

# Picsa, got a 'pizza' my heart

I don't know about you but when I hear the word 'Argentina', pizza isn't usually the first word that springs to mind AND I've been. I think of tango. I think of steak. I think of wine (more specifically I think of ruby red Malbec). I also think of the multiple jars of *dulce de leche* that I put away, for my sins.

So upon hearing that Argentinian pizza was able to rival a slither of wafer-thin New York pizza, I figured it was worth further investigation to see if the Argentinians didn't just talk a good fight.



Photos by @adam\_w\_potts

**Picsa is the Argentinian pizza mecca on Calle Ponzano. Foodies**

in the know will already be well aware that this street boasts a plethora of options that are all first class. However, in order to stand out you'd better have a strong USP up your sleeve and Picsa definitely has that; I'm yet to find anywhere else in Madrid that offers such gourmet pizzas in such a clinically chic setting – if there's such a thing.



Picsa is almost sterile in terms of its appearance – it's all white tiles and bare bulbs, but this just allows the food to take centre stage. Obviously the **pizza is the big draw here**, but the range of sharing plates isn't to be dismissed. The **bellota ham** all but dissolved in your mouth and the **Armenian roasted peppers** were the perfect zingy compliment to the indulgence of the fat rippled *jamon*.

So after considering that a mere 'warm up', we plumped for a pizza to share and luckily (considering my topping tastes are relatively mainstream) **you can do half and half and keep**

everyone at the table as happy as a clam.



On one side we split a **chorizo criollo with provolone** (a heart attack waiting to happen in all honesty but I was willing to take the risk). Whilst the other half was laden with **roast duck and figs**, like I said, Picsa isn't serving up your basic margarita here. At this point, barely able to move and already pining for the thought of an elasticated waist, we figured in for a penny, in for a pound and split a **chocolate cake with dulce de leche ice cream** to really round things off.

If you're working on your beach bod I strongly advise swerving Picsa unless you're able to show any kind of restraint – of which I'm not. Picsa is not your average pizza joint and in light of this it was packed to the rafters on a Saturday night with patrons all looking for a 'pizza the action' – sorry, couldn't resist one last pizza pun. Be sure to book, maybe

skip lunch in preparation and stretchy pants are well advised.

## Picsa

- [Facebook](#), [Website](#) & Instagram: [@picsa.madrid](#)
- **Address:** Calle Ponzano 76
- **Phone:** 915 34 10 09
- **Metro:** Ríos Rosas or Cuatro Caminos

Read a previous [Naked Madrid review on Picsa here!](#)

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## Peyote San, Mexican fusion at its most fabulous

I love Mexican food. I mean, I properly **LOVE** it. A holiday spent in Tulum with tequila on tap was possibly as close to utopia as I'll ever get on the food front. Tacos, guac, and burritos – I love them all equally and don't get me started on margaritas – second to gin (and possibly water due to pure necessity) it definitely edges its way into my three most supped liquids. So imagine my intrigue when I'd heard about the menu at [Peyote San](#) – **a place that's managed to fuse Mexican munchies with sushi**. Definitely worth a gander I mused and suffice to say it was.

Located near Colon (or as I affectionately refer to the area with the 'giant flag') [Peyote San](#) restaurant is en route to where the good shops are. From the outside looking in it could easily be missed, but the interior is anything but shy and retiring. **It's instantly instagramable** (yes, that's now a word along with with TMI and FML) largely due to the bold graffiti-

type images that adorn most of the walls.



If you've travelled to the Big Apple it certainly feels reminiscent of somewhere swish that you'd find on the Upper West Side – choc-a-bloc with beautiful people sipping elaborately prepared cocktails. However, fear not, it wasn't a case of style over substance as **every last morsel was utterly delicious and well worth the late school night in my case.**

I've yet to visit Japan (although it's on my bucket list) and the cuisine at Peyote San was the next best thing. I worked my

way through A LOT of food to make this review as authentic as possible so drumroll please – I can vouch that the **tatiki tuna**, **chicken gyoza**, **black cod** and the **Japanese curry with bonito** were all delectable as were the pretty potent **Asian Malgalita's** – a Peyote San take on a classic Marg and unquestionably are to be enjoyed with an air of YOLO – and not the worry of reaching for ibuprofen the following day.



