quality-of-life enforcement? What works?
4. Is it working? The precinct commander is in charge of the plan to reduce crime in his or her area; is that plan being pushed forward? Did they know where the crimes were happening? Were the efforts coordinated? Were the tactics effective? Was crime going down?

Maple had captured on his napkin the essence of all our strategies. To control crime we must at all times have:

- Accurate and Timely Intelligence
- Rapid Deployment
- Effective Tactics
- Relentless Follow-up and Assessment.

These are the concepts on which the turnaround of New York policing was built, and they bear discussing. I had become a staunch advocate of using private-sector business practices and principles for the management of the NYPD, even using the business term "reengineered" rather than the public policy term "reinventing" government. We further defined these four crime-reduction principles:

Accurate and Timely Intelligence. If the police are to respond effectively to crime and to criminal events, officers at all levels have to have accurate knowledge of when particular types of crimes are occurring, how and where the crimes are being committed, and who the criminals are. The likelihood of an effective police response to crime increases proportionally as the accuracy of this intelligence increases.

Rapid Deployment of Personnel and Resources. Once a crime pattern has been identified, an array of personnel and other necessary resources are promptly deployed to deal with it. Although some tactical plans might involve only patrol personnel, for example, experience has proved that the most effective plans require personnel from several units. A viable and comprehensive response to a crime or quality-of-life problem generally demands that patrol personnel, investigators, and support personnel use their expertise and resources in a coordinated effort.

Effective Tactics. In order to avoid merely displacing crime and quality-of-life problems, and in order to bring about permanent change, these tactics must be comprehensive, flexible, and adaptable to the shifting crime trends we identify and monitor.

Relentless Follow-up and Assessment. As in any problem-solving endeavor, an ongoing process of rigorous follow-up and assessment is absolutely essential to ensure that the desired results are actually being achieved. This evaluation also permits us to assess particular tactical responses and to incorporate the knowledge we gain into our subsequent efforts. By knowing how well a particular tactic worked on a particular crime, and by knowing which specific elements worked most effectively, we are better able to construct and implement effective responses for similar problems in the future. The process also permits us to redeploy resources to meet newly identified challenges once a problem has abated.

Maple put it most succinctly. Think of the Battle of Britain: Germany was getting ready to invade the British Isles. The British had fled Dunkirk and had only 450 Spitfires to protect their cities, while the Germans had thousands of bombers able to attack anywhere in England. However, the British had one thing the Germans didn't: radar. Despite very few resources, the British knew where the enemy was. Using their radar information, they were able to mobilize the 450 Spitfires exactly against the German bombers. Timely, accurate intelligence; rapid response; effective tactics; relentless follow-up—that's what won the Battle of Britain and that's how we were going to win the battle of New York.

We rolled out crime strategies consistently for the next two years. The second was the Youth Violence Strategy. Juvenile crime was New York City's growth industry. Kids were attacking, robbing, and killing people, especially other kids, in epidemic proportions. Homicide was the leading cause of death for New Yorkers between the ages of fifteen and twenty-four. One-third of all arrests involving firearms in the first ten months of 1993 were for crimes committed by children between the ages of seven and nineteen. Violence inside the city's public schools was skyrocketing. JoAnne de Jesus, the mother of a twelve-year-old who had been cornered in a Brooklyn public-school washroom, said, "The problem is that students aren't fighting with their fists anymore. They're fighting with guns." I'm a great believer that all behavior is learned. Many New York kids were learning on the streets, which had become killing grounds.

We extended the four crime-reduction principles to this problem. We surveyed the statistics and found that fully 40 percent of crime committed during school hours was committed by kids under sixteen. We found that many of the daytime victims were kids, as well. But kids, by law, *must* attend school. If they're in school, they're not outside robbing people or being robbed. If muggers can't find a victim, there's no mugging. We made the public schools our focal point. We instituted a citywide truancy program in which we patrolled neighborhoods, swept school-age kids off the streets, and brought them to school where they belonged. We picked up so many, we had to set up "catchment" areas in school auditoriums and gymnasiums.

Timoney had worked on the truancy issue as a deputy chief in Manhattan South. He broke the truants into three groups. First there were the hard-core truants who would go out the door the next day no matter how many times we brought them back. No one knew the size of that group. Second were the kids who skipped school because there were no consequences for doing so. "Why not skip? Nobody's gonna bother us." When cops were outside to bring them back and call their parents, they would get discouraged. Third was the group that bolted because of peer pressure, the kids who didn't have an answer to the schoolyard question, "What's the matter, nothing's gonna happen, you got no balls?" Timoney's sense was that 70 percent of the truants fell into this third group, and we gave them an out. "The damn cops are out there, they're gonna grab me and call my mother. I'd book in a minute, but I can't." We created a situation that allowed that group to save face and stay in school.

As I had done in Boston, we created the position of youth officer and assigned three to each precinct to develop youth initiatives and to get to know the kids in the precincts and schools. We revised department policy by negotiating with the schools chancellor in an effort to ensure that all crimes in and around schools were reported to us so we could respond. We proposed creating a database cross-referencing juvenile reports, truancy, and gang information, for use by the precinct commander and Family Court. We expanded the training of our cops. We also used the media to deliver our message and presented Sergeant Helen Rossi, who had been doing this work for ten years, as the embodiment of our anti-truancy efforts and paraded her before the press. Now, not only Sergeant Rossi but the entire NYPD was after these truants. We got great headlines and sent the right message.

The New York Civil Liberties Union expressed some consternation the first few weeks we put the program into practice, but our strategy had an immediate and dramatic impact on juvenile crime, and the outcry subsided.

We systematically implemented and released the Drug, Domestic Violence, Quality of Life, Auto Crime, and Integrity (Anticorruption) strategies. All were filled with innovations, and all were operated on our four guiding principles.

Drugs. Previously, Tactical Narcotics Teams (TNT) moved into drug-infested neighborhoods for specifically limited periods, worked intensively, encouraged those in the neighborhood to give them tips on illegal activity, and then moved on. Personnel came to work on weekdays, made relatively few arrests after six at night, and were basically not there on weekends. *Fact: These hours became known to drug traffickers working the streets, who could easily ply their trade accordingly.* The department held meetings with the neighborhood groups in the targeted precincts before, during, and after TNT operations. Drug dealers sometimes attended these meetings and were able to adjust the places and times of their own operations.

We targeted open-air drug activity, driving it off the streets and then closing and, where possible, seizing the inside locations. We confiscated and traced the guns we found on drug dealers, put cops in those areas we knew to be drug markets, more aggressively targeted low- and middle-level dealers and suppliers, and coordinated our efforts with federal and state forces to get local high-level suppliers. We trusted precinct cops to work in plain clothes, and empowered precinct commanders to authorize them to make arrests seven days a week, twenty-four hours a day. Working with the D.A.s, we also authorized the precincts to get their own narcotics-search warrants.

Narcotics and guns are inseparable—find one and you find the other. Before, they had been designated as separate and distinct investigations. We began to use the gun strategy on narcotics collars. Ask them, "Where'd you get the gun?" Track the guns back, get more, keep going.

The concept that conquered fare beating in the subways was put to use against the drug dealers. We were working in partnership with the Drug Enforcement Administration at the time, and Maple said, "Why don't we go after drug dealers with the quality-of-life violations?"

The feds spoke to him as if he were just a little slow. "Well, Commissioner, we don't do things like that." Quality-of-life arrests were small potatoes to them.

"All right," said Maple, "amuse me, okay? Every drug dealer in the world has a phony cloned beeper and phony cloned cell phone. They cannot help themselves. If they have millions, they don't want to pay. Just like all gangsters use bad credit cards—they can't help themselves. Let's lock them up for the phony cloned phones and see what happens. And you might even hear more drug traffic on the phones you're listening to. We'll see. The people we arrest for the phones, they're not going to know it's a joke. Amuse me." So they grabbed a guy with a cloned cell phone, and he gave up a string of murders. It's the same concept as busting Al Capone for tax evasion.

Domestic violence. The department had no system to identify and track repeat calls, so there was no way to alert police officers in the field to locations that had numerous calls for help in the past or a history of violence. In 1993, there had been 178,000 domestic-violence calls; the NYPD had filled out only 58,000 reports and made only 12,000 arrests. We developed a domestic-incident report and tracked and monitored all instances of domestic violence, including crimes other than those defined in the law as family offenses. We gave a higher-priority response to calls involving violations of protection orders—that was a must-arrest. We trained officers to identify patterns of abuse. Even when the abused party didn't press charges, if the officer thought differently, an arrest was made. We insisted the detectives follow up and make arrests in situations where the violator had already fled the scene. We made it department policy to emphasize problem-solving tactics to enforce the law and deter family violence and held detectives accountable for follow-up on these cases. John Timoney personally directed this initiative. He was one of the top experts in the state, if not the country, on this issue.

Quality of life. Boom boxes, squeegee people, street prostitutes, public drunks, panhandlers, reckless bicyclists, illegal after-hours joints, graffiti—New York was overrun. We called Police Strategy Number 5 "Reclaiming the Public Spaces of New York." It was the linchpin strategy. Many have come to attribute the rapid decline in crime in New York City to the quality-of-life enforcement efforts, but that's simplistic. It was one of a number of strategies that were deployed.

My experience in District 4 in Boston had shown me the importance of cleaning up the streets and improving the quality of life. We could solve all the murders we liked, but if the average citizen was running a gauntlet of panhandlers every day on his way to and from work, he would want that issue solved.

