



The *New York Times* today treats us to tales of debauchery from four star restaurants, including this doozie from **Daniel**, in which a woman rose “making like a dancer at a pole at Scores”:

She stood facing the rest of the dining room. First she took off a vest or a jacket, as best Mr. Le D  remembers. Then she went to work on her blouse.

Just as she was getting to her bra, the maître d’ got to her. Thus her drunken, wobbly stint as a stripper ended, and so did her dinner. She and her date, a smiling, sloshed man who had seemingly egged her on, were escorted to the door.

“She was not necessarily attractive or young, so it was disruptive,” complained Mr. Le D , who left Daniel several years ago and now owns a wine shop in Greenwich Village.

“If she were beautiful, it might have been different. People might have been cheering her on.”

[Fine Diner to Riffraff: Topsy Tales of 4-Star Benders - New York Times](#)

But of course, had she been attractive it would have been different...