Given the uniqueness of the food, it was also a really nice touch that the chef came over to talk us through the menu and his knowledge and evident passion for the food made the

evening all the more gratifying. Peyote San definitely isn't the type of locale to visit if you've got too much month left and not enough money. **It's definitely more of a date night treat or a birthday splurge.**



Having said that, come Saturday nights, tables are shuffled to the sidelines so that patrons can get their groove on. Having lived in Madrid long enough now to know that Madrileños would favour spending their last fiver on a night out (than something sensible), Peyote San shouldn't remain on your wish list, **pop it in on your hit list now.**

## Info

- [Facebook](#) & [Instagram](#)
- **Address:** Calle Marques de la Ensenada 16
- **Metro:** Colon
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## You'll also like:

- [Sahuaro, Mexican magic in Plaza Cascorro](#)
  - [El Sombrero Azul, pupusas, yuca, enchiladas and more](#)
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## El Columpio and Fellina restaurants, two gems on Calle de Caracas (Chamberí)

For those of you who've read previous [posts of mine on Naked Madrid](#) (hopefully there's a few of you out there aside from my parents), you'll know that I borderline patrol Madrid on the lookout for all things new, with the dedication of a big cat searching for prey. The thrill of finding somewhere new to eat, or to simply raise a glass is basically akin to me finding the perfect winter coat – aka, it's seriously satisfying.

Now a couple of months back I wrote about the lovely [Le Coco](#); one of the long-time offerings from Grupo Le Coco. Now should you venture from Chueca to Chamberí, this restaurant group is slowly staking its claim on the Madrid restaurant scene with not one, but **two splendid spots on Calle de Caracas: [El Columpio](#) and [Fellina](#)**. And both restaurants are bound to whet your appetite, figuratively and literally.

**First up is the perfectly pastel hued [El Columpio](#)**



# EL COLUMPIO

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It's a riot of colour upon entering and the menu reflects that. There's something for everyone. The Spanish classic that is *salmarejo* sits nestled next to **tuna tartare**. Fret not, if you view all things fishy as belonging well under the sea, there's a *rabo de toro lasagne* that was hands down one of the best pasta dishes that I've gotten my chops around in this city.



Effectively, El Columpio is the equivalent of that friend you'll always be able to have as your plus one; a crowd pleaser. The décor is as delish as the food, but what particularly floated my boat was the unstuffy vibe, illustrated by the hordes of Madrileños animatedly drinking by the bar.



This place isn't just for food, it's for fun. And if you lay off the gin tonics, it's the kind of place that you can frequent on a Friday night and still have cash to scour Zara with the following day.

**Next up is [Fellina](#) restaurant, just across the street**



In complete contrast to El Columpio is the newly opened [Fellina](#), which literally waves to El Columpio from

**across the calle.** So if you'll indulge me with a little analogy, if El Columpio is your friendly Spanish locale, Fellina is the chic Italian cousin that just rocked up in town clad in some eye catching D&G.



Fellina's menu is an ode to all things from the land of style and spaghetti. Wander in and you'll be first hit by the piles

of fresh produce that adorn every nook and cranny. It's part Mercado, part 'waiting to be discovered bistro tucked away on a side street in likes of Naples'.



I was there on a Thursday evening and the service was spot on, as was the **carpaccio** that I devoured in all of about 47 seconds. It's nigh on impossible to pick out just one thing to try (as I happily chomped my way through the menu with gusto \*all in the name of research of course).







But you'd be hard pressed to find a more impressive **'tabla'** of **antipasti** than if you were holidaying on the sun-kissed and perennially popular peninsula that is Italy.

Like two Latin lovers jostling for your attention, don't feel obliged to choose between the two. Akin to earrings, **El Columpio** and **Fellina** are to be found as a pair. Maybe lunch at one and do dinner at the other. But make no mistake, these two little gems are bringing the magic of that good old Mediterranean diet to Madders.

### **El Columpio**

- [Facebook](#)
- **Address: Calle de Caracas, 10**
- **Phone: 913 78 75 12**

### **Fellina**

- [Facebook](#)
  - **Address: Calle de Caracas, 21**
  - **Phone: 91 410 92 50**
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# Lady Madonna, because Sundays are made for brunching

As an ex-pat in Madrid there are a couple of things that I really miss from home. The M&S food hall (say no more). Boots – I mean who doesn't love a decent 3 for 2 offer; and last but by no means least, a Sunday roast. So in lieu of Roast Beef and Yorkshire puddings, [Sundays in Madrid are all about brunch](#), as opposed to lunch.