Previous police administrations had been handcuffed by restrictions. We took the handcuffs off. Department attorneys worked with precinct commanders to address the problems. We used civil law to enforce existing regulations against harassment, assault, menacing, disorderly conduct, and damaging property. We stepped up enforcement of the laws against public drunkenness and public urination and arrested repeat violators, including those who threw empty bottles in the street or were involved in even relatively minor damage to property. No more D.A.T.s. If you peed in the street, you were going to jail. We were going to fix the broken windows and prevent anyone from breaking them again.

Time and time again, when cops interrupt someone drinking on the street or a gang of kids drinking on the corner, pat them down, and find a gun or a knife, they have prevented what would have happened two or three hours later when that same person, drunk, pulled out that gun or knife. We prevented the crime before it happened. New York City police would be about prevention, and we would do it lawfully.

"Your open beer lets me check your ID," explained Maple. "Now I can radio the precinct for outstanding warrants or parole violations. Maybe I bump against that bulge in your belt; with probable cause, I can frisk you." Again the word would get out, leave your weapons home.

Who was going to implement our new strategies? Our cultural diagnostic showed that most bosses stifled those under them. To shake up the old thinking that was preventing the organization from performing at top capacity, I flattened the organizational layer cake by eliminating an entire level of executive supervision.

For policing purposes, the NYPD had divided the city's five boroughs into seven patrol boroughs: Manhattan North, Manhattan South, Brooklyn North, Brooklyn South, the Bronx, Queens, and Staten Island. We went further, dividing Queens and its eighteen precincts into Queens North and Queens South. The boroughs were divided into divisions, the divisions into precincts. A precinct commander sent his reports up to a division inspector, who had a deputy inspector working for him. The division inspector sent it up to the borough commander, who had an executive officer. I eliminated the entire level of divisions so that the precinct commander reported directly to the borough commander.

I cut staff at headquarters and in the special units, such as the Detective and Organized Crime Control Bureaus, and added it to the precincts. In New York City, that's where the rubber hits the road. And the people who run the precincts are the precinct commanders.

Each precinct commander was college-educated, averaged fifteen years on the job, had risen to a significant position of responsibility (I intended to find those who hadn't made it on merit and replace them), and had the whole field of vision. They knew how to command resources and get things done. Each precinct averaged almost 100,000 citizens; each commander was running the equivalent of a small-city police force with two hundred to four hundred officers in his or her command.

I encouraged the precinct commanders to use their own initiative, and I told them I would judge them on their results. The day-to-day operations were to be managed at the precinct level. I did not penalize them for taking actions that did not succeed, but I did not look kindly on those who took no action at all. The precinct commanders owned the successes, were responsible for the progress, and were accountable for the failures. No passing the buck here.

Previously, precinct commanders had not been allowed to work on vice conditions, to go after drug dens or houses of prostitution or automobile chop shops or any similar locations. All vice and drug-related crimes had to be handled by detectives in the OCCB or the Detective Bureau's specialized vice or narcotics squads. Precinct commanders went to community meetings and got their heads handed to them about all the crime locations in their precincts, but they didn't have the power to address those issues; they had to go up the borough chain of command and then over to the OCCB or Detective Bureau chain of command to get the resources.

We changed that. We authorized the training of the precinct commander and his or her officers to handle such locations, and gave them attorney assistance to attack them on their own. To go after a drug den, a commander could use his own people to work with the D.A.'s office to get probable cause and search warrants. To go after prostitution, we trained his people in proper procedure as decoys. We did this on issues up and down the line. If the problem remained beyond their resources, they could then go to the specialized units for additional assistance. By the dual processes of decentralization and inclusion, we effectively made the precincts into mini–police departments.

One of the first and largest problems we ran up against was jurisdictional. The precinct commanders, who reported to the chief of patrol, had previously had no control over the detectives in their own precincts, who were run by the precinct detective squad commander, who reported ultimately to the chief of detectives. In fact, control of personnel was guarded jealously. Rather than focus on the greater goal of reducing crime, commanders had traditionally refused to cooperate and instead concentrated on maintaining the importance of their own commands. Precinct commanders also had no ability to coordinate activities with other precincts without going through division and borough commands.

It was a turf war. All the movies ever made about New York City cops show the detectives in plain clothes on the station house's second floor and the uniformed officers on the first, with no intermingling. (How many uniformed cops do you see regularly in the squad room on *NYPD Blue*?) We were intent on breaking that barrier down. Initially, we didn't get much help from Chief of Detectives Borrelli on this issue. In Maple's initial senior-staff assessment Borrelli had been described as a potential obstructionist. Maple and Borrelli fought pitched battles over how best to coordinate precinct detectives and precinct patrol commanders, along with the specialist detective units in the OCCB. Ultimately, I opted to hold off on complete implementation of this change—for the time being. However, I quickly made it quite clear to the super chiefs that while I would not organizationally put detectives under the direct command of the uniformed precinct commanders, if they did not cooperate fully with those commanders, I would remove them. That threat worked.

Having given the precinct commanders increased power, I had to make sure they were handling it properly through accountability and relentless assessment. I assigned that responsibility to the borough commanders and then brought those chiefs in to give presentations on crime in their boroughs.

They each spoke for about ten minutes and then Anemone and Maple debriefed them. We all had the crime figures in front of us. Maple probably had them in his head. "You have two murders here," he'd say to them.

"Yeah, we're actively investigating them."

"What does that mean, 'actively investigating'?"

"Do you really want to go into detail?"

"Yeah. Let's go into excruciating detail with this."

The borough commanders said, "Crime is down."

"How much?"

"We made a lot of arrests."

"How many is a lot? Is it a million? Is it fifteen? Is it ten?" Maple was not a master of tact. "I see that robberies in the Fifth Precinct are up fifty percent, chief," he said. "What's going on?"

"Uh, the word is there's a lot of heroin out there."

"What does that mean? Tell me what that means, chief. Where is the heroin? Who's bringing it in? Why does that bring up robberies? What about burglaries? Who are the people we have identified who are doing them? Are the people who are doing the drug dealing doing the robberies? What's the robbers' method of operation? What are the detectives doing? Who are the victims?" The borough commander didn't have any answers. This happened a couple of times, then Maple said, "These guys are full of shit. They're used to jerking people around."

Maple understood, as I did, that the biggest secret in law enforcement is that many police departments do not address crime. They are dysfunctional. Chiefs don't ask follow-up questions because they haven't been on the street in about twenty years, they don't know the answers, and they're afraid that in the fencing back and forth, their underlings are going to embarrass them. Rather than be made to seem foolish, they let themselves be given fantasy briefings.

Maple wanted answers. "The bulk of your robberies are in the evenings. When are your people working?" Not evenings. "Why aren't they working nights? Why aren't you putting them there?"

The strategies were in play but weren't being uniformly adhered to. From borough to borough, division to division, precinct to precinct, some commanders took the strategies as gospel while others thought, "Ah, this will go away, it's extra work; we'll do it my way." When it became obvious that the borough commanders couldn't answer follow-up questions, I directed they meet every two weeks with their precinct commanders for a briefing. Maple said to Anemone, "Let's make sure they're doing this. We'll have one of the meetings down here at headquarters. We've got to get these mugs in here across the table, and they've got to go over, day by day, crime by crime, what's happening. What are you doing about it? Are you following the strategies?"

We quickly went from one meeting a week to two. Timoney, as chief of department, remarked to Maple that these meetings were running very long, sometimes for as much as three hours. Maple said, "John, what I want to do is have two three-hour meetings a week. That's six hours. Do you think that's too much, to talk about crime for six hours? We stand like potted plants behind the mayor and the police commissioner at press conferences at least six hours a week. Do you think we could talk about crime for six hours?"

The sessions started at eight-thirty in the morning. It didn't take long for the commanders to start complaining. "The traffic is bad. . . . I've got a community-council meeting. . . . I've got to go to City Hall. . . ."

"Louie," said Maple, "let's make it easy for everybody. The meetings are at seven o'clock in the morning. Now, if they've got any conflicts we'll make them at five o'clock in the morning. Seven o'clock, okay? Do we have your attention now, gentlemen?"

As the months went by, our sophistication grew. Week by week, we gathered more data, and rather than report only to their immediate superiors, the precinct commanders were instructed to also report to my command staff. We expected every precinct commander to be present and prepared to participate. We started with a book of numbers and ultimately fed them into computers that spat out an updated set of weekly statistics. What we began referring to as "the crime meetings" evolved into computer-statistics meetings, or Compstat.

It started as the simple monitoring of a briefing. It became an extravaganza. We had started panning for gold and had struck the mother lode.

We held Compstat twice a week in the second-floor press room. We soon moved to the operations room—or the command center, as it was more commonly known—on the eighth floor of headquarters, a space large enough to hold a borough's ten precinct commanders, plus each precinct's detective-squad commander and key personnel, as well as my command staff. With only 115 seats, we often had as many as two hundred people packed in there, including people from the offices of the district attorney and the U.S. attorney, parole, schools, and the Port Authority police. This was an occasion to dress. Most of the people strode into that room in uniform, with brass polished, looking like they'd just walked out of West Point.

Until this time, a precinct commander would never in his or her career expect to talk consistently and directly to the chief of department, the first deputy, or the police commissioner, but there we were, sitting at the command table. As chief of patrol, Anemone chaired the meeting. Each commander was called upon to report on his precinct about once a month, and we had his precinct's numbers in front of us. So did everyone else in the room. Notable statistics were listed—murders, robberies, felonious assaults, cases cleared (listed by year and crime), integrity monitoring, domestic violence—and significant increases or decreases were printed in red. As time went by, we incorporated color photographs of the commander and his or her executive officer on the profile sheets. When it was their turn to report, each precinct's leaders came loaded with information, statistics, and ideas, ready to fire. We called that being "in the barrel."

