



CITI BIKES CHANGED MY LIFE

...AND OTHER MOSTLY TRUE
REVELATIONS FROM
ONE MONTH OF USING
NEW YORK CITY'S BIKE SHARE
PROGRAM TO GET
EVERYWHERE.

BY STEVE FRIEDMAN

PHOTOGRAPHY BY SHANE McCAULEY



My shiny blue experiment in civic-mindedness and I are nobly pedaling onto a major thoroughfare in midtown Manhattan when a taxi driver in front of us slams on his brakes.

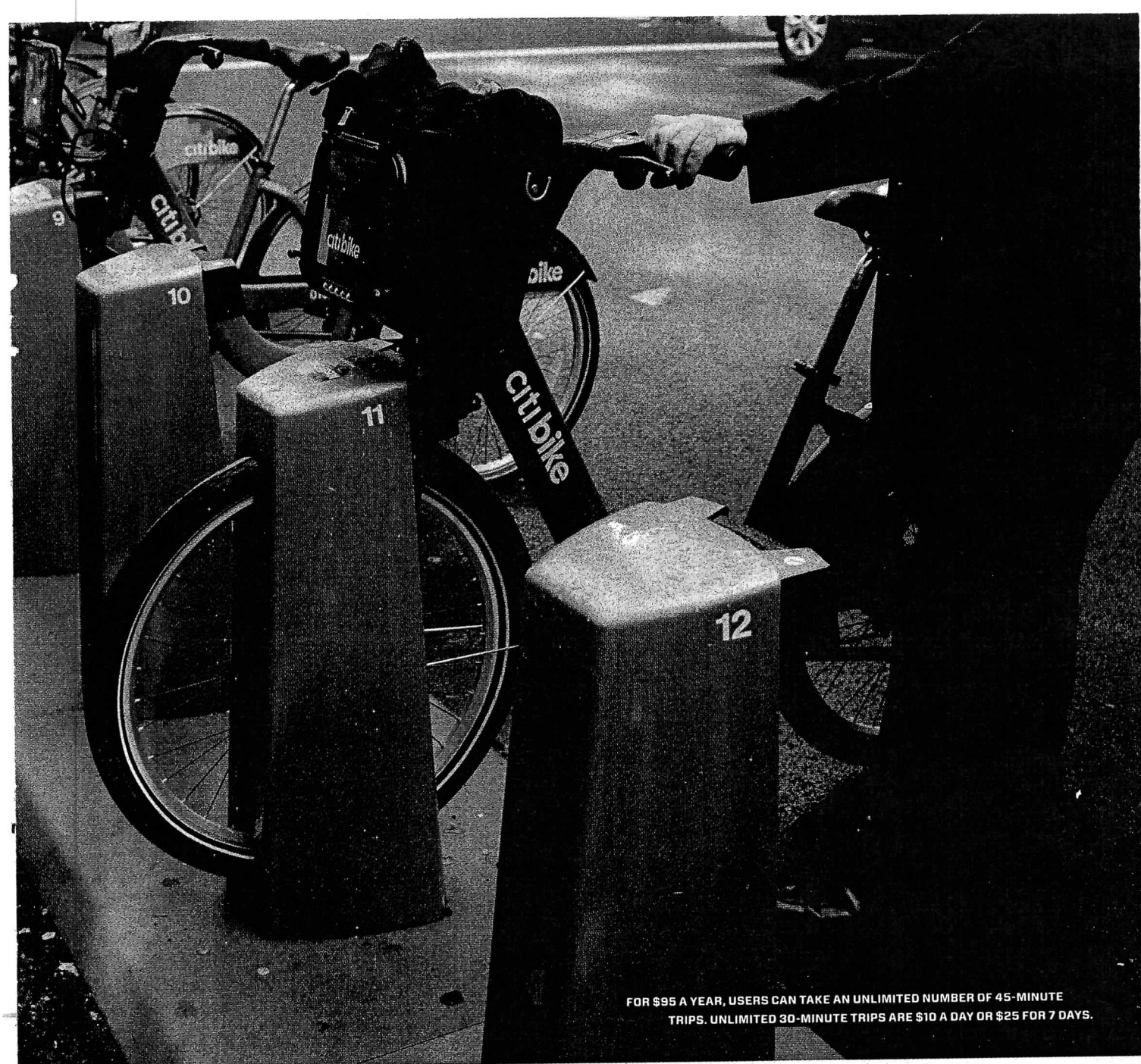
A few years earlier I might have yelled, gestured, maybe even smacked the taxi. But that was Old Me. That guy has over the past decade or so owned and rode various bicycles, and has spoken semi-regularly with a mental health professional, discussing concepts such as setting appropriate boundaries and “speaking my truth” and self-soothing, and has logged thousands of internal miles trudging to “the happy place inside” that she suggests I visit in times of stress. So I have made my peace with the city’s taxi drivers. The shiny blue experiment’s squishy brakes don’t unduly alarm me, either. Old Me or New Me. We have both grown accustomed to the flaccid cables and limited maneuverability and Sherman Tankish-weight of New York’s Citi Bikes during the two weeks I have been benignly rolling toward coffee shops, doughnut stands, ice cream emporiums, my shrink’s office, and a better,



more-affordable-transportation-brighter-urban-infrastructure tomorrow.