Image from Lady Madonna

[Lady Madonna](#) has always been a firm favorite of mine (*you can even read my review on the restaurant [here](#)*). With its pretty little *terraza*, it's an ideal spot for a post-work drink, or a solid choice when you're looking for a decent dinner that won't break the bank.



Little did I know that brunch was an option and this was no half-baked attempt; they offer a set menu that will set you up for the day – I mean breakfast is supposed to be the most important meal of the day right?



I opted for eggs Benedict followed by carrot cake – both paired with coffee, juice and a mojito that proved to be quite the effective hair of the dog. But there were a good five savoury options as well as desserts, and if mojitos aren't your thing there's also Bloody Mary's and mimosas on offer.



I arrived feeling slightly fragile from my Saturday night antics and left with my appetite having been satiated and feeling virtuous that I'd even enjoyed a little bit of sun all by midday. The best bit, the fixed brunch menu comes in at only 18 euros. Well, it would be rude not to indulge at such a snip.

## Lady Madonna

- [Facebook](#) & Instagram: [@ladymadonna\\_restaurante](#)
- **Address:** Calle Orellana, 6
- **Metro:** Alonso Martínez

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## **Nudista restaurant, not naughty but very, very nice**

So I have a confession to make. I hardly ever read. Whilst this might sound like a somewhat dramatic claim, what I actually mean is, I hardly ever read books (unless you count what I devour annually whilst on a sun lounger and manage to bulldoze through in a day). I read the news, I read blogs and I read glossies, but it's rare that I sit down and take the time to turn actual pages – this is made all the more shameful by my day job being the lead of English in a primary school. Somehow life gets in the way (or perhaps more accurately, Netflix does) and books wallow neglected on my shelves.

However, this summer I read a book called *You are a Badass*. Now I loath to admit that I read the occasional 'self help' book, but this one resonated with me in a way that's not a particularly regular occurrence. It's based on the notion that everyone is capable of 'living our best life'. The premise is that we shouldn't just tread water because we're too scared to dive into the unknown; it's about unapologetically jumping in headfirst and being brave.





At this point I'm sure you're wondering how on earth these ramblings link to a restaurant recommendation but bear with me. Someone who most definitely took the stabilizers off and took a leap of faith is Micky. The owner and creative clout behind Nudista; the restaurant that he affectionately calls his 'fifth child' – he's a father of four. Having spent twenty years grafting away as a TV producer, he literally quit his day job to follow his dream – and from where I was sitting last Friday night, his dream has literally become a reality.

[Nudista](#) is the brainchild of Micky and the result of his

lifelong love affair with gastronomy. The concept behind the restaurant is disarmingly simple but achingly cool. Nothing is cooked. There's no kitchen. Everything is fresh. The food is either served from a jar or a tin without even a hint of a preservative or additive in sight. As the clean eating movement shows no signs of abating, Micky is striking while the iron is hot. The food is in a word – delicious, largely because you know exactly where your food is coming from (Navarra in most cases) and it's simply seasoned with olive oil and salt.



I ate leeks that literally melted in the mouth like butter (and as a Welsh girl, the bar for decent leeks is set pretty high but these were epic). Next I sampled some marvellous mackerel (I'm not one to shy away from some alliteration) and some zingy lentils that were lip smacking good. Served in tandem were two wonderful wines that were personally selected by Micky and partnered the food to perfection. What added further appeal to a place where I couldn't have felt more

relaxed, was that dessert was created by a friend of Micky's – a moreish cheesecake served in a dinky little sardine can. I'm a sucker for attention to detail and this had me reaching for my iPhone to pap.

Nudista almost felt like going round to a friend's house for dinner, albeit a friend's house with excellent taste and an eagle eye for interiors. We stayed until the early hours, such was the relaxed ambience and given its proximity to the always buzzing Malasaña is quite the rare find. In a city where restaurants are often becoming carbon copies of each other (exposed brick, aperol spritz and steak tartare – you know the ones). Nudista is refreshing for its lack of pretension and originality. Twenty somethings sat beside the neighbourhood abuelas, proving that Micky and his team have spotted a niche where there's something for everyone.