Maple still wanted pin maps: murder maps, shooting maps, robbery, burglary, narcotics, car-theft, gun maps. He wanted precinct commanders

up and down the chain to know when and where the crime was happening. He told John Yohe in the Compstat office to keep a map of the 75 Precinct in Brooklyn, the busiest in the city, updated daily for a month. Yohe reported back that the work took eighteen minutes a day. Then Maple told the meeting that he wanted each precinct to keep updated maps. There was a groan. "Do you know how long it takes to do these maps?" they complained.

"Yeah," said Maple. "Eighteen minutes."

The first maps were handheld, with acetate overlays for each type of crime. (Mayor Giuliani, in a bit of self-serving smoke and mirrors, had led the media and the public to believe he was not making significant cuts in the Police Department's budget while other agencies were being decimated. In reality, our budget for other than personnel was being cut by almost 35 percent at a time when our activity was simultaneously expanding. As a reflection of how tight our budget actually was, we could not afford to buy the acetate these maps were printed on. We had to get a grant of $10,000 from the Police Foundation.) Within a year, we had three huge eight-foot-by-eight-foot computer monitors mounted on the walls and could call up each map, each crime, by computer.

The maps made crime clusters visual. It was like computerized fishing; you'd go where the blues were running. The First Precinct had a car-theft problem, the Fifth was having robberies around the subway stations at Canal and Grand streets, the Seventh had problems on Delancey Street, the Ninth had robberies around the clubs at night, the Tenth had hookers, Manhattan South had robberies from Thirty-eighth to Forty-second Street on Eighth Avenue, Manhattan North on the corner of Forty-seventh Street in the diamond district. Maple, in particular, could visualize the maps and remember all the facts from one meeting to the next. At every Compstat meeting, we would develop and analyze more information.

The mapping progressed, and the intelligence progressed, and the questioning got harder and harder. As we used to say, we raised the level of Nintendo. Some commanders enjoyed it, others were intimidated, others annoyed. Some were good performers who enjoyed the spotlight, others were solid on substance but no good onstage, still others couldn't get it right. It was a process that quickly identified who the real stars were. If a commander wanted to get noticed, he did it at Compstat. On the other hand, one good way to bring your career to a screeching halt was to bomb there consistently. Compstat was police Darwinism; the fittest survived and thrived.

Sometimes the grilling got tough. You've heard of the good cop/bad cop routine; Maple and Anemone were bad cop/bad cop. You didn't want to lie or bluff at Compstat—you'd get caught and hung out to dry. The people who did best had given thought to solving their precinct's problems; the people who did worst tried to fudge them. "The two biggest lies in law enforcement," says Maple, "are 'We worked very closely together on this investigation,' which means they don't work at all together, and 'We're doing this as we speak,' which means, 'We haven't done it yet.' They're holding actions." Maple and Anemone sliced through whatever crap they faced.

For example, the maps showed a large number of narcotics complaints coming from the housing projects in upper Manhattan. They also showed that the narcotics arrests weren't anywhere near the projects. The NYPD was not consistently giving the Housing Police the narcotics complaints made to 911, and as a result no one was addressing the drug problem up there systematically. In effect, if you lived in a housing development and called in a drug complaint, nobody would come. Housing didn't have the funds or manpower to run buy-and-bust operations, and the NYPD wasn't going into the projects. One NYPD narcotics commander said, "Do you know how hard it is for our undercovers to buy drugs in those projects?"

Maple answered, "If you think it's hard buying drugs, how hard do you think it is to live there and raise your children?" He asked the room, "Does anybody have any thoughts on this?" They then devised a means of cooperation to deal with the problem.

Sometimes the meetings got abrasive. But it was our business to try to save lives, and if a few egos were bruised, so be it. Maple said it best: Reasonable people didn't change the world; the world was changed by unreasonable people, because when you were unreasonable you got reasonable results. Situations got most contentious when we asked people to do things and they didn't do them. Maple made it a point to get to the bottom of that. "Captain," he would ask, "what are we going to do about the shootings in those housing projects? How are we doing with the buy-and-busts? Are we debriefing the prisoners? When you have CIs, are you bringing them in to look at photos so they can give you the organizational structure of the criminal element in and about the housing projects?"

"Well, the buy-and-bust hasn't worked," the commander answered.

"What else have you done? Are we doing any quality-of-life enforcement? Are we doing warrant checks? Have you done the overlays from the

computer with the people with active bench warrants and parole warrants and systematically gone through them, arrested them for warrants, and debriefed them to find out who was engaged in this activity? Have we done that, and if not, why not?"

There was a case in Queens in which a man was going around beating a number of senior citizens halfway to death. He was found in a store using stolen credit cards, with the victims' blood still on his boots. "Now," Maple asked, "do we systematically check the credit-card companies when victims' credit cards are being used and see whether or not they can ID?"

There was an almost imperceptible hesitation. Maple put his hand over the microphone and whispered to Anemone, "They're not doing it."

The commander was standing across the room. He leaned in to the mike and said, "Yeah, we are." Bad move.

"You are? You know something, I really don't have anything to do now. I put my boat up for the winter. I'm gonna go collect the cases where credit cards were in evidence and look at them and find out who called the credit-card companies. Now, do we do it or we don't do it? Tell me. Tell the Jackster." They hadn't done it. "Then let's do it."

Precincts sent out squads to check warrants and issue quality-of-life summonses. They gave out ten. Maple said, "You know, we sent out a squad of eight people in plain clothes. Now I know that's the only job they had to do, but we sent them to five different precincts and they were averaging one hundred summonses a night. You're averaging ten."

We issued an order that all prisoners were to be debriefed, and a lieutenant stood there and told us, "We're debriefing everybody."

"Really. You're debriefing all the prisoners, Lieutenant, is that correct?"

"Yeah."

"Well then I guess the books are wrong here. It says there were four thousand arrests made in your precincts and you debriefed three hundred prisoners. What happened to the other 3,700? Why is it that no one is making statements to your detectives, and yet. . . . Is the assistant district attorney from the Bronx here?"

A voice from the corner said, "Yeah."

"What percentage of felons make statements to you folks without a cop there, and you put him on video and everything?"

"Sixty-three percent."

"And of them, how many are inculpatory statements?"

"Fifty percent of them."

"So, here's the district attorney with a camera, asking them Q and A and getting these statements, and the world's greatest detectives can't do it?"

You walk into any precinct and see the sign: "World's Greatest Detectives." There was a drug dealer in Brooklyn who raised pigeons and was consistently eluding arrest. Maple tore into that precinct's commanders. "A guy that raises pigeons in an abandoned building is outsmarting the world's greatest detectives? Come on now."

Sometimes Maple and Anemone would torment people. The most notable bit of aggression came when Tony Simonetti, who had become chief of Brooklyn South, was reporting, and up on the projection screens behind him appeared a computerized drawing of Pinocchio with his nose growing. That went over the line. When I heard about it, I raised hell with the two of them. One of my main rules is: You don't intentionally humiliate people in public, and they had violated that, and they both apologized to Simonetti.

But it wasn't all calling people on the carpet. When someone did particularly well we told them, "You did an excellent job here." We made a point of sharing their good ideas with the rest of the commanders, first to spread good police technique, and second to encourage and motivate good workers.

Over time, commanders brought in beat cops from their precincts who had done an exceptional job, performed heroically, or run an exceptional investigation. They described the circumstances and heard the whole room burst into applause. You can imagine the effect on a young cop and his or her career to stand there and be applauded by everyone in the department from his commanding officer up to and including the police commissioner. Compstat became a rallying point to encourage and reward people for good work. As at transit, where district commanders had begun improving their presentation and showing off their troops, at the NYPD, while the food didn't get any better, the performances did.

We encouraged creative thinking and backed our people up when they practiced new technique. We freed them from old restraints, gave them responsibility, held them accountable, and were very pleased with the results. We were often amazed. Commanders came up with solutions and innovations that none of us on the command staff had thought of. It was great to watch their minds at work.

Mostly, we attempted to involve the commanders in one another's problems and share successful solutions. "Inspector Chan, Fifth Precinct,"

Anemone called from the head table. "Didn't you have a problem similar to this with the robberies around the Grand Street station? Weren't they following people home and doing home invasions? What were your deployment tactics there? Maybe you could tell us about them." There was a reluctance for one commander to criticize another, and in the macho world of policing, even volunteering assistance might be considered criticism. We tried to mitigate this problem by taking it out of their hands; if he was called upon by his superior to respond, one commander wasn't showing the other guy up, he was helping him.

"Captain Smith from the six-two. Wasn't there a problem with car theft around Sheepshead Bay? What were your tactics there? How did that work?"

"Inspector Dunne from the seven-five. Didn't you have a problem with burglaries there in sector George? Right? With those Nehemiah Houses? What did you do to address that?"

If this had been a football game, Anemone would have been the guy carrying the ball forty times. He has a tremendous work ethic.