I stop a few inches from the poor fellow’s back fender and delight in the toasty, late summer sun, the reassuring hum of chattering tourists, the self-righteous satisfaction that comes with a quality-of-life-improving existence atop a piece of metal dedicated to peace and social justice. I whistle a lilting melody I composed during my last visit to the happy place inside. That’s when a car rear-ends me.

I know that placing blame does not serve me well, and that screaming at strangers makes every journey to the happy place more potholed and nausea-inducing than is really necessary. I know my Citi Bike is a decent and



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dignified thing, and I should try to emulate it.

I turn and see that the offending vehicle is a Smart car. The driver is a middle-aged woman with short blonde hair. Is it churlish of me to note that she is beady-eyed? She is scowling. Shouldn't I be the one scowling?

I raise my arms to my sides, palms up, and I hunch my shoulders, in what I believe to be the universally understood gesture for, *Shouldn't I be the one scowling?* The woman in the Smart car does not seem to understand my very understandable gesture. She yells at me. I can read her lips. What she yells is "Just move!"

I speak my truth to the lady in the Smart car. She speaks what I presume she believes to

be her truth to me. I speak some more truth to her, and then she makes a very truthful gesture to me and squeals away.

Half a block away, she catches a red light.

I ride up and pound on the rear of her car. Then, after she shouts something at me that seems egregiously unfair and beside the point, and that I can't imagine can really be anyone's truth, as the light is about to change, I swing my Citi Bike in front of her car and pound on her hood and pretend to write down her license plate number.

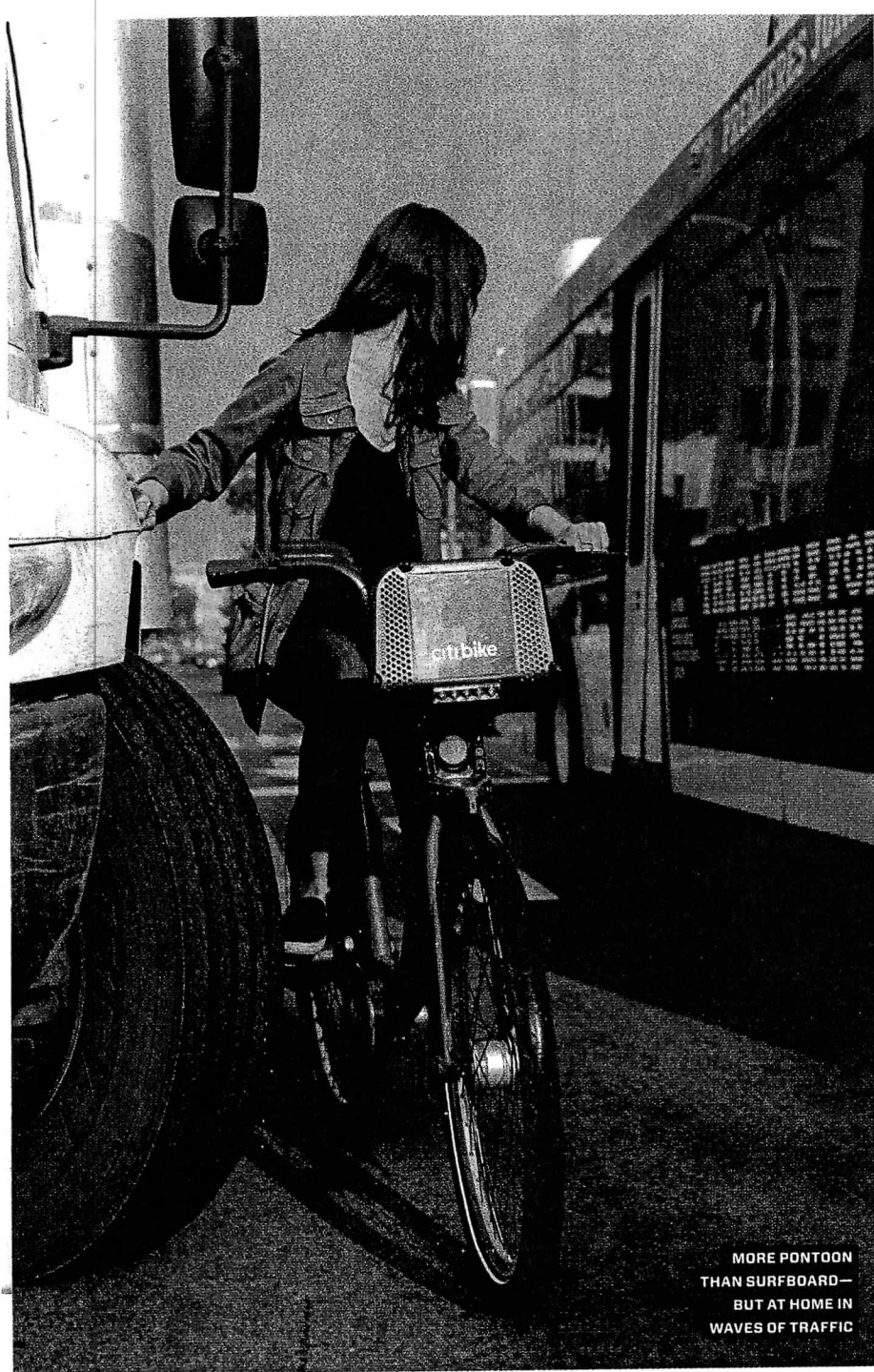
I pound some more. She screams. She screams, "Help, help!"