And the best bit, everything you've eaten is available to buy. I know what my fam will be getting for Christmas and I know what will be adorning my kitchen shelves. Despite the name, clothes are required but the stripped back charm of Nudista will keep you wanting to go back for more. Friends of mine know that when I like something, I go all in. I'm often zealous in terms of gushing about things/places/people but in the case of Nudista, it's more than warranted. I can't recommend the place highly enough, so to make sure that I'm not just all talk – you should take action.

## **Nudista**

- [Facebook](#)
  - **Telephone:** +34 913.77.64.24
  - **Address:** Calle Luchana, 23, Madrid.
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# Bar Tomate – modest minimalism at its best

Eight years ago I took the plunge and upped sticks to move to Madrid (or Madders as I now affectionately refer to it). The city was in the midst of a financial crisis so bleak, that people went out for a solitary caña rather than cañas – or so it seemed and so I was told.

Fast forward to 2017 and the city feels as though it's booming once again. Not a week passes by without a new opening, a Mercado of some sort throwing back its doors and the now oh-so-popular weekly After Brunch events.

So in such a crowded marketplace how do you stand out? Well, having the kudos of being part of the Grupo Tragaluz alumni doesn't hurt, which is why Bar Tomate has proven to be one of my fail-safe favourites over the years.



Located in the increasingly well-heeled and chic neighbourhood of Chamberí, which coincidentally is one of my favourite Madrid *barrios*, Bar Tomate ticks all the boxes offering breakfast, lunch, dinner \*a rare find in a city where *siesta* culture can result in a complete shutdown during certain hours – never ideal if you're prone to getting hungry!

The vibe is rustic and Mediterranean with the emphasis on simple, fresh ingredients and classics cooked well.



I went along for dinner on a Friday night and chowed down like a Queen – decisive isn't my strong point so what was sampled read like an A-Z of deliciousness; ranging from breaded asparagus, chicken tacos, jalapeño spiced shrimp and a burrata the size of my head because, quite frankly, what meal isn't improved with the addition of cheese! This was naturally all chased down with an array of cocktails that made for an interesting walk home.

If simplicity is your thing I can't recommend Bar Tomate

enough. From the minimalist décor to the unfussiness and ease of the service, Bar Tomate's strongpoint comes in its lack of pretentiousness when in reality, it has everything to shout about.

Ditch the flats for an evening, as when the DJ appears (as he does on both a Friday and Saturday night) you're gonna want to get your groove on. Guys, I'll leave that up to you.

*All photos from Bar Tomate*

## Bar Tomate

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- **Metro:** Colon

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## Keyaan's: A Taste of the Dominican Republic in Madrid

When it comes to restaurant reviews, the word "authentic" gets thrown around a lot. It's become a buzzword for people seeking out genuine food and unique eating experiences, but all too often it's used as a catchall adjective that doesn't really mean much, a vague and perhaps inaccurate way to lure in customers looking for "the real deal."

This is not the case at Keyaan's. If there were ever an establishment that deserved the label of authenticity, it would be this place. Specializing in Dominican empanadas, traditional sides, and homemade desserts, the colorful café brings a true taste of the D.R. to the streets of Chamberí. After opening its doors only two months ago, it's already accumulated a loyal clientele—and it only takes one bite to understand why.



The story of Keyaan's began with a simple craving. Around two years ago, just after her son Ilias was born, Zakiya Ramirez had a powerful longing for a good empanada. Her husband Aderly, who hails from the Dominican Republic, called up his mom and asked for her recipe. After a bit of tweaking and improvisation, he cooked up his very first batch of empanadas

using nothing but a hot plate. Zakiya was floored; it seemed her husband had a hidden natural talent that not even he was aware of.



Zakiya, Aderly, and Ilias Keyaan Ramirez

In the years since, Aderly's recipe gradually evolved and improved until the couple decided it was time to share his skills with the world. They opened Keyaan's in November, christening it with their son's middle name, and it's already gained a considerable—and well-deserved—reputation.

I recently dropped by to sample some of their signature offerings, with my friend and trusty taste-tester Sophia by my side. We were presented with dish after dish of Dominican delicacies, hitting as many of the menu's high spots as possible before falling into a full-on food coma.