Compstat cut through a lot of crap because everyone in the barrel knew they were coming back in four weeks. But despite warnings, sometimes we asked a commander three, four, five weeks in a row for action and it didn't get done. At that point, Maple would explode. "I want to know why those shootings are still happening in that housing project! What have we done to stop it? Did we hand out flyers to everybody? Did we put Crime Stoppers tips in every rec room and every apartment? Did we run a warrant check on every address at every project, and did we relentlessly pursue those individuals? What is our uniform deployment there? What are the hours of the day, the days of the week that we are deployed? Are we deployed in a radio car, on foot, on bicycle? Are they doing interior searches? Are they checking the rooftops? How do we know we're doing it? What level of supervision is there? When they're working together in a team with a sergeant and four cops, do they all go to a meal together? When they make an arrest, does everybody go back to the precinct or does one person go back? Are we giving desk-appearance tickets to people who shouldn't get them? What are we doing with parole violators? Do we have the parole photos there to show? Do we know everybody on parole? Parolees are not allowed to hang out with other parolees, they're not allowed in bars. Of the 964 people on parole in the Seventy-fifth Precinct, do we know the different administrative restrictions on each one, so when we interview them we can hold it over their heads? And if not, why not?"

No one ever lost his job over not having the right answers. No one got in trouble for crime being up in their precinct. People got in trouble if they didn't know what the crime was and had no strategy to deal with it.

There are four levels of Compstat. We created a system in which the police commissioner, with his executive core, first empowers and then interrogates the precinct commander, forcing him or her to come up with a plan to attack crime. But it should not stop there. At the next level down, it should be the precinct commander, taking the same role as the commissioner, empowering and interrogating the platoon commander. Then, at the third level, the platoon commander should be asking his sergeants, "What are we doing to deploy on this tour to address these conditions?" And finally you have the sergeant at roll call—"Mitchell, tell me about the last five robberies on your post"; "Carlyle, you think that's funny, it's a joke? Tell me about the last five burglaries"; "Biber, tell me about those stolen cars on your post"—all the way down until everyone in the entire organization is empowered and motivated, active and assessed and successful. It works in all organizations, whether it's 38,000 New York cops or Mayberry, R.F.D.

Chapter 15

WHEN I SEE NEW POLICE OFFICERS COMING ON THE JOB, I SEE A WORLD OF difference being made. Being a police officer is not easy, and people come on the force for many different reasons. Lee Brown once said something I found very appropriate: "We talk and preach service, but we hire adventurers."

Police departments have traditionally marketed the job as a civil-service position. Frequently, as well as the police exam, candidates will also take the fire exam. We talk about helping citizens and upholding the laws and getting good pensions. But the job is also marketed by forces we don't control—television, books, newspapers, the movies—and they do a more effective job. Young people coming on the force are attracted by the action, the uniform, the power. They want the action precincts. They want the police movie image, to throw the food out the cruiser window on the way to the next dangerous call. They want eight hours of nonstop excitement, the radio barking all night. They're action junkies. Then they get in the Police Academy and out on the job and find they've been fooled—the bosses don't want them running wild in the streets; it is about service after all—and they get very disappointed. Most recognize what the real world of policing actually is and eventually adapt.

It's like throwing seeds; some land on soil, some on rocks. Cops by nature have a strong need to be accepted by their peers—they often cannot tolerate being a pariah—and the controlling station house voice is almost always cynical, and unfortunately it's the most vocal, and it carries. That cynicism too often frames the new cop's response to the realities of the street. As a result, only the most idealistic cop will buck the trend and speak up and say, "No, it doesn't have to be this way." If he's lucky, a recruit will land a mentor with a positive outlook, but all too many new cops are immediately thrown in with veterans who have a jaundiced view of the world. Former NYPD Commissioner Ben Ward said that when he first came on the job, he was amazed to find all the wisdom of the world in the back of the station house. Just talk to the cops, they knew everything about every issue. But as he grew, Ward learned that they knew very little. They didn't care about the facts, they just knew everything.

Many good people who enter policing become cynics in a very short time. There are two schools of thought on how to deal with this. In my circle, they were represented by John Timoney and Mike Julian.

Timoney felt that in some neighborhoods people will not work with the police because they're scared to death. Violence, drugs, lawlessness, and retribution have combined to create a void where a sense of community ought to be. That leaves control of the streets in the hands of either the criminals or the cops. "You've got to get in the face of these drug dealers," Timoney said, "and just bluffing isn't any good at all. They'll see right through you. So, to establish that 'this is my block,' it may come down to physical force."

A cop will try and stay within the bounds of acceptable behavior, but sometimes, when he gets immersed in the job, he begins to identify more with the people in the street than with his own family and friends. The bad guys become reality. In high-crime precincts, cops spend a lot of their time dealing with hard-core criminals, sociopaths, and psychopaths. Timoney himself, when he was younger and worked the Forty-fourth Precinct in the South Bronx, began to feel that anyone who wasn't facing violence and street morality all day long was, in the language of the street, a *maricón*. He recognized a metamorphosis occurring in himself. He was living the nitty-gritty, everybody else was in some ivory tower. Even off duty and among friends, he was acting more like *them*. Timoney describes it as "going native."

Some cops will adopt a street morality. They're in a war on crime and are not above meting out battlefield justice. This also extends to their behavior in the court system.

Some cops lie. We as a profession have finally matured to the point that we can admit that dirty little secret. Cops often lie for what they consider to be the greater good. They lie to get around the exclusionary rule. The Constitution as interpreted by the U.S. Supreme Court has very specific rules concerning how evidence is gathered. Evidence obtained outside legal boundaries is excluded. In an effort to put bad guys behind bars, throughout history cops have gone outside that boundary, and the exclusionary rule is a court-designed remedy for these police violations of the law. It has never caused cops to follow the law; it has caused cops to violate the law and then lie about the laws they violate.

There's a perverse morality to this. Most good cops won't fabricate evidence. They won't say a suspect confessed when he didn't. They won't get a gun and plant it in a car. But if they know they've got a bad guy and they search his car and find a weapon, they will justify the search by saying they saw the gun handle sticking out from under the seat.

It's called "testi-lying." Nobody wants to talk about it, but it happens all too frequently. Cops think, "The exclusionary rule says that evidence doesn't exist when it does. I know he had the murder weapon, but the courts are saying he didn't have it, at least not for the purposes of determining his legal guilt or innocence. So the courts are lying, so I'm lying, so we're all lying."

Many cops have contempt for the exclusionary rule and the entire system that, supposedly to correct a cop, could set a predator free. Let's say the suspect is a child molester, and every time he goes out he's a serious threat to rape a child at gunpoint. The cop sees him with a child in the front seat, turns on his red light and stops the guy's car. By turning his red light on and pulling him over, the cop has violated the law, which requires probable cause to stop a suspect. If the cop admits that he pulled him over without reasonable suspicion, the courts would probably suppress the gun and let this guy go free, and any confession would not be allowed in evidence. If the cop had pulled the man over for a minor violation like going through a stop sign, it would be a good bust. The cop thinks, "This is insane. I've got a rapist here. I am preventing another rape. I'm going to create a violation to justify the stop." As far as the cop's concerned, it's what he has to do to get the job done.

But it's a slippery slope when you start picking and choosing which lies you're going to tell under oath, and as the Mollen Commission had documented, NYPD cops were sliding down it in increasing numbers. The more contempt they showed, the more they began to lie outright. Then

they'd hang themselves. Cops lost sight of the fact that the end does not and cannot, under the law, justify the means. As I told them in videos and face to face at countless roll calls, you cannot break the law to enforce the law.

When I addressed the issue I told the cops, "People think you're all liars. The judges think so, the D.A.s think so, the public thinks so, the media thinks so. I'm going to try and change that image they all have of you, but to do that I need you to work with me. I can only tell the stories that you give me. If you give me stories of brutality, corruption, and dishonesty, those are the stories I'll have to tell. I'm not going to protect you. If you give me stories of courage, honesty, and hard work, I'll also tell those stories. It's up to you. And if you break the law, I'm going to fire you, I'm going to put you in jail. I've worked too long in this profession, and too many others have dedicated their lives, to have the profession dishonored by a few."

I would rather lose a hundred cases than have one cop arrested for perjury. If a cop tells the truth, that he made a mistake, and a criminal goes free, we still get that gun off the street, we still get those drugs off the street. We'll get another chance to catch the same bad guy next week. But if the cop lies, an absurd outcome is possible: We get the gun and the drugs off the street, the criminal walks, and the cop goes to jail.

Much has been made of the police profession's traditional "blue wall of silence." Judge Mollen was told by a cop at one of the commission hearings, "Judge, I don't think you should call it a code of silence, I think you should call it a code of reluctance." Most cops don't think informing on fellow officers is their job. "That's Internal Affairs' job," they'll tell you. "I didn't sign up to catch corrupt cops, I signed up to catch criminals." One cop may refuse to work with another he knows to be corrupt, and when he goes to his superior and says, "I don't want to work with Officer Spitz," everybody will know why without it being said out loud. And when the bosses do grab a bad cop, the others will silently applaud. But they will not usually turn him in themselves. Cops depend on fellow officers for their lives. They need to know when they go through a door that they will be backed up. Rather than inform and then worry that their back won't be covered, they leave the job for the bosses. That's unfortunate, but that's too often the reality. The ultimate irony is the singling out of cops for this problem. How many judges, lawyers, doctors, and teachers do you see turning in their colleagues?

Internal Affairs, the unit responsible for finding and disciplining corrupt

cops, has not historically been effective. The cops feel they are overly punished for minor violations and that the bosses are less concerned with their doing a good job than with keeping their noses clean. No cop will turn in another when slapping a drug dealer in the face gets treated almost as harshly as stealing and selling his drugs. "Mortal sins and venal sins," says Timoney, "we've never been able to make the distinction."

