FLIRTS SO GOOD >> Our Annual Roundup Of Boston’s Most Desirable Bachelor/ettes

POINT MAN
HIT THE ICE WITH BRUIN TYLER SEGUIN

BUSTIN’ CHOPS
First Taste

BUSTIN’ CHOPS

Brian Piccini isn’t looking to forge a new path with Boston Chops, opening post-Valentine’s Day in the old Banq/Ginger Park space in the South End. With co-owner/executive chef Chris Coombs in the kitchen, however, the team is tweaking the concept of a traditional steakhouse. “We want to stay true to what a steakhouse should be,” says Piccini, who also owns dbar and Deuxave, “yet give it a modern interpretation that’s funky and urban enough to fit in the South End.”

That translates to a wall-length, 30-seat bar, space for just as many at the raised leather banquettes, and room for another 120 in the loft-like dining room. Complementing and opposing the bar are an antique mirrored wall and a 2,000-bottle glass-enclosed wine room, which will be tended by cocktail historian, sommelier and L’Espalier alum Kate Moore, who’ll also head the largely seasonal, somewhat classic drink list. The high ceilings have been soundproofed, and end-grain reclaimed wood floors help absorb any excess noise—a regular complaint about the old space.

Despite the building’s grandeur, Piccini and Coombs intend Boston Chops to be more economical than other steakhouses. They’ll still serve composed dishes with high-quality meat, but with unexpected parts of the cow to create interesting à la carte offerings. “We’re going to be using tongue, cheek, brisket, skirt, hanger, flank, tripe, oxtail,” says Coombs. “They’re a lot more work, and it takes craft to handle those parts of the animal that are a little more difficult to prepare beautifully.”

But both Coombs and Piccini agree on bone-in as their signature composition (just look at the restaurant name). With only two cuts per cow, the 10-ounce bone-in beef tenderloin comes with a goat cheese, potato and horseradish croquette, mushrooms, asparagus and hollandaise sauce. “That’s $39,” says Coombs. “You won’t be able to get that anywhere else in the city.”

With his chef de cuisine, Ryan Marcoux (L’Espalier, Sel de la Terre), Coombs also offers an interpretation of a loaded potato, which he expects to be so popular that he’s hired someone just to work the potato line. The spud is piped with its own mashed filling, injected with poutine-style gravy then topped with pork belly, sour cream, chives, scallions and crispy potato skin. Sounds like the traditional steakhouse may be dead meat.

HANNAH LOTT-SCHWARTZ

Q&A

TEENSPRIPIT

Sara Faith Alteman, Boston chapter co-producer of the live-journal performance Mortified, invites you to relive your oh-gee embarrassing teenage lovesick puppy years at the Oberon on Feb. 14.

How did Mortified get started?

I was not one of the founding members, but I was just over 10 years ago, the creator, David Nadelberg, found a letter that I had written as a kid that I had a crush on but never sent. He started reading it to his friends, who all thought it was hilarious. He discovered that a lot of other people had saved embarrassing artifacts from their teen years. The stage show was born out of that. The Boston show began about six years ago.

What’s the overarching idea behind the show?

We call Mortified a comic excavation of the strange and embarrassing things we created as kids. So people get up on stage in front of an audience of strangers, and they read their most embarrassing diary entries, poems, school assignments—things that we kept together to tell a story about who this person was as a teenager. The point is to laugh at ourselves and hope that the audience laughs along with them.

Did a lot of people show up auditioning?

We ask anyone who’s interested in auditioning for the show to send us samples of their diary, so we can take a look beforehand. We don’t want you to tell us about your teenage self using your own adult words and adult confidence. We want to see what teenage you thought about the terrible experience that you had.

Did you ever keep a diary?

I did keep a diary, and I wrote songs and poems. I had really nosy parents. I had a boyfriend in high school, and I made the mistake of writing this explicit note about him, and my mom found it. It was one of the most humiliating moments of my life. When you’re a teenager, you’re trying to snuff out what sex is anyway, and then to think that you have the privacy to do that with your friends, and then to leave your mom discover that not only are you sexually active but that you don’t really know what you’re doing—it was just terrible. I really wish I still had that note. That was a bad one.

HANNAH LOTT-SCHWARTZ