



METROPOLITAN DIARY

Four Seasons Dessert With Barry Diller

By David Fowler

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Dear Diary:

In 1990, as a young advertising copywriter, I was summoned to the Four Seasons restaurant for a job interview with Barry Diller.

I dusted off my only suit and was ushered past the potted ferns to his table in the Grill Room. I ordered chicken paillard because it seemed simple and not messy (as I learned, that's exactly why it was on the menu; lunch wasn't really about eating).

His eyes roved the room like radar as we dined. "My dear!" he cried, rising as Diane von Furstenberg approached (this was long before they were a thing). The moguls kept coming, kissing the ring. When we finished, Mr. Diller just stood up, and we walked out. Did he realize we'd walked out on the check? Should I mention it?

Blessedly, I said nothing. Only later did I realize I'd witnessed dessert at a Four Seasons power lunch. You didn't wait for the check. A bill got sent to somebody, somewhere. You simply walked out like you owned the place. Which, pretty much, the moguls who dined there did.

I took the job.