As the Mollen Commission's investigation had so vividly revealed, the NYPD was in danger of "going native" when I got there. I felt the crux of the problem in developing a new kind of policing and a new department culture was to prevent this negative transformation. We sent kids into environments where they were coming in contact with awful people, and we had to train and instruct and supervise them properly with these realities. We could not allow another generation of police to plunge into the *Apocalypse Now* jungle and go Marlon Brando on us.

This is the challenge and dilemma of modern policing. How do we control our environment and at the same time train our people to work in the community's best interests? With its emphasis on treating people respectfully and as partners, on interacting with responsible community and religious leaders, and on understanding that even in the toughest neighborhoods most citizens are good and law-abiding, community policing offered the best hope for the department and for the city. Unfortunately, some of my predecessors had unintentionally mitigated the effort by refusing to trust the officers they sent out to do the job. They were putting these kids into the neighborhoods to be problem solvers, but they didn't trust them to enforce the laws without getting corrupted or to carry weapons needed to do the job properly.

During his brief time as chief of personnel, Mike Julian was instrumental in beginning to change the way we recruited, hired, and trained new officers. Too many police officers view their relationship with the public as "us versus them." Community policing had encouraged them to go out into the neighborhoods and talk to people, to work as partners with them. Well, sometimes they would get cursed out and treated with contempt, and the unpleasant encounters stick in the mind. Often a cop will think, "It's easier for me to go dead. I'll look stoic and tough, and I'll walk the other way when I'm approached, because when I try to be nice to people, look what happens." Sometimes the media, for its own reasons, will run a negative, exaggerated story about one officer, and then they'll all feel hung out to dry. And, of course, the basic job of apprehending criminals puts them in contact with some rough individuals. It mounts up.

Linder's focus groups and officer surveys had shown that 90.8 percent of the cops felt the public has no understanding of police problems, and only 23 percent felt the community had a good relationship with the police. So we were dealing with cops who had troubling feelings about the public.

Julian believed that we could develop a more positive police culture. We would put recruits through the five months of academic work at the police academy and then put them on the streets for a month, where they would face the realities of patrol. We would then take them back in and allow them to describe their positive and negative experiences. We would explore their feelings and the reactions that were common among their peers in the station houses. We expected to hear complaints about how people treated them poorly, how the media maligned them, or how the criminal justice system dismissed good cases. These are some of the negative forces that cause cynicism and insularity among cops.

Despite these experiences, many cops maintain professional attitudes through their long careers. We showed new officers that there are cops who have not lost their ideals after ten or even twenty years on the force. We wanted the cops to listen and talk freely in an academy setting because they won't in the street. We had to expose them to the street professionals rather than leave it to chance whether they rode with a cynic or a believer.

The question we asked and answered was, "How can you follow the law and still get your job done?" How could we do what Timoney said was needed without kicking guys in the balls? How do we get our cops to understand that citizens are entitled to respect while cops need to earn it?

Julian felt that cops were historically taught what not to do in difficult situations—don't use force, don't take bribes, don't lie, don't do this, don't do that—but had never really been effectively taught how to do their jobs. The strongest example of this was the admonition, "Don't use choke holds to subdue suspects." But the training didn't provide effective alternatives to choke holds. The department covered itself with a blanket rule, and the cops were left to fend for themselves on how to stop a violently resisting suspect.

Early in my administration, we had a problem with a death in police custody that led us to examine the entire manner in which our cops were being trained. In this case, in an action in a housing project on Staten Island, the police encountered Ernest Sayon, a man who was on probation for a drug conviction and resisting arrest and who was free on bail after being charged with attempted murder for allegedly firing twenty shots

into a housing project. They arrested Sayon, he struggled, and during the course of the fight, he died. It was a DPC, death in police custody. The city's medical examiner decided Sayon's death was a homicide and that he died of suffocation caused by pressure on his neck and chest while his hands were cuffed behind him. The community took to the streets, it became a media cause célèbre, and we had a potential crisis on our hands.

I formed a task force led by Julian to come up with specific recommendations on how cops can restrain people without killing them or getting themselves hurt. The task force included among others, a civil rights attorney, the leading academic authority on police use of force, and the chief medical examiner. They asked the people in charge of training at the academy, "What restraint techniques do we teach cops?"

"Martial arts. We train them in arm and wrist holds."

Julian got agitated. "That's the problem! We put a cop in a situation where he has to make arrests and detain people, but we don't require a certain skill level before he leaves the academy, and we never retest the skills during his career. Anything he learned in the academy is gone a month later. Any martial-arts person will tell you, you've got to be constantly training to make this useful in an actual situation."

"Is that true?" I asked.

The academy personnel didn't know. I instructed Julian to find out, and he returned with records showing that six thousand cops and six thousand prisoners a year are injured in arrest situations. Cops die wrestling in arrest situations. Prisoners die under the same circumstances. The medical examiner reviewed the previous four years' files of DPCs and found that most died from cardiac arrhythmia—heart attacks. Others died from cocaine intoxication. There was no clubbing; police don't club people to death in this city. There was not one incident caused by a choke hold. Yet when we questioned cops on how they restrained people, each said, "I grab them around the neck and take them down."

We finally found out that people died from positional asphyxia. Cops, trying to handcuff violently resisting prisoners, got them on the ground and usually either stood or sat on their chest or back while struggling to get the cuffs on. The prisoner, often intoxicated or under the influence of drugs, continued to flail and the cop sat on him harder, trying to restrain him even more. The medical examiner said, "When the prisoner is fighting, sometimes it's because he has no air. He can't breathe, but you think he's fighting you more, so you put more pressure on him, and that causes him to fight even more. Sometimes the price of tranquility is death."

So we developed a video training tape that used attention-grabbing animation to demonstrate the deadly effect of sitting on prisoners when trying to restrain them. We advised cops to sit people up as soon as they were handcuffed.

Cops do not want to kill anyone. In the three years since the police were properly trained, no one has died in police custody from positional asphyxia.

We taught the cops what to do, and we saved lives.

The best cops are able to use communication skills to avoid the use of force. New York cops may not have the best equipment in the country or be the best trained, but New York's Finest are some of the best at talking to people, which is what a cop spends most of his time doing. No police officer in the world deals with as wide a variety of people as a New York cop, who encounters a diverse mix of ethnic groups at the highest and lowest economic levels in one of the most stressful environments. We wanted a program in place to increase communication between the cop and the public; an officer can defuse a situation by talking and by showing respect. We brought a man named George Thompson, a retired Albuquerque cop, to the academy to teach a course in "Verbal Judo," or how to use the confrontational behavior of people to the cop's advantage.

Thompson's approach used humor, which the best cops use to defuse the tension in a crisis. Mike Julian felt Thompson's humor was unfortunately sometimes directed at the public. Cops love to laugh at the public as a way of insulating themselves, but when the humor was directed at everyone in the situation, it worked better. Cops often don't like to laugh at themselves because they always want to be in a position of power, and they feel being the butt of a joke is the wrong end. But we had to make them understand that it's not about how you look; you have real power when the situation ends in your favor.

We also began to raise our standards. We raised the minimum age from twenty to twenty-two, which gave a prospective cop more life experience before he or she came on the job. Instead of a high-school diploma, we required two years of college. We also upgraded the physical standards. For ten years, no physical exam was required to enter the NYPD. According to Julian, the physical exam in place when I got there could be passed by a seven-year-old. We developed a finger-strength test that measured whether an applicant could repeatedly and successively pull the trigger of

a gun and found that thirty candidates, who would otherwise have been hired, couldn't pass. The department had, in fact, hired several people who could not be issued a firearm because they did not have the finger strength to pull the trigger. They could not be out in the street with a gun but were nevertheless being given full pay as New York City police officers.

The Academy was upgraded, but no one in professional policing has been able to change the police officer's developmental pattern from idealist to realist to cynic. It's an age-old problem that many people think may not be correctable. I don't believe that; they said the same thing about crime. Julian said to me, "You did the easy things, you let cops fight crime. That's what they want to do. What cops don't like to do is deal with the community. Now, get them to respect people. That would be an even greater challenge." I stepped up to that challenge. I went after the culture to make the NYPD a more proactive police force and a more respectful one.

The department has a long tradition of teaching professionalism, but a checkered history of corruption and brutality. One of the reasons is that many cops did not trust the department. The honest cops are born or raised honest; others appear honest out of fear of being caught. But fear is ephemeral. Only cops with internal constraints and respect for the community, the department, or themselves will make the right choice under pressure when no one is looking.

We had a great advantage when we spoke and when we taught. The cops were listening. We demonstrated early on that we would support them when they were right and that we would lead them toward unprecedented achievements. When we then warned them against brutality and corruption, they listened out of respect and trust, not just fear. They believed in us and, by extension, believed in the professional principles that were always the guiding force behind our crime-control strategies. We had the first departmentwide opportunity to change the culture, to develop in police officers the internal constraints that would have them make the right decisions not out of the fragile fear of being caught, but out of deep respect for themselves and the NYPD.

Two words every cop should learn are "explanation" and "apology." If an officer is not in an emergency situation, he or she should always explain an action before taking it. The public is infinitely more likely to go along with an officer if they understand what he or she is doing and why. And if he or she has done something wrong, an officer should apologize. "Why should I apologize? I'm a police officer, I acted legally and had the right to do what I did. The fact that I had the wrong guy is not my problem." I am a firm believer in putting myself in someone else's shoes. I asked the cops to think if they or a close family member had been the guy who had mistakenly been run in, how they would feel, and how they would react. It certainly would have been a problem then. If the cop showed the average citizen the human respect of acknowledging an error, that citizen and everyone he or she talked to about the incident would carry more respect for that officer. This is one way to build trust and communication between cops and the community they serve.