And there I am, on my Citi Bike, blocking a Smart car, terrorizing a stranger, when it

occurs to me that what is happening is not all that different from what happened a few months earlier, just a few blocks from where I now sit, pounding and screaming, when a bicycle cut off a taxi, or a taxi cut off a bicycle (still in dispute) and people spoke their truths, and that resulted in the taxi driver speeding away—whether in fear, or anger, or confusion, it's still not clear—and hitting a British tourist, severing her foot.

I move my Citi Bike. My beady-eyed nemesis squeals away. A pedi-cab driver with a thick Irish brogue smiles at me. He looks at my Citi Bike, then back at me.

"Eh, what just happened there?" he asks. Good question.



MORE PONTOON
THAN SURFBOARD—
BUT AT HOME IN
WAVES OF TRAFFIC

**EXERCISE, CONNECTION
WITH MY COMMUNITY,
GETTING OUTSIDE—
ALL MINE FOR SIMPLY
SWIPING A MEMBERSHIP
CARD IN A KIOSK.**

INDIGNANT RODENT

LIKE MANY NEW YORKERS, I like to think of myself as worldly, sophisticated, ambitious, ravenous for artistic nourishment, and thirsty for adventure. Also like many New Yorkers, I more closely resemble, in what an ex used to call, with a deep, sad, sigh, “the real world,” a particularly indolent, gluttonous and chronically indignant guinea pig balancing a large, gruesome chip on his furry hump. I spend much of my idle time screening calls from creditors, watching television, plotting revenge against all those who have wronged me (they are legion) and Googling myself.

The past few years, the happy place notwithstanding, have not been without difficulties, for either of my Mes. There have been fluctuations in weight (always up). There has been online dating, which involved many expressions of surprise and dismay from women, many of whom mentioned at some point during our first (and only) date—when I wanted to discuss the historical roots of World War II and explore the notion of collective guilt or to address the woeful treatment of artists, particularly writers, in this country—that I really didn’t seem all that “optimistic, accomplished, vital, *or* driven,” which is how I described myself in the online profile. There have been episodes of uncontrollable hiccupping, which is either a sign of acid reflux or a reaction to one of the shots I got for a particularly nasty episode of gout. There had been a brief, initially optimistic yet doomed grab for peace via ownership of a folding bike, which was ruined by children laughing as I rode by and a couple of people pointing and making cruel comparisons to a circus bear.

Medication had been suggested. A move had been considered. Volunteer work, meditation, and prayer had all been considered.

A stint on Citi Bikes seemed a good solution—say, 30 days straight, no matter what. Exercise, connection with my community, getting outside, all mine simply for swiping a membership card in a kiosk and selecting a bicycle to ride. And, indeed, for 14 days I pedaled slowly and peacefully among the honking cars and double-parked trucks and jaywalking pedestrians who surge through Manhattan, away from toxic Old Me, moving steadily toward a newer, more capacious happy place, much as a well-meaning and cheerful little dust particle might float slowly and peacefully atop the river of filth that churns through the pitiless, grinding, soul-sucking urban cesspool choked with people out to hurt him, moving

steadily toward a new, roomy dust-particle happy place.

And then, the Smart car. What had gone wrong? Had the Citi Bikes failed me?

Maybe I need to retrace my route.

