

PinsaPizza: Authentic Italian pizza with a twist in barrio Salamanca

Madrid is known for many things. **Pizza is not one of them.**

While Rome, Chicago, or New York have their signature styles of homemade 'za, the Spanish capital hasn't carved out a legacy in this realm. In fact, you'd be hard pressed to find a pie with much flavor at all, with late-night, budget chains such as Papizza and Telepizza reigning supreme over its sad, sad kingdoms.

But in recent years, things have been changing in Madrid. With globalization has come picky eaters with refined palates demanding all the hipster delicacies: [specialty coffee](#), [craft beer](#), [artisan gelato](#), and now, pizza that makes your eyes triple in size.

This small "movement" has gained traction in the past year or so with players like [Picsa](#) (Argentine-style pies) and [Massa](#) (doughy, personal pan pizzas). But I'm tempted to give the top vote to [PinsaPizza](#), an authentic Italian pizzeria with some very surprising twists.

We went on a freezing November evening to their Salamanca location near Gregorio Marañón (they have another shop up north in La Paz). We were immediately warmed up by the cozy dim lights and the smell of cheese being baked...

We started off with the burrata pesto salad, which, if you aren't very hungry, is a meal in itself.



For the main course, my date went for the **mushroom truffle pizza**. Note: even the personal pan pizzas are enough to fill you up if you've had a starter, so be prepared to ask for a to-go box.



I went for the weirdest thing on the menu (*¿qué quieres?* I'm an Aquarius): the **chicken masala pizza**, hold the chicken. The sauce was very flavorful and the cheese fresh, but I recommend adding some veggies to it, as it was pretty basic without.



And saving the best for last, as always: dessert. I ordered one of my favorite foods in the whole universe (and I would never exaggerate in a million years [yes, that's 110% a dad joke]): *tiramisu*. And they don't skimp here. The photo does it no justice—creamy, flavorful, and a portion big enough for two. **Bliss.**



All in all, the experience was fantastic, and the menu definitely had some options to come back for: diavola, tartufo di parma, flor de quesos, a veggie number with grilled asparagus on top, even a Nutella dessert pizza...

And if you're a serial killer and don't like pizza, there are also **calzones** and **enormous Italian-style salads**.



Next time I'm craving real, authentic Italian pizza, I'll be back...

PinsaPizza

- [Website](#) & IG: [@pinsapizzaes](#)
 - Address: C/ María de Molina, 10
 - Metro: Gregorio Marañón or Rubén Darío
 - Phone: [915946723](#)
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Massa Pizza, perfect pizza made with pride in Chueca

The barrio of Chueca is known for many things, perhaps most famously though as the epicenter for the world-renowned Madrid gay pride festival – which is ultimately when the barrio becomes a riot of all things rainbow coloured and the always lively neighborhood really ramps things up a notch.

But over recent years I've noticed a shift from Chueca being all about bars. More foodie spots have sprung up encouraging you to part with your hard-earned cash. Just last week I accidentally sampled yet another insta-worthy poke bowl place which continues to be all the rage across the city. But what I'm getting to with this review (and I will get there eventually) was **the most perfect pizza place that I stumbled across a few weeks back.**



