

# GARRUBBO

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# GUIDE

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*The Importance of  
Eating Italian*



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EDWIN GARRUBBO

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# GUIDE

For Mamma Rosemary



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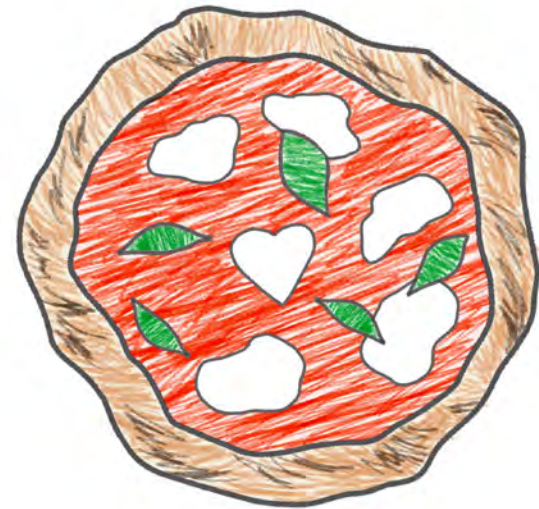
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**EDWIN GARRUBBO**

# CONTENTS

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<b>PREFACE • PREFAZIONE</b> .....	<b>7</b>
<b>INSIDE THIS BOOK</b> .....	<b>10</b>

## SECTION I:

### The Culture of Italian Cuisine • La cultura della cucina italiana

1. A Little Geography • Un po' di geografia.....	<b>16</b>
2. A Bit of Grammar • Un po' di grammatica.....	<b>18</b>
3. A Brief History of Italian Cuisine • Breve storia della cucina italiana .....	<b>22</b>
4. The Government is Involved and Proud • Il governo è coinvolto e orgoglioso .....	<b>28</b>
5. The Italian Relationship with Food • Il rapporto degli italiani col cibo .....	<b>31</b>
6. The Six Ms • Le sei M .....	<b>35</b>
7. Italian Food Rules • Le regole del cibo italiano.....	<b>38</b>
8. The Structure of an Italian Meal • La struttura di un pasto italiano .....	<b>46</b>
9. Where to Eat • Dove mangiare .....	<b>50</b>

## SECTION II:

### The Elements of Italian Cuisine • Gli elementi della cucina italiana

1. Bread • Pane .....	<b>52</b>
a. Bread	
b. Sandwiches • Panini	
c. Pizza	
d. Snacks • Merende	
2. Appetizers • Antipasti .....	<b>64</b>
a. Cold Cuts • Affettati	
b. Table Olives • Olive da tavola	
3. Olive Oil • Olio d'oliva .....	<b>71</b>
4. Condiments • Condimenti.....	<b>74</b>
a. Vinegar • Aceto	
b. Herbs • Erbe	
c. Spices • Spezie	

5. First Courses • Primi .....	<b>81</b>
a. Pasta	
b. Soups • Minestra, zuppa e minestrone	
c. Rice • Riso e risotto	
d. Corn Meal • Polenta	
6. Second Courses • Secondi .....	<b>93</b>
a. Meat • Carne	
b. Fowl • Pollame	
c. Fish • Pesce	
d. Popular Methods of Preparation for Secondi	
7. Vegetables and Side Dishes • Contorni .....	<b>99</b>
8. Cheese • Formaggio .....	<b>103</b>
9. Fruits and Nuts • Frutta e Noci .....	<b>112</b>
a. Fruits	
b. Nuts	
10. Sweets and Desserts • Dolci.....	<b>117</b>
a. Ice Cream • Gelato	
b. Pastries • Pasticceria	
c. Cookies • Biscotti	
d. Candy • Dolciumi	
11. Coffee • Caffè .....	<b>127</b>
12. Beverages • Bevande .....	<b>136</b>
a. Water • Acqua	
b. Aperitives • Aperitivi	
c. Digestives • Digestivi	
d. Beer • Birra	

## SECTION III:

### The Wines of Italy • I vini italiani ..... **145** |

1. Overview	
2. Red Grapes • Uve rosse	
3. Whites Grapes • Uve bianche	

**SECTION IV:****The Regional Foods of Italy • I piatti regionali italiani**

1. Abruzzo e Molise . . . . .	168
2. Calabria e Basilicata . . . . .	170
3. Campania . . . . .	172
4. Emilia-Romagna . . . . .	175
5. Friuli Venezia Giulia . . . . .	178
6. Lazio . . . . .	180
7. Liguria . . . . .	183
8. Lombardia . . . . .	186
9. Marche . . . . .	189
10. Piemonte . . . . .	192
11. Puglia . . . . .	195
12. Sardegna . . . . .	198
13. Sicilia . . . . .	201
14. Toscana . . . . .	204
15. Trentino-Alto Adige . . . . .	207
16. Umbria . . . . .	209
17. Valle d'Aosta . . . . .	212
18. Veneto . . . . .	214

