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The City Returns to Work, but Not to Normalcy

'Cloud Is Hanging Over Everybody' As the Week After Gets Underway

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NEW YORK, Sept. 17—On the seventh day, they did not rest.

The rescuers kept digging. The mourners kept praying. Displaced businesses found new homes in midtown Manhattan, and federal officials offered help in as many forms as there are federal agencies. And after two minutes of solemn silence, traders began trading again on Wall Street.

But normalcy seemed a long way off.

The toll of the missing and dead in the rubble that once was the World Trade Center's twin towers keeps rising. Officials have confirmed 201 dead and placed the number of missing at 5,422.

More than 8,000 New Yorkers remained without power, and telephone service was patchy across the city. Police shuttered the Holland Tunnel and conducted random truck checks at the Lincoln Tunnel. The traffic jams along the West Side Highway were remarkable even by New York standards.

The United Nations postponed the opening of its General Assembly next week. State lawmakers passed legislation giving prosecutors expanded wiretap powers and making terrorist murder an act punishable by death.

And for the second day in a row, St. Patrick's Cathedral was jammed for a memorial Mass, this one for the firefighters, police officers and other uniformed city employees who disappeared in the inferno.

Mayor Rudolph W. Giuliani, who has labored ceaselessly to rally his city since the attack, insisted that this was a new day for New York. He estimated that 75 to 80 percent of the city had gone back to work.

"We are dealing with the horrible, awful, terrible aftermath," he said. "But at the same time a lot of our city went back to normal life, as it should."

But shops, department stores, hot dog vendors and the Central Park carousel reported sharp drops in sales.

"People are still in shock, and they have a right to be," said Danielle Brouck, who owns a high-end jewelry store on West 57th Street. "If anyone thought that we'd just recover, then they are very naive."

Sal Napolitano sat in his booth at the Central Park carousel and watched riderless horses go round. "A cloud is hanging over everybody," he said. "People are very polite, but all they talk about is the disaster. And now we're worried about an approaching war."

Still, signs of rebirth could be seen, and heard. Crews have removed 39,416 tons of rubble from the Trade Center site. Thacher Proffitt & Wood, the venerable and now homeless law firm—it had been based on the 38th, 39th and 40th floors in 2 World Trade Center—announced that it had found a new home at 11 West 42nd St. Even better, its managing partner announced that every member of his firm was now accounted for, and alive.

"I almost broke down when the last person who was unaccounted for called in," said Managing Partner Omar Jack Williams. "We wanted to remain a New York firm and we felt an urgency to get moving."

Mail, too, was delivered for the first time to some businesses and buildings south of Canal Street, the barricaded dividing line between shattered and quasi-normal New York.

The sights along mail carrier Tyrone Pittman's route—the workers in gas masks, the cookies and candies covered in gray dust in the Godiva store—were a bit unsettling.

"It's not normal," Pittman said, standing in front of an empty pharmacy on Broadway. "People's faces are out of whack. People are just testing the streets."

At Qader Id's Canal Street pastry cart, danishes that usually vanish with the early-morning commute remained on display long after breakfast. For all the comforting cacophony of honking and cursing and the aromatic street blend of bus exhaust and hot pretzels, this was no ordinary Monday morning.

"Where is everyone?" asked Id, who has worked at the location for 12 years. "I'd say half of my regular customers aren't around today. If they were around, they'd be getting coffee."

There was a dichotomy writ large across the city. The woman practicing her French horn in Central Park and the boys tumbling through a game of tag offered the familiar.

A Giorgio Armani shop devoid of a single shopper at 3 p.m. and the line waiting to talk to grief counselors at downtown firms spoke to the shared dislocation.

Day Wardlaw paused on Madison Avenue. She works for a downtown firm and had spent the

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