First up: the empanadas. Aderly's specialty is front and center at Keyaan's, making up the bulk of the menu. You can choose from several fillings (beef, chicken, cheese, vegetables, tuna, and even pepperoni, in a variety of combinations) and two sizes (just one of the big ones will fill you up, but the mini empanadas are too cute to resist). Unlike some versions, these are chock full of the good stuff, meaning you won't be biting into a pocket of air. The dough is made fresh each day, and every single empanada is hand-formed and fried to order. The result is crispy on the outside, soft on the inside, and juicy without being greasy; a difficult balance to strike.



As tempting as it may be to gorge yourself on nothing but empanadas, it would be a crime to leave without sampling the sides. The *fritos* (flattened and fried plantains, similar to *tostones*) and *bollitos de yuca* (fried balls of yuca stuffed with melty gouda cheese) also achieve an ideal equilibrium, indulgent and rich without being too heavy.



Not to mention the *quipes*—fried balls of bulgur wheat dough stuffed with chicken, beef, or cheese—a classic dish that arrived in the Dominican Republic by way of the Arab world (you might have tried its Middle-Eastern cousin, *kibbeh*).



Upon biting into one, Sophia's first words were "I just wanna dive into it." In fact, she named it her favorite of all the dishes she tried, which is certainly saying something. According to Zakiya, it's a customer favorite as well; almost every Dominican who comes to Keyaan's orders empanadas with a side of *quipes*, and they're far from disappointed. One regular swore that their empanadas are even better than those of the most famous restaurant in Santo Domingo. Needless to say, authentic is an understatement.



If you've managed to make it through the savory stuff without getting too full, you won't be disappointed by dessert. There's a wide selection of *batidos* in flavors ranging from the classics to irresistibly creative inventions. The fruitier options (strawberry, papaya, coconut, and mango) are made the Dominican way, with evaporated milk, while the richer varieties (chocolate, vanilla, Oreo, Kinder Bueno, Ferrero Rocher, *galleta Biscoff*, and *magdalena*) are made with ice cream for a more American-style milkshake. They're served in enormous glasses and topped with whipped cream, ideal for sharing (or not). Not too sweet, perfectly rich, and deliciously creamy. You might be surprised at how fast you can finish one.



*Galleta Biscoff batido*: “Like drinking a cookie”

Still hungry? Try one of the sweet empanadas, dreamed up as a way to combine Aderly’s talents with Zakiya’s passion for baking. The same perfectly fried dough, stuffed with apple pie, *dulce de leche*, nutella cheesecake, Oreo, white chocolate, strawberries, or pineapple... it’s clearly a match made in heaven.

All of the desserts are made entirely from scratch, and rumor has it that Zakiya’s cheesecake is the best in all of Spain. If you want to taste it in all its glory, you can order it by the slice as well as in empanada form. For something a bit more traditional, try the *majarete* or *habichuelas con dulce*, classic Dominican desserts made from corn and beans,

respectively.



White chocolate caramel cheesecake

To wash it all down, you can choose from a variety of espresso drinks made with Dominican Café Santo Domingo (“Even the coffee is amazing,” according to Sophia), including bulletproof coffee and *affogato*. Or give into temptation and go for Zakiya’s signature Nutella hot chocolate, or the Dominican specialty *morir soñando* (orange or passion fruit juice mixed with evaporated milk). If you want something a bit lighter, there are also several kinds of natural juices.



Keyaan's offers weekly specials and events that draw a crowd of expats and locals alike. If you want to sample as many empanada flavors as possible, you'll appreciate Lunes de Locura, when mini empanadas are available for just €1 each (and larger ones for €2.50). There are also monthly language exchanges, giveaways, and much more on the horizon. Zakiya has big dreams for Keyaan's, hoping to one day turn it into an international chain with locations in London, Santo Domingo, and the United States. Her customers are already begging her to expand, so they can feed their newly formed empanada addictions no matter where in the world they may be.





For now, though, we'll have to be satisfied with this cozy café and its incredible power to transport us from the center of Madrid to the middle of the Caribbean. Keyaan's is unquestionably authentic, but it's so much more than that: it's a place where real homemade food takes center stage, giving us a taste not only of Dominican culture but also of the genuine tradition, dedication, and love that's folded into each and every empanada. No wonder we keep coming back for more.