**SECTION V:**

<b>Table of Pasta • Tabella delle forme di pasta . . . . .</b>	<b>217</b>
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**SECTION VI:**

<b>Glossary • Glossario . . . . .</b>	<b>224</b>
<b>Bibliography . . . . .</b>	<b>258</b>

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*“If we want things to stay as they are,  
things will have to change.”*

*Giuseppe Tomasi di Lampedusa, Il Gattopardo (The Leopard)*

.....

**PREFACE • PREFAZIONE**

*To all of the madness, I say, Eat! Mangia!*

.....

It is New Year’s Day 2019. I am in Rome, where I have come to eat, pray, and write . . . and to eat some more. I just saw Pope Francis deliver his annual blessing to an enormous crowd in St. Peter’s Square. A tiny speck in his apartment window, he could not be seen, only heard. He implored us to be “artigiani della pace (artisans of peace), which begins at home.” I thought to myself, “Such a powerful and beautiful statement . . . but am I allowed to correct the pope?” I think that he actually meant to say, “Peace begins at home, in the kitchen. Peace begins with food.” He was broadly correct, however, and armed with his words of wisdom, I said thank you for the inspiration and set off in search of a bowl of *spaghetti alla carbonara*.

I’m heading home in a couple of days, and so I will devour as many bowls of *spaghetti alla carbonara* as is humanly possible prior to my departure. My gluttony is certainly not in line with the exalted Italian approach to food, which is driven by moderation, and the strong desire to *fare bella figura* (to make a beautiful figure, which is another way of saying “keeping up appearances”). Overeating does not help one to *fare bella figura*. And, as you will read, my goal in writing this book is to get people to eat as Italians do, and so I am a hypocrite. Sure, I could muster up the fortitude to curtail my pasta intake over the next few days, but why do that? I’m here and the food and scenery are spectacularly delicious. Plus, at home I’m starved of this quality. Yes, I make pasta at home, but it is just not the same. Maybe the local ingredients are better, or the water, or the local skills are better, or maybe it’s the beautiful atmosphere and charming waiters. Of course, I am not the first person to make such observations. Italians have always taken food seriously, and as a result, millions of people come to Italy every year just to eat the food.

For the Italians, food is about compassion, sharing, love, kindness, family, friendship, beauty, art, history, work, appreciation, health, pride, responsibility, happiness, peace, and spirituality. These are the essence of civilization, and no one recognizes this more than the Italians, who led the world out of the Dark Ages with the *Rinascimento* (the Renaissance). Thus, the real power and magic of Italian food lies in how they think about the importance of what is being consumed, how it is being prepared, and how

that in turn affects the body and spirit, and more broadly how it affects the environment and society in general.

The Italians care not only about what they are feeding themselves, but they also care about what they are feeding each other. School lunches are nutritious and delicious. I've dined in some office cafeterias that are better than many fancy American restaurants. The rich and poor share the same basic diet. As proof, consider this: Italy's highest court (*Corte Suprema di Cassazione*) recently ruled that a man who had stolen some cheese and sausage from a food store was not guilty of a theft because he had stolen only enough to nourish himself. And more recently, Italy passed a law giving tax breaks to people who donate their left-over food to the needy rather than treat it as garbage, as much of the world does. On a personal level, I cannot count the number of times strangers have offered me food in Italy: breakfast as a young student with a backpack; home-cooked meals or dinners out while traveling as an adult; and my favorite, while dining next to a bus driver in a Roman restaurant, he asked for an extra plate just so that I could taste his delicious eggplant parmigiana. Indeed, the Italians are deservedly famous for their food-related passion, generosity, and hospitality. And it matters.

Italy was recently ranked as the healthiest country in the world (Bloomberg, 2017). According to the World Health Organization and the OECD, Italy's adult obesity rate is among the lowest in developed countries, at 10% (compared to the U.S. 32%); the diabetes rate is around 5% (compared to the U.S. 10%, though it is much higher for the poor); and Italy's alcohol consumption rate is the lowest in Europe and 87th in the world. The Italian healthcare system is regularly considered among the world's best. Italian life expectancy hovers around the top five highest in the world, while the U.S. ranking is in the 30s. Yes, the Mediterranean diet is famous for its health benefits, but it's not just the food that makes a difference. It's how Italians think about food.