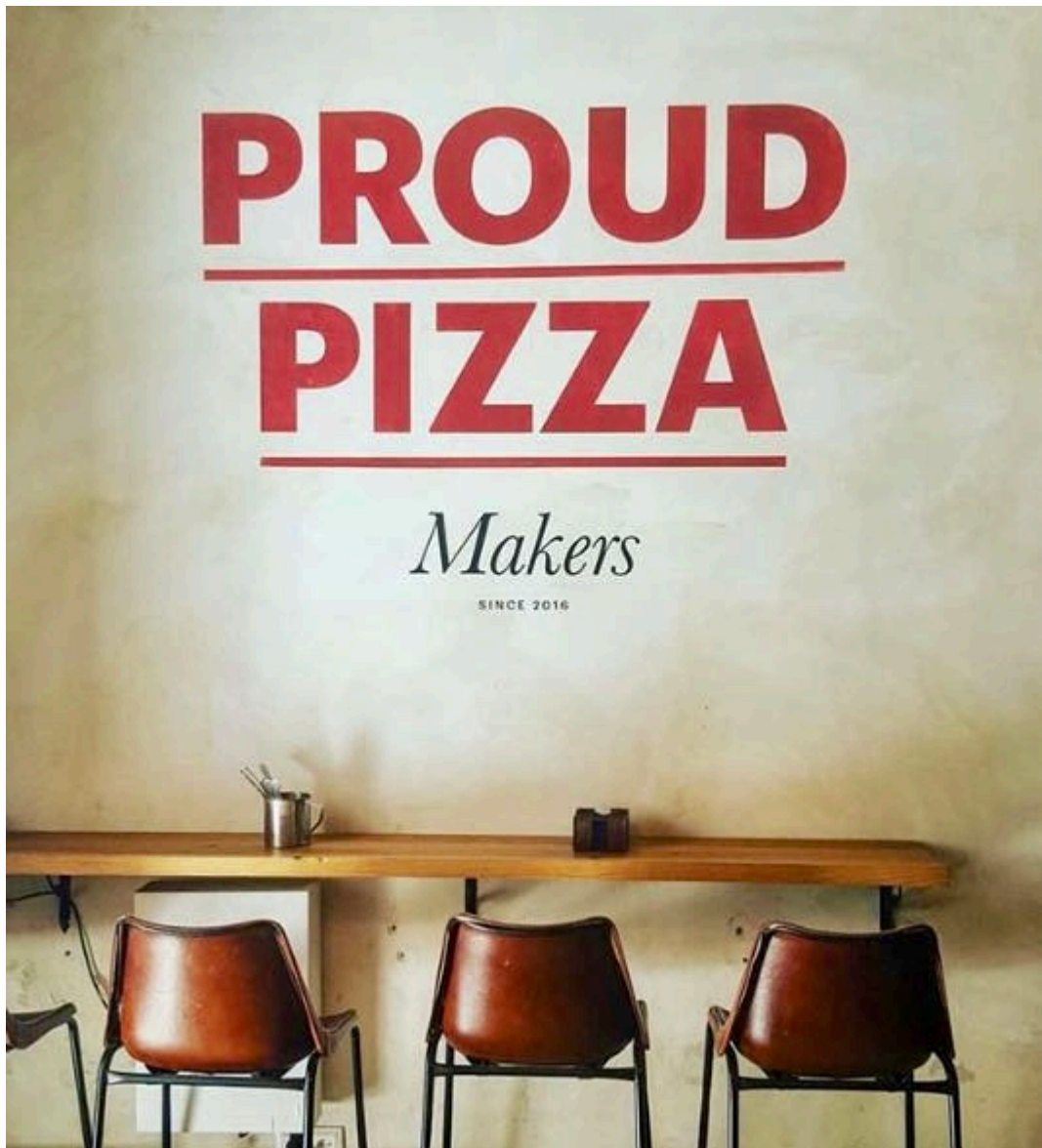
[Massa Pizza](#) is a stone's throw from the perennially popular [Mercado de San Anton](#) and could certainly be described as warm and inviting upon entering. A couple of gin fizzes in, myself and my dinner date selected some starters and neither one disappointed. Beef carpaccio (which is always up there as one of my death row dinners) and roast chicken croquetas which were bites of utter joy – now I realize it might sound strange for croquetas to have made their way into an Italian menu but I'm all for fusion food that's filling and fun.



We both then opted for individual pizzas (I'm grateful that the concept of a doggy bag is becoming increasingly popular in Madrid) – eyes bigger than Nelly much? Both pizzas were lush, doughy but not soggy, crisp on the edges but not burnt and the perfect cheese/tomato ratio in my humble opinion.