Professional taste-tester Sophia enjoying Keyaan's specialties

## Info

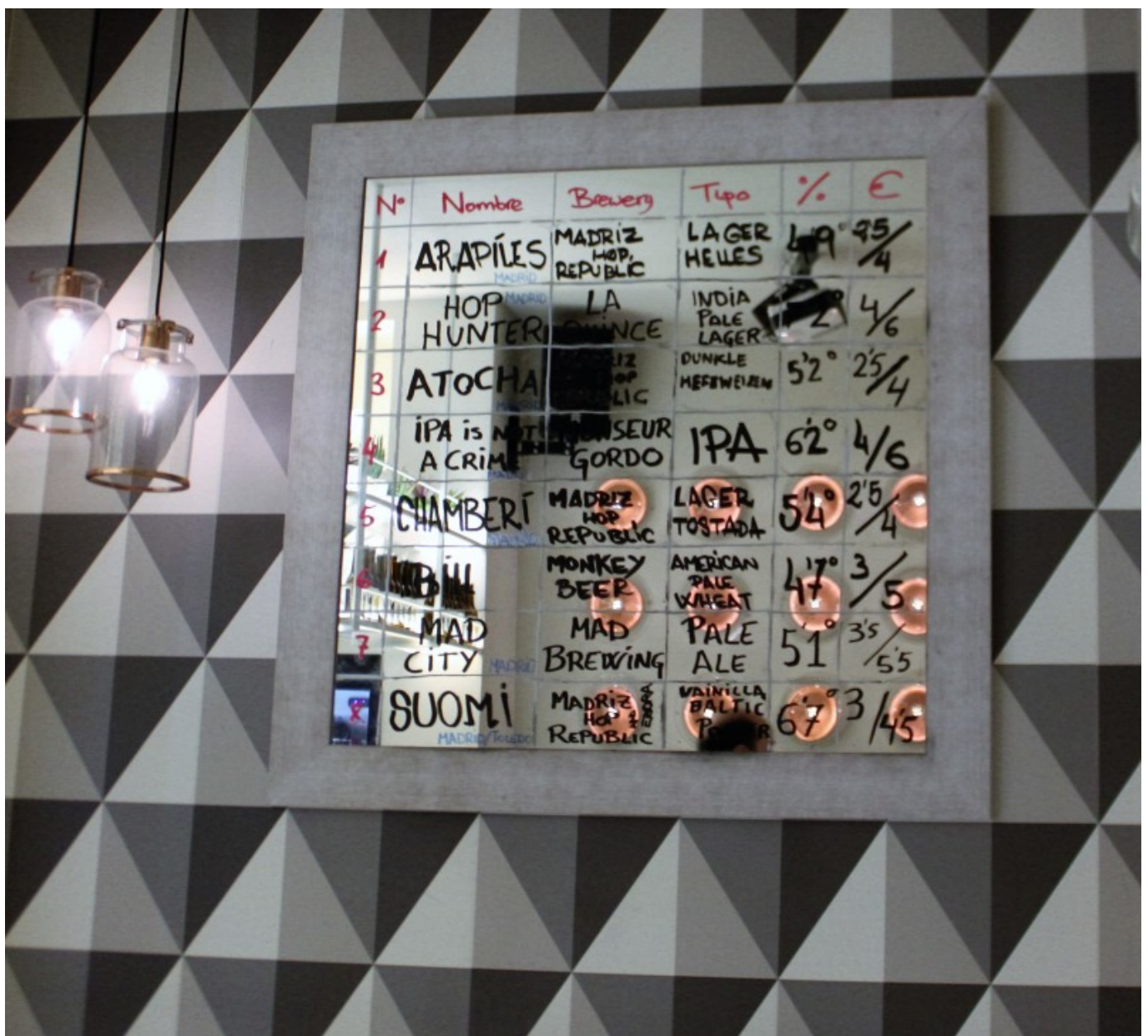
- [Facebook](#) & [Instagram](#)
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- **Metro:** Argüelles and San Bernardo
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**Cervezas Madriz: Craft beer with Vietnamese treats in**

# Chamberí

There is no doubt that Madrid has a long-standing relationship with beer, but the city's newly thriving craft beer scene is revitalizing the bars of its diverse neighborhoods. [Cervezas Madriz Hop Republic](#) attracts those in search of a damn good craft beer and does not disappoint. Each week, their eight taps rotate to include their own artisanal beers as well as a selection of other local and craft beers.



[Cervezas Madriz](#) exemplifies the balance-and-blend authenticity of Madrid from the heart of Chamberí on Calle Cardenal

Cisneros. The chic bar draws inspiration from the city itself by naming its craft beers after barrios (including their very own Chamberí) while adding a unique spin to the menu by featuring Vietnamese-inspired tapas. The cat, symbol of Madrid residents, can be seen throughout the bar on every label and menu.