Unfortunately, the Italian food tradition and way of life are under attack. Multinational food companies have bought many Italian food producers, subsequently bombarding Italy with advertisements for fast, processed food. Diabetes and obesity rates are rising, especially among children. Although it is difficult to resist the temptation of fast, cheap, and easy food, the consequence of not actively fighting back is an unhealthy and unhappy population with a health care system run amok. Italy need look no further than to America for a look at *The Ghost of Christmas Future*. If it does not take this problem seriously and soon, it will be too late.

Ironically, there is also a growing misconception in the U.S. and other

parts of the world that Italian food is not healthy. I grew up on delicious and healthy Italian American food, and I love it, but the more recent industrialization of the original cuisine has diminished some of its best qualities, while also perpetuating an inaccurate image. Chain store pizza is now “double stuffed” and laden with extra “cheese” and pepperoni. Cappuccino has become akin to an ice cream sundae, covered in whipped cream and caramel. Restaurant portions of pasta would satisfy two or three people in Italy.

“Authenticity” is tricky to define when it comes to food, mainly because all food is in a slow and constant state of evolution. For this reason, understanding the history of a cuisine is so important — “authentic” slowly changes with time. To me, “authentic Italian cuisine” is a combination of several things. In a spiritual sense, it is “respect, honor, and consciousness for the people, places, traditions, and ingredients that created the cuisine.” In a physical sense, it is “the food that emanates from a specific point of origin, prepared according to agreed-upon standards.” In a more practical way, however, authenticity is simple as “the natives know it when they taste it.” Italian food has always and will always evolve, but I feel a responsibility to ensure that “authentic Italian cuisine” evolves for the better, preserving its fundamentals which rely on fresh ingredients, simplicity, balance, and healthy preparation.

Thus, my mission in writing this book:

1. **To educate** about the healthiness and simplicity of authentic Italian food, which is rooted in thousands of years of cross-cultural collaboration and learnings;
2. **To promote** the idea that we have an obligation to each other to ensure that everyone, rich and poor, has access to the same affordable, healthy, and natural foods; and,
3. **To share** my personal experience with food, which I hope demonstrates that the human connection to food not only ties us to each other emotionally, but also ties us physically and spiritually to all the plants and animals on Earth.

Yes, I'm a dreamer, but those bowls of *carbonara* were in fact dreamy, and I believe, worth thinking about, preserving, and sharing. The Italians have a lot to teach us about food... how to prepare, eat, share, and care about it like peaceful, civilized people should. There is no need to reinvent the wheel; it is all right here. So let's eat! Mangiamo!

## INSIDE THIS BOOK

This book can be a handy kitchen reference or a travel companion, but above all it is an inspiration, an exaltation, and a guide to the adventure of Italian food and culture through the last 3,000 years. At its core, it is about the Italian philosophy of food and eating. Although Garibaldi is credited for uniting Italy politically with his revolution of the mid-1800s, it was actually Pellegrino Artusi who made all of the people of the Italian Peninsula and its Islands feel “Italian.” From then on, wherever Italians went—from New York to Buenos Aires or Sydney—their food has kept them together. Most important, Artusi convinced Italian people to think about food: Where it comes from, how it is grown, how it is prepared, and how it connects people by personalizing and humanizing our collective experience.

The subject of Italian cuisine is far too vast to detail in any one book, and thus almost all books about Italian food and cooking can give only a snapshot of a personal experience in the kitchen, or of a specific part of the meal or region of Italy. Each book amounts to a sliver of the whole story. This book offers an overview, a bird’s eye view of the whole, and is loaded with my personal experience and opinion. I have tried to include all of the common denominators. The illustrations are intended to be as simple and interpretative as the cuisine itself. In a land of a thousand small towns, unique histories, and 60 million strong opinions, deciding what to include has been a ten-year process, but I have done my best to capture its essence.

## ON A PERSONAL NOTE . . .

For me, food and emotion go hand in hand; it is a visceral connection. Like many people, some of my fondest food memories go back to my childhood. My maternal grandparents lived in a twin style house in Newark, New Jersey, where my great-aunt Jennie (Giovanna) lived in the half above my grandfather’s medical office. I grew up in the suburbs, but we would often visit my grandparents and Aunt Jennie after school and on weekends. A visit to Aunt Jennie always included an afternoon bowl of pastina with butter, accompanied by a glass of water. She would require that we ask for the water in Italian, “acqua per piacere.” To this day, I cannot think of pastina without feelings of nostalgia, happiness, and the cycle of life.