STORMY WEATHER

ON THE FIRST MORNING of Operation Rolling Salvation (ORS), I check my laptop computer to locate the nearest Citi Bike station, and discover that not only is it six blocks south from my studio apartment, but that the rack there, on West 60th and Broadway, is one of the northernmost bicycle pods in the entire city. Why is that? Why are the residents of Midtown and Downtown, not to mention Brooklyn and Queens, more deserving of shared bicycles than those of us who live Uptown? Why didn't I move downtown when I had the chance 15 years ago, when rents were still semireasonable, back when I had hair? Why don't any of the women online find me vital? I find myself vital. Why can't I find love?

At the rack, I try three bicycles before finding one that I manage to release from the locked corral. In my first block of riding, I realize the brakes are squishy, the middle gear doesn't work, and that the two working gears slip when I ride over potholes. Also that my noble experiment, while possessing a comfortable seat, feels twice as wide and one-fifth as manageable as any bicycle I have ever ridden.

I make a mental note to document the lack of bicycles uptown and the mechanical issues in a reasoned letter to the Citi Bike masterminds. (Billionaire mayor Michael Bloomberg got the program started, class-warrior mayor Bill de Blasio has continued it, a Canadian company supplies the bikes and technology, an operation out of Oregon runs it, and Citi-group sponsors it, so I'm still not sure where to address my suggestions.) Speaking my truth on this matter, I believe, might help many others.

My first trip aboard the Citi Bike takes me downtown, to a doughnut store whose fortunes I have been tracking for a few months. The product is dry and tiny. Emotionally drained, I pedal uptown, where I treat myself to a slab of coconut cake and a nap.

On the second day of ORS, I bicycle to West 34th and 8th Avenue to meet a woman I connected with on an online dating site, and who believes I am 12 years younger than I actually am. When I arrive, I find plenty of Citi Bike parking. But I also notice that there are trucks and cars blocking some of the empty spots, and there are traffic cops nearby not doing a thing

about the illegal parkers. I pull out my notebook and jot down some license-plate numbers. The Citi Bike people will be hearing about this.

After a brief meeting ("What is age but a number?" I inquire at the appropriate moment, to which she asks in turn, "What the hell is wrong with you?"), we part ways.

Heavy, sullen black clouds rumble in the Midtown sky. Even though I have made a promise to myself that I would ride Citi Bikes rain or shine, light or dark—and even though my shrink has encouraged me to be true to the promises I make to myself, because that will help me be *truly* vital, I have also neglected to pack rain gear. Besides, isn't one of the great things about the Citi Bike program that it allows one to ride and park at will? True, that approach seems to be philosophically close to the awful culture of convenience and disposability that

I routinely rage against in the section of my online dating profile where I try to share some of my life's guiding credo. I reflect on my life's guiding credo and why it has lately been paying such meager romantic dividends as I ride the subway downtown, toward a writers' collective where I occasionally eat pretzels, tweak my dating profile, and check e-mail.

Seconds after I exit the subway, about half a mile from the writers' collective, chubby raindrops begin to spatter about me. I look for a coffee shop where I can wait out the downpour while using my laptop computer to locate a Citi Bike station map for when the rainstorm passes.

The wind howls. The hoggish raindrops continue to fall. At the coffee shop, there is no wireless service. Feeling very un-vital, I sip my coffee and admit to myself that if I owned a so-called "smart phone," I could currently

CITI BIKE BY THE NUMBERS

CITI BIKE TRIPS

9,000,000+

MILES TRAVELED

16,000,000+

ER TRIPS

25

NO. OF ANNUAL MEMBERS

10,700

CRASH
REPORTS

100

NO. OF CASUAL
PASSES USED

400,000

POUNDS OF CARBON OFFSET

5,832,377

NO. OF BIKES IN FLEET

6,200

AMOUNT
SAVED MONTHLY
BY REPLACING
ALL BUT 10
ROUND-TRIP
FULL-FARE
SUBWAY TRIPS

\$649

MAXIMUM
AMOUNT
SAVED BY
REPLACING
YEARLY
SUBWAY
PASS WITH
CITI BIKE

\$1,249

AVERAGE TIME
SOMEONE USES
A CITI BIKE

14 MIN.,
16 SEC.

NO. OF FLATS
PER MONTH

511

SAYS ONE CITI BIKE RIDER: "IT HAS CHANGED HOW THE WHOLE CITY WORKS."

be scanning Citi Bike locations, as well as the local weather forecast, and how the St. Louis Cardinals performed last night. But I don't own a smart phone. I think smart phones are stupid. I hate smart phones. That is my truth. Another truth is that the most efficient way to use the Citi Bike is in conjunction with a smart phone, or iPad, or Kindle, or other device that I view the same way as I do smart phones—as lucre-gobbling obscenities worshipped by troops of memo-typing morons who talk about social utility and apps and Twitter as if such words actually meant anything.

