

# Block Becomes a Fortress Where Pope Comes to Rest

By CAREY GOLDBERG

A Francophone tyke in a blue blazer was pelting down Fifth Avenue toward the police barricades, puffing her way toward the Lycée Français on East 72d Street yesterday as a teacher urged: "Dépêche-toi, Zoe! They're about to close the perimeter!"

Down the street at John D'Orazio's celebrity salon, even the most V.I.P. of the V.I.P. clients submitted to purse searches by police officers before their hair appointments. Crystal, the snow-white Borzoi usually ensconced on her pink cushion in the salon's corner, had to trek a block away from all the security officers to have some dignity in her most private moments.

And other residents of 72d Street between Madison and Fifth Avenue, their block suddenly transformed into a fortress nearly as heavily guarded as the White House, submitted stoically to Who's-On-First dialogues with officers bearing clipboards each time they wanted to come home. The questions ran something like this: "What's your name? What's your address? Who's your super? What's your name again? And your address? What's your first name? Are you on the list?"

In big ways and small, the Pope's visit has made itself felt throughout the New York area. But nowhere has life changed more than on the normally staid block of the Upper East Side where the Pope retires each night at the Holy See's residence for its United Nations ambassador. Every inch of that block is now under the tight control of security officers — Secret Service agents and New York City police officers — who have been unfailingly polite and equally unyielding about the measures they impose.

For the four nights the Pope is in residence, the block is run by lists: lists of the residents, whose faces are already known to officers who have been canvassing the block for weeks; lists of guests and clients visiting the block; lists of school and doctors' office employees. It is as if a public street in the bustling heart of Manhattan had been turned into an exclusive condominium complex.

The street, home to consuls, well-heeled apartment owners, art dealers and a discreet scatter of doctors' offices, is bracketed by roadside barricades; the entrance to the Holy See's five-story town house is obscured by a tent that would serve for a summer wedding and makes it impossible to see when the Pontiff is passing through the ornate doors.

The main bother comes every time the Pope arrives or departs: for at least a block in every direction, cars and pedestrians are frozen for several minutes by legions of police officers, and no one is allowed onto or off the street.

Yesterday morning, the freeze did not exactly thrill the men and women in suits who were halted on their way to Madison Avenue offices in the insistent rain.

"This is the most ridiculous thing I've ever seen," said a financial executive late for an appointment after officers kept him from crossing a street on his way. "It's very nice he's here, but perhaps he could have picked a place to inconvenience fewer people. It's going to be a crazy day."

Students at the Lycée Français rushed to get to school before the block closed down just after 9 A.M.,

their miniature blue blazers flapping behind them. When some of the youngest arrived at the white barricades manned by big men in dark uniforms, their eyes grew saucerlike despite efforts by Ray Mendez of Manhattan North's Community Relations to be welcoming.

"Bonjour!" he said as he waved children through. "Come on."

One child who looked to be about 5 got the helpful idea of opening his blazer to show he carried no concealed weapons.

Despite the elaborate fuss of the security precautions, however, most residents had nothing but praise for the droves of officers they have encountered over the weeks of preparation.

"They've been very special, very very special," Mr. D'Orazio said. "Between the Secret Service and the N.Y.P.D. and the F.B.I., everyone has been so accommodating and caring."

Even toward Crystal, the Borzoi, he said. When the German Shepherds had to come through the salon

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***Tight security can  
make it hard to walk  
the dog or get to  
school on time.***

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sniffing for security risks, the officers gave him warning so he could take her home to avoid upsetting her.

Upstairs, Donald Tagliatella of Avanti Galleries described the novel experience of eating a pizza nosed over by security dogs, which had apparently suspected the mozzarella of hiding contraband.

"The delivery guy walked in and started laughing," Mr. Tagliatella, director of the contemporary art gallery, said. "And he said, 'You know the dogs? Well, they had them sniff the pizza box, and they kind of barked over it.'"

But all this minor inconvenience, Mr. Tagliatella and others said, is small price to pay for the excitement of glimpsing the Pontiff as he comes and goes, a flash of white robe, a neighborly wave of the hand.

"The Pope is next door and I don't think one can be closer to God than the Pope," Mr. D'Orazio said with a shiver of delight.

The salon's manager, Jack Caputo, put the papal visit on a par with the thrill of being host to Jacqueline Kennedy Onassis, who had her hair done by Mr. D'Orazio and, before that, by Kenneth, their former boss.

"The Pope is wonderful and Jackie O, she was the greatest," he said. "Don't believe everything you read."

Michele Jawin, a client of Mr. D'Orazio's who comes in for her Thursday manicure rain, shine or Pope, said that she found herself wildly excited by glimpsing his passage even though she is Unitarian.

"After O. J., there was all this goodness in front of me," she said. "I think that's what made me so elated. After all this rage around us and all this anger, here's this person who symbolizes coming together."