Then there were my grandmothers, both daughters of Sicilian immigrants. My paternal grandmother, Vicenzina “Virginia” Loria Garrubbo, came from a small town, Agira, in the province of Enna, and my maternal

grandmother, Maria “Mary” Basile Ciccone, came from Messina. I am grateful for the decades that they spent cooking and sharing the fruits of their culinary labor. Virginia was a gourmet chef, while Mary was more of a home cook, but both contributed heavily to my love of Italian food and culture. They made late afternoon Sunday lunches magical. While my grandfathers, Eduardo (Edwin) and Filippo (Philip) worked hard to pay for the food, it was my grandmothers who were in the kitchen.

Virginia was from a family of butchers (grandfather, father, and brothers) and hence food was in her blood. We were lucky to have been treated to homemade sausages (with provolone for Christmas), and a wide variety of top-quality meats year-round. She married Philip, a few years older, after they met at a dance for Italian immigrants. Although he was born in America, his parents didn’t like their new life, and so they returned to Sicilia. A few years later, his father, uncle, and older brother were killed in an explosion. At nine, he left school to become a barber, and eventually moved to New Jersey to be with family, where he met my grandmother. He was a lover of the arts and wore a ring with his initials and the inscription *Ars Omnia Vincit* (Art Conquers All), which he called our “family motto.” (We each got a copy with our initials.) “Studiare sempre,” or always study, was his standard goodbye to his grandchildren. An avid opera fan, he ran a ticket exchange for the Metropolitan Opera from his barbershop in South Orange. I am now the proud owner of the portrait of Aurturo Toscanini that hung next to his chair.

My maternal grandparents, Mary and Edwin, met at New York University, from which they both graduated in 1934. She was a history major, raised on the Grand Concourse in the Bronx, the daughter of a Sicilian chemist who made and lost a fortune in New York real estate during the Great Depression. My grandfather’s parents were from Avellino and Salerno, in Campania, and aggressively pushed their children into college, and him into medical school. He served on hospital ships during WWII and volunteered as the chief doctor for the Newark Fire Department. Growing up the conversation at their home (also surrounded by good food) centered on health and medicine, politics, and the importance of studying history.

It was not until I was older and applying for Italian citizenship that I learned that my grandparents’ birth names had been Americanized when they were small children. At the time, there was great prejudice against Italian immigrants, and great pressure on them to assimilate. Much time could be spent on the subject of Italian American immigration and assimilation,

and the corresponding development of Italian American food, but that subject is for another book. Suffice it to say that although my grandparents spoke Italian with their parents, they did not with their children. Luckily, Italian food kept their culture alive, even when the language faded.

I am also grateful to my paternal and maternal aunts, Ginna, Suzanne, Linda, Nancy, and Beverlee for all of their contributions in the kitchen. On holidays, and many a Sunday, they were hard at work, often for days, preparing our family feasts. I often watched, learned, and tried to help. They have been instrumental in passing down of a legacy of Italian food and culture to the next generation, including to Patricia—who actually does justice to my Nanni’s tomato sauce (high praise)—and to my cousins, who have learned the recipes, and now prepare the food, carrying on the traditions. As for our children, Sebastian and Veronica, they are the lucky recipients of delicious food. Veronica helped with the creative side of this book (her cover pizza), and Sebastian helped with research and editing. I trust that they will happily carry the torch forward.

Naturally, a section of this book is dedicated to the Italian “mamma.” I credit my own mamma, Rosemary, for teaching me how to cook and for allowing me to explore in the kitchen. My father Mario was great on the griddle and the grill, and taught me how to make linguine with clams, but my mother cultivated my love of cooking. Even as a boy, cooking was always fun and creative, but it certainly helped that the process resulted in something delicious. I remember learning to bread veal cutlets, licking my egg and breadcrumb covered fingers after all was done. I remember learning how to make my grandmother’s tomato sauce and ragù and meatballs and braciola. I consider this experience a gift.

And so, a toast to my mother, and to all of the other women in my family who have taught me to appreciate good food, family meals, and the importance of sharing. Food is the love and glue that keeps families, and indeed societies, together. Naturally, I believe that men should cook and share in the responsibility of passing down culinary pride and history, but it is our mothers, aunts, grandmothers, and women in general, who deserve the credit for fulfilling this most important role throughout Italian history.

## ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

My late friend Paolo Villoresi helped with this book in several ways. A proud Florentine, he was a true expert on Italian cuisine, a long-time editor of *La Cucina Italiana* magazine, author, lecturer, and world-famous expert on olive oil. He and I discussed the idea of this book over espresso in his New York apartment for many hours. What was fun for me were our conversations about Italian food and culture. He had such strong opinions! He also edited the first draft of the book and suggested changes to its structure, stressing the importance of regional Italian cuisines. He was correct: Italian cuisine is and will always be local, with some common denominators, but each region is unique, and there is no escape from this reality. He died a couple of years ago of cancer. I hope he would appreciate the book in its final form.

