

DAILY CANDY



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Fish Tales

Marea Restaurant Opens



Fellow fish of the seven seas, thank you for attending this emergency meeting.

Our people are in crisis.

Our enemy: the pig.

Oh, how diners worship him, that high priest of the sacred farm, that chef darling. Where's our sardine-of-the-month club? Where's our boutique pasture? We have to share our waters with stinky, leaky tankers, and we

haven't had a proper spokesperson since that Nemo twit.

But, friends, good news on the horizon. A stunning new temple, a shrine to our fishy wonderfulness.

Marea opens this weekend in New York City. Start swimming.

Chef Michael White (Convivio, Alto) knows a good thing when he sees it. He'll worship us in the Italian way — at a rosewood crudo bar; in conjugal bliss with hand-made fusilli, gnocchi, cavatelli; or one-upping lardo on sea urchin crostini.

Send word to the swine: He can swim with the ... you know.

Marea, 240 Central Park South, between Seventh Avenue and Broadway (212-582-5100).  MAP IT