

Extreme Makeover, Booze Edition: Studio 1000 and 13 Coins

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BOKA

We gather 'round the fire at Studio 1000 and tell sad stories of the death of kings.

They have lots in common. Both have numbers in their names. One has a glassed-in fireplace, while the other boasts an oval-shaped fire pit. Oh, and both places serve booze, but that's kind of a given: Generally speaking, if I mention something in this blog, booze is somehow involved. Such is the Gentle Snark assurance of quality.

For my present purpose, however, [Studio 1000](#) and [13 Coins](#) have one thing in common above all others: Both have "re-launched" their respective operations. The changes at the bars range from cosmetic (the 41-year-old Coins has been remodeled to within an inch of its life) to gastronomic (the pre-existing Studio 1000 space is now run by its Hotel 1000 neighbor, [BOKA Kitchen & Bar](#), and inherits that restaurant's ambitious menu). And while I can't speak to the long-term prospects of each one, I feel confident enough to say that I will drink in both

places -- a blight on the moneyed, self-possessed urbanites they're plainly angling to draw.

I'll gladly suffer that crowd to drink at Studio 1000. Their menu of small plates and appetizers, including such addictive goods as short-rib sliders, baked fontina mac 'n' cheese and beef Wellington puff pastries, is pretty much the best I've found downtown (and it's half off at happy hour, which runs 3 to 6 p.m. weekdays, and again from 10 p.m. to midnight). Their signature drinks are excellent; recommended are "The Dons," a Manhattan fortified with Averna and nutmeg, and the Blood Orange High Sea, which finds its namesake citrus muddled with Mount Gay rum.

Nice-looking place, too. Overlapping metal and leather textures give the room the look of an inverted luxury car, and the seating is centered about a striking, oval-shaped fire pit. Simply being there makes me somehow better-looking.

I can't write about 13 Coins and its Night Owl Lounge quite yet -- the bar's official re-opening isn't until next week, and on a recent visit I got the impression that the wait staff is struggling to get up to speed. However, I can say that the place looks great. The walls, carpeting and fixtures have been refreshed, and the lounge area has been rearranged to make more room for seating and live performers. Plus, they've added patio seating ... and if you know anything about the cool, dark den of Me Decade iniquity that 13 Coins once was, that's a strange thing indeed.

Happily, one of the Coins' biggest draws was spared. The restaurant's 1967-vintage tall-backed leather booths and barstools remain, and they're ready to host Seattle's new condo-dwelling leisure set.

By the by, I'm sorry I called you guys a bunch of moneyed, self-possessed urbanites. I hold you in the highest respect, and I would consider it an honor if you were to dig deep into your wallet, pull out your corporate card and buy me a drink.