So many family and friends have helped to make this book into a reality. A special thanks for research, writing, editing, proofreading, and commenting: Emily Mikesell, Christy Canterbury (Master of Wines), my brother Philip, my mother Rosemary, Tom Finnegan, Uncle Pat Ciccone, Marjorie Basile, Susan Simon, Miriam Lentini, Annalisa Pesce, Alicia Bendana, Chris Harris, Chris Galiardo, Fabio Paparelli, Dacia Saporito, Maggie O’Connor, Andrea Fiano, Linda Cook, Davide Carbone, Greg Bengston, Donna Picciocchi. And then there were so many college interns, fact checking and proofreading: my cousin Andy Ciccone, Casey Smith, Matt Lynch, Michael McShane, Dominic Pilotti. Finally, a big *grazie* to Flavia Destefanis for her excellent editing, and to Leah Lococo for her tireless art direction and beautiful layout. As for the illustrations, they too have been collaborative, but a big thank you to Sergio Lombardi, Windy Waite, and to Jason Makowski and Chris Wieliczko for general artistic and printing direction.



**PENIA:** Easter bread made mainly in rural parts of Italy. Along with the common sugar, butter, and eggs, anise seeds and lemon are added to penia for a unique flavor.

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**PIADINA:** Flour, lard, salt, and water make up the typical ingredients for this flatbread from the Romagna region. *Piadinerie* sell these fresh breads stuffed with items such as cheese, salumi, vegetables, or jams. Regional variation accounts for differences in thickness.

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**TARALLO:** This sweet or savory ring-shaped snack is common throughout Southern Italy. Taralli can be sugar-glazed or flavored with poppy seed, fennel, salt, pepper, hot pepper, sesame, onion, or garlic. The rings gain a unique texture due to being boiled before baking.

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## B. PANINI • SANDWICHES

Panino is one of the Italian words for sandwich. It is the diminutive form of pane, or bread, so it literally means small bread. Panini is the plural of the word panino.

Ordering a panino is complicated a bit by the fact that there are actually several names and types of panini in Italy. If anything, remember that the different names generally reflect the type of bread being used and nothing particular about the stuffing. Panini are served at most bars in Italy, and at a *paninoteca* (specialty sandwich shop). I've even had many delicious panini at airports, highway rest stops, train stations, and in rustic towns. If the bread is fresh, and the ingredients authentic, it is hard to make a bad panino.

The types of panini and toasted breads served in Italy are indeed as varied as one's imagination. Staples include any combination of cheese and salami or prosciutto. As you will see, there are endless combinations of meats and cheeses, as well as vegetables to keep panini a new and exciting experience.

Here are the basics that you need to know:

**PANINO:** A panino is generally made with a small loaf of bread of different shapes and sizes; it is rarely two slices of bread.

---

**BRUSCHETTA:** Popular throughout Italy, bruschetta has simple origins: As a means to use old bread. The bread is toasted (from the Italian, *bruciare*, to singe), rubbed with a clove of garlic, and drizzled with olive oil. Tomatoes

and other toppings can also be added. In Toscana it is often called *fettunta* (oiled slice).

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**CROSTINI:** Similar to bruschetta, crostini are grilled or toasted bread, topped with vegetables, meat patés, flavored oils, etc, and served as an antipasto.

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**TOAST:** A *toast* (pronounced like the English word) is a sandwich grilled on a press or toasted. For example, thinner sandwiches served on focaccia could be pressed, but those on rolls may be too thick to press. Other smaller ones can be served on sliced white bread, and may typically be toasted, as they are too fragile to press.

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**TRAMEZZINO:** Originally, from the north (probably from Torino), and influenced by the British sandwich, a tramezzino is made of white bread, crust removed, cut into triangles. There are many variations, some of which include tuna, spinach, egg, olive, prosciutto, and cheese. They are very light and small, and may be eaten as a snack.

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**PORCHETTA:** Porchetta, or roasted pig, is a popular panino stuffing. It could be served from a white truck, or from a permanent stall in a town's piazza. Porchetta is so culturally iconic that it has been named by the Italian Ministero delle Politiche Agricole, Alimentari e Forestali as a "prodotto agroalimentare tradizionale."