It was Thursday night; my friend Annette and I were seated on the last pair of bar stools except for those in the back corner. The lively atmosphere was amplified by the sounds of chatter and laughter while the bartender, Javi, gave us an overview of the beer list and suggested we try a tasting flight of some of the most popular.

And so we did.



Bar-goers are invited to educate themselves while they enjoy themselves at [Cervezas Madriz](#). The menus feature profiles on selected brews and enumerate the proper way to taste beer.



Following the steps, Annette and I tried the four beers on our flights. While my favorite was the Chamberí and hers was the blonde Arapíles, they all were perfectly paired with our tapas of dumplings and spring rolls.

Find your new favorite artisanal brew? Not to worry, Cervezas Madriz can bottle it for you take bring home.

Madriz offers a fresh, new atmosphere where craft beer connoisseurs can taste the spirit of Madrid.

# Info

[Facebook](#) & [Web](#)

**Address:** Calle Cardinal Cisneros 21

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## El Patio del Fisgón in Plaza de Chamberí

The post about the original [El Patio del Fisgón](#) was subtitled “*Feel like you’ve discovered Narnia.*” If the Barrio de Salamanca location seemed to be a turn-off for those who prefer galavanting around Malasaña and Chueca, my very own neighborhood, Chamberí (which is becoming more and more *de moda* by the minute) has its very own Patio del Fisgón to enjoy. If the location was a caveat in the original location, the Chamberí locale has an unbeatable one: on the very Plaza de Chamberí. This *castiza* plaza is not as big as nearby Olavide, but its strategic location equidistant from Bilbao, Alonso Martínez, Ponzano, and Rubén Darío makes it a great place to be when the weather gets warmer.

Daphne and I made our way there one early Sunday afternoon in the dead of winter, and we imagined how satisfying it will be to sit outside on the outdoor furniture they have set up right on the plaza once it’s finally *terraza* weather. We found ourselves very lucky to be able to get a table without a reservation (this was at about 1:30 PM) as the crowds started to pour in about 20 minutes after we sat down.



Much like in the original, the interior transports you to days with better weather, like the back wall with its lush greenery



that makes you feel like you're in a garden rather than in one of the city's residential hubs.

Each place-setting is unique with whimsical furniture, from the chairs, the tiles on top of some of the tables, and the choice of placemats.



So now that the wonderful ambience is covered, let's get to the [menu](#). There's a great variety, so if you watch very

carefully what you eat (like me), this is a perfect place to go where it won't be painstakingly difficult to find something you'll love and be satisfied afterwards. During the week, there's a special *menu depurativo* with a choice of salad or gazpacho and then a *tortilla francesa* or grilled chicken. This will definitely come in handy once Operación Bikini preparations come into high gear.

The first thing that made me fall in love with this place was the fact that gazpacho was on the menu all year round.



I must have been andaluza in a past life because my love for gazpacho knows no bounds

It was a perfectly-sized cazuela that was a great way to kick off the meal. The texture was just the way I liked it; I probably could have slurped it in a glass had I been given the option. As my next option, I went with the *huevos rotos sobre*

*alcachofas y butifarra negra*. I have to admit that I'm a sucker for eggs on Sundays and I'm also really into artichokes. These were some of the best artichokes I've ever had.



They were grilled instead of fried, preserving the softness from a cooked artichoke and not too heavy. The addition of the

butifarra added for an extra flavor element, but there was definitely more egg and artichoke (just the way I wanted it). I savored every single bite and I'm dreaming of the next time I'm going to be able to order it.

As for Daphne, her *milhojas de berenjena y queso de cabra* were amazing.



Just on presentation alone they look out of this world...

The tomato sauce was perfect and the eggplant and goat cheese was perfectly balanced. This dish is on the *Para Compartir* section of the menu, but the portion size was definitely satisfying for one. When you come here, you MUST get the *milhojas*. You will not regret it. The rest of the menu has a lot of variety, giving you options for any mood. From Wednesday to Saturday, the kitchen always stays open during the day, which makes it ideal if you're in the neighborhood,

hungry, and everywhere else isn't able to make you something.