The police can't take back the streets that were effectively depoliced for twenty years without being assertive. However, if they are heavy-handed, if they don't get the consensus of the community, if they don't get the leadership and supervision of their own command staff that is so essential, then there is the potential for an explosion like that in Los Angeles. That black kid in District 3 in Mattapan would be a lot less likely to hate cops if a cop hadn't verbally abused and intimidated him for trying to walk down the sidewalk.

The 30 is a precinct that went native.

The 30 Precinct runs from 133rd to 155th streets, between Bradhurst Avenue and the Hudson River in Harlem. When crack hit New York in the eighties, it hit that neighborhood particularly hard. The homicide rate soared and the 30 became one of the city's most dangerous precincts. Over time, a number of the cops started busting drug dealers so they could steal their money and resell their drugs. As the investigations by the Mollen Commission, Manhattan district attorney, and the U.S. attorney had conclusively shown, from 1986 to 1994 officers there systematically robbed drug dealers of drugs and money, beat up suspects, engaged in drug trafficking, extortion, assault, evidence tampering, perjury, civil-rights violations, and income-tax evasion. They didn't just steal from routine busts, they actively searched out known drug spots to rob them. There were ninety officers assigned to patrol the precinct; thirty-three were believed to be involved, including two sergeants. After my appointment, I aggressively encouraged the three investigative groups to bring their work to closure. Finally, after two years, there were going to be widespread arrests.

Dean Esserman told me, "This is a battleship coming broadside on you, and it's about to ram you. New York expects corruption scandals, the press

gets involved in the bloodlust, they love it." He advised me to go to ground zero when the time came and be at the precinct when they made the arrests. Miller encouraged this line of thinking. It would be a way of ensuring that we were not seen as just being acted upon, but that Internal Affairs and the commissioner's office had been integral players in the investigation. It also allowed me to send some very strong symbolic messages, not only to the public and the media but, more important, to the cops. We ensured that members of the NYPD who were assigned to the arrest team—which was also made up of federal agents, Mollen Commission investigators, and personnel assigned to the U.S. attorney's office—were clearly identifiable, by either their New York City Police uniforms or windbreakers clearly marked "NYPD." All the media footage would show that we were locking up our own.

We were going to arrest what became known as the "Dirty Thirty" that night. Miller got calls from police reporters all day. "We hear it's going down tonight." It appeared that someone from within District Attorney Robert Morgenthau's office was calling newspaper editors and telling them, in essence, "A big case is going down in the NYPD, a product of our long and intensive work, so make room for it in your papers." The editors, in turn, were calling their police reporters, notifying them, "There's a big bust going to happen tonight." Because it had been known for some time that the 30 was the subject of investigation, it was not difficult for them to identify the likely precinct. Judge Mollen was also apparently getting calls from the editors indicating that the case was going down, and did he have any comment. Mollen was understandably perturbed to have media control of his long-term investigation slipping from his grasp.

My team and I discussed what my role should be. There were three significant heavyweights—Mollen, Morgenthau, and U.S. Attorney Mary Jo White—and we were newcomers. Even though the crimes predated my arrival, the headlines would read, "NYPD Corruption Scandal!" and in the public's mind it would appear that it was happening on my watch. Internal Affairs said they were going to arrest a dozen cops that night. Two of them were working, so those arrests were to happen in the station house at the eleven-thirty roll call.

Arresting a cop is a very unpredictable business. Miller had seen cops pull guns on investigators. He had seen cops pull guns on themselves and blow their brains out. He said, "I don't think we want the commissioner walking into the three-oh while some cop eats his gun for a late dinner and splatters his brains all over the desk sergeant's blotter with TV cameras outside." He asked Greg Longworth, head of my security detail, for his recommendations.

Longworth said, "We'll have the commissioner in the area. We'll effect the arrest, and when we know it's secure he'll come in, be briefed by the investigators, and he can take their badges right off their uniforms and put them in his pocket, if that's what he feels should be done."

Miller circled the precinct at around ten that night and the area was quiet. Ninety minutes later, there were TV satellite trucks and reporters and lights and the whole media circus except guys selling cotton candy.

I had the privilege of seeing the cops in handcuffs. I was disgusted. The idea of police officers selling drugs is repugnant to me, as it should be to any cop. The head of the arrest team handed the officers' shields to me.

I went back to the precinct and addressed the morning roll call. I said, "It is unfortunate that in this command for the last number of months many officers who wear that shield that you all so proudly pinned on your chests when you took the oath of office decided to use that shield for purposes other than those for which it was intended, specifically to protect and serve. Many chose to use it to rob, to steal, to beat, to violate the law. They have now been arrested, and many of them are going to go to jail for a long time.

"We are committed to ensuring that the New York City Police Department is one that can be trusted, is one that the public can feel comfortable will serve and protect. . . .

"We're going to have difficult weeks ahead, those of you who did not violate the trust, those of you who have been working under very difficult circumstances up here, knowing some of what was going on. I've been disappointed, being quite frank, that more did not come forward. There are any number of ways that you could have let us know of the frustrations and the problems. . . .

"This department will work very, very aggressively to seek those out from our ranks who should not be here. It is unfortunate that there are still people in this precinct who should not be here. We know who you are, you know who you are. We're probably not going to get all of you—that's unfortunate—but there are some of you that we can and will be able to get."

Prior to the press conference at the office of the U.S. attorney, there was heated debate between representatives of Judge Mollen and District Attorney Morgenthau as to the wording of the press release. The enmity between the judge and the district attorney had broken out into the open.

Mary Jo White attempted to do what she could to mollify both sides, and ultimately a press release was created that satisfied both men. However, at the press conference Mollen and Morgenthau both tried to put their own spin on their respective offices' roles in the investigation. It was pretty awkward. Timoney and Maple were beside themselves, like kids in the back of math class, trying not to laugh. Timoney, who was always candid about his frustration with prosecutors, said, "This is incredible. We have 'testi-lying' for cops? They're all lying to the press, this is 'press-ti-lying'!"

After the press conference at the U.S. attorney's office, I brought over four hundred police commanders, every NYPD captain and above, into the auditorium at headquarters. I walked in, opened my folder and tossed the shields of all twelve arrested officers on a table.

"These shields will never be worn by a New York cop again," I said. "They are tarnished. I am retiring these numbers so no cop will ever have to wear a disgraced number again."

I addressed the problem of rogue officers and rampant corruption through a policy of inclusion that brought my precinct commanders into the game. The precinct commander was the person I trusted not to go native. I needed him or her and their counterparts in the special units such as narcotics and detectives to work with the community and the criminal-justice system and to lead, control, supervise, and discipline the officers under them. They had not really been included by previous administrations in the fight against corruption. Their involvement would be essential in mine. To that end, early in my administration, I organized a two-day retreat at Wave Hill estate, a beautiful city-owned complex of buildings and gardens overlooking the Hudson River, fifteen minutes north of Manhattan in Riverdale. The function was funded by the Police Foundation, and I invited all borough commanders, super chiefs, deputy police commissioners, and unit heads—the top seventy-five people in the organization. I wanted everyone exposed to the basic theories by which I was planning to run the department. I suspected for some chiefs this would be the first time they'd heard them. I also brought a number of outsiders, including Frank Hartman from the John F. Kennedy School of Government, my close friend and confidant Bob Johnson, and members of the Police Foundation.

I began by stating my goals: a 10 percent reduction in crime in the first year. "These are the bars you have to clear," I told them. "These are my expectations." Eyes rolled. Jaws dropped. This was the end of March, I had been commissioner for less than three months and I was asking for the moon. To many in that room 10 percent did not seem obtainable. It had never been done. In fact, to my knowledge no commissioner had even set a number before. In policing, you don't set crime reduction goals. My strategic intent was to set a seemingly impossible goal and then achieve it. Bob Johnson referred to them as "stretch goals," a common practice in the private business sector.

I also made it clear that the NYPD now had a policy of inclusion. I was going to trust the precinct commanders, to empower them, while using Compstat to manage and monitor their progress. I mandated that they be briefed on all aspects of their command, including sensitive cases being run in their precincts by Internal Affairs. In some respects, it was as if the CIA had marched into the State Department and said, "You have to know what's going on in our confidential operations, and we are going to brief you."

Walter Mack bridled immediately. Internal Affairs had traditionally guarded its investigations and findings against the threat of exposure and shared its information only with the commissioner. If there was an Internal Affairs problem in a precinct, the precinct's commanding officer was usually not informed. The thinking was that few if any police personnel in a precinct could be trusted; if a cop found out, he would expose a corruption investigation to save his fellow cop. Timoney went right at him.

"You're wrong," he said heatedly. His brogue took on a life of its own. "You don't understand police work. If you think you can't trust a precinct captain and put him in the know about what's going on in his precinct, and you won't give him the authority or the information that you keep to yourself in the hallowed halls of One Police Plaza, then you're out of your mind."

"No, *you're* wrong," said Mack, a former U.S. attorney. "I've been in this business long enough to know the Michael Dowds of this world. [Michael Dowd was a corrupt cop who was the subject of some of the Mollen Commission investigations.] You don't understand how this works."