Nursing my coffee, polishing a paragraph to

the Citi Bike people about how tragic it is that they have linked overpriced and civilization-weakening technology to that noblest and timeless tool—the bicycle—I look up and notice that, as my shrink often reminds me they do, the storm has passed.

I stare into space, wondering if this place offers free refills, and thinking they should, with the money they're saving on not having any wireless service, and it's at that point that I notice across the street a flash of blue. On Washington Place and Sixth Avenue, a Citi Bike pod. I approach the pod, realize that with their solid construction and covered chains and fenders,

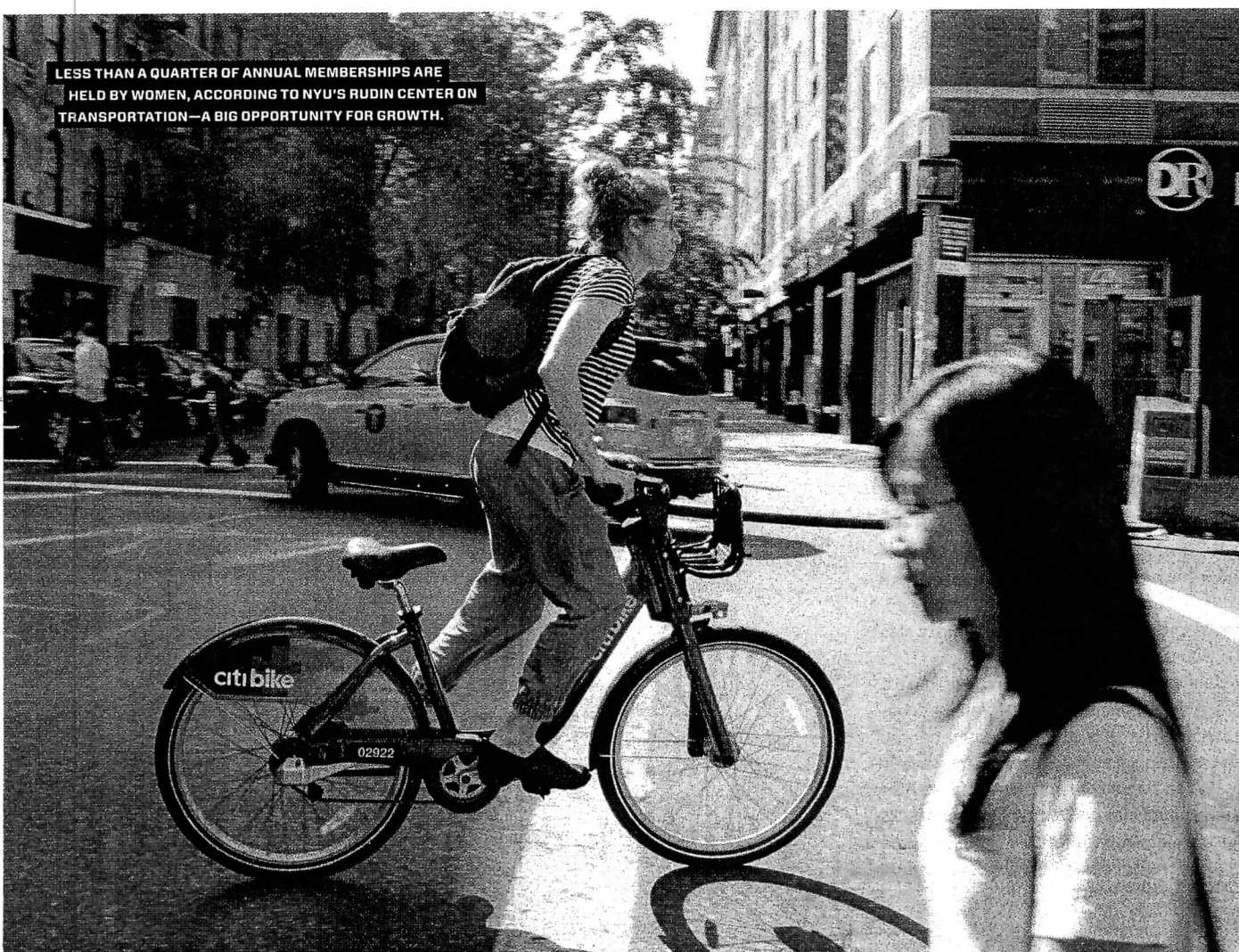
Citi Bikes are well suited to wet days. (Though I wonder how the Citi Bike masterminds handle maintenance.) The seat, though, is soaked.

Problem-solving on the fly has never been my strength. Decisiveness and immediate action, in my experience, often lead to grave mistakes and lasting regrets. Better to ponder. Safer to reflect. More common, when faced with challenges in my past, to reach for a frosted Pop-Tart and a pillow. But how has that worked for me? That's what my shrink sometimes asks, before I tell her that such questions make me feel unsafe and that I wish she could be more supportive. She sighs at that, which stirs up some trust issues and makes it really difficult to get to the happy place inside.