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## C. LA PIZZA

*Let them eat pizza! Che mangino pizza!*

I ask this question seriously: Have you ever met anyone who doesn't like pizza? Who can resist the combination of crust, mozzarella, and tomatoes, and the vast array of potential toppings that keep it from ever getting boring? And who among us has not burned the roof of their mouth in the rush to get that first bite of pizza, regardless of how hot it is? And what word is more universally recognized—and pronounced correctly outside of Italy—than the word "pizza"? (Well, actually, I hear that it's Chianti.)

All of this makes perfect sense because pizza was indeed created by ordinary men, for the poor and hungry. What these ordinary men created was so good and universally appealing that it quickly crossed class lines. How could

they predict that their Queen Margherita, much less generations of college students, would propel this food around the world?

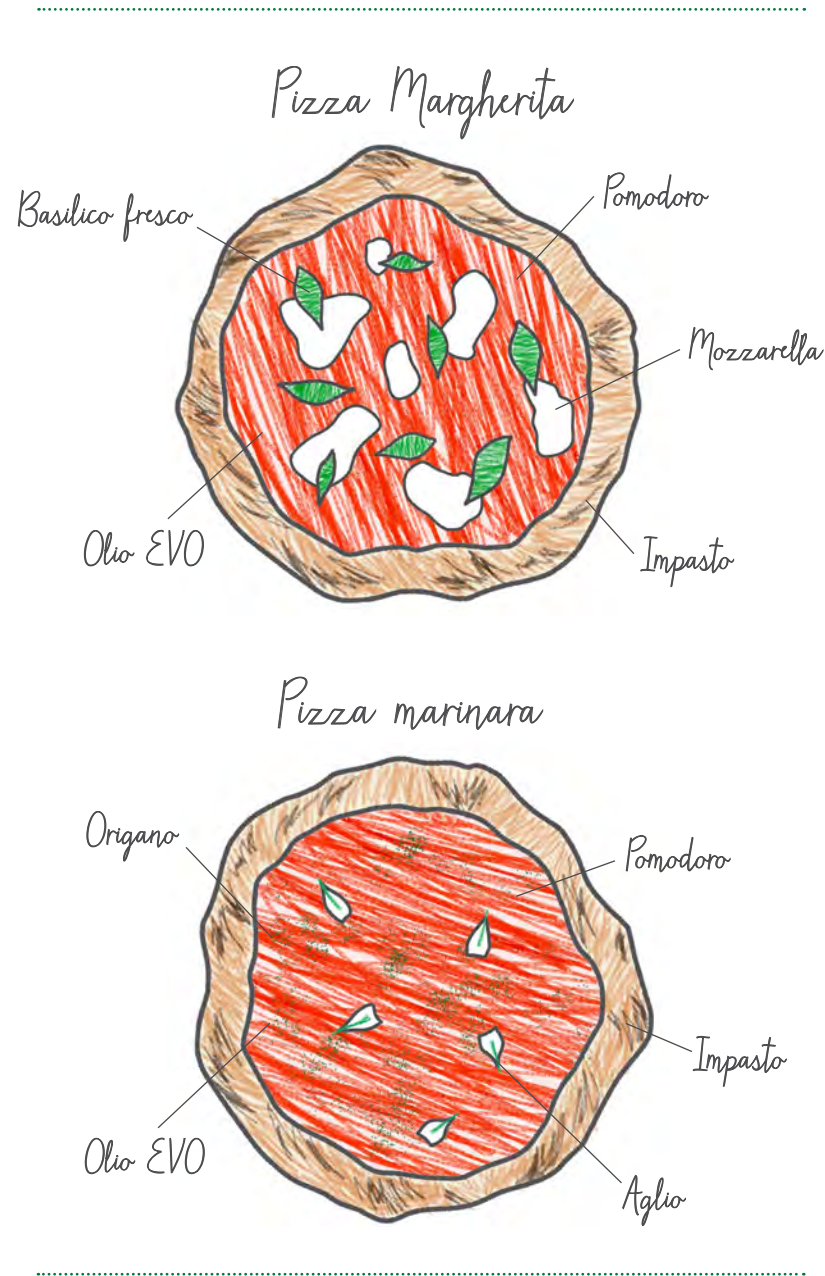
And like most masterworks of genius and art, pizza has been copied, interpreted, and reshaped by millions of people around the world. While it is said that imitation is the sincerest form of flattery, this is not always so with pizza, and much of the pizza served outside of Italy bears little resemblance to the original.

## HISTORY

Flat bread has been an elemental part of Italy's diet since the Stone Age, when it was baked under the rocks of a fire. Given the limited resources of the time, such breads were very basic. Seasonings evolved slowly. In addition, they had not yet been given the term "pizza." At that time, it was more similar to *focaccia*. The evolution from these simple flatbreads to pizza as we know it today is missing a few links. As with most history we need to fill in the blanks.