Now some people at this point might have needed to be rolled home. Not us. We saved space for the extremely cute (and Instagram worthy) dessert tray/box which was heaving with bite-sized little puds for you to select from. The cheesecake and tiramisu were to to die for but alas, all good things must come to an end.



[Massa Pizza](#) makes for the perfect low-key date night (as it did for us) and it's ideally located smack back in the centre of the city. What do you get when you combine pizza and pride? A combo that's as appealing as gin coupled with tonic.

Massa Pizza

- [Facebook](#), [Website](#)
 - **Address:** Augusto Figueroa 21
 - **Metro:** Chueca
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Grosso Napoletano – I 'adoughed' you.

Being a full time teacher means that I'm lucky enough to get some pretty major teacher perks, aka, a lot of holiday days – which let's be real, is something that money can't buy. So this week I found myself with a blissful 9 days off and aside from the on-going trauma that is '*buying a house*' in Spain (that's a whole other blog post that trust me no one wants to read) I basically found myself at a loose end.

The upside of this being that I had time to become a lady who lunches – so having managed to persuade a friend to extend her lunch break, I sought out somewhere tasty looking near her office that wouldn't break the bank – my pennies are now being directed towards furniture sadly, and not food.



Fast forward to [Grosso Napoletano](#), a lovely little Italian spot serving up some of the best pizzas in the city. Located on C/Santa Engracia, it's neighbours with a whole host of hip and happening foodie outposts that are emerging weekly in Chamberí.



The beauty of [Grosso Napoletano](#) in my opinion was the simplicity of the menu – a few salads are on offer to share (we plumped for chicken and avo to get the tastebuds going) followed by diavola and a quattro formaggi pizzas respectively.



The cavernous wood burning oven cooked them to absolute perfection – the base was light but not doughy, the toppings charred but not burnt. I ate every last crumb and my friend took her leftovers back to work – much to the envy of her colleagues.



As the nervous energy that comes with the quest to becoming a homeowner appears to be burning some of my calorie intake, I plumped by a matcha tea tiramisu to round things off nicely. It was a quirky twist on an Italian classic and every bite as delicious as the pizza.





Pizza places are essentially ten a penny, but decent ones are not. Grosso serves up authentic Italian eats at prices that, let's face it, are far more purse friendly than a return flight to Rome to sample the same.

So if you fancy living La Dolce Vita but the budget won't stretch quite as far as Sardinia, Grosso Napoletano is no poor substitute. Both the service and the décor were spot on and if a simple lunch spot is what you're after, then that's what you'll get. With two locations in the city (the other one on C/Hermosilla) it's easy to grab a 'pizza' the action.

Photos from instagram @grosso_napoletano

Grosso Napoletano

- [Website](#), [Facebook](#), [Instagram](#)
- **Address:** Currently they have [8 locations](#)
- **Phone:** 911 70 46 53

That's Amore at Aió

Following numerous debates, with numerous friends, I've come to the conclusion that Tuesdays are officially THE worst day of the week. Mondays, well, I can just about grin and bear them – especially if you're still all warm and fuzzy from weekend based fun.

But by Tuesday, the forthcoming weekend just feels way out of reach and if you're like me, it's the day when you decide to haul yourself back to the gym – usually after a couple of days of complete over indulgence.

In light of this newly held belief, a good friend of mine suggested that we should always have dinner together on a Tuesday; purely to take the sting out of its tail. **So last Tuesday we found ourselves happily ensconced at [Aió](#), my local Italian in Malasaña that could give any spaghetti serving spot in Sardinia a run for its money.**



To kick off proceedings we both opted for a Negroni to transport us to sunnier days spent in Italy, rather than a somewhat chilly and crisp November evening in Madrid. The spritz alone raised a smile and that was before the eating part of the evening had commenced, of which there was a lot.