I alternate breathing through the left and right nostrils, as a yoga-practicing ex once ordered me to do "instead of whining." It's trickier than it sounds. But I need to be strong. No sweets and nap for me today! I may actually voice this declaration. A grandmother pushing a stroller swerves away from me.

I decide I'll go into the / CONTINUED ON P.72

LESS THAN A QUARTER OF ANNUAL MEMBERSHIPS ARE HELD BY WOMEN, ACCORDING TO NYU'S RUDIN CENTER ON TRANSPORTATION—A BIG OPPORTUNITY FOR GROWTH.



CITI BIKES ARE STURDY AND COME WITH A CHAINGUARD, BELL, FENDERS, AND WATERPROOF SEAT—IF ANYTHING BREAKS DOWN, YOU HIT AN ALERT WHEN YOU DOCK THE BIKE.

CVS next door, buy a box of garbage bags, fasten one over the seat, and take the rest of them to my apartment. I am struck by my ingenuity. Maybe I don't need a therapist. Maybe I am my best therapist. On my way in, I see an overflowing trash receptacle. Poking out is just the kind of garbage bag I need. True, it holds a pair of damp, mildly disgusting woolen leggings, but once I get rid of those, it is solution-oriented and affordable.

Dry, I whistle on the way across town, and when a pedestrian darts in front of me, I try to ring the Citi Bike bell, the location of which is indicated by a sign and arrow on the left handlebar, which says "Bell here." But there is no bell! I'm forced to swerve, and almost crash into the curb. I stop at a corner, pull out my notebook and add a note about faulty bell design to my letter. I pedal home for some banana pudding and a nap.

GOD IN MIDTOWN

Someone is shouting at me.

"You're not supposed to be in the crosswalk! You're not supposed to be in the crosswalk!"

The forward tire of my shiny, noble experiment is 3 inches into the crosswalk at Sixth Avenue and West 28th street, northbound. I'm in a bicycle lane. The shouting man is on a bicycle, too, on my left and exactly three and a half inches south of me. A rearview mirror is attached to his bicycle helmet. He also has rearview mirrors attached to both ends of his handlebar. He is wearing combat fatigues and missing an upper front tooth.

"Not supposed to be in the crosswalk!"

I back up. I do so because the three rearview mirrors and the fatigues make me fairly certain he's crazy and possibly dangerous.

I ask if he's been riding long. I read somewhere that it's best to engage angry and crazy people in nonthreatening exchanges. He says he used to ride motorcycles. "But this—he gestures at his bicycle, "is far more dangerous. Want to know why?"

Sure, I say.

"First, and you can write this down in black and white, it's because 85 percent of cyclists in this city don't follow the laws."

"Maybe they don't know some of the laws?"

"They know the laws! They just don't give a fuck! And the second reason, and I don't want you to take this wrong, is Muslim cab drivers."

"Of course not," I say. "Why would anyone take that wrong?" I try / CONTINUED ON P.120

**A MAN TELLS ME HE HAS
THREE OR FOUR MEETINGS
A DAY IN MANHATTAN, AND
THE CITI BIKES ARE FASTER
THAN WALKING, FASTER
AND CHEAPER THAN TAXIS.**

Citi Bikes Changed My Life

CONTINUED FROM P. 72

not to meet his eyes, which are glittering and darting in unsettling ways. "But, um, what does being Muslim have to do with anything?"

"Because they're all about 'Allah's will, Allah's will.' If they run over a cyclist, it's Allah's will!"

I thank him, tell him I'd better be going, but before I can pull away, he leans toward me.

"Can I tell you something?" he says.

"Um," I say. "Um."

"A lot of people don't know this but..." he says, leaning closer toward me. He reaches underneath my left handlebar, and says, "Here's where they put the bell."

PANCAKES AND PITY

Many mornings, after checking the weather and the Citi Bike map and packing my garbage bag and some hand sanitizer, I arrive at the West 60th Street pod and, finding it empty, I shuffle a few grumpy blocks south or east until I find a Citi Bike, then I pedal downtown, enjoying the air, chatting with fellow Citi Bikers.

A German man says he has three or four meetings a day in Manhattan, and the Citi Bikes are faster than walking, faster and cheaper than taxis.

A Spanish man tells me he likes them, but the system in Paris is better. A graphic designer from India tells me there's nothing not to like about the program, but that, of course, the problem is cars. Worst are the Escalades.

"Worse than taxis?" I ask.

"Yes, worse than taxis. Worse than all the other limos."