What helped flat bread bridge the time gap and evolve into one of today's most popular foods? Tomatoes! The tomato was an item of suspicion and mystery up until the 16th century. In fact, many Europeans thought the tomato to be poisonous. But the poor citizens in the ghettos of Naples began adding tomato to their flatbreads in the mid 16th century, sparking the birth of modern pizza. This Neapolitan pizza (*pizza napoletana*) was generally flavored with a combination of oil, cheese, lard, tallow, tomato, or anchovies. During the winter months, pizza was one of the only sources of nourishment in these impoverished neighborhoods, but this ultimately proved beneficial. In a relatively short span of time, pizza became a source of economic gain for the poor. Perhaps lured by the delicious aromas in the air, tourists began visiting the neighborhoods around Naples known for making pizza. The city's first pizzeria, Il Port'Alba, opened in 1830. You can still enjoy their pizza on the same premises today.

As with almost every other food, pizza underwent the process of regional variation. The original pizza crusts in Naples were soft and pliable, but Romans began using thin, crispy crusts. Another example of regional variation lies in Bologna, where meat was added as a topping. Even the round shape of pizza began to vary. Pizza *tonda* (round) gave way to pizza *al taglio* (by the slice) that is baked in rectangular trays and sold by



weight. Despite the metamorphoses, purists recognize only two true pizzas: *Marinara* and *Margherita*, from Naples. The *marinara* has toppings of tomato, garlic, extra virgin olive oil, and oregano. It was thought to be the food of choice for sailors who returned home after months at sea. The *Margherita* is a creation of Chef Raffaele Esposito who, in 1889, baked three pizzas for King Umberto I and Queen Margherita di Savoia, the King and Queen of Italy. One pizza was topped with pork fat, cheese and basil. Another was topped with garlic, oil, and tomatoes. The pizza containing Italy's national colors was the Queen's favorite; green basil leaves, white mozzarella, and red tomatoes. This creation was named in her honor. From this point in time, pizza exploded in popularity.

## IL PIZZAIOLO

I love the word *pizzaiolo*, or pizzamaker. Not only does it sound beautiful, but I also like the fact that there is just one word for "pizza maker." Making pizza in Italy is a respected profession. Master pizzaioli study and practice their craft for years in order to get their technique down pat. And pizza is serious business in Italy. Everything from the oven, to the paddles, to the serving tools is highly efficient and built for a particular purpose. In fact, pizza is so respected in Italy that it has been granted protected status with the European Union, as a Guaranteed Traditional Speciality (*Specialità Tradizionale Garantita*, STG).

Tourists flock to the original and most famous pizzerias in Naples: *Da Michele*, *Port'Alba*, *Sorbillo*, *Di Matteo*, *Brandi Trianon*, and *Umberto*. Here the pizzas have chewy crusts and are served (as in most of Italy) on a large, individual plate. In Rome, and other parts of Italy, pizza is often sold *al taglio*. Baked in large pans or directly in the oven (more or less with the ingredients stated above, but with less emphasis on precision), these pizzas are cut with a knife or scissors and eaten on the go.

Even in Italy, the experience of eating pizza varies dramatically with setting. I have been lucky to experience spectacular pizza cooked in an outdoor oven from a local Tuscan pizzaiolo in the countryside of Florence. He took us through many courses of pizza, starting with vegetable on top, then meat, and ending with nutella pizza for dessert. I have also enjoyed a completely different and memorable pizza experience at a crowded lunchtime pizzeria in Rome. Above all else, the best of all for me is always in Napoli!

Pizza by the slice can be eaten by hand, but a full pizza is to be eaten with a knife and fork (unless you are among friends or cut it into slices).

## REAL NEAPOLITAN PIZZA

### LA VERA PIZZA NAPOLETANA

Recognizing the importance of preserving authentic Neopolitan pizza, several trade groups of pizzaioli organized to protect the original. One popular group, formed in 1984, Associazione Verace Pizza Napoletana (AVPN), which translates into "Real Neapolitan Pizza Association," was created to protect pizza from the confusion and dilution that has occurred over the past century. There are now more than a dozen trade groups focusing on the pizza industry, but the AVPN has continued to dominate.

AVPN recognizes only the *Margherita* and the *marinara* as authentic Neopolitan pizzas. According to their rules, pizza dough must contain Italian wheat flour (type 0, or 00, or a mixture thereof), natural Neopolitan yeast, salt, and water. The dough must be hand-kneaded, and cannot be pin-rolled. Although not stated in the rules, the pizzaiolo is certainly able to toss the dough in the air to aid in obtaining the perfect thickness and shape. The pizza must be baked in a domed stone oven, fueled with oak at the very hot temperature of 485°C (905°F) for no longer than 60-90 seconds. An authentic Neopolitan pizza must be no larger than 35 centimeters (14 inches) in diameter and no more than a third of a centimeter (1/8 inch) thick in the center.

The association calls for specific tomatoes, grown in the land around Mount Vesuvius. These are S. Marzano dell'Agro Sarnese-Nocerino D.O.P., Pomodorini di Corbara (Corbarino), and Pomodorino del Piennolo del Vesuvio D.O.P. Of course, fresh tomatoes may be substituted for or added to the peeled tomatoes described above as long as they are fresh and of high quality. The crushed tomatoes should be added to the center of the dough, and then spread in a spiral direction. Mozzarella should be added to form a lattice. Typically, *fior di latte* (cow's milk) mozzarella is used for the *Margherita*. When mozzarella di bufala (from buffalo's milk) is used, the pizza is called a "*Margherita extra*."

AVPN certifies restaurants in Italy and approves them to use its logo. In the United States, there are over 61,000 pizzerias, and fewer than 100 are certified!

## TYPICAL PIZZA TYPES AND TOPPINGS

### PIZZE TIPICHE E CONDIMENTI

There are countless ways to top a pizza in Italy. The beauty of pizza is that with each topping, the flavors and thus the eating experience change. Therefore, it is possible to turn pizza eating from a vegetarian experience into a meat-eating experience with a simple choice of topping. In addition, because most pizzas are thin and the size of a plate, it is easy enough to have each person order or make his or her own pizza, according to preference. Remember, each region has its own variations.

Popular pizza toppings:

**BIANCA:** Mozzarella, garlic, olive oil. In Rome, the term pizza bianca refers to a type of bread or focaccia topped with olive oil, salt and, occasionally, rosemary leaves.

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**CAPRICCIOSA:** Tomato, artichokes, mushrooms, prosciutto cotto, mozzarella, olives. In Rome, prosciutto is used and half a hard-boiled egg is added.

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**CARCIOFI:** With artichokes.

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**FUNGHI:** With mushrooms.

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**MARGHERITA:** Tomato, fresh mozzarella, basil, olive oil: the “classic” pizza.

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**MARGHERITA CON FILETTI:** With cherry tomatoes.

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**MARINARA:** Tomato, garlic, oregano, olive oil.

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**MELANZANE:** With eggplant.

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**PINSA:** Not technically pizza, but a similar concept, with more water, less salt, and possibility for variation in flour.

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**PROSCIUTTO E RUCOLA:** Mozzarella, prosciutto, arugula

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**QUATTRO FORMAGGI** (four cheeses): Mozzarella, stracchino, fontina, and gorgonzola. Sometimes ricotta can be substituted for one of the latter three cheeses.

**QUATTRO STAGIONI** (four seasons): The same ingredients as pizza capricciosa, but instead of the ingredients being mixed they are divided into four quarters.

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**RIPIENA OR CALZONE:** A half-moon shaped pizza in the form of a pocket. It is usually filled with ricotta, salame, and mozzarella. This pizza is most times oven baked but can also be fried.

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**ROMANA:** Tomato, mozzarella, anchovies, oregano, and oil (except in Rome where this combination is called “napoletana”!) The crust is thinner and crunchy.

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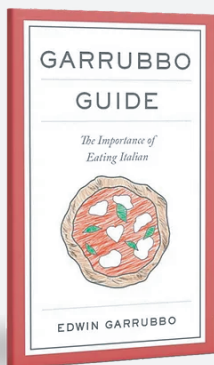
**SALSICCIA:** With bits of Italian sausage.

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**SICILIANA (SFINCIONE):** Thicker and spongier, its toppings are baked directly onto the crust. Some recipes use cheese, anchovies, herbs and tomato sauces. (“Sicilian” pizza in the United States is a take on this authentic version, known for thick crusts, baked in large pans, and cut into squares).

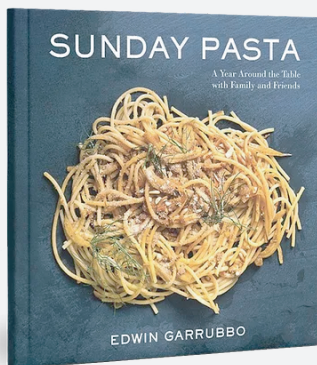
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