

Pope bestows his blessing on Upper East Side baubles

WITH all these foreign beauties in town and security so heavy you can't get into Woolworth's without being frisked, here's a tale of the Pope's recent visit.

He was bunking next door to John D'Orazio's 22 E. 72nd beauty salon. Every time His Holiness went in or out, ladies in pantyhose and smocks, clay packs on their faces, hairs in silver papers, ran to the door. The Holy Father became used to this odd sight he rarely sees running up and down the corridors of the Vatican. And he would smile.

As he was departing, a Secret Service man came in the salon and said the Pope knew everyone had endured a lot for his protection — guards had to escort clients from the street's frozen zone into the door and back when they left. To show his appreciation, the Pope sent word that he'd bless anything anyone there wished him to bless.

Within seconds, as the Secret Service guy waited, women pulled off Rolex watches, Tiffany jewelry, diamond solitaires, hairstylist John Kelly began cursing because he couldn't find a screwdriver to undo his Cartier love bracelet. Jeff, who runs the salon and is Jewish, threw in his emerald ring. Bess Myerson added her "chai" (the Hebrew symbol for life) necklace.

The loot got dumped in a manila envelope and shoved at this strange guy with a gun in his pocket faster than if it were a holdup. Minutes later this agent with the button on his lapel, thing in his ear and gun in his pocket came back with the manila envelope full to the brim with jewels. He was beaming. "The Pope blessed it all for you," he said.

And John and Jeff told me: "The whole salon has been blessed. People we haven't seen in years suddenly called for appointments. We can't believe it."

WHOOP! Goldberg, who knows good things, shop-

Cindy Adams



ped in Mad Ave's A-No. 1, most-special, one-of-a-kind jewelry store, Demner's. Bought a string of baroque pearls... Photog Joan Jedell, whose column runs in "Dan's Papers" in the Hamptons and knows everyone and everything, has her Hotshots '95 Exhibition in East Hampton's Vered Gallery. Shots of Alec Baldwin, Michael Douglas, Teri Garr, even me... Stallone's ex-gal Angie Everhart to do swimsuit shots for Sports Illustrated.

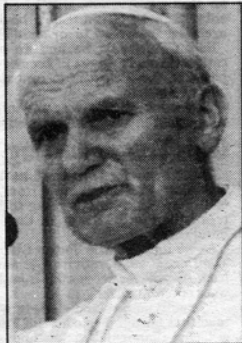
JOAN Peysor, author of the Gershwin and Leonard Bernstein bios, is out with "The Music of My Time." About Arnold Schoenberg, a composer she writes was "grandiose, paranoid, obsessive and unrelentingly cruel."

He reminds one of O.J. And guess what? His son, the Honorable Ronald Schoenberg, who lives in daddy's Brentwood house and is O.J.'s neighbor, is the judge who let Simpson off New Year's 1989. The judge who gave Simpson a slap on the wrist after O.J. pleaded "no contest" to the beating that led to that famous 911 call.

"Twisted" Papa Schoenberg insured his success with his kids' names. Ronald is an anagram of Arnold. The judge continued this bizarre tradition by naming his own son Randol, another scramble of Arnold. By the way, Randol works for Robert Shapiro.

Peysor's Arnold Schoenberg bio is published by Pro-Am Music Resources.

PETER Brant. Polo-playing art connoisseur who owns Warhols, owned a downtown magazine, is the landlord of the downtown Guggenheim, is mar-



POPE JOHN PAUL II
Favorite with the ladies.

ried to top model Stephanie Seymour. He's been mentioned as forcing out his basement tea-room tenant, which has a 25-year lease, because of noxious fumes.

Fact is, Brant lives over his office. His office is being bothered by his wife's exercising. He doesn't want the bumps and thumps. And his gorgeous wife wants a gym where the tea room is.

OK?

FROM Marshall Anker: "I was an hour late for the 2:15 screening of 'Showgirls.' They wouldn't sell me a ticket. I was told to come back. The box-office person said: 'You have to see this from the beginning in order to follow the subtle, complex and sophisticated plot.'"

Only in New York, kids, only in New York.