"Investment bankers?" I ask, because even though my SEP IRA has been doing quite nicely and I have enough disposable income to spend the odd day gobbling doughnuts and daydreaming of fame, I still consider myself a champion of the little people.

Yes, he says, investment bankers. He tells me one of his friends is a banker and that he makes a point of hiring drivers with Escalades, because the banker wants to be with a driver who won't hesitate to cut off or run down people who get in his way. Escalade drivers, according to this guy's friend, are exactly those drivers.

Hearing about the Escalades and the investment bankers stirs up my never-too-difficult-to-stir-up sense of rage at all those who make more money than me, which reminds me that I've been so cheerful cruising the filth-choked

streets of this great city on my polite socialist tool that I haven't worked on my letter to the Citi Bike people in awhile.

"Dear Citi Bike people," I write, resting on a bench after pedaling around the lower loop of Central Park one early afternoon, just for fun and because I don't really have anywhere else to be, "I love New York City, except for the lack of affordable housing and the politicians' love affair with the plutocrats who are keeping freelance writers marginalized, struggling to be vital, hunkered down in squalid studio apartments. As far as my concerns about the Citi Bike program, you should know that I am coming from a place of love. That said, it should alarm you that I am pissed off that there are no Citi Bikes available north of West 60th street, and that it took a possibly dangerous crazy man to tell me the location of the bell, and that the brakes are squishy and I have yet to find a bike with a working middle gear."

I don't mention the biggest problem, that many of the docking stations are often empty of bicycles, and others—often right where I want to park—are filled up. I keep this to myself because I have decided that as much as I resent greedy plutocrats and as proud as I am of my class warrior

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Citi Bikes Changed My Life

cred—my taste for organic almond butter and peppermint-scented shaving cream notwithstanding—this experiment in socialized bicycling has presented me with an excellent opportunity to get rich. I will jot down places where Citi Bikes are plentiful, and places where they are scarce, and I will create a website that imparts that information. I will procure advertising partners, and venture capital, and I will become known as The Man Who Saved The Citi Bike Program.

Citi Bike riders of the future, and all right-thinking New Yorkers, will say to themselves as they arrive at always-populated bike pods, “That genius might have been troubled and grouchy and lazy and a hog and vaguely hostile and borderline agoraphobic, but he helped improve this great metropolis in ways that mayors can only dream of!” This vision cheers me immensely. I decide to name it The Friedman Paradigm.

I am learning so much on Citi Bikes. I learn, for example, that Citi Bike riders as a group tend to be more polite, foreign-born, cheerful, and law-abiding than other cyclists. The vast majority of those other cyclists, and it pains me to say this, range from scofflaws to public menaces. They ignore red lights. They speed through crosswalks.

They scowl a lot. Still, they don’t seem to be as dangerous as cars, particularly Smart cars and the downright murderous Escalades of Manhattan. (I detect no difference in the recklessness or regard for human life among the different ethnicities or religions of taxi drivers. Neither Allah nor Jesus nor the Lord of my people seems to be any better or worse when it comes to inspiring driving skill and good manners.)

I learn that West 54th, which has a dedicated bicycle lane, also seems to have dozens of cars double-parked, effectively making the bicycle lane a cruel, tasteless joke (that observation goes in my letter to the Citi Bike people). I discover a diner on the corner of East 56th and Third Avenue that serves excellent and reasonably priced pancakes, but that doesn’t offer real maple syrup even for extra money. That disappoints me. I share my truth with the manager, who asks me to leave.

On Citi Bikes, I find a sort of peace. A peace more still and profound than even the peace I used to find in my inner happy place. When I look upon the sweaty, speeding cyclists of Manhattan leaned over their handlebars, Kryptonite locks hanging from their weary, sullen frames,

I am filled with a bittersweet, cleansing pity. I remember when I was one of them.

Welling from deep within me is a great sorrow and a rinsing compassion for cyclists who leave in sunshine and return in rain, and for apartment dwellers who stumble over bicycles during their ill-fated and terrible late-night odysseys to the doughnuts on the kitchen counter, then I realize I pity anyone who depends on anything, because I as a Citi Bike annual member with plastic bag and hand sanitizer and working knowledge of the hidden bells who has his doughnut habit sort of under control, I depend on nothing.

Yet, even with all my insights and Citi Bike riding, and the optimism that has expanded my heart and will soon fatten my bank account because of The Friedman Paradigm, issues arise. One arises on a Tuesday afternoon when I’m pedaling along West 11th Street, about to cross Sixth Avenue. I have a green light, but pedestrians are crossing in front of me. I lightly ding my Citi Bike bell and I offer silent thanks to the crazy Muslim-phobe for pointing out its location. Most of the pedestrians stop. But one, a young woman, does not. She peers at her smart phone. I ring again. I shout, “Hey!” She looks up from her smart phone, stares at me, keeps walking.