Timoney said, "We're eating our own. We spent the last twenty-five years doing nothing but worrying about corruption. We didn't do any police work for twenty-five years, that was left up to the individual cop. We knew there were cops out there taking opportunities, but you deal with them . . . the way the department's going, we're paralyzed. We're being driven by the political motives of the D.A.s without any concern for what's right and wrong, for the soul of the police department." I smiled at this comment, for I believed strongly that this was the crux of the problem at the NYPD, and one I intended to change.

Mack firmly believed that there was systemic corruption throughout

the NYPD. He felt that this was a real problem and that we couldn't include the precinct captains, because they were too close to their people.

"Somebody's got to speak up for these cops." Timoney was in his twenty-seventh year on the force. "I'm not going to protect corrupt cops, but I'm gonna protect the department, and I'm not going to let people run roughshod over it. I'm not going to tolerate that. You don't get it, you don't understand the NYPD, you don't bleed blue."

Several chiefs pulled Timoney aside afterward and said, "Jeez, John, you ought to be more careful with what you say." It had been their experience that the organization had not treated candor kindly in the past. I was perfectly happy to let them go at it, so long as the argument didn't get personal. As commissioner, my job was to say, "Okay, I've listened to all of you. This is how we're going to go. If you can't deal with it, you're going to have to get out. If you stay, and I find you are still not with the program, then I'm going to have to get rid of you." That's what happened eventually with Mack. He was smart, dedicated, and I respected him, but he couldn't adjust to the idea of inclusion and trust that was essential to the way I intended to reengineer the NYPD. For that reason, as well as other concerns relative to his management of IAB, by early 1995 he was gone, replaced by Pat Kelleher.

If the precinct commander was going to be the person I trusted to keep the cops from going native, he or she needed to be aware of the symptoms of that disease when they first appeared. Internal Affairs had that information. It was as if the precinct commander were a family physician trying to treat a patient who has a number of tests done, but the lab refuses to share the results. How could you hold someone accountable for corruption in his or her command if you didn't provide the resources to deal with it and didn't share information critical to success? In my opinion, and in that of most of my inner circle, this had been a fatal flaw in the department's anticorruption efforts going back to the major reforms of Pat Murphy in the early 1970s. As in the fight against crime, we needed to include as many players as possible, not exclude them by effectively saying, "We don't trust you." How do you expect people to deliver when you send that message?

While informing the commanders of the IAB presence, and getting them personally involved in the investigations, we also greatly expanded random integrity-testing cases—things like sting apartments and sting cars and cops posing as drug dealers—to monitor the cops. In 1995 we conducted over 700 stings involving close to 1,200 officers. Union officials

were advising their members to treat all calls as if they might be stings. Needless to say, we did not object to those instructions. I demanded increased cooperation between bureaus and units. Because the inclusion of precinct commanders could facilitate assigning suspect officers to designated locations, stings that had taken many weeks were being done in two. Corruption dropped. Normally, an organization dealing with corruption has a tendency to slow down, get its story straight, circle the wagons. We kept the line moving forward. We were aggressively going after the corruption while speeding up our crime- and disorder-reduction efforts. We also instituted Compstat-like briefings where Internal Affairs commanders were grilled with the same intensity as their precinct counterparts.

The rest of the command staff at Wave Hill responded exactly as I had hoped. I think many of the police bosses remembered their frustrations as precinct commanders. We were guided by the three Ps: partnership, problem solving, and prevention. We wanted community involvement, innovative tactics, and assertive policing, and a focus not simply on reducing crime but on not allowing it to occur. We outlined the strategies we had already announced and those we would continue to present to the public.

Within nine months, we replaced a significant number of the seventy-six precinct commanders, installing many new people who understood what we were asking of them and who had shown at Compstat that they were capable of doing the job. The reengineering of the NYPD was on its way. Risk taking was being encouraged and rewarded for the first time in the history of the department. I couldn't have been happier or more excited.

Chapter 18

As COMPSTAT BECAME MORE SOPHISTICATED AND COMPUTERIZED, WE PINpointed crime and attacked it immediately. In July 1995, Mayor Giuliani and I announced the semiannual crime figures:

- Murder down 31 percent over the same period in 1994
- Robberies down 21.9 percent
- Burglaries down 18.1 percent
- Motor-vehicle theft down 25.2 percent
- Felonious assault down 6 percent
- Overall crime down 18.4 percent

Criminologists apparently still had a hard time accepting the reality of our success. I made a conscious decision to take on the academics, to challenge conventional wisdom about crime in America and prove that effective policing can make a substantial impact on social change. They were delighted with our success, but many did not attribute it to the policy change at City Hall or the new direction, management, and operations techniques we instituted at the NYPD. "There's a miracle happening before our eyes," said Jeffrey Fagan, director of the Center for Violence Research and Prevention at Columbia University. "Cops deserve credit,

but it would be a first in the history of social science for there to be a single reason for such a dramatic change in social behavior."

We began to shape the message. We lined up their alternate reasons like ducks in a row and shot them all down.

The drop in New York's crime rate reflected a national trend. We *were* the national trend. According to FBI figures, in the first six months of 1995, serious crime throughout the country went down by 1 percent, or about 67,000 crimes. In New York in that same period, there were 41,000 fewer crimes, a 16 percent drop. We were two-thirds of the national decline in reported crime.

New York's teenage population, which was responsible for a significant portion of the city's violent crime, was on its way down, and many of them were dead or in jail. "Jail? Who put them there?" asked Maple. "Did all the sixteen-year-olds suddenly become fifty?" The number of sixteen-to-nineteen-year-olds in New York City was actually going up, not down.

Crime dropped simply because we had more cops. The NYPD reached its staffing height in September 1994 and lost about 1,400 each year thereafter through attrition until the next recruit class replenished the previous year's losses. Overtime was slashed. We were losing people and crime was still going down in double digits.

The crack epidemic that fueled the crime wave had ebbed. Heroin, a depressant, was now the drug of choice. This was the "all the criminals are nodding" defense. We spot-tested regularly in Central Booking and found that the percentage of people who had cocaine in their system when arrested remained the same or higher than it had been at crack's height. In Manhattan in February 1995, that number was 78 percent.

It was a particularly cold winter, which traditionally holds down crime. Come on. All the criminals stayed indoors? It was cold up and down the Eastern seaboard and those cities' crime figures didn't vary drastically. Were Boston's or Washington's criminal element more hardy than New York crooks?

Homicides were down because all the gangs had made peace with one another. The DEA had listened in on over 400,000 wiretap conversations, and we had never heard a word about this supposed treaty. And if the gangs made an agreement not to kill each other over drugs, did they also agree not to rob anybody, or steal cars, or commit burglaries or shoot people?

Maple said, "They're the ones who tried to convince Columbus that the world was flat. Remember in *The Wizard of Oz,* when Toto pulls back the curtain and the wizard says, 'Pay no attention to the man behind the curtain'? And Dorothy says, 'You're a terrible man.' And he says, 'No, Dorothy, I'm a good man. I'm just not a very good wizard.' I think all of these experts are good people; they're just not very good wizards."

But even though we had a real handle on crime and were seeing great success in many areas, we still had pockets of concern. One of the major criticisms we faced was that in our effort to provide more proactive policing, we had encouraged more aggressive police behavior, particularly in minority communities. I addressed this in my first roll-call speech at the 103, we addressed it in training at the academy, and we made it clear at all times that we would not be successful in policing New York if we were perceived by law-abiding New Yorkers as an occupying army. "Police brutality" is a phrase I do not use lightly, yet we were being accused of exactly that.

It is important to define "police brutality." We defined brutality as unnecessary behavior that caused broken bones, stitches, and internal injuries. But those were not the figures that had gone up significantly. What had risen were reports of police inappropriately pushing, shoving, sometimes only touching citizens. We were taking back the streets, and it wasn't easy work. In the course of enforcing laws that had not been enforced for twenty-five years, we were being more proactive, we were engaging more people, and often they didn't like it. We were dealing with murderers, rapists, muggers, and felons, the most violent people in society, as well as more than the usual number of thieves, drug addicts, and drunks. A lot of the "brutality" was reported by those people engaged in illegal behavior and looking for a bargaining chit. In three years there had been over 15,000 complaints of all types: brutality, disrespect, etc. During that same period the department had made almost a million arrests.

But we were also coming into contact with law-abiding citizens, and it was those people we were also concerned with. A cop gets called in, you think he wants to get in a fight in which someone gets hurt? He'd rather not; he has been taught how to restrain himself and his suspects so that doesn't happen. Where some cops didn't restrain themselves was their mouth. They tried to be too tough, they were impatient instead of courteous, they intimidated instead of simply carrying out their business. Sometimes the attitude led to more pushing and shoving than was necessary. Was there lack of respect by some police officers toward the public? Yes. Was there abuse? Yes. Was there more abuse than in previous years or administrations? I don't believe so. The rise in complaints was commensurate with the rise in contact. It's an issue I was dealing with but which was by no means resolved. As I repeatedly told cops at roll calls, "We're

going to get crime down in this city and be applauded for it, but if you don't win the respect of the people you're policing, you are going to lose."

In 1995 five thousand complaints were made against 38,000 New York City police officers in a city of 7.3 million people that expanded every day by 3.5 million additional people coming into the city. All five thousand complaints were investigated, and fewer than five hundred were actually substantiated. That's five hundred individual acts out of the literally millions of encounters each year between police officers and the public. There were also 389 fewer murders in the City of New York in 1995 than there were in 1994. Of course, no one knows who those murder non-victims are; they're still alive. I'm sure if you ask the people who lived, plus their families and friends, whether the style of policing that saved their lives was worthwhile, they would say yes.