If you're coming for dinner, definitely make a reservation, and follow Cat's advice from the last post and try to make the reservation later so you have more time to savor your time on the Patio del Fisgón.

## Info

**El Patio del Fisgón Chamberí**

**Where:** Plaza de Chamberí, 2

**Phone:** +34 914 10 94 45

**[Website](#) & [Facebook](#)**

**Email:** [chamberi@elpatiodelfisgon.com](mailto:chamberi@elpatiodelfisgon.com)

**Metro:** Iglesia (Line 1), Bilbao (Lines 1 and 4), Rubén Darío (Line 5), Alonso Martínez (Lines 4, 5, and 10)

**Also check out our post on the [original Patio del Fisgón in Barrio Salamanca!](#)**

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## MUTA Smoking Club...Barbecue a Lo Ponzano

Calle Ponzano has been getting a lot of love not only on Naked Madrid, but in other Spanish press as well. I have the fortune of being a Chamberí resident, with Ponzano literally around the corner from my apartment, so a quick *tomar algo* is always another excuse to go *ponzaning*. I have been to [Bar Lambuzo](#), La Contraseña, and of course, my all-time favorite [Sala de Despiece](#), (other restaurants on calle Ponzano featured in Naked include [Taberna Alipio Ramos](#), [Casa Picsa](#) and [Toque de Sal](#)) but I had always passed by MUTA Smoking Club without ever

trying to get in. Then there was Blanca Suárez's blog post for Vogue that mentioned [MUTA](#); the headline said *si queréis flipar*. I casually added it to my list of neighborhood joints to try and was waiting for an excuse to go. It was much to my surprise that on a Saturday night at 9 PM I was able to get in before going to a party in Embajadores.

MUTA, the brainchild of Javier Bonet (who owns Sala de Despiece and the Academia del Despiece), changes its concept every few months. That's where the name comes from. There was one point where it served food from Baleares, but now, as a smoking club, everything is barbecue, aka smoked meat. Walking in takes you away from Madrid and instead transports you to a barbecue joint somewhere in America, at the very least like those barbecue places they always show on *Man vs. Food*, the fire episode of Michael Pollan's *Cooked* on Netflix, or the season of *American Top Chef* when they were in Texas.







The menu is varied, with appetizers, a variety of meats you can order to share, and more. We first decided to share a take on croquetas with cornbread and potato that had tzatziki sauce on top. The greens that came on top were also top-notch. They were definitely worth the extra amount of exercise I needed to do the next day to make up for it.



Next up was the meat and the green salad. The green salad was fantastic; the dressing was light enough to make sure the

flavor reached all of the greens, but the dressing doesn't overpower the palate-cleansing attributes you look for in a salad. To go with the salad, we couldn't go to a barbecue place without consuming some meat.



Like the carnivore's paradise that is its sister restaurant, MUTA Smoking Club is the perfect place for carnivores (like me). There are different types of meats you can choose from in trays to share: there's beef tongue, brisket, salmon, or even hamburgers. There is also a mixed tray that you can get to share with different kinds of meat to try (this is ideal for larger groups looking for a true *picoteo*). Since we weren't that hungry, we stuck with one meat, and I decided to go with pulled pork. I am not the biggest pork fan if it's not in the form of *jamón* or *fuet* because cooked pork tends to be very dry (too dry for my taste), but when I took that first bite of pulled pork into my mouth, I was sold.



It comes with classic potato rolls reminiscent of summertime family cookouts and mustard, so you can either make your own sandwich or just dip the meat into the mustard and eat it. I decided to go with some by itself, some as a sandwich, and then have the rest along with the salad.

While we didn't take the next step and get dessert, the tray they passed around looked absolutely to die for. Fortunately, when you live around the corner from there, there's always a reason to go back (and also to try the mixed meat tray because that looked absolutely incredible) and have some more barbecue

a lo Ponzano.

## Info

**Where:** Calle de Ponzano, 10

**Phone:** +34 912 50 98 97

[Website](#) & [Facebook](#)

**Metro:** Alonso Cano (Line 7) or Iglesia (Line 1)

## More gems on Calle Ponzano:

- [Bar Lambuzo, a family-run Andalusian tavern](#)
- [Casa Picsa, great Argentine pizza on Calle Ponzano](#)
- [Toque de Sal restaurant, so chic and so good](#)
- [Taberna Alipio Ramos, old school bar on Calle Ponzano](#)