I speed up, cut in front of her, make her scream. Do I take this action to educate her about the penalties that accrue to those who don’t respect the legal rights of others, so I can strengthen the fabric of our city, and civilization? Do I swerve and make her scream because I am speaking—in a metaphorical fashion—truth about boundaries? Or is it because something in me has snapped and I have completed my transformation from lard-loving, nap-addled, truth-challenged bachelor into impotent, snarling, filthy plastic bag-toting, 200-pound guinea pig? I wish I knew the answer. I really do.

I try to focus on the joy welling within. I tell fellow Citi Bikers about the bells and suggest traveling with garbage bags. Mid-afternoon on a Thursday, to a man in a suit, scowling at his watch, then at the three nonworking bicycles at the West 60th Street pod (some afternoons I like hanging out there, chatting up fellow Citi Bikers), I share my vision for the day when no human need suffer as he is suffering, how I’m going to revolutionize the way Citi Bikes are used. I let him in on The Friedman Paradigm. Maybe he wants to invest, get in on the ground floor?

“Dude,” he says, looking at me with what seems like admiration, but turns out to be something else. He pulls out his smart phone.

“No,” I say, turning from the device, as the immortal and misunderstood count turned from the cross. “I don’t really like those.” “Dude, look!”

DREAM BIG

“I never knew what was going to come out of Phil’s mouth, but I always knew he would race himself into the ground to try and win.”

— FRANKIE ANDREU, TEAM DIRECTOR AND 2-TIME OLYMPIC CYCLIST



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he commands, so I do. He shows me that by clicking on any of the Citi Bike icons, at any station, I can learn how many bicycles are available, and how many spaces are available.

That is the moment The Friedman Paradigm is scrapped, the moment the dream dies. And later that same day, the lady in the Smart car hits me.

HEAVENS ABOVE

My shrink had told me once to write down the phrase, "New does *not* equal scary," and to carry it with me and to repeat the phrase to myself during what she called "times of opportunity," which I think of as "problems." So at 11 a.m. on the day after the Smart car collision (upset, I had gnawed on some midnight apple fritters, then slept in), when I arrive at the West 60th Street Citi Bike pod and find no working bikes, rather than jump into a subway, or walk south or east to one of the nearest Citi Bike pods, as I usually do, I head west.

"New does *not* equal scary," I mutter, as I stroll west to Amsterdam, then south, and notice—for the first time—a high-rise going up on Amsterdam and 62nd, and on 10th Avenue, a branch of the public library I never knew existed, and a deli that might satisfy the late-night ice cream yearnings I vow to resist. There are plenty of bikes at 59th and 10th. I treat myself to a vanilla milk shake at a nearby diner to celebrate. And I ride.

And I ride.

I notice coffee shops I had never noticed (where I make nonthreatening inquiries about maple syrup), and scout out trash receptacles that seem to always have plastic bags. I am learning so much. I learn that the Citi Bikes have kickstands, which I had not realized, and that each bicycle has its own number, stenciled in neat white lettering just above the ingenious kickstand holder.

I discover that, early mornings on West 56th Street, between Sixth and Seventh Avenue, traffic vanishes and an eerie quiet descends on the idling delivery trucks, on the crisply pressed hotel doormen in three-piece, pearl-gray suits gazing into the middle distance, and on women in black suits sucking on cigarettes and grinding them out with lethal-looking heels. I discover that even on a Citi Bike that emits weird and unsettling clicking noises (I'm looking at you, number 03783), a ride from the East Village to the Upper West Side through a cool late-summer night in Manhattan can make even a fussy guinea pig forget his problems.

There is the rhythmic blinking of the built-in Citi Bike flashers along dark downtown side streets. There are pockets of pleasantly red-light-abiding pedestrians around Union Square and

along the surprisingly capacious, riverine stretches of lower Sixth Avenue. There are the intersections of Times Square at 10 p.m. on a weeknight, where even a man with food and attachment issues can bond with foreign-born fellow Citi Cyclists and horseback-riding cops and clots of tourists spilling out of intersections, men and women from distant lands peering upward with absurd but touching optimism into the quiet and forgiving neon metropolitan heavens.

After that late night ride, I dock at West 60th Street and, following a pleasant stroll home, I check out the weather forecast. Tomorrow, in a dark hotel lobby bar downtown, I will meet an aspiring vocalist who might believe I work in international finance. I cross-reference the address with the Citi Bike map. I brush my teeth, lay out my plastic bag and hand sanitizer for the following morning, then crawl into bed.

Tonight, there will be no doughnuts. **B**

SPORTRx.

PRESCRIPTION CYCLING GLASSES

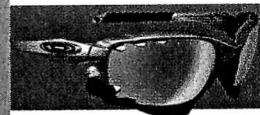
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