There has been continuing discussion of residency rules requiring cops to live in the city they police. I don't think they are necessary. I've lived outside the communities I've policed and that didn't stop me from developing an understanding and affection for those neighborhoods and giving 150 percent in protecting and serving them. Most people like to get away from work once the day is over; why deny cops that opportunity? In New York, there are the issues of taxes and schools and environment to consider. Many people know and love and contribute to New York and still commute to work. Cops can, too.

I don't think residency should be a requirement so long as we hire the right cops. One of the concerns we often heard was that the police department didn't look like the community it was policing. It didn't. In a minority-majority city split about evenly between male and female, the NYPD was between 25 and 30 percent black and Hispanic and 15 percent female. We lose about 1,400 cops of all races to attrition each year, and we hire the same number of officers to replace them. With 38,000 cops on the force, even if we hired *only* minorities, we would not catch up any time soon. I, of course, wanted the best cops, no matter what color. We recruited inside and outside New York, and about 50 percent of our recruits came from the suburbs and outside the city.

We began discussions to develop a career ladder for inner-city schoolchildren, beginning in seventh and eighth grades. During the summers, these kids would spend time with the police. For twelve weeks, they would work with our youth officers and get exposed to the NYPD: go to the police station, go to the firing range, do a ride-along with officers on patrol, see what police do. We would then encourage those kids to join our

Scout Explorer programs, which are run by every precinct in the city. During high school, these same kids would be encouraged to stay involved with our mentoring environment, which many do not have at home. We could provide them with an experience different from the one they might be getting in the streets. Since approximately 85 percent of New York City public-school kids are minorities, it stands to reason that 85 percent of our group would be minorities as well. Acknowledging that the minority population often has a lot of negative interactions with the police, we would now be working with kids who, since they were twelve, had interacted more positively.

At the end of high school and the Explorer program, we would encourage these young adults to go to a city college, preferably John Jay College of Criminal Justice. We would offer them internships during which they would work ten to fifteen hours a week for the NYPD as cadets, and we would find them paying jobs in the private sector, particularly in the private-security field. Now the recruits would have a salary, working as security guards; they would be required to continue their college education. Then, at age twenty-two, they would take the civil-service exam. As much as I was given credit for my college degree on the Boston sergeant's exam, they would be given preference in hiring as police officers because of their extensive previous training and education.

This plan would over time significantly change the makeup of the NYPD. The people in our program would all be city residents, 90 percent would be minorities. Forty percent of our recruit class usually lived outside the city, but under my plan that figure would fall dramatically because the inner-city residents would be moved to the top of the list.

I also wanted to involve the much-maligned three-thousand-person school police by putting them under the control of the NYPD, as we had successfully done with transit and housing. While the people in our program were waiting to turn twenty-two and come on the job, at twenty they could join that force. What better security personnel to interact with high-school kids than young men and women who have recently come through that same environment and chosen our road? With young inner-city kids causing so much of our crime problem, such a police force could really make a difference. Some of our new officers would stay in the communities in which they were raised, which would bring the cops home.

I was very enthusiastic about this proposal and still am. Despite my and City University of New York head Ann Reynolds's strong support, the Hall never embraced it, maybe because it didn't originate there.

The NYPD was extremely productive in 1995. The Transit and Housing Police were merged into the department, creating a force of 38,310, more than three times as large as any other in the country. As I had done at transit, we upgraded to nine-millimeter weapons for the entire force and garnered the same benefits. We policed Pope John Paul II's visit to New York and the convening of the world's leaders at the United Nations. We continued to roll out our strategies. And crime kept going down.

One of the priority initiatives that we aggressively pursued was the placement of women in significant command positions. When we created the new Queens patrol borough I promoted Gertrude Laforge to the rank of two-star borough chief, the highest uniformed rank ever attained by a woman in the NYPD. We also placed women in some of the toughest precincts in the city, where they excelled, frequently outperforming their male counterparts. It took women a long time to get into the police profession, but I enjoyed providing them the opportunity to advance up the promotion ladder and letting their outstanding performance silence their critics. During my two years with the department, I took the opportunity to promote more women to command ranks than had served in them at any time in the department's history.

The end of 1995 was a time of great excitement. Because of the intimacy of the crime-tracking methods we had developed, we knew we were going to surpass our goals. I had asked the department to produce crime reduction of 15 percent in 1995, and we had reached 17 percent. It was the first time since World War II that the city had recorded consecutive-year double-digit drops. Every precinct had experienced declines in total felonies, and in two years every precinct had seen double-digit declines in the overall crime rate. During the first two years of my commissionership, total felonies were down 27 percent to levels not seen in the city since the early 1970s. Murder was down by 39 percent, auto theft 35 percent. Robberies were off by a third, burglaries by a quarter. The crime drop had been relatively balanced in rich and poor neighborhoods across the city, if measured by percentage. But while a 60 percent decline in the murder rate on the middle-class Upper West Side meant four fewer deaths in 1995, a 51 percent decrease in the poorer East New York section of Brooklyn meant forty-four fewer people killed. For many years, minorities had been suffering way out of proportion to their numbers. Those communities were benefiting greatly from the decline in homicides and shootings.

We were even starting to win over some of the academics and criminologists. Harvard's Mark Moore told *The New York Times*, "New York has enjoyed a significant drop in crime that can't be easily explained by sociological factors. Therefore, the claim this might be the result of police activity looks pretty good."

"This drop exceeds any of the expectations we had when we first started," said the mayor. We were going to have a great New Year's.

On New Year's Eve, Cheryl and I hosted Jack Maple and Bridget O'Connor, the transit sergeant he was dating, and John Miller and his date at our apartment for dinner and then took the subway down to Times Square to see the ball drop. The transit merger had been completed a few months earlier, and I had several nice conversations with the cops patrolling the platforms and the trains. Miller eavesdropped on a pair of elderly women talking about how safe they felt on the train at eleven-thirty on New Year's Eve and how good they felt about the city.

In Times Square, the confetti was blowing, the horns were blaring, there were hundreds of thousands of people celebrating in the streets, none feeling better than I did. The ball had been refurbished and for the first time would be activated by computer. The mayor was preparing to do the honors, and my gang and I stopped (minus, understandably, Miller) to say hello. As we walked through the crowd, I received many friendly salutes from the cops on the scene and heard a lot of "Attaboy, Commissioner!" and "Great job!" from the crowd. After the ball dropped, we all headed for, you guessed it, Elaine's.

Time magazine was going to do a major feature piece on crime in America. *Newsweek* had spoken to Peter LaPorte earlier but had not put anything in motion. Our end-of-the-year crime figures came out and were impressive, there was some nationwide decline in criminal activity, and *Time* decided that community policing was the reason. They assigned Eric Pooley to report on the New York angle. Pooley had been a writer for *New York* magazine, and in his last piece before moving to *Time* had savaged Giuliani. He had quoted former Mayor Ed Koch comparing Giuliani to "Frankenstein's monster . . . you run at the sight of him." Pooley had written, "What *is* it about this mayor that he can wholly dominate the political landscape and at the same time repel most everyone who inhabits it? . . . Greatness from a public servant demands heart and soul as well as brains and brass. Those close to the mayor swear he's got the first two."

I understand *Time* or Pooley sent a researcher to interview the mayor, and I was not surprised to hear that she wasn't given much time by the

Hall. *Time* might not have been their favorite magazine; that summer, when our semiannual figures had come out, they had published a full-page article about New York's crime turnaround, centered mostly around Giuliani, but had run a picture of me, not him, standing with two cops in Times Square. Word got back to us that he had taken Lategano's head off over that gaffe.

When Pooley arrived we let him sit in on a Compstat meeting. Compstat is great theater; the interplay between the bosses and commanders is not unlike the tense parts of a cop movie. We also sat Pooley down with Jack Maple, an interviewer's dream who can fill a reporter's notebook with off-the-cuff remarks that are highly quotable, highly accurate, and highly perceptive. Within a week, *Time* called Tom Kelly asking for crime numbers and saying they wanted to take a photograph of me.

We shot it under the Brooklyn Bridge, at night, on the Brooklyn side, with the lights of Manhattan and the Twin Towers in the background. There was an icy wind whipping off the East River, and I had my trench-coat collar up. Ten days later I was on the cover of *Time*. The cover line read, "Finally, We're WINNING the War Against CRIME. Here's Why."

Time hits the newsstands on Mondays. That Sunday, a blizzard hit New York and shut down the city. Roads were impassable, we were in a state of emergency. The mayor held his first press conference of the day in our Command Control Center with the NYPD logo behind him. Larry Celona of the *New York Post* showed him an advance copy of the cover. The mayor said it was great for the City of New York.

Time ships out of Connecticut, and because of the heavy snow its trucks couldn't get into New York City. The magazine didn't get any substantial distribution in our area until Thursday, the day Mayor Giuliani and I held our weekly meetings.

I hadn't heard anything from him all week, but that was understandable; he had an emergency to preside over. I was curious how he would handle the situation. An appearance on the cover of *Time* is mother's milk for American politicians, and I was sure he and his staff felt I had stolen it from him. Although I didn't read it this way, to some the cover line intimated that *I* was the reason we were winning the war on crime. That must have caused Giuliani some consternation; they had threatened to fire me for showing up on the front page of the *Daily News*.

The mayor never mentioned any of it. We discussed police matters regarding the storm and whatever else was timely. To the best of my recollection, Giuliani's only public comment on the matter was, "Nice trench coat."