Where Italian food is concerned, I can exercise next to no self restraint – suffice to say, we feasted. With such a tempting menu on offer, boasting all the well loved (and well known) classics, it would have been hard not to.



Like many other semi foodies, I've found myself arguing with pretty much every Spaniard on Earth regarding the fiercely coveted title of 'the best cuisine in the world' – because of course, it comes as no surprise that Spaniards (in general) feel that they deserve the crown.



But I beg of you (and please don't kill me for saying so) that in my humble opinion, Italian food is where it's at. Nobody does comfort food better and on a Winters evening, a big bowl of pasta feels like being enveloped in a hearty hug; and I'm all for a cuddle when it's cold.



We split a **burrata** and a **carpaccio** because quite frankly, any good Italian joint worth its salt should be able to deliver deliciousness on both. Aió didn't disappoint, both were inhaled without a second thought in all their luscious, lovely glory.



The starters were followed up with a glorious **gorgonzola based pasta dish** that was **peppered with prawns** and a **quattro formaggi pizza** (half of which came home with me in a doggy bag) as my eyes had clearly been bigger than my belly at this point.



Saying that though, is anyone capable of saying no to a cheeky

pudding? I'm evidently not, as we rounded off the previously nicknamed 'Bluesday Tuesday' with a **tiramisu** and a **gin tonic** for the road. We left with vows of friendship having been reaffirmed, appetites having been satiated and the edge having been well and truly taken off a potentially terrible Tuesday.

Aiό's charm is found in the home cooked feel of the food and the fizz in their Aperol spritz.

Info

- [Facebook](#) & [Instagram](#)
- **Address:** [Calle Corredera Baja de San Pablo, 25](#)
- **Phone:** 910 096 469

Also check out a previous [Naked Madrid post on Aiό](#)

Pasta Mito, an Italian Eatery in Mercado de Chamartín – a gem!

In [Mercado Chamartín](#), in the central aisle on the lower floor, you'll find a brand new, chic little Italian eatery called [Pasta Mito](#). All food is freshly prepared in the on-site kitchen, and the owners definitely know what they're doing. Also, the brilliant thing about eateries in neighborhood markets is that the ingredients they cook with tend to come directly from the market's food stalls, so at the same time as being **top-quality stuff**, eating there is great for local businesses too.



My fella and I sat in the cosy 3-tabled dining area and, based on enthusiastic recommendations by the owner, we had... (ima write a list):

- *Glass of the house white each*
- *Complimentary and HUGE antipasto appetiser*
- *Burrata Caprese with fine green pesto*
- *Truffle ravioli with only butter sauce and fresh parmesan sprinkled on top*
- *Tiramisu in a cup*
- *All accompanied by a fresh basket of focaccia*



The food was absolutely incredible and plenty between us – we're glad we shared! The bill came to **€26** exactly, which felt

very reasonable for the quality of food and wine and friendly service.

Whilst we were sat there, we saw lots of people ordering to take away. Great idea too, but the dining experience was way more fun.



The owners are a husband and wife duo. She's Italian, he's Spanish and speaks fluent English. We got chatting and he told us that he spent 4 years cooking under Heston Blumenthal, then worked in one of the UK's top restaurants for a few more years before coming back to Madrid.

I asked him about future plans and he said that next month, they're expanding into the veg stall just opposite, which will mean **an extra 6 or so tables**. Having only opened in September

'14, they'll be staying put in [Mercado Chamartín](#) for now as the business is going well and they seem to love what they have.

[Pasta Mito](#) is by far the best Italian food we've had in Madrid yet – it's really quite a gem.

By Leah Pattem

Info

Mercado de Chamartín: [Facebook](#) & [Web](#) (*calle Bolivia 9 <m>Chamartín*)

Pasta Mito: [Facebook](#) (*inside the Mercado de Chamartín, central aisle, lower floor*)

Another market we recommend:

[Mercado de San Fernando in Lavapiés – the real food emporium!](#)