



A Tour of San Diego's Best Wood Fired Pizza

Whittling My Way Through Wood-Fired Pies

Cheese. Dough. Sauce. Meat. More Cheese. Oh yes, we're talking pizza pies, people, and San Diego boasts some damn good pizzerias. Whether you're looking for a crispy thin crust to bite into or if you prefer to shred your teeth through a softer dough, tasty pies are all over this town. There are a few obvious staples like **Filippis Pizza Grotto**, which offers an old-school, classic pie with globs of cheese and sauce (no complaints here), **Bronx Pizza** for a quick and dirty slice of thin crust, or **Pizzeria Luigi** in the G.H., where you can enjoy a pie whilst checking out the lineup at Casbah – all in one sitting. Oh, and didn't Guy Fieri eat there back when frosted tips and boy bands were cool? Anyway, these are all good choices. But I spent two weeks dialing in on a few wood-fired joints. Here's what I've got:

FARMER'S TABLE – LA MESA

OK, La Mesa. I gave you a shot and you captured a big slice of my tiny heart with [Farmer's Table](#). This neighborhood eatery bangs out wood-fired pies fit for Queen Margarita herself. With an imported Stefano Ferrara pizza oven from Napoli and innovative pizza chefs making dreams happen, you can't go wrong. You have to give it to these guys for the décor. It looks like John Deere and Ernest Hemmingway got together to create this truly unique space, and somehow it works. Literary favorites are tucked away in bookshelves, while the coastal and airy space houses a giant tractor and farm tools from the 1940's. You will want to eat pizza here. You will also want to plant something when you get home.



One look at the menu and I felt like Meryl Streep from *Sophie's Choice* when deciding between the Black Truffle or Pork Belly pizza. Pork Belly it was – and boy, was I happy. I'm a glutton for anything with pesto, and well, anything with pork belly. The best of both flavors swirl together alongside local baby kale, mozzarella and goat cheese. They float atop a perfectly ashy and doughy crust, with just enough char on the sides to pack a punch. As I mentioned earlier I'm an adult (slash borderline alcoholic), so I washed this all down with a few glasses of Right Hand

Man Syrah from the Central Coast. I'm no somm, but holy mother – this was a combo not to be forgotten.

Added bonuses: Many opportunities for an epic Instagram shot, you can feel like a farmer for a day, you won't feel like a creep watching the pizza chefs create magic – as this is encouraged with the open kitchen.

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I proudly added a notch to the 'ol belt loop on my quest to find my top three wood-fired pizzas. Now I'm on a quest to hike it all off